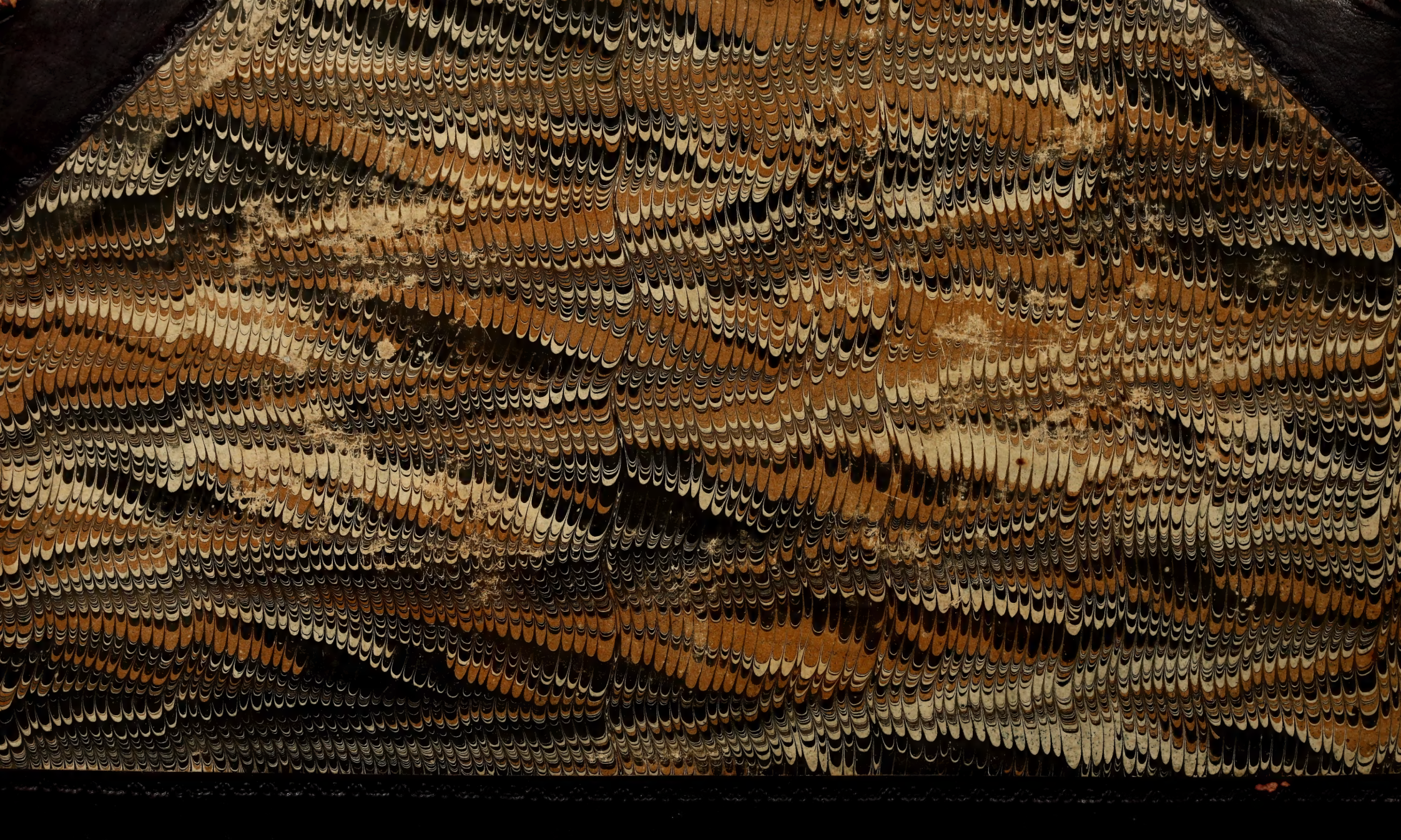
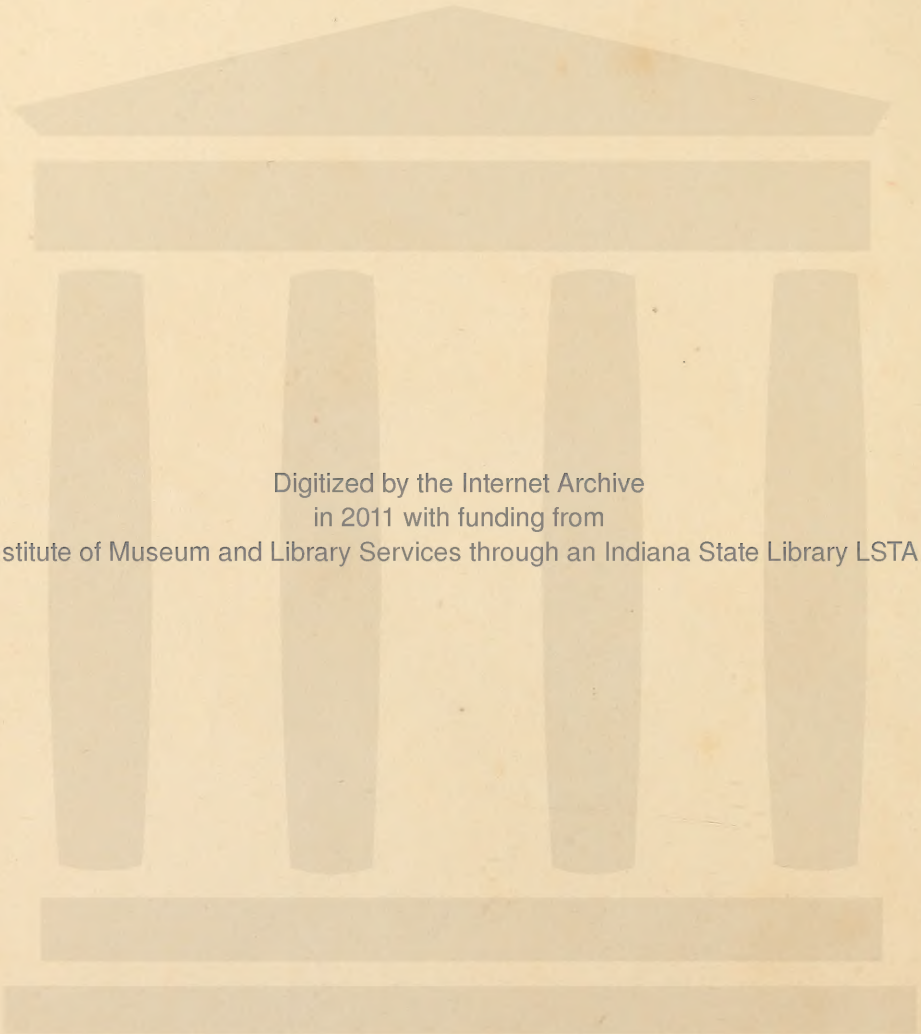


Tho F. Wells.
Roxbury 1850.



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2011 with funding from
The Institute of Museum and Library Services through an Indiana State Library LSTA Grant

http://www.archive.org/details/americanwhigrevi00newy

THE

AMERICAN

WHIG REVIEW.

"TO STAND BY THE CONSTITUTION."

NEW SERIES, VOL. V.—WHOLE VOL. XI.

NEW YORK:

PUBLISHED AT 118 NASSAU STREET.

1850.



P. M. Whelpley, Mezz.

From a. Dag^re

Sam.l J. Phelps

U.S. SENATOR FROM VERMONT.

THE

AMERICAN WHIG REVIEW,

No. XXXI.

FOR JULY, 1850.

INTRODUCTORY TO VOL. VI.

The first page of a new volume—the sixth of the present series, gives occasion for a few remarks upon the course which we feel it our duty to pursue, as conductors of the Whig Review. Our efforts will be directed toward the re-establishment of those party lines which have been in some degree obscured by sectional agitations. The grand doctrines of beneficent protection to every species of labor, and to internal as well as to external commerce, are beginning to be argued from new points of view, upon grounds more practical, and from a more home-felt necessity of reform. For nearly an entire year, discussion has been paralyzed, and political action suspended, by the slave controversy. The policy of our political adversaries has not been wholly unsuccessful; the policy, namely, of dividing and weakening our ranks by hurling sectional jealousies amongst us.

Had it not been for the solidity and strength of our principles and the vastness of those Interests of Labor which they sustain, the terrible agitations which have prevailed during the past year, would, doubtless, have torn the party into many hostile factions. Prudence, calmness, and intelligence, have averted so calamitous an issue, and while those whom we oppose find themselves without a single principle of organization, *we* have only to remember the great truth, that governments exist for Beneficent and Protective ends, as well as for Offence and Suppression, and with this thought, we become at once united and firm

For the course which we have felt it necessary to pursue, in admitting articles and biographies representing both extremes of opinion, in regard to Slavery and its extension, we must beg leave to refer our readers to the first page of our last number, where it is distinctly explained.

POLITICAL PARADOXES.

PARADOX I.

Ad Valorem.

By the present system of tariffs, the importer of a foreign article is made the assessor of the value of his own goods. The lower the price named by the importer, or by the agent of the foreigner employed to sell his goods in this country, the less tariff he will have to pay. A fabric worth three dollars, if valued by the importer at that price, will pay perhaps 90 cents of tariff to the government. If, on the other hand, the importer names two dollars as its price, the tariff will be only 60 cents. Now it is a question of moral casuistry whether a merchant, on being forced to tell at what price he values his wares, ought, in all cases, to name the highest. Let casuists settle the question as they will for the right or wrong of the matter, we know very well, and every man of business is aware, that human nature has just enough of the beggarly element in it as to take full advantage of such an arrangement. If I swear that my goods cost me on the average two dollars, when in fact they cost three dollars, I can save myself thereby six or eight thousand dollars a year from government. Now as your foreign free-trader holds all tariffs to be unjust and contrary to nature, he readily shuts his eyes upon the dubious morality of a false valuation, by which the effect of the "iniquitous tariff system" is eluded. It is not our intention here to present a few partial statements taken from custom-house returns, to show, what we are well assured is the fact, that the present system of valuations defrauds the government of a good part of its revenue. Such statements would only encumber the present inquiry; which is not of the facts, but of the common sense reasonings to be used in practical legislation upon this system of tariffs.

The political paradox to which we would now draw attention, is the peculiarly radical one of putting no faith in what is familiarly termed "human nature," or the disposition of men, and more especially of men in business. To put no faith in human nature is to put no faith in the laws of nature. The more extensive and mature one's observation of men, the more certainly we predict their conduct under given circumstances and temptations. It is a matter of common observation, however, that the virtue of mo t men, though it may average well under ordinary pressure, will yet give way under a heavy and steady force of temptation. They will give way after a time, yielding, as they imagine, to an irresistible necessity—but, in reality, to a strong attack upon their virtue. So much we may assume, perhaps, without contradiction, or seeming too dogmatic.

Among all the virtues, that of strict allegiance to that indefinable power called a government, appearing usually in the form of a Secretary of the Treasury, is perhaps the rarest and the most to be admired. It is a paramount and unquestionable duty to pay taxes to the government when they are lawfully demanded. It is a grand exercise of patriotism to do this when one may easily avoid it. Very few persons look upon it as a crime to smuggle a few articles in their trunks from France to America. A genuine and well-founded faith in "the laws of human nature," will, perhaps, induce the moralist to look well into the matter before he comes down with too harsh a censure upon sins of this degree of veniality. That they are wrong we make no question—but that they are crimes of as deep a dye as murder or stealing, we have our doubts.

That governments, in general, exercise a

strong faith in the "laws of human nature," every revenue cutter and custom-house officer is a perpetual witness. The people themselves and the people's representatives in Congress, have but little confidence in human honesty, else they would not go to the expense of revenue cutters and custom-houses. They would content themselves with imposing a certain tariff, and leaving it to the conscience of the importers to pay it fully and promptly. Nothing, therefore, could be more absurd or inconsistent than for government to declare its want of confidence by one act, and its fullness of confidence by another; to send an armed vessel to secure the payment of a tax, and then to ask the owner to fix the amount of that tax himself.

A custom house oath is a form of law, and brings the swearer in danger of the law. It is by no means a rare, solemn, and religious oath, but a common, vulgar, and absurd one. For all purposes of law, it were as good to demand a plain asseveration, yea or nay—and the violation of that should be a lie, punishable by certain penalties. A custom house oath, falsely sworn, is, we venture to say, no more than an interested lie, of exactly the same calibre and criminality with the shopman's, who lies you into the belief that he paid more for his stuffs than he asks you for them: with this difference only, that the small shopkeeping liar is not amenable to the law, whereas the great shopkeeping liar is so amenable. In a newspaper of the day we have seen a great deal of virtuous indignation expressed at the charge made against foreign importers, that they allow false valuations to be made of their goods at the custom house, to escape the payment of the full duty. This delicate minded defender of injured virtue might as wisely have expended his indignation upon the government of the United States, for embodying its suspicions of importers in the shape of revenue cutters and custom house officers. A revenue cutter is certainly a disgrace to human virtue, but it is none the less esteemed to be, like the watchman's cudgel, a necessary instrument for the execution of the laws. The entire police force of government, both by sea and land, municipal and national, standing or occasional, exists in open declaration of war against every punishable kind of fraud and violence. Prevention is one half the duty of the law. Our Democratic friends will not deny that we too hold it a principle that temptations ought never to be held out to men in business; hence, our opposition to every species of monopoly. But with this ad valorem arrangement, by which the importers are made to fix the amount of duty they may see fit to pay, there is not only a temptation held out to individuals to defraud the government, but it is simply impossible for them to do business upon any but a fraudulent system; a necessity of such force and of such an imposing character as few can resist. There are rogues in every business. No sooner was the *ad valorem* system adopted, roguish importers began to undervalue their goods They immediately found it possible to sell them just as much cheaper as they had been more dishonest than their neighbors. If their dishonest undervaluation was 20 per cent., their profits were so much larger as their honesty was less; either by larger sales or higher proceeds.

The honest importers, meanwhile, who had had the courage to reveal the *true* values of their goods, were losing to the exact amount of their honesty. The law had so arranged it that their losses should be strictly proportioned to their piety. The more conscience the less profit. It became a very nice piece of casuistry to discover whether a government which made laws for the protection of dishonesty ought to be regarded as a moral agent—and whether oaths made to escape ruin, might not be, like Sunday tasks—"works of necessity and mercy."

One of the most remarkable and unaccountable peculiarities of "human nature," and in which most practical men have an unlimited faith, is, that whatever is customary ceases after a while to appear criminal. Were it a religious custom in America to commit suicide at meetings for worship, (as it is in India,) it would not appear criminal. The hanging of Quakers was once customary and certainly not regarded as a crime; whereas, to hang a Quaker at this day, would be esteemed a more criminal act than any other; persons of the old Quaker sect, being commonly esteemed the most useful and virtuous members of society. Were it an established custom to punish criminals by perpetual

imprisonment, their execution by halter would be looked upon as a crime.

By the working of the same law, or peculiarity of our nature, custom-house oaths, made for the undervaluation of imported goods, cease to be regarded, by those who make them, as sinful oaths. It is very generally known among merchants, and by the officers of the law, that the oaths are false, and they are looked upon as a mere idle ceremony. A custom of undervaluation is very soon thoroughly established and ceases to be thought criminal. Goods worth two dollars are uniformly sworn in at one dollar. The same is done by all. One man is not more guilty than his neighbor; necessity establishes uniformity, and uniformity removes the stain of criminality.

The financier who established the system of *ad valorem* duties certainly had a high opinion of the virtue and integrity of foreign importers, and for this they may well applaud him; much more would he have earned their applause had he carried out his principle of *confidence*, and abolished the entire system of surveillance and customs vigilance. Why *any* oaths at all? Why these armed vessels and expensive bond warehouses? The faith of a merchant tried by an oath and found good, is good in all other things. If the importer rates his goods at their true value, notwithstanding the loss he thereby suffers, he needs no compulsion nor "bond" to get from him the payment of a duty. In a word, to carry out and perfect the system of *ad valorems*, as it now exists, the revenue service and the warehouse system should be immediately abolished. The importers need only be asked how much they owe the government, and they will tell it truly, and will pay it when desired.

"Lead us not into temptation," is the prayer of a divine humility and wisdom. To expose others to temptation is perhaps, if not wickedness, at least a gross folly. Governments established upon the *confidence* principle never last beyond the cooling of a first enthusiasm; those on the other hand which are based upon the "laws of human nature," last while their foundations remain. It is good and amiable to place confidence in *the people*, but by no means so to place the same confidence in that mixture of rogues and swindlers which form the small and mischievous minority of every community, and whose want of *confidence* gives them a temporary advantage. The protective function of government, like its repressive one, was given it to enable honesty and virtue to thrive; and government violates a sacred trust when it puts promiscuous confidence in knaves and honest men alike, that is to say, in the entire population.

It is a democratic rule to place no confidence in the good-will or integrity of men in office subject to temptation. Hence the strenuous opposition of democrats to every species of monopoly. Government ought to adopt the same rule, and place as little confidence in those whom it controls as they have placed in it.

Under these considerations lies the paradox of Democratism, *i. e.*

"*All* confidence is to be placed in the people."

"*No* confidence is to be placed in the government."

If the majority of the people were not by nature and education inclined to virtue, republican institutions could not exist, for it is an accepted maxim, that Republics are founded on virtue. In a well-established Republic, consequently, it is necessary to confide, to a very great extent, in the moral sense of the community.

In every large community, however, under the present system of social education, there is a pretty strong minority, small in numbers, but active and practical, of knaves and deceivers. Against these, as a defence, the honest majority have provided a protective system, or government.

When one speaks of the people, the roguish minority are *tacitly* excluded;—and hence the paradoxical expression, "all confidence must be placed in the people." Substitute the word "population," and the paradox appears ridiculous. No man in his senses ever put moral confidence in a mass of mere "population."

If a virtuous people elect virtuous rulers, all confidence should be placed in these rulers, and yet it is a democratic rule to entertain no such confidence.

PARADOX II.

"*Free Trade the best.*"

Freedom of intercourse with foreign nations, for the exchange of products will be the natural condition of a nation carried by internal industry and suitable protection to the height of fortune.

It will be not only a natural condition but one necessary to the highest commercial prosperity.

If any condition of trade can be said to be natural and normal in the same sense that a state of peace is the natural and normal condition of a people, it is that of free exchange, and from the considerations already suggested, we may believe that the ability to maintain a free commerce is a sure criterion of national prosperity, as far as prosperity is given by superior industry and economy. The industrial prosperity of a people is at its height when they are able to open an unrestricted commerce with every nation.

We affirm, then, our belief that the attainment of this desirable condition is, or should be, the aim of national economy; as far as that economy is affected by legistion; and we hold that all legislation should be directed to the attainment of an open trade with all nations.

In the same manner it may be shown that the prosperity of the farmer is at its height when he is able to supply the manufacturer in a free market without fear of competition or restriction.

But it is necessary to distinguish very accurately between the criterion of our prosperity and its cause. We believe that foreign trade is the *criterion*, not the *cause*. The *cause* of our prosperity is clearly the industry and economy of the people aided by a protective legislation.

Analogously, peace is the criterion, not the cause of the political strength and grandeur of the people—a people to whom peace is necessary, whose habits are like those of the Chinese, normally and absolutely peaceful, are subject to be overrun and subjugated by every invader. A powerful nation at peace with its neighbors, stands in a position of respectability and credit; it is able to defend itself and cannot be invaded with impunity; its peaceful state is therefore only the criterion of its prowess and martial courage.

To bring an industrious people to that height of prosperity that shall permit them to open a free and and unrestricted trade with other nations it is necessary to give an early and efficient protection to their first industrial endeavors. They require to be protected against the capital and the mature and experienced economy of those whom they wish to rival, and who have already enjoyed the same advantages of protection.

The larger the capital employed in a manufacture and the longer and more varied the experience, the greater will be the certainty of success; through the ability, first, of cheap production, and then of pre-occupying the markets of the world. The manufacturer who begins with a very small capital must reap a large profit to live. A capital of a million yielding one per cent. is indeed no better than one of half a million yielding two per cent., but it covers a larger ground and brings its products more cheaply into the market. The rate of interest, or in other words of profit upon capital, expected in England, is not more than one half of what is expected in America. The English capitalist will consequently produce twice as much as the American capitalist and be content with half as large a profit. In a country where numerous small capitals are employed, as in America, assisted by the labor of their owners, larger profits are expected by those owners, and must be had: If one has but a thousand dollars to engage with in business, the proceeds of that thousand, and of the credit which it engenders, must be made a means of support; and that is the state of things in this country. The ingenuity and industry of the people is expended in making small means produce a large result, and the effect is a higher rate of interest for money as money is made more productive, and is consequently more valuable to its owners. Rates of interest are indeed made high by other circumstances less favorable than these; the uncertainty of investments is perhaps one cause, but it is at least a sufficient one for our present enquiry that money is *worth* more in proportion as it is made to *produce* more.

To illustrate the disadvantages of American capitalists compared with those of

England, let us take a single instance. It is an indisputable fact that the blacksmiths of America are supplied with English iron; that the iron used for railroads is chiefly English; that the manufacturers of iron in America, in the Atlantic states, find it difficult if not impossible to enter into competition with English iron-traders. Excepting the forges in the interior of Ohio, and elsewhere, where the cheapness of coal and ore somewhat lessens the cost of production;—at points to which the conveyance of the heavy foreign material adds perhaps a third to its price;—profits continue to be made on the manufacture of the coarser varieties. It is even conjectured that the manufacturers of the West will soon be sufficiently protected in their own neighborhoods, against English competition, by the mere effect of distance, and costs of transportation from the sea-coast to the interior; this is their good fortune, and adds force to every argument for the protection of those manufacturers who are not as much favored by nature and accident.

Those Western manufacturers of iron will never be able to enter into competition with England in the markets of the sea-coast; English iron, of equal qualities, carried into the interior, is there on a level with iron manufactured on the spot, after the addition of perhaps a third or a fourth to its price, as costs of transportation. Western iron brought to the Atlantic States has *twice* that difference to contend with. Let us suppose that a bar of steel, brought from Michigan to New York, has one dollar added to its cost for expenses of commission and transportation; a bar of English steel carried from New York to Michigan would have had the same addition, and would be then, even in Michigan, on a par with steel made upon the spot, and to whose price nothing had been added by transportation. The consequence is, a bar of Michigan steel ought to cost in New York in the proportion of two dollars more than the same of English steel.

From these considerations we gather that if protection is needed at all, it is needed as much by the manufacturers of the West as by those of the Atlantic States, and that the market of the Atlantic States will never be supplied by Western manufacturers while the cost of production in the Western country are the same as, or greater than in England.

We have said that English manufacturers are content with lower profits than those of America; and the reason is, they employ larger capital. The iron works of Wales, England and Scotland are conducted upon an immense scale, by proprietors who live upon their estates, magnificently indeed, but by no meaas realizing from their property profits which would content an American capitalist. We have it from the authority of an iron-master of our own State, whose mills are now standing idle through the effect of English competition, that, on the iron estates which he visited in England, not long ago, he found the proprietors content with an investment of millions, yielding them only a subsistence and no increase. Coal and iron mines, worked upon a stupendous scale, that for five years together had supplied the English market and inundated the American, without a particle of profit to their owners, who were content if they paid their expenses. These proprietors have been living for years in expectation of the time when American democracy should do away with the protective system. They are well informed of the state of things in this country; they know the imitative character of our politics, and that there has been, for many years, prevailing amongst us a free trade anglo-mania. These capitalists have been long waiting for the time which is now come, or is fast coming, when the profits of the foreign trade should compensate them for their forbearance and patience during the years of no gain.

English iron manufacturers are, then, at the highest point of their commercial prosperity, when they can make the trade in iron free between themselves and America; that is to say, when they can undersell and annihilate the American iron-master.

American iron manufacturers are at their highest point of commercial prosperity when they can open a free trade with Great Britain and her provinces; that is to say, when they can undersell and annihilate the proprietors of mines and forges in Wales, England and Scotland. Let the American politician pause upon the consideration, and ask himself, whether the iron-masters of England, Wales and Scotland will suffer

themselves to be ruined by admitting American iron, should it have become cheaper than their own, free of duty?

The reader will now, perhaps, understand us, when we say that the ability of free trade is the criterion of industrial prosperity; *that the power of declaring a free commerce with foreigners is one and the same with the power of producing better and cheaper commodities than are produced by any other nation.*

We are therefore ready to admit that a free trade is the normal and natural condition of commerce in America, *because the normal and natural condition of the American people is to be the first and the most powerful and skillful of industrial producers;* that the time will come when it will be necessary for America to open her ports and invite the competition of foreigners we do verily believe, because of the prodigious natural advantages which she has over other countries, and the certainty which we feel that these advantages will be cherished and carried to their utmost use by the establishment of PROTECTION as a part of the permanent policy of our government. When that time comes we shall give a scornful permission to foreigners to compete freely with ourselves—a permission which they will take good care not to use.

The title of the present article was "Political Paradoxes": the paradox of the free traders, that a free trade is the natural, and the best, condition of a people, is perhaps the most important that can at present occupy the attention of the logical inquirer, because the consequences of the fallacy which it conceals are the most disastrous. We have now the following analysis of this dangerous paradox:

1st. The industry of a nation needs no protection when its products are better and cheaper than those of other nations.

2nd. Its trade will be best when it needs no protection, i.e. when it can supply the markets of the world with the best and cheapest commodities.

3d "*Free* trade is," therefore, "the best,"—i.e., when trade is at the best it needs no protection.

Our so called "free trade" party have made an unhappy application of the paradox, that "free trade is the best," and that too in contravention of the laws of nature and of business. It is a maxim of common sense that the substance should be thought of before the form. The glory of manhood is its freedom, the pleasure of wealth is the credit that it brings; but infancy must be cherished and protected before the man can go free and self dependant; and the substance of wealth must be accumulated, or the credit cannot be sustained. *Freedom and strength cannot be conferred upon a young commercial people by destroying their armaments, or abolishing their tariffs.*

Unprotected manhood, like unprotected industry is, indeed, "the best;" but it is necessary to protect unripe youth, lest in hastily conferring freedom we leave unfulfilled the most sacred of all duties, the duty of guardianship. The paradox that misleads the free traders is so foolish, and its fallacy so obvious, however, we are lead to suspect something more in their advocacy than a strict adherence to theory. We are compelled by long observation to attribute the movements of free trade legislation to a taint of John Bullism, showing itself in an imitation of the fashions and the ways of thinking of the English, more than to any other cause.

PARADOX III.

"*Necessity, the Tyrant's Plea.*"

It seems to be necessary to establish the Right to Govern upon some more stable foundation than tradition; for, though each believer is satisfied with the scripture of his own sect, dangerous dissensions arise between different sects, and between constructions of the same written traditions.

No less uncertain and dangerous an authority for the Right to Govern, is the consent of a majority: since the minority are not bound thereby, unless there be a previous agreement that the thing at issue shall be determined by that method.

We shall assume, therefore, that necessity, and that alone, is the true foundation of the Right to Govern.

It is absolutely *necessary* (in a *moral* sense) to exist. For every practical purpose it is safe to say so, since the first object of man's endeavor is the preservation of his own life and the lives of those whom he looks upon as parts of himself. Affection, patriotism, and self-interest, reason with themselves alike, that it is *necessary* to make all things bend to the happy existence of the beloved object.

Many things are looked upon as necessary by men, but existence as the prime necessity. The existence of men in cities and in every civilized condition, is acknowledged to rest upon *property* and *security*. The Right to Govern is consequently derived from two kinds of necessity—that of safety and that of possession: the enjoyment of one's own, and security of life and limb: and we hold, by consequence, that the *right to govern* is inherent in every individual, equally with the duty of obedience.

Though it be true, therefore, that "necessity is the tyrant's plea," it is no less the plea of *all* government.

It is necessary that men should exist socially.

Security and possession are the *means* of social existence.

Security and possession are, therefore, necessary.

Again:

Security and possession are necessary to social existence.

Government, of some kind, is the only means of security and possession.

Government is, therefore, necessary to social existence.

The position of a tyrant is such that to maintain it, is the same with defending his own life. He is identified with his function. To preserve his own liberty and life he must destroy that of others. Hence the paradox, "Necessity the tyrant's plea." But his necessity is by no means that of the people he governs. *Their* necessity is to be rid of him upon any terms, since with all men the first necessity is that of existence.

PARADOX IV.

"*The best government is that which governs least.*"

The modern maxim of the best government being that which governs least, is a paradox founded on the opinion that it is the best people which requires least governing; and the best people will very naturally produce the best government; who will therefore have the least governing to do. To make the paradox plain:

1. The best people will require least governing.

2. But they will construct the best government.

3. The best government will consequently have the least governing to do; and, therefore,

4. The best government is that which has least governing to do—i. e. "*paradoxically*,"—"which governs least."

By the same reason the best clergymen are those who give the least instruction to the children of the people; because a virtuous and free people will give so much instruction to their children at home, and will be at so much pains to maintain the best clergymen; these latter will have less to do in proportion as the youth whom they instruct are better—and hence the paradox:—

The best clergy will be those who
} have the least instructing to do;
} "*who instruct the least*,"

Political paradoxes being founded upon ambiguity of expression, contain just enough of truth to live, and yet serve their intended purpose of deception.

PARADOX V.

"*The people have declared their will.*"

Demagogical newspapers and orators frequently assert that "the will of the people has been manifested" by such and such a vote. Now, whichever way an election is decided, it is still a manifestation of the "will" or opinion of the majority; and this

majority is of equal authority on all occasions, and for all opinions. The orator of Vermont is struck with awe by the manifestation of the popular will in favor of a tariff: his brother orator, of New Hampshire, is equally overcome by the same *vox populi* against it. Which, then, is the more "awful" of the two—Vermont or New Hampshire?

And yet, paltry as it is, this fear, pretended or real, of the majority of the voices, requires a great deal of moral courage to meet it. The deception lies hid in a popular paradox, which requires a logical analysis to detect its falsity.

A convention of people assembled to constitute a state, are there in a representative capacity. Each represents not only his own necessities, but those of his children and dependants, whoever they may be. Representation, it thus appears, is founded in necessity, and is the natural method of constituting a state.

This convention agree upon a chairman or president, who *represents* the unity of the assembly, and his being there, and the power with which he is invested, are significant of the fact, that the convention intends to abide by its own decisions: that is to say, that whatever method of ascertaining the best opinion may be adopted, it will be adhered to.

They will now adopt a form of procedure. Let us suppose that the major part of the assembly are in favor of a two-thirds rule, i. e., that no law shall be established unless supported by a majority of two-thirds. The reason for agreeing upon such a rule, is the same which brought the convention together, and appointed a chairman over them, namely, necessity; the necessity and circumstances of the time, which command the establishment of a constitutional government. By the same necessity the children and dependants of each member of the convention submit to be represented by him: they cannot help it: their necessity is a law to them and to their representatives: their will, or opinion, has nothing to do with the matter. Thus we see, at its very birth, the validity of the right to govern rests in necessity.

Two-thirds of the assembly declare that the laws shall be established by the agreement of two-thirds. Now, as it is idle for the remaining third to fight against two-thirds, (one man being as strong as another in a free assembly,) and it is an absolute necessity for them to have some kind of a constitution, they are forced to comply: and the two-thirds rule becomes a law, notwithstanding the dissent of a large number. And thus it appears, that though the establishment of a constitution is a work of all the representatives, its existence being necessary to all alike, its *form* is stamped upon it by majorities, and not by the common acclaim.

The constitution being established, there will be an appointment of offices and functions. The constitution will give some of these to be elected by popular majorities, others it will confer upon the courts or the executive, or upon the legislature. The people, however, are as much bound by one species of appointment as by another; they must obey the sheriff elected by the ward, in *his* functions, and the judge appointed by the senate in *his*: and thus it appears, that not the "will of the people," but the grand necessity of a form of government is the true basis of the right to govern, as well as of the duty of obedience.

The constable does not derive his right to seize the thief, from the opinion of the people in his ward, but from the constitution or the statute book. The representative does not derive his right to vote upon the passage of laws from the existing majority in his district, but from the constitution which creates his function; and we have seen that the foundations of the constitution are laid in necessity, and by no means, or in any sense, in the opinion of majorities.

The judge, during a session of the court, is master of the court room; not because he was elected to be so, but because necessity defines the function. Justice cannot otherwise be administered.

If a man is attacked in the street, he does not wait to take the opinions of the standers by, to know whether he may defend himself; necessity dictates law to him, and he executes it to the best of his ability.

The current paradox, "*the will of the majority is law*," has its origin in a confusion of mind. It is agreed, perhaps, that a law shall not be valid until the majority, or until a certain proportion of opinion is found to be favorable to it. Whether two-thirds, or only a majority of one, agree

to it, provided that be the test, the law is still good. The necessity of obeying it, and the right of enforcing it, rest primarily upon the original idea of the necessity of government, whatever be its form, method or derivation. The will of the majority is law, therefore, only when it is agreed it shall be, and things cannot be otherwise arranged. A government which is not established on necessity, and which cannot defend itself to death, and against all opposition, is neither a respectable, nor a well founded government, and must soon fall.

PARADOX VI.

"*Doctrine of Instructions.*"

A law-making representative has a double duty to perform, namely, his duty to his country, and his duty to his constituents.

The division of a people into districts, each electing their representative, is doubtless with a view to the complete representation of the various and opposing interests of different sections.

It is certainly proper that the legislator should serve his constituents fairly and fully, in the laws which he aids in establishing. If it were not proper and necessary for the law-maker or delegate to serve his constituents, the contest at his election would be very idle ; for of two men of equal abilities, one may be chosen by a large majority, merely because he favors a larger interest. Either, then, he must serve that interest, or his constituents are duped, and he is a cheat.

We have instances of representatives, soon after an election, announcing to their constituents that they intend to vote just as they please ; that they gave no pledges, and will not be bound by any. This, however, is a danger to which constituents will always be subject, namely, the danger of being duped. Opinion is free, and cannot be regulated by law. The majority of to-day is often the minority of to-morrow. The law, therefore, meddles not in the matter; for, as the election of a candidate turns social preference, it is for the electors to incur the risk.

There is a code of political honor tacitly recognized and acted upon, and of which the founders of the constitution must have presupposed the existence; but they could not endow constituencies with discrimination, and they are, therefore, liable to be duped and betrayed by dishonorable delegates and false representatives.

Whether a representative, elected in good faith, is bound to continue to serve his constituency after it has fallen into a minority, is a delicate question, to be decided by the circumstances of the case. To continue to vote obstinately our way, after a change in one's own opinion, and a change in one's constituents, would perhaps be esteemed a proof of more spirit than wisdom. To decide in such cases, requires a combination of prudence and honor, so that neither shall be violated.

The position of a representative consulting his constituents on some minor point of little importance, is a truly ridiculous one. Their correspondence is, of course, limited to some three or four leading persons, who are presumed to be the political 'aristocracy.' These persons have it all their own way, and are, practically speaking, the constituency. Let us now enquire how far such a conduct agrees with the representative theory.

Previous to the election of this representative, it was an event of great uncertainty who would be chosen. The representative office or agency existed, with limits prescribed by the constitution, and the people of the district were called upon to nominate a man, who, upon being so nominated, should occupy the office. The person named, represents, in the eye of the law, not the majority, or constituency, but the whole district. To affirm otherwise would be to disfranchise and outlaw the minority. The minority, though they do not elect him, yet acknowledge the legality and capacity of his election, by voting on the occasion. The effect of a vote is only as if one should say, 'A is the best man,' or 'B is the best man.' The majority of opinion, being known, is presumed to be right, and to stand for the good sense and prevailing interest of the district.

The name being given in, the function of the *voter* expires. His franchise extends only to his "having an opinion" of as much weight as another's, in choosing a fit person to fill a certain office. His vote is given on the fitness only. If there were no constitution, nor any general representative government, all this voting would be to no purpose. The representatives, on assembling, would have no powers to act under unless their constituencies had specially conferred upon them those of revolution, or of convention.

And now the constitution takes effect. The man named by the majority as *fit*, is by the constitution made *capable*, and becomes an incumbent of an office from which his constituents have no power to oust him. Once elected, he represents his entire district, minority and majority, and nothing short of a legally ascertained majority at the proper time, can throw him out of his place. If there is any regular and lawful method of ascertaining how he ought to vote on a particular point, it must be by assembling the entire district, majority and minority, and putting the question. The minority may possibly have become a majority, and then our modest consultor will be obliged to vote against his original constituents.

But the law provides no such remedy. The representative is not bound by law to vote in any particular direction, or even to vote at all. In the greater number of instances, he is guided by the opinions of three or four, or perhaps a dozen men, in his district, who are supposed to be influential and popular, and who stand for the strongest interest. He will and may consult them, and by a private or open compact he may be *in honor bound* to do so; but he does not legally *represent* them, more than he represents the minority in his district, or any one citizen in it who has, or has not, voted for him.

If it were true that the law-making power is conferred upon the representative by those who create the majority in his district, then it is also true that the entire system is an ingenious deception. But the supposition is idle. I am represented whether I vote or not. Sickness does not deprive me of my liberties; a broken limb does not disfranchise me, I am at liberty to vote or not as I please, and I may bind myself by an honorable compact with any person to vote for him, provided he will engage to sustain a certain policy. The voter at the polls, like the voter in the Senate or the House, is free, and cannot be restrained from voting as he will, except by considerations of a private and social character. The national interest of every man, woman, and child in his district is in charge of the representative. Of course, the liberty and rights of the alien and the minor, of the child and the woman, are as much a part of Republican freedom as those of the voter. A voter is said to be "made a freeman" by being legally admitted to the polls,—a ridiculous phrase! He is no more than *permitted* to exercise a *function of choosing*, a function fixed, nay, *invented* by law,—and who ever heard of any persons having an increase of liberty, by being *permitted* to do this or that? In a word, we hold that the liberty of the representative and the liberty of the voter rest upon the same foundation, and that one is restricted like the other only by compacts of honor. These compacts may, indeed, be binding and imperative, but they are none the less free of the law.

The above arguments may be arranged in a logical order, as follows:—

1. The representative is bound by a principle of *duty*, to take care of every interest of his district, whether of aliens, women, minors, or citizens. To deny this were to disfranchise the minority, and to deprive the non-voting population of the benefits of representative (or free) government.

2. He is also bound by a principle of *honor*, to keep his pledges to the majority by whose opinion he was elected.

3. This principle of honor, or of the observance of a compact, cannot be made to infringe upon the duty of the representative, and in giving his pledges to those who aided in electing him, (or in creating his majority,) he is not supposed to bind himself to commit an act of treachery to his country or to his district. No such compact can be made, and, if made, is not valid.

4. If any elector or voter exacts a pledge from the candidate, he is himself a party to that pledge, *and if he changes his own opinion, he of necessity releases his representative.* We see no reason, therefore,

why a representative should adhere to his original pledges, when the greater number of those who exacted it have themselves fallen away from their opinions;—this, however, would be only in case the pledge was publicly given, and with the understanding that the giver recognized not a few men, but a majority of citizens as electing him.

As to the voters themselves, we conclude:—

1. That as the liberty of voting is conferred by law only upon certain individuals, it is not an intrinsic part of right or liberty.

2. That franchise is an office or function, which may or may not be exercised at the option of the citizen, and that he does not lose his individual liberty by not exercising it, though he may fail of his private duty to the commonweal.

3. That the individual voter who is a householder, is also a representative; and that he who is not a householder, does also, in voting, represent the interest and safety of the entire community; that he is, however free in that function, as regards opinion, and whatever seems to him to be for the common or for his own good, he may express it. The women, children and dependants of the voter's household are as fully represented, and their liberties as well taken care of as those of the citizen, by *his* representative in the national Congress.

4. That the voter, having voted, has, from that time forth, not a particle of legal control over his representative.

5. And lastly, that, if he has any such control, it is not conferred upon him by his having voted in favor of the representative. The ballot is secret, or is supposed to be so, and all control lawfully exercised over a representative, should, of course, be shared as well by individuals who voted against, as by those who voted for him. The law never knows who are, or who are not, the constituents.

6. If any *legal* method is established of instructing representatives, it must be by the assembling of all the voters of the district, of all opinions and parties, and submitting the particular question to them, the majority deciding. By such an arrangement Legislatures would be reduced to committees for the initiation of laws, and every measure would have to be decided on by the entire nation.

From the above reasoning, we are forced to conclude that the "doctrine of instruction" is merely paradoxical, and arises from two different delusions, to wit;—

The confounding of *honor* and *duty*, and,

The opinion that the *power* of the representative is conferred upon him *directly* by the votes of his political constituents.

PARADOX VII.

"*Men are born free and equal.*"

A man is free, only when he is able to provide for his own wants, and has his moral faculties perfect. He must be able to will and to execute his will, to reason in some measure, and to defend himself against common casualties, else to call him free is mere mockery.

To say that a man "is born free" is merely to assert a falsehood, if we take the paradox as it stands and without explanation. We have to enquire then what is meant by that universal freedom which is claimed even for the newly born, as a right attaching to humanity.

There are three kinds of rights, namely, those of the social and of the political and religious state. Rights of the Social state are defined and regulated by manners: Rights of the Political state by laws: Rights of the Religious state by creeds.

There is a superiority of manners which is natural and acquired belonging to station and to domestic and social influence. From all these together, flows a social "right" of superiority founded upon *decency;* which gives to the heads of families, and to personal superiority of every kind, its legitimate and natural advantage, independently of every adventitious aid, and which is recognised alike by savage and by saint.

The manners of a people form an unwritten code; they are the defence of *modesty*, the protection of *innocence;* they

make life tolerable and even sweet and agreeable. In the practice of good manners and in the enjoyment of them, in social, domestic, and even playful and hilarious intercourse, lies perhaps two-thirds of the pleasure of existence. Society could not exist an instant without the manners ; the streets of the city would become instantaneously a scene of terror and of violence ; no man would turn aside for his neighbor ; life would become a battle scene, or rather a mèlè of wild beasts.

Manners have their rights ; which rights are accompanied, each, by a duty to be fulfilled. *Right* and *duty* are the two poles of human relationship ; the one generates the other, and like action and reaction, they are exactly equal in the obligation they generate. Thus if there be a *duty* of hospitality there is the *right* to expect good treatment. If there is the right of conferring favors, there is the duty of gratitude. If there is the obligation of courtesy in accidental intercourse with strangers, there is the duty of acknowledging it. But in using the words, right and duty, in relation to the social state, we continually mislead and misunderstand ourselves, since nothing here is expected, as if it were a payment, or that is of the nature of a legal obligation. The code of honor alone prevails in social intercourse, and honor, though it be the analagon of justice, is not justice itself, since it recognizes no property nor individuality, and presides exclusively over the domain of love and courage. Its code is unwritten, for the same reason that the movements of the heart are unwritten, and cannot be scientifically defined.

There are probably few who will deny that every human being is born into this world under a full obligation to perform all the duties of courtesy and decency. These duties, as we have already seen, are the correlatives of rights: even the slave is a member of the social state ; the social state into which he is born, lays him under all the obligations of courtesy and decency ; and, by a law equally imperative, the master is bound to the good treatment of his slave. It is unnecessary to argue such a position ; nature has planted its defence in the mind and heart of every gentleman: the violation of this unwritten code of the manners established for the security, as we have said, of weakness, modesty and innocence, indicates the presence of the beast in man, or, in other words, the absence of those high qualities and heroic traits which complete and crown humanity.

We are in no danger of deceiving by a paradox, when we say all men are *born* to the obligations of courtesy and civility. But now let us illustrate the paradoxical expression, apparently so false, by the other extreme of the moral world, viz : that of belief or religious society. Religion is a ground upon which masses of people are brought together without distinction of sex, age, affinity or social position, to indulge in a spiritual privelege—the great and wonderful privelege of worship, by music, and prayer, and ceremony, and exhortation. The religious society has a written code, whose first quality is that it is established and unchangeable, even to its minutest expessions and literations.

As the code of Society, infinitely excellent tho' it be, and showing an open divinity in its operation—since none but God could have so contrived and balanced the social state ;—while this code is unwritten and is perpetually changing and fluctuating in its detail, its principle remaining ever the same :—the outside varying and fluctuating like the waves of the sea, or rather like the seasonal changes of vegetation, its central principles of filiality and honor remaining, meanwhile, eternally the same ; with Religious society the reverse is true, since nothing is more fixed and unchangeable than the form, and literate tradition of worship and belief; on the other hand, nothing is more varied and fluctuating, more subject to differences, and grades of higher and lower, and more and less, than the central religious principle, or soul of worship, which exteriorates the ceremony of religion.

No man will deny, at least no thinking man, that the human creature is born into the world under an obligation to revere the great Cause of his existence and of his felicity, when he sees the presence in himself or in others. The divinity in man moves him to works of beneficence, of charity, and of philanthropy, which have their origin in no individual preference but in that same Principle, by which the idea of Divinity is conceived as a creative power, and which imitates its source. All men

are, therefore, necessarily born into the duties of reverence; and by the same rule they are born to the possession of certain religious rights; no man's life can be taken from him, for opinion's sake, or because the exterioration of his religious sentiment, the form of his pious impulses, is not the same with our own. For the demonstration of this truth, we can appeal only, as before, to the spirit of wisdom in the human breast. If the spirit be not there, the appeal is lost.

There are, then, two other paradoxes, beside the political one, that "all men are born free and equal;" to wit, the paradox that all men are born to be treated with decency and courtesy, and that they are born also with the rights and the duties of reverence and religious privilege. To pollute the soul of an infant with blasphemy or with dishonor, is treason against God. It is unnecessary to argue such a position: the child is *born* with social and religious rights, even though it be a slave, and these rights are incidental to its humanity, and belong to it because it is something better than a brute.

If we understand these two first paradoxes which contain hidden in them the the fundamental truths of the religious and the social, we are prepared the better to seize the meaning of the third, which is that of the political state. The social, religious, and political, do, indeed, form one great human society, but to comprehend their unity, it is necessary first to become master of them in their diversity. All men are born to certain rights and certain duties; the duty, first, to obey that which is above them, and upon which they depend for existence and protection, and the right to govern and command that which is beneath them, and which depends upon them for the same. Political duty and political right develope each other, and one cannot exist without the other. Every man has something to govern, he has the inferior, or brutish nature in his own person to govern, or he has it to control in others around him, near him, and dependent on him; whether that brutish nature be lodged in a child or a beast, it has still to be governed, and it is that alone which needs governing. Ignorance, dullness, avarice, fury and cruelty, and all the train of passions and desires, have to be governed, and it is over them that God, through Reason, has erected the Political state. The Right to Govern must be acknowledged first, and is founded on necessity; in it we discover the germ of the political state, and the reason of its existence. The state is no theory, but a fact, composed indeed of many lesser facts, but in itself a great and obvious fact, open to the sight of every man. The right to govern is of course proportioned to the ability of governing, practically speaking, since the absence of ability disqualifies for performance; nor by any state contrivances or constitutional arrangements can thegovernance of a fool or a knave, or any incapable creature, be made acceptable to God or man. It may be constitutionally necessary to endure it for a time, but it is none the less an evil and a mischief, and by *our* constitution the terms of office are made short, in order the more quickly to terminate the rule of folly. All men are then born into this world with a right to govern, in proportion to their ability, the kingdom given to them by nature and circumstance, if it be only the little world of their own passions. It is impossible to speak the whole truth on any occasion, but we seem ourselves to have uttered at least a part of it. All men are born, also, (and this will be much more readily admitted,) to the duty of obedience. The inferior—that is, the less reasonable, the less humane, the less virtuous, the less spiritual, the more brutish, furious, selfish, slavish, weak and impulsive nature, in which there is less and evidence of the presence of divinity, or law—must give way to, and be governed by the superior nature. Either this, or what we name the anarchical state, must happen: there is no alternative. For those who cannot govern themselves, if they be human, and just so far, and in just such particulars as they cannot act from the impulses of their own nature without detriment to themselves or others, — there is appointed one of two things, either a government or spiritual death; either to be subjects in the kingdom of reason, or to become borderers and outlaws from that kingdom; receiving no light but the light of nature, a light which visits only instinct, and teaches man to crawl stealthily, to ravin, and snatch their desires, but shows them nothing of Divinity, and gives them nothing of the privileges of reason or

of ought that makes life desirable to a reasoning creature.

A state founded on the broad necessities of a social system, with the duty of obedience and the right to govern, acknowledged for every member of it, from the infant to the commander-in-chief, or the leader of the Senate, what could it be but a wise and well-governed state?

In such a state there is no aristocracy: for why? the right to govern is no privilege, but is the inheritance of reason, and belongs to every soul visited by the light of Heaven, or even by a glimmer of that light. In such a state there are no inferior castes, inferior by inheritance; for in all there is the duty of obedience, in all who can lay claim to the name of human, or who can see or acknowledge superiority, from the infant to the mature and perfect man.

As far as all men are alike bound to obey and born to obey the supreme laws of God and of the universe, more or less perfectly represented in the political state, so far and no farther all men are born *equal:* all men are equally bound to obey the laws, and that is their equality; other equality they have none, for Nature has made men unequal—unequal to each other in every particular and trait of nature, brutish and humane: unequal in stature, strength, tenacity of life; unequal in understanding, wit, comprehension of mind; unequal in ingenuity, in the skill of accumulation, in the skill of preserving and defending life; unequal in valor and in cunning; unequal in affection and in tenacity and steadiness of soul; unequal in their opinion of themselves and their dependence on others, in their perception of right, and in strength of will; unequal, finally, in their intuition of all truth; for there are those who deny to themselves and others all but brutish attributes, and who are thereby disqualified from taking any part in the controversy of truth.

Men are born equal before the law; they are also born *free*; they are born into a state of equality and freedom. This we hold to be a self-evident truth, that of human equality; but there is a paradox in the expression of every universal truth.

The brute is born into slavery; the man is born into freedom, because he *is* a man, —but there are grades of freedom, and the politically free man—free by the constitution and the laws, may be, through his own weakness and defect, aided by the injustice of others, a hopeless and a brutish slave. Given a human creature, unvisited of reason, with a dark, cruel and cowardly soul, and you have a slave—so made and so appointed, beyond all hope or remedy; a creature which no man will trust, but over whom it is absolutely necessary to exercite a supreme authority; lest, having the privileges of freedom, those privileges be trampled on by the brutish nature, as if a hog had been admitted to a banquet.

The man was born into a state of freedom and found incapable of enjoying it. It was a creature who recognized neither the Duties of obedience nor the Right of governance. There is no more cruel master than the born slave; the slave who is a driver of slaves drives like a wolf or like a devil; he is armed, not with authority, but with a whip; and yet it is safe to say that even in the most abject creature there is a glimmer, a trace, of obedience; a sense of duty, and a power and authority, small indeed when compared with the educated and complete man, but compared with that of the brute, great and wonderful, and giving evident proofs of Divinity.

The Guinea negro, born in a free land, no longer resembles his barbarous parent; he acquires from the contact with a civilized master and the discipline of reason, traces of humanity which move respect and compassion; his children in their turn advance beyond him, and one genoration following another, the slave outgrows his manacles and rises to the dignity of a servant or freedman, exercising the beautiful virtues of courtesy and obedience, the virtues of service, and touchingly recognizing in his master, who is also his friend and his guardian, diviner and higher qualities which he reveres. This is truth, this is fact: none can deny it.

All men are then born into the state of freedom, and with the right to govern, to perform duties of control over their own savage natures and the brute instincts and impulses of others around them; and the state of freedom is the *human* state, and is identified with the possession of reason or of the governing power; and as all are equal through obedience to the law, all

are free through the fulfillment of the law; and the political state will represent by its constitution the quantity, if we may use such a form of expression—the quantity and condition of the free or governing power in the individuals which compose it. The degrees of the freedom of all are unequal: from the lowest to the highest the distance is great indeed, but from the brute to the poorest savage the distance is properly infinite, and the poorest savage with reason, or with the governing and obeying faculty is infinitely beyond, and is *master* of the brute who has neither.

It would be impossible, however, to construct a state which should represent by its constitution the freedom or governing power of each individual that composed it. Political classifications have been attempted, and ended in the establishment of the evils they were intended to cure; and therefore, the declaration of human right says, "men are born free and equal," because freedom and equality are the traits of man in every station of life, and the practical state exists by the performance of the duties of obedience and governance.

LECTURES ON ART AND POEMS.*

This volume comprises all the writings of Allston except the tale of Monaldi. His poems were originally published in 1813, and have long been out of print; they are here included, with nearly as many more which now appear for the first time. The Lectures on Art are also now for the first time published. A brief account of them and of his later poems is given in the preface:

"In 1830, he removed to Cambridge, and soon afterwards began the preparation of a course of lectures on Art, which he intended to deliver to a select audience of artists and men of letters in Boston. Four of these he completed. Rough drafts of two others were found among his papers, but not in a state fit for publication. In 1841, he published his tale of 'Monaldi,' a production of his early life. The poems in the present volume of 1813, are, with two exceptions, the work of his later days. In them, as in his paintings of the same period, may be seen the extreme attention to finish, always his characteristic, which, added to increasing bodily pain and infirmity, was the cause of his leaving so much that is unfinished behind him."

The lectures occupy nearly half the volume. They are profound and elaborate essays, rich in new and true thoughts and in apt expressions and beautiful illustrations. Speaking after the fresh impression of a careful reading, (and they are written with a closeness and suggestiveness that admit not of any but a "careful" reading) we are disposed to think they contain the highest, indeed the only truly philosophical views of art we have ever read. There is nothing in the literature of Art with which they can be compared—nothing that so *demonstrates* the great principles of Art, and makes us feel certain that they have their origin in nature and truth.

If it were as easy to give by analysis any just idea of their merit, as it is to praise it in there general phrases, our task would now be a light one. But no proper analysis can be framed of writings in which there is hardly a sentence that can be spared, where the most minute particulars are so interwoven with important ones that the latter are seen to be but the sum of them, and where every page contains examples of striking thoughts, images, and expressions. The analysis should give the whole; anything short of that misrepresent the author. The hundred and fifty book pages in which these Lectures find ample room, might, it is true, be drawn out or complanated by a skilful thought-beater into as many volumes, but it is not possible to reduce them and retain what they contain.

Yet their very closeness will stand in the way of their immediate usefulness. Many minds into which the truths they convey would sink as the seeds of beautiful flowering plants into genial soils, will be deterred from undertaking to study what seems at the outset so obscure and metaphysical; many will recoil from a writer who requires or seems to require (for if they persevere but a little they will perceive all as clear and warm as a summer's day) so much application. Hence we may be pardoned for attempting to present something like such a general view of these lectures as may excite curiosity and allay apprehension. We shall not essay a regular analysis, but will merely follow them through, keeping in view, as nearly as possible, the general outline of the thought, and pointing out here and there some of the striking passages. It may be true of some kinds of writing, as of works of art, that they are best stu-

*Lectures on Art and Poems. By Washington Allston. Edited by Richard Henry Danes, Jr. New York: Baker & Scribner. 1850.

died at first generally, and with indistinct ideas, the mind not being prepared to enter upon the examination of subordinate excellencies till it has comprehended the grand intention; just as we can understand a symphony of Mozart better from having studied a meagre pianoforte arrangement, or Correggio, from having pored over the French volume of outlines of his works.

The Lectures are prefaced by a preliminary note, written in the close manner of the metaphysicians, that is, logically, and with little use of comparison to clarify and narrow the thought. The object of this is to define the word *idea*, as the author uses it. A less careful definition it will at first be thought might have sufficed for the purpose; the lectures, however, very soon show a reason for the carefulness.

PRELIMINARY NOTE.

An Idea, the author defines to be the "highest and most perfect *form* in which anything, whether of the physical, the intellectual, or the spiritual, may exist to the mind." By this he does not mean "*figure* or *image* (though these may be included in relation to the physical,) but that condition or state in which such objects become cognizable to the mind, or in other words become objects of consciousness." In this use of the word *form*, though the meaning is clear, we may trace already the idiosyncracy of the painter. In another place we find him saying: "were it possible to embody the present complicated scheme of society, so as to bring it before us as a *visible object*, &c. *i. e.* to have a clear *idea* of it. Were it our purpose to controvert this application of the word, it is plain that an argument might be maintained against it; it might be questioned whether we should call the highest and most perfect *conception* of a thing the *idea* of it; nevertheless, the use of the word here proposed has the advantage in brevity.

Ideas, he says, are of two kinds, *primary* or the manifestations of objective realities; and *secondary*, that of the reflex product of the mental constitution. In both cases they are self-affirmed forms, the ground of Truth, independent of the reflective faculties, without living energy in themselves—the mere *forms* "through or in which a higher power manifests to the consciousness the supreme truth of all things real in respect to the first class; and in respect to the second the imaginative truth of the mental products or mental combinations." Of this power we know nothing; "it is one of the secrets of our being which He who made us has kept to himself."

He then confines himself to the considerations of the first class of Ideas, the primary, or those which are the manifestations of real objects. These, he says, are limited only by kinds without relation to degrees; every object having a *distinctive essential* has its idea; while any number of the same kind, differing in degree, refer to the same idea. Thus, a hundred animals differing in everything but specific qualities, refer to one idea. So with objects in the intellectual, moral, and spiritual. All ideas, however, have but a potential existence till called into the consciousness by real objects; these objects are termed *assimilants*. The senses, though they supply these assimilants operate only passively, as is evident from the difference between idea and the objects. They transmit the external forms which the intuitive power rejects or assimilates indefinitely until they are resolved into the proper forms.

This shows that there is a fixed relation between the actual and the ideal—"a predetermined correspondence between the prescribed form of an idea and its assimilant; for how otherwise could the former become the recipient of that which was repugnant or indifferent, when the presence of the latter constitutes the very condition by which it is manifested, or can be known to exist?"

"It would appear then that what we call ourself must have a *dual* reality, that is, in the mind and in the senses, since neither *alone* could possibly explain the phenomena of the other; consequently, in the existence of either we have clearly implied the reality of both. And hence, must follow the still more important truth, that, in the *conscious presence* of any *spiritual* idea, we have the surest proof of a spiritual object; nor is this the less certain though we perceive not the assimilant. Nay, a spiritual assimilant cannot be perceived, but, to use the words of St. Paul, is "spiritually discerned," that is, by a sense, so to speak, of our own spirit. But

to illustrate by example: we could not, for instance, have the ideas of good and evil without their objective realities, nor of right and wrong, in any intelligible form, without the moral law to which they refer —which law we call the Conscience; nor could we have the idea of a moral law, without a moral lawgiver, and if moral, then intelligent, and, if intelligent, then personal; in a word, we could not now have, as we know we have, the idea of conscience, without an objective, personal God. Such ideas may well be called revelations, since, without any perceived assimilant, we find them equally affirmed with those ideas which relate to the purely physical."

An Idea is distinguished from a mere *notion* by its *self-affirmation*. It is its own evidence, and is truth to the mind until it can be shown to be false

There is another difference between primary and secondary ideas. The former can never be fully realized by a finite mind —at least in the present state." Take for instance the idea of beauty; "what true artist was ever satisfied with any idea of beauty of which he was conscious?" He can realize an approximation and derive pleasure from it—"yet still is the pleasure modified, if we may so express it, by an undefined yearning for what he feels can never be realized. And wherefore this craving, but for the archetype of that which called it forth?—When we say not satisfied, we do not mean discontented, but simply not in full fruition. And it is better that it should be so, since one of the happiest elements of our nature is that which continually impels it towards the indefinite and unattainable. So far as we know, the like limits may be set to every other primary idea—as if the Creator had reserved to himself alone the possible contemplation of the archetypes of his universe."

Secondary Ideas, on the contrary, those which are the product of the mind may be fully realized and communicated. All works of imagination present examples of this. The same power affirms their truth which affirm the truth of primary ideas; yet they are forms of what, as a whole, has no actual existence, and the truth they affirm is to be distinguished as poetic truth.*

In these definitions and distinctions, the principal thing to be remembered is the doctrine growing out of them, of the dual forces—the necessity of ideas potentially existing in the mind and of assimilants to call them into consciousness—in other words, the doctrine of a predetermined co-relation between mind and matter. Bearing this in mind, we proceed to the

INTRODUCTORY DISCOURSE.

"Next to the development of our moral nature," ALLSTON commences, "to have subordinated the senses to the mind is the highest triumph of the civilized state." But by this he does not mean an austere subjection of sense, but only that subordination which is implied in "the legitimate growth of our mental constitution, which we suppose to be grounded in permanent universal principles." This he shows to be not artificial as has been sometimes said, but natural. The artificial is the growth of diseased appetites, whose effects are seen "in the distorted forms of the *conventional*," these perish in the lie they make, and it were well did not other falsehoods take their places, to prolong a life whose only tenure is in consequential succession —in other words Fashion."

As the life of the body in health, is attended with pleasures beyond the mere consciousness of existence, so is the moral and intellectual part of us. The highest pleasures of which we are capable are *mental pleasures*. The considerations of these form the subject of the discourse.

After demonstrating the propriety of the term, mental, as thus applied, the discourse announces the proposition that the "pleasures in question have theirtrue source in one intuitive universal principle or living power, and that the three Ideas

---

Note.—It may be doubted if even ideas of this class admit of a perfect realization in a communicable form. The artist may have a clear idea of certaincharacteristic forms, but it is very difficult to retain this image through the disturbing influences of mechanical difficulties until it breathes on canvas or lives in marble. It is related of Thorwalsden, that when found one day by a friend in a state of despondency, he pointed to his statue of Christ, and exclaimed "that his genius was decaying, as it was the first work he had felt satisfied with and should never again have a great idea."

of Beauty, Truth, and Holiness, which we assume to represent the *perfect* in the physical, intellectual, and moral worlds, are but the several realized phases of this sovereign principle which we shall call Harmony."

The first inquiry is, what is the distinctive or essential characteristic of these mental pleasures. The one insisted on is that *self* has no part in them; they are wholly unmixed with *any personal considerations or any conscious advantage to the individual.*" All the world feels them and all feel them in the same manner:

"The most abject wretch, however animalized by vice, may still be able to recall the time when a morning or evening sky, a bird, a flower, or the sight of some other object in nature, has given him a pleasure, which he felt to be distinct from that of his animal appetites, and to which he could attach not a thought of self-interest. And, though crime and misery may close the heart for years, and seal it up forever to every redeeming thought, they cannot so shut out from the memory these gleams of innocence: even the brutified spirit, the castaway of his kind, has been made to blush at this enduring light; for it tells him a truth, which might else have never been remembered,—that he has once been a man.

"And here may occur a question,—which might well be left to the ultra advocates of the *cui bono*,—whether a simple flower may not sometimes be of higher use than a labor-saving machine."

As regards Beauty, *first*, it is objected against making this disinterestedness a characteristic of the pleasures derived from a contemplation of it, that it is one of the strongest incentives to passion, and operates directly through *self*.

"Now, if the Beauty here referred to is of the *human being*, we do not gainsay it; but this is beauty in its *mixed mode*,—not in its high, passionless form, its singleness and purity. It is not Beauty as it descended from heaven, in the cloud, the rainbow, the flower, the bird, or in the concord of sweet sounds, that seem to carry back the soul to whence it came.

"Could we look, indeed, at the human form in its simple, unallied physical structure,—on that, for instance, of a beautiful woman,—and forget, or rather not feel, that it is other than a *form*, there could be but one feeling; that nothing visible was ever so framed to banish from the soul every ignoble thought, and imbue it, as it were, with primeval innocence."

He then asks if it be the beauty alone that moves us selfishly, why do we not feel the same in beholding a beautiful infant? But there is such a thing as natural beauty apart from the human form. Thus, all call a bird of paradise beautiful; there is no dispute about a rose. And the absence of beauty is felt in spite of other endearing qualities, as in the case of the elephant, the orang outang, or the mastiff.

That human beauty is a kind of enigma or thing to dispute about, is caused, *first*, by the perpetual interference of the conventional in dress and manner; and, *secondly*, by the presence of individual bias, leading to peculiar tastes in ourselves as observers. Yet, the reality and power of human beauty, as such, are fully conceded:—

"Has human beauty, then, no power?—When united with virtue and intellect, we might always answer,—All power. It is the embodied harmony of the true poet; his visible Muse; the guardian angel of his better nature; the inspiring sibyl of his best affections, drawing him to her with a purifying charm, from the selfishness of the world, from poverty and neglect, from the low and base, nay, from his own frailty or vices:—for he cannot approach her with unhallowed thoughts, whom the unlettered and ignorant look up to with awe, as to one of a race above them; before whom the wisest and best bow down with abasement, and would bow in idolatry but for a higher reverence. No! there is no power like this of mortal birth. But against the antagonist moral, the human beauty of itself has no power, no self-sustaining life. While it panders to evil desires, then, indeed, there are few things may parallel its fearful might. But the unholy alliance must at last have an end. Look at it then, when the beautiful serpent has cast her slough.

"Let us turn to it for a moment, and behold it in league with elegant accomplishments and a subtile intellect: how complete its triumph! If ever the soul may be said to be intoxicated, it is then, when it feels the full power of a beautiful, bad woman. The fabled enchantments of the East are less strange and wonder-working than the marvellous changes which her spell has wrought. For a time every thought seems bound to her will; the eternal eye of the conscience closes before her; the everlasting truths of right and wrong sleep at her bidding; nay, things most gross and abhorred become suddenly invested with a seeming purity: till the whole mind is hers, and the bewildered victim, drunk with

charms, calls evil good. Then, what may follow? Read the annals of crime; it will tell us what follows the broken spell,—broken by the first degrading theft, the first stroke of the dagger, or the first drop of poison. The felon's eye turns upon the beautiful sorceress with loathing and abhorrence: an asp, a toad, is not more hateful! The story of Milwood has many counterparts."

Another objection to the intuitive idea of beauty is, that artists who may be supposed to have the power of analzying their models, vary so much in their conceptions of what is beautiful. But the answer is, supposing they have this power, their intuition of beauty may still be the same, though their *apprehension* of it may change, "as their more extended acquaintance with the higher outward assimilants of beauty brings them nearer to a perfect realization of the preëxisting idea." And then, both they and their critics are subject to modifying biases; and, besides, they do not always propose to themselves the realization of their highest ideals of beauty. "Were Raffaelle, who seldom sought the purely beautiful to be judged by the want of it, he would fall below Guido. But his object was much higher,—in the intellect and the affections; it was the human being in his endless inflections of thought and passion, in which there is little probability he will ever be approached. Yet, false criticism has been a prodigal to him in the ascription of beauty, as parsimonious and unjust to many others."

In concluding this part of the subject, after examining the reciprocal influences of soul upon soul operating through the intuitive perception of beauty, our author connects it with the two grand ideas which spring from the universal harmony :—

"If man were a mere animal, though the highest animal, could these inscrutable influences affect us as they do? Would not the animal appetites be our true and sole end? What even would Beauty be to the sated appetite? If it did not, as in the last instance, of the brutal husband, become an object of scorn,—which it could not be, from the necessary absence of moral obliquity,—would it be better than a picked bone to a gorged dog? Least of all could it resemble the visible sign of that pure idea, in which so many lofty minds have recognized the type of a far higher love than that of earth, which the soul shall know, when, in a better world, she shall realize the ultimate re-union of Beauty with the co-eternal forms of Truth and Holiness."

Secondly. The characteristic of disinterestedness, as applied to Truth. The author proceeds to demonstrate the proposition, that all men have an intuitive pleasure in the perception of truth. No one, ever *for its own sake*, chooses the false. "Even for her own exceeding loveliness has Truth been canonized." There was nothing of self in the *Eureka* of Pythagoras, and certainly not in the acclamations of his countrymen who rejoiced with him; nor is there in any of the revelations of truth to genius.

"Indeed, so imperishable is this property of Truth, that it seems to lose nothing of its power, even when causing itself to be reflected from things that in themselves have, properly speaking, no truth. Of this we have abundant examples in some of the Dutch pictures, where the principal object is simply a dish of oysters or a pickled herring. We remember a picture of this kind, consisting solely of these very objects, from which we experienced a pleasure *almost* exquisite. And we would here remark, that the appetite then was in no way concerned. The pleasure, therefore, must have been from the imitated truth. It is certainly a curious question why this should be, while the things themselves, that is, the actual objects, should produce no such effect. And it seems to be because, in the latter case, there was no truth involved. The real oysters, &c., were indeed so far true as they were actual objects, but they did not contain a *truth* in *relation* to anything. Whereas, in the pictured oysters, their relation to the actual was shown and verified in the mutual resemblance."

The pleasure we experience from tragic scenes on the stage or in art, arises likewise from the truth in *relation*, and the proper word to express it is, not sympathy, but *interest*. How subtlely Allston here places a distinction, all have felt, in the following paragraph :—

"Let the imitation, or rather copy, be so close as to trench on deception, the effect will be far different; for, the *condition* of *relation* being thus virtually lost, the copy becomes as the original,—circumscribed by its own qualities, repulsive or attractive, as the case may be. I remember a striking instance of this in a celebrated actress, whose copies of actual suffering were so painfully accurate, that I was forced to turn away from the scene, unable to endure it; her scream of agony in Bel-

videra seemed to ring in my ears for hours after. Not so was it with the great Mrs. Siddons, who moved not a step but in a poetic atmosphere, through which the fiercest passions seemed rather to *loom* like distant mountains when first descried at sea,—massive and solid, yet resting on air."

A single objection to the view of Truth given in this section, is disposed of with singular acuteness. It is the remarkable propensity children have to lying. (We venture to doubt, by the way, if children are half so much given to lying as old men) :—

"This is readily admitted; but it does not meet us, unless it can be shown that they have not in the act of lying an eye to its *reward*,—setting aside any outward advantage—in the shape of self-complacent thought at their superior wit or ingenuity. Now it is equally notorious, that such secret triumph will often betray itself by a smile, or wink, or some other sign from the chuckling urchin, which proves anything but that the lie was gratuitous. No, not even a child can love a lie purely for its own sake; he would else love it in another, which is against fact. Indeed, so far from it, that, long before he can have had any notion of what is meant by honor, the word *liar* becomes one of his first and most opprobrious terms of reproach. Look at any child's face when he tells his companion he lies. We ask no more than that most logical expression; and, if it speak not of a natural abhorrence only to be overcome by self-interest, there is no trust in anything. No. We cannot believe that man or child, however depraved, *could* tell an *unproductive*, *gratuitous lie*."

Thirdly. No one will question the highest source of mental pleasure, Holiness that, if sought at all, must be disinterestedly, and for its own sake. The finite degree of holiness, (or perfect unison with the Divine will,) is Goodness. This is known and realized among men.

The very natnre of goodness implies that a good act should have no reference to self. Our author proceeds to show that the *recognition* of goodness "must result in such an emotion as shall partake of its own character, that is, be entirely devoid of self interest."

Goodness may not always be recognized, nor may the contemplation of it give pleasure to those who are conscious that they possess but little of it. But it cannot be hated for its own sake, except by a devil:

"It is objected, that bad men have sometimes a pleasure in Evil from which they neither derive nor hope for any personal advantage, that is, simply *because it is evil*. But we deny the fact. We deny that an unmixed pleasure, which is purely abstracted from all reference to self, is in the power of Evil. Should any man assert this even of himself, he is not to be believed; he lies to his own heart,—and this he may do without being conscious of it. But how can this be? Nothing more easy: by a simple dislocation of words; by the aid of that false nomenclature which began with the first Fratricide, and has continued to accumulate through successive ages, till it reached its consummation, for every possible sin, in the French Revolution."

And again:

"The wicked often hate the good. True: but not goodness, not the good man's virtues; these they envy, and hate him for possessing them. But more commonly the object of dislike is first stripped of its virtues by detraction; the detractor then supplies their place by the needful vices,—perhaps with his own; then, indeed, he is ripe for hatred. When a sinful act is made personal, it is another affair; it then becomes a *part* of *the man;* and he may then worship it with the idolatry of a devil. But there is a vast gulf between his own idol and that of another."

Fourthly. We arrive at the question, on what ground all the emotions arising from the contemplation of Beauty, Truth, and holiness or Goodness are assumed as referable to one intuitive universal Principle of Harmony? The answer is, on the ground of their common agreement.

This common agreement is not to be reconciled on the ground of likeness in *sensation*, since that only shows the *differences* in the emotions; neither can it be found in the *reflective faculties*, since the emotion precedes the understanding.

"Where, then, shall we search for this mysterious ground but in the mind, since only there, as before observed, is this common effect known as a fact? and where in the mind but in some inherent Principle, which is both intuitive and universal, since, in a greater or less degree, all men feel it *without knowing why?*" * * *

"And since it would appear that we cannot avoid the admission of some such Principle, having a reciprocal relation to certain outward objects, to account for these kindred emotions from so many distinct and heterogeneous sources, it remains only that we give it

a name; which has already been anticipated in the term Harmony.

"The next question here is, in what consists this *peculiar relation?* We have seen that it cannot be in anything that is essential to any condition of mere being or existence; it must therefore consist in some *indiscoverable* condition indifferently applicable to the Physical, Intellectual, and Moral, yet only applicable in each to certain kinds.

"And this is all that we do or *can* know of it. But of this we may be as certain as that we live and breathe."

It is true we may analyze the properties of sounds and colors, and frame convenient rules for the use of them, but there is a living principle which they cannot reach—a preëxisting idea to which they assimilate—far above the understanding:—

"Suppose we analyze a certain combination of sounds and colors, so as to ascertain the exact relative quantities of the one and the collocation of the other, and then compare them. What possible resemblance can the understanding perceive between these sounds and colors? And yet a something within us responds to both in a similar emotion. And so with a thousand things, nay, with myriads of objects that have no other affinity but with that mysterious harmony which began with our being, which slept with our infancy, and which their presence only seems to have *awakened.* If we cannot go back to our own childhood, we may see its illustration in those about us who are now emerging into that unsophistocated state. Look at them in the fields, among the birds and flowers; their happy faces speak the harmony within them: the divine instrument, which these have touched, gives them a joy which, perhaps, only childhood in its first fresh consciousness can know. Yet what do they understand of musical quantities, or of the theory of colors?

"And so with respect to Truth and Goodness; whose pre-existing Ideas, being in the living constituents of an immortal spirit, need but the slightest breath of some outward condition of the true and good,—a simple problem, or a kind act,—to awake them, as it were, from their unconscious sleep, and start them for eternity."

Had the child not something beyond the power of discovering and apprehending consequences, who could teach him the idea of right? But now—

"The simplest exposition, whether of right or wrong, even by an ignorant nurse, is instantly responded to by something *within him*, which, thus awakened, becomes to him a living voice ever after; and the good and the true must thenceforth answer its call, even though succeeding years would fain overlay them with the suffocating crowds of evil and falsehood.

"We do not say that these eternal Ideas of Beauty, Truth, and Goodness, will, strictly speaking, always act. Though indestructible, they may be banished for a time by the perverted Will, and mockeries of the brain, like the fume-born phantoms from the witches' cauldron in Macbeth, take their places, and assume their functions. We have examples of this in every age, and perhaps in none more startling than in the present. But we mean only that they cannot be *forgotten:* nay, they are but too often recalled with unwelcome distinctness. Could we read the annals which must needs be scored on every heart,—could we but look upon those of the aged reprobate,—who will doubt that their darkest passages are those made visible by the distant gleams from these angelic Forms, that, like the Three which stood before the tent of Abraham, once looked upon his youth?

"And we doubt not that the truest witness to the common source of these inborn Ideas would readily be acknowledged by all, could they return to it now with their matured power of introspection, which is, at least, one of the few advantages of advancing years. But, though we cannot bring back youth, we may still recover much of its purer revelations of our nature from what has been left in the memory. From the dim present, then, we would appeal to that fresher time, ere the young spirit had shrunk from the overbearing pride of the understanding, and confidently ask, if the emotions we then felt from the Beautiful, the True, and the Good, did not seem in some way to refer to a common origin. And we would also ask, if it was then frequent that the influence from one was *singly* felt,—if it did not rather bring with it, however remotely, a sense of something, though widely differing, yet still akin to it. When we basked in the beauty of a summer sunset, was there nothing in the sky that spoke to the soul of Truth and Goodness? And when the opening intellect first received the truth of the great law of gravitation, or felt itself mounting through the profound of space, to travel with the planets in their unerring rounds, did never then the kindred Ideas of Goodness and Beauty chime in, as it were, with the fabled music,—not fabled to the soul,—which led you on like one entranced?

"And again, when, in the passive quiet of your moral nature, so predisposed in youth to all things genial, you have looked abroad on this marvellous, ever teeming Earth,—ever teeming alike for mind and body,—and have felt upon you flow, as from ten thousand

springs of Goodness, Truth, and Beauty, ten thousand streams of innocent enjoyment; did you not then *almost hear* them shout in confluence, and almost *see* them gushing upwards, as if they would prove their unity, in one harmonious fountain ?"

Hitherto the discussion has considered the three ideas of beauty, truth and goodness as separate; but we derive a large portion of our mental qualification from their *mixed modes*, in which they are combined with each other and with their opposites, as in plays and works of fiction. Sometimes in these we experience a partial harmony verging on a powerful discord, as in the example of King Richard. Perhaps we are permitted this interest for a deeper purpose than we are wont to suppose, "because sin is best seen in the light of virtue."

To these mixed modes must be added another class—that of imputed attributes. In the inanimate world there are multitudes of ojects which we cannot contemplate without imputing to them characteristics which we ascribe to human beings. This we do, not from association, but through an unknown affinity or general law of the *mind*. We distinguish such objects by such epithets as *stately, majestic, grand,* and so on :—

"It is so with us, when we call some tall forest stately, or qualify as majestic some broad and slowly-winding river, or some vast, yet unbroken waterfall, or some solitary, gigantic pine, seeming to disdain the earth, and to hold of right its eternal communion with air; or when to the smooth and far-reaching expanse of our inland waters, with their bordering and receding mountains, as they seem to march from the shores, in the pomp of their dark draperies of wood and mist, we apply the terms *grand* and *magnificent:* and so onward to an endless succession of objects, imputing, as it were, our own nature, and lending our sympathies, till the headlong rush of some mighty cataract suddenly thunders upon us. But how is it then ? In the twinkling of an eye, the outflowing sympathies ebb back upon the heart; the whole mind seems severed from earth, and the awful feeling to suspend the breath;—there is nothing human to which we can liken it. And here begins another kind of emotion, which we call Sublime."

In all that has preceded, the outward world has been considered only in relation to man, and "the human being as the predetermined centre to which it was designed to converge. But, as regards the sublime, the centre is not in man; he cannot contain the idea, yet is forever attracted to it. Why may we not consider that as there is a living principle of harmony within us, unifying all our mental pleasures, so there is also without us, an infinite harmony, to which our own is attracted, and whence it emanated when "man became a living soul ?" Nothing finite can account for the emotion; but clothe any single passion or mere naked thought with the idea of the infinite, and it becomes sublime. As for instance, in the Mosaic words, "Let there be light, and there was light."

The source of the sublime is always *ab extra*—never in ourselves. There is no sublimity to a man in his own despair; though there may be in contemplating that of another, removed from sympathy by time or after-description.

Neither is there any sublimity in personal terror, though sublimity may be felt, as in a storm at sea, while the individual is conscious of his danger. The sense of security or the presence of danger, are mere accidents; the sublime emotion is a purely mental one and is felt through contemplation. There is a fascination in danger which is one of its most exciting accompaniments:

"Let us turn to Mont Blanc, that mighty pyramid of ice, in whose shadow might repose all the tombs of the Pharaohs. It rises before the traveller like the accumulating mausoleum of Europe: perhaps he looks upon it as his own before his natural time; yet he cannot away from it. A terrible charm hurries him over frightful chasms, whose blue depths seem like those of the ocean; he cuts his way up a polished precipice, shining like steel,—as elusive to the touch; he creeps slowly and warily around and beneath huge cliffs of snow; now he looks up, and sees their brows fretted by the percolating waters like a Gothic ceiling, and he fears even to whisper, lest an audible breath should awaken the avalanche; and thus he climbs and climbs, till the dizzy summit fills up his measure of fearful ecstacy."

A work of Art may be as truly sublime as a natural object; but in order to be so it must lead us to an idea which is without and above us—which gives us a sense of the infinite :

"For instance; the roar of the ocean, and the intricate unity of a Gothic cathedral, whose

beginning and end are alike intangible, while its climbing tower seems visibly even to rise to the Idea which it strives to embody,—these have nothing in common,—hardly two things could be named that are more unlike; yet in relation to man they have but one end: for who can hear the ocean when breathing in wrath, and limit it in his mind, though he think not of Him who gives it voice? or ascend that spire without feeling his faculties vanish, as it were, with its vanishing point, into the abyss of space? If there be a difference in the effect from these and other objects, it is only in the intensity, the degree of impetus given; as between that from the sudden explosion of a volcano and from the slow and heavy movement of a rising thunder-cloud; its character and its office are the same,—in its awful harmony to connect the created with its Infinite Cause.

"But let us compare this effect with that from Beauty. Would the Parthenon, for instance, with its beautiful forms,—made still more beautiful under its native sky,—seeming almost endued with the breath of life, as if its conscious purple were a living suffusion brought forth in sympathy by the enamoured blushes of a Grecian sunset;—would this beautiful object even then elevate the soul above its own roof? No: we should be filled with a pure delight,—but with no longing to rise still higher. It would satisfy us; which the sublime does not; for the feeling is too vast to be circumscribed by human content."

The supernatural, and the beings which belong to it, being immediately connected with the infinite are always sublime. The highest example of this is in the *angelic nature.* This leads to a discussion of the question how far is *beauty* compatible with sublimity, and the answer is, that where the former is not essential but a mere contingent, its admission or rejection is a matter of indifference. (It seems to us that in the case of angels, as in the cataract, Allston has given an instance where the beautiful approaches and merges in the sublime; and in proof of this we could cite no better examples than the figures of angels in his own recently published outlines and sketches.*)

Among the sources of the *false* sublime are, sympathy with excruciating bodily suffering. Bodily suffering may be admitted as auxiliary to a sublime end, as the expositor of moral deformity; but it is, of itself, insufficient as a cause of sublimity. In like manner also the horrible, the loathsome, the hideous, and the monstrous, are impassible boundaries to the true sublime.

It would seem that beauty is the "extreme point or last summit of the natural world, since in it we recognize the highest emotion of which we are susceptible from the purely physical. Ascending from it into the moral we find its influence diminishing in the ratio of our progress upward. We first come to elegance; then to majesty, then to grandeur, then beauty seems almost to vanish, and

"A new form rises before us, so mysterious, so undefined and elusive to the senses, that we turn, as if for its more distinct image, within ourselves, and there, with wonder, amazement, awe, we see it filling, distending, stretching every faculty, till, like the Giant of Otranto, it seems almost to burst the imagination: under this strange confluence of opposite emotions, this terrible pleasure, we call the awful form Sublimity. This was the still, small voice that shook the Prophet on Horeb;—though small to his ear, it was more than his imagination could contain; he could not hear it again and live."

So if we descend from beauty (our author does not pretend to give all the gradations upward or downward) we come to the handsome, the pretty, the comely, the plain, &c. till we fall to the ugly. These end the chain of pleasurable excitement but not that of forms; "which taking now as if a literal curve, again bends upward, till meeting the descending extreme of the moral, it seems to complete the mighty circle. And in this dark segment will be found the startling union of deepening discords, still deepening, as it rises from the ugly to the loathsome, the horrible, the frightful and the appaling.

"As we follow the chain through this last region of disease, misery, and sin, of embodied Discord, and feel, as we must, in the mutilated affinities of its revolting forms, their fearful relation to this fair, harmonious creation,—how does the awful fact, in these its breathing fragments, speak to us of a fallen world!

"As the living centre of this stupendous circle stands the Soul of Man; the *conscious Reality*, to which the vast inclosure is but the symbol. How vast, then, his being! If space could measure it, the remotest star would fall within its limits. Well, then, may he tremble to essay it even in thought; for where

* The reader is referred to a notice of these by the present writer in the May number of the "Art Union Bulletin."

must it carry him,—that winged messenger, fleeter than light? Where but to the confines of the Infinite; even to the presence of the unutterable *Life*, on which nothing finite can look and live?"

Finally, the principle of Harmony is "the universal and eternal witness of God's goodness and love, to draw man to himself." Another evidence of its spiritual origin is that it can never be realized by any human being as such. We all deserve it and tend towards it, from the cradle to the grave; but the absolute Harmony, or perfect assimilation of all the elements of beauty, truth, and goodness never comes. We are hence impelled to ceaseless action. And the motive is the *hope* to realize or at least approximate more nearly to a *satisfying state.* And yet such a state was never gained in this life by the attainment of any object; the secret ruler of the soul, the inscrutable, ever present spirit of Harmony points to another world:

"We have said that man cannot to himself become the object of Harmony,—that is, find its proper correlative in himself; and we have seen that, in his present state, the position is true. How is it, then in the world of spirit? Who can answer? And yet, perhaps, —if without irreverence we might hazard the conjecture,—as a finite creature, having no centre but himself on which to revolve, may it not be that his true correlative will there be revealed (if, indeed, it be not before) to the disembodied man, in the Being that made him? And may it not also follow, that the Principle we speak of will cease to be potential, and flow out, as it were, and harmonize with the eternal form of Hope, — even that Hope whose living end is in the unapproachable Infinite?

"Let us suppose this form of hope to be taken away from an immortal being who has no self-satisfying power within him, what would be his condition? A conscious interminable vacuum, were such a thing possible, would but faintly image it. Hope, then, though in its nature unrealizable, is not a mere *notion;* for so long as it continues hope, it is to the mind an object and an object *to be* realized; so, where its form is eternal, it cannot but be to it an ever-during object. Hence we may conceive of a never-ending approximation to what can never be realized.

"From this it would appear, that, while we cannot to ourselves become the object of Harmony, it is nevertheless certain, from the universal desire *so* to realize it, that we cannot suppress the continual impulse of this paramount Principle; which, therefore, as it seems to us, must have a double purpose; first, by its outward manifestation, which we all recognize, to confirm its reality, and secondly, to convince the mind that its true object is not merely out of, but above, itself,—and only to be found in the Infinite Creator."

Thus concludes the introductory discourse. Our imperfect sketch can give of course but a dim notion of the conclusiveness of its reasoning or its beauty as a piece of elegant literature. The hypothesis upon which all is based will be seen to be the same which was insisted on in the the preliminary note—the doctrine of innate ideas. It would not be very difficult to cite authority against or to frame an argument to controvert this old theory; but whether we go with Locke or Plato, the beauty and symmetry of the system are a sufficient evidence of its truth, to the extent and for the purposes here set forth. Yes, we exclaim, as we rise from a perusal of this discourse, there *are* "inborn ideas," which have only a "potential existence," untill called into consciousness by their proper assimilants; there is a "predetermined co-relation" between the objects of sense and the mind—a "dual reality," in which alone we exist. And there is also a living principle of harmony within us corresponding to an infinite harmony without; and the mental elevation we experience in the recognition of beauty, truth and goodness, is but the triform upward impulse of this inward harmony, without which we should become like beasts, having none other but sensual pleasures. Moreover, we have found at last the true source of the sublime, and are no longer left to wander in flowery declamation respecting the "sublime and beautiful." We have something which takes deeper root than the rules of Blair and Beattie—a theory whose simplicity, clearness and universality of application at once evidence its truth, and make it adhere and combine with the mind as by virtue of an irrisistible affinity. Did we profess any prophetic reputation, we would willingly venture all the hazard which could be incurred in predicting that this discourse will hereafter be known as the basis and corner-stone to a new philosophy of art.

LECTURE FIRST.

The first lecture treats of art, and proposes for discussion, "what are the characteristics which distinguish it from nature, which it proposes to imitate?"

First. It is characterized by originality. By this is meant "anything (admitted by the mind as *true*), which is peculiar to the author, and which distinguishes his production from all others." There is a something in every individual mind which is not in any other; we do not look upon nature with exactly the same eyes. There is also great difference in the power of re-producing individual impressions. Where this power exists in so high a degree as to make others see and feel *as* the individual possessing it saw and felt—this, in relation to art, is, in the strictest sense, originality. An example of originality may be had in the case of two portraits of the same person by different artists, supposing the accessories and the technical process the same in both. They may be equally good as likenesses; yet, there will be a *something* in each which will distinguish it from the other. Each will be qualified by the orinality of its artist. They may both be true in a double sense—as to the living original and to the individuality of the two painters.

There is no such thing as absolute identity between a natural object and its represented image. What we receive as an equivalent for the difference, is this individualized or poetic truth. The poetry of nature consists in the sentiment and reacting life it receives from the human fancy and affections. Not that art implies any contradiction to nature, but only a modification of it by the personal—a difference with resemblance.

Second. Art is characterized by human or poetic truth, "that which may be said to exist exclusively in and for the mind, and as contra-distinguished from the truth of things in the natural or external world." Certain objects affect us all in nearly the same manner. Why they do so, we cannot tell; except that it is by the action of the power within us, reflecting itself in the outward—as life answering to life. Whatever harmonizes with the instinctive decisions of this power, we call Poetic Truth.

Third. Art is characterized by invention; viz., "any unpracticed mode of presenting a subject, whether by the combination of forms already known, or by the union and modification of known but fragmentary parts into a new and consistent whole; in both cases tested by the two preceding characteristics."

Of the *first* kind of invention, which is called the Natural, every school and gallery produce examples, "from the histories of Raffaelle, the landscapes of Claude and Poussin, and others, to the familiar scenes of Jan Steen, Ostade, and Brower." The objects are all natural, and in respect of invention they occupy common ground, however widely they differ in subject and treatment.

"In order, however, more distinctly to exhibit their common ground of Invention we will briefly examine a picture by Ostade, and then compare it with one by Raffaelle, than whom no two artists could well be imagined having less in common.

"The interior of a Dutch cottage forms the scene of Ostade's work, presenting something between a kitchen and a stable. Its principle object is the carcass of a hog, newly washed and hung up to dry; subordinate to which is a woman nursing an infant; the accessories, various garments, pots, kettles, and other culinary utensils.

"The bare enumeration of these coarse materials would naturally predispose the mind of one, unacquainted with the Dutch school, to expect any thing but pleasure; indifference, not to say disgust, would seem to be the only possible impression from a picture composed of such ingredients. And such, indeed, would be their effect under the hand of any but a real Artist. Let us look into the picture and Ostade's *mind*, as it leaves its impress on the several objects. Observe how he spreads his principal light, from the suspended carcass to the surrounding objects, moulding it, so to speak, into agreeable shapes, here by extending it to a bit of drapery, there to an earthern pot; then connecting it, by the flash from a brass kettle, with his second light, the woman and child; and again turning the eye into the dark recesses through a labyrinth of broken chairs, old baskets, roosting fowls, and bits of straw, till a glimpse of sunshine, from a half open window, gleams on the eye, as it were, like an echo, and sending it back to the principal object, which now seems to act on the mind as a luminous source of all those diverging lights. But the magical whole is not yet completed; the mystery of color has been called in to the aid of light, and so subtly blends that we can hardly separate them; at least,

until their united effect has first been felt, and after we have begun the process of cold analysis. Yet even then we cannot long proceed before we find the charm returning; as we pass from the blaze of light on the carcass, where all the tints of the prism seem to be faintly subdued, we are met on its borders by the dark harslet, glowing like rubies; then we repose awhile on the white cap and kerchief of the nursing mother; then we are roused again by the flickering strife of the antagonist colors on a blue jacket and red petticoat; then the strife is softened by the low yellow of a straw bottomed chair; and thus with alternating excitement and repose do we travel through the picture, till the scientific explorer loses the analyst in the unresisting passiveness of a poetic dream. Now all this will no doubt appear to many, if not absurd, at least exaggerated: but not so to those who have ever felt the sorcery of color. They, we are sure, will be the last to question the character of the feeling because of the ingredients which worked the spell, and, if true to themselves, they must call it poetry. Nor will they consider it any disparagement to the all-accomplished Raffaelle to say of Ostade that he also was an Artist.

"We turn now to a work of the great Italian,—the Death of Ananias. The scene is laid in a plain apartment, which is wholly devoid of ornament, as became the hall of audience of the primitive Christians. The Apostles (then eleven in number) have assembled to transact the temporal business of the Church, and are standing together on a slightly elevated platform, about which, in various attitudes, some standing, others kneeling, is gathered a promiscuous assemblage of their new converts, male and female. This quiet assembly (for we still feel its quietness in the midst of the awful judgment) is suddenly roused by the sudden fall of one of their brethren; some of them turn and see him struggling in the agonies of death. A moment before he was in the vigor of life,—as his muscular limbs still bear evidence; but he had uttered a falsehood, and an instant after his frame is convulsed from head to foot. Nor do we doubt for a moment as to the awful cause: it is almost expressed in voice by those nearest to him, and, though varied by their different temperaments, by terror, astonishment, and submissive faith, this voice has yet but one meaning,—'Ananias has lied to the Holy Ghost.' The terrible words, as if audible to the mind, now direct us to him who pronounced his doom, and the singly-raised finger of the Apostle marks him the judge; yet not of himself,—for neither his attitude, air, nor expression has anything in unison with the impetuous Peter,—he is now the simple, passive, yet awful instrument of the Almighty: while another on the right, with equal calmness, though with more severity, by his elevated arm, as beckoning to judgment, anticipates the fate of the entering Sapphira. Yet all is not done; lest a question remain, the Apostle on the left confirms the judgment. No one can mistake what passes within him; like one transfixed in adoration, his uplifted eyes seem to ray out his soul, as if in recognition of the divine tribunal. But the overpowering thought of Omnipotence is now tempered by the human sympathy of his companion, whose open hands, connecting the past with the present, seem almost to articulate, 'Alas, my brother!' By this exquisite turn, we are next brought to John, the gentle almoner of the Church, who is dealing out their portions to the needy brethren. And here, as most remote from the judged Ananias, whose suffering seems not yet to have reached it, we find a spot of repose,—not to pass by, but to linger upon, till we feel its quiet influence diffusing itself over the whole mind; nay, till, connecting it with the beloved Desciple, we find it leading us back through the exciting scene, modifying even our deepest emotions with a kindred tranquility.

"This is Invention; we have not moved a step through the picture but at the will of the Artist. He invented the chain which we have followed, link by link, through every emotion, assimilating many into one; and this is the secret by which he prepared us, without exciting horror, to contemplate the struggle of mortal agony.

"This too is Art; and the highest art, when thus the awful power, without losing its character, is tempered, as it were, to our mysterious desires. In the work of Ostade, we see the same inventive power, no less effective, though acting through the medium of the humblest materials."

The *second* kind of invention rises from the *probable* to the *possible;* this we term *ideal.* To this kind belong the beings of Homer, Shakspeare and Milton—gods and heroes, fairies, calibans, angels and devils. These all are imbued with poetic, with eternal truth:—

"Of the immutable nature of this peculiar Truth, we have a like instance in the Farnese Hercules; the work of the Grecian sculptor Glycon,—we had almost said his immortal offspring. Since the time of its birth, cities and empires, even whole nations, have disappeared, giving place to others, more or less barbarous or civilized; yet these are as nothing to the countless revolutions which have marked the interval in the manners, habits, and opinions of men. Is it reasona-

ble, then, to suppose that any thing not immutable in its nature could possibly have withstood such continued fluctuation ?"

"Perhaps the attempt to give form and substance to a pure Idea was never so perfectly accomplished as in this wonderful figure. Who has ever seen the ocean in repose, in its awful sleep, that smooths it like glass, yet cannot level its unfathomed swell ? So seems to us the repose of this tremendous personification of strength; the laboring eye heaves on its slumbering sea of muscles, and trembles like a skiff as it passes over them: but the silent intimations of the spirit beneath at length become audible; the startled imagination hears it in its rage, sees it in motion, and sees its resistless might in the massive wrecks that follow the uproar. And this from a piece of marble, cold, immoveable, lifeless! Surely there is that in man, which the senses cannot reach, nor the plumb of the understanding sound.

"Let us now turn to the Apollo called Belvedere. In this supernatural being, the human form seems to have been assumed as if to make visible the harmonious confluence of the pure ideas of grace, fleetness, and majesty; nor do we think it too fanciful to add celestial splendor; for such, in effect, are the thoughts which crowd, or rather rush, into the mind on first beholding it. Who that saw it in what may be called the place of its glory, the Gallery of Napoleon, ever thought of it as a man, much less as a statue; but did not feel rather as if the vision before him were of another world,—of one who had just lighted on the earth, and with a step so ethereal, that the next instant he would vault into the air ? If I may be permitted to recall the impression which it made on myself, I know not that I could better describe it than as a sudden intellectual flash, filling the whole mind with light,—and light in motion. It seemed to the mind what the first sight of the sun is to the senses, as it emerges from the ocean; when from a point of light the whole orb at once appears to be bound from the waters, and to dart its rays, as by a visible explosion, through the profound of space. But, as the deified Sun, how completely is the conception verified in the thoughts that follow the effulgent original and its marble counterpart! Perennial youth, perennial brightness, follow them both. Who can imagine the old age of the sun ? As soon may we think of an old Apollo. Now all this may be ascribed to the imagination of the beholder. Granted,—yet will it not thus be explained away. For that is the very faculty addressed by every work of Genius,—whose nature is *suggestive;* and only when it excites to or awakens congenial thoughts and emotions, filling the imagination with corresponding images, does it attain its proper end. The false and the commonplace can never do this.

"It were easy to multiply similar examples; the bare mention of a single name in modern art might conjure up a host,—the name of Michael Angelo, the mighty sovereign of the Ideal, than whom no one ever trod so near, yet so securely, the dizzy brink of the Impossible."

Fourth. The last characteristic of art is unity, or "such an interdependence of all the parts as shall constitute a whole." All we know respecting this is, that the mind requires it. No rule can be laid down by which to measure the too much or too little; every work must contain its law within itself. No *unmodified* mere copy of natural objects satisfies the imagination; it always affects us as fragmentary. In the actual world, all things relate to and depend upon each other in the infinite harmony of nature. So it is in the world of art, which is a *human* world; the mysterious law of harmony is ever impelling us to the establishing such a mutual coherence as results in a symmetrical whole.

That great artists make sometimes great mistakes in realizing their conceptions does not conflict with the principles here laid down. The artist does not see his own work, but looks through it, upon the image in his mind. When time has erased that he can thus see his own work as others see it, whether true or false.

The lecture concludes with a paragraph upon the education of an artist, which must not be omitted.

"These last remarks very naturally lead us to another subject, and one of no minor importance; we mean, the education of an Artist; on this, however, we shall at present add but a few words. We use the word *education* in its widest sense, as involving not only the growth and expansion of the intellect, but a corresponding developement of the moral being; for the wisdom of the intellect is of little worth, if it be not in harmony with the higher spiritual truth. Nor will a moderate, incidental cultivation suffice to him who would become a great Artist. He must sound no less than the full depths of his being ere he is fitted for his calling; a calling in its very condition lofty, demanding an agent by whom, from the actual living world, is to be wrought an imagined consistent world of Art,—not fantastic, or objectless, but having a purpose, and that purpose, in all its figments, a distinct relation to man's nature, and all that pertains

to it, from the humblest emotion to the highest aspiration; the circle that bounds it being that only which bounds his spirit,—even the confines of that higher world, where ideal glimpses of angelic forms are sometimes permitted to his sublimated vision. Art may, in truth, be called the *human world;* for it is so far the work of man, that his beneficent Creator has especially endowed him with the powers to construct it; and, if so, surely not for his mere amusement, but as a part (small though it be) of that mighty plan which the Infinite Wisdom has ordained for the evolution of the human spirit; whereby is intended, not alone the enlargement of his sphere of pleasure, but of his higher capacities of adoration; —as if, in the gift, he had said unto man, Thou shalt know me by the powers I have given thee. The calling of an Artist, then, is one of no common responsibility; and it well becomes him to consider at the threshold, whether he shall assume it for high and noble purposes, or for the low and licentious."

LECTURE THIRD.

The two remaining lectures, although of greater practical importance to artists, in that they extend and elaborate the principles already laid down, are, for that very reason, less likely to interest general readers. The third, on the *Human Form*, is an example of a most obscure and vague subject, made clear by the subtlety with which it is treated, and especially by the unconscious boldness with which the writer appeals for the truth of his arguments directly to the poetic nature.

He shows, *first*, that "the notion of one or more standard forms, which shall, in all cases, serve as exemplars, is essentially false; and of impracticable application for any true purpose of art." There is assumed by the artist a correspondence between the physical and moral. Each man regards other men as living souls, and he *intuitively* associates certain traits of character with certain forms. We read in the human eye an influence not of the body; its expression is very different from the eye of the brute. This soul which we see is as real to us as a tangible object. It is impossible to regard a living human form as a mere thing; and it is equally impossible to conceive of a soul without a correclative form. Wherever, in a poetic creation, there is a hint of the moral, we assign to it a shape; as with Ariel, whose shape is never described but by traits of character.

No study can be made from the infinite multitude and diversities of man in the concrete which can be applied to the *abstract ideal*—a being who should combine in expression the entire attributes of humanity cannot be conceived; and for the same reason can we never have one or more standard forms.

Neither can we realize the idea of a *perfect* form; for the reason that there are so many kinds of perfection. It would be impossible to represent the merely physical for example, or to say which is the most perfect, the Apollo or Hercules.

Neither can we conceive of generic forms—with ten thousand physical differences, the passions and virtues are the same the world over. The moral part has no genera. In this respect man is a whole, *an individual.*

That the correspondence between the physical and moral, assumed by the artist, cannot be sustained as universally obvious must be admitted — yet we may hold it as a matter of *faith;* from the universal desire among men to *realize* such a correspondence. We naturally desire to associate the good with the beautiful, the energetic with the strong, the refined with the delicate, the modest with the comely, and the like with a thousand shades of character.

We may see this especially in the young, who are of a poetic temperament. There are some who have a faith in their youthful day-dreams, that *will* not die — that comes from a *spring of life*, that neither custom nor the dry understanding can destroy. "There are some hearts that never suffer the mind to grow old."

To show how universal is this desire to realize a correspondence, the author asks who that has looked upon a "sleeping child, in its first bloom of beauty, and seen its pure, fresh hues, its ever varying, yet according lines, moulding and suffusing in their playful harmony its delicate features" —has not "felt himself carried, as it were, out of this present world, in quest of its moral counterpart? It seems to us perfect; we desire no change—not a line or a hue but as it is; and yet we have a paradoxical feeling of a want — for it is all *physical;* and we supply that want by endowing the child with some angelic attribute. Why do we this? To make it a *whole* — not to the eye, but to the mind."

This correspondence between the moral and physical is the ground of the plastic arts—"since through *form alone* they have to convey, not only thought and emotion, but distinct and permanent character." Their success settles the question.

The artist is not confined to one ideal, and that a baseless conventional one, but he may have as many as there are predominant phases of character in individuals—not by portraiture or copying — but by working out *fragments* of correspondence in actual forms to their full development. How this is to be effected, must be left to the artist himself—to his imagination. He must feel an *informing life*, which he must impart to the marble or the canvas.

Secondly, the lecture proceeds to show, how it follows from this, that the few general rules respecting stature are but *expedient fictions*. The artist lays out his work in height and breadth, &c., according to rule, merely for convenience. Here ends the science, and begins his labor to make his figures *live* and *express* what he conceives. If he is now asked by what he is guided in his innumerable changes, increasing or diminishing limbs and altering lines, he can only answer, by the feeling within me. Nor can he tell better *how* he know when he has *hit the mark*. The same feeling responds to its truth; and he repeats his attempts until that is satisfied.

Thirdly, in conclusion, "it would appear, then, that *in the mind alone* is to be found the true and ultimate rule—if that can be called a rule which changes as its measure with every change of character. "Hence the importance of mental cultivation to the artist. The knowledge of the human being in all his complicated springs of action is no less essential to a painter or sculptor than to a poet.

Hence he should study the works of his predecessors—"the exquisite remains of antiquity" and especially "the works of Raffaelle and Michael Angelo." These are referred to as the two great sovereigns of the two distinct empires of truth—"the actual and the imaginative." The artist is not to use any works as *models*, literally —for that leads to mannerism; the only model that will not lead him astray is Nature.

The lecture closes with a careful, yet perfectly simple analysis of the two great masters just named, based upon the distinction made in the clause we have quoted.

LECTURE FOURTH.

This lecture treats of the characteristics of *composition*, and is almost wholly made up of descriptions of paintings used for the purpose of illustrating the principles which are thus briefly announced:

"In a true composition of art will be found the following characteristics: First, Unity of Purpose, as expressing the general sentiment or intention of the artist. Secondly, Variety of Parts, as expressed in the diversity of shape, quantity, and line. Thirdly, Continuity, as expressed by the connection of parts with each other and their relation to the whole. Fourthly, Harmony of Parts."

The necessity of Unity is obvious. With respect to variety, it is laid down, that subjects of a gay or light character may be treated with more variety than the sublime, which admits least of all.

After a fine description of the marriage at Cana by Paul Veronese, which he speaks of delighting from its great variety, and as an example of a composition "where the simple technic exhibition or illustration of *principles*, without story or thought, or a single definite expression, has still the power to possess and to fill us with a thousand delightful emotions"—he proceeds:

"And here we cannot refrain from a passing remark on certain criticisms, which have obtained, as we think, an undeserved currency. To assert that such a work is solely addressed to the senses (meaning thereby that its only end is in mere pleasurable sensation) is to give the lie to our convictions; inasmuch as we find it appealing to one of the mightiest ministers of the Imagination,—the great Law of Harmony,—which cannot be *touched* without awakening by its vibrations, so to speak, the untold myriads of sleeping forms that lie within its circle, that start up in tribes, and each in accordance with the congenial instrument that summons them to action. He who can thus, as it were, embody an abstraction is no mere pander to the senses. And who that has a modicum of the imaginative would assert of one of Haydn's Sonatas, that its effect on him was no other than sensuous? Or who would ask for the *story* in one of our gorgeous autumnal sunsets?

Admirable as this is for its truth, the instance of Haydn is a less happy one than might have been selected. For his chief

characteristic is clearness of story ; which, though generally playful or tender, graceful, and beautiful, is wrought out with a consecutiveness of idea and a constantly accumulative energy that bears the hearer irresistably along with it. A dry elaborate fugue would be a good example of a composition pleasing simply by " the technic exhibition of principles ;" but if we look in music for that which has the least of the imaginative quality in it, and which yet is pleasing for exhibiting a gay variety of vivacious invention, we must go to Rossini, Donizetti, or especially to Auber, (who seems a perfect master of the pretty in the flow of melody) and his imitators among the French ballet writers. Even here we find quite enough to answer those who would contend that music is a merely sensual art.

In concluding this sketch of these lectures we need not, we hope, after what has been quoted and abstracted, commend them to artists and lovers of art. The task of selection where one feels that all should be read or none, is the most irksome that can be imagined, and we leave it with an impression that little indeed has been accomplished. Yet we confess, to some pride, in having honestly endeavored to render these essays attractive to a wider circle of readers than they might immediately find of themselves, and to open the way to such a study of them as they require.

The Poems in this volume have not been included in this notice, as they demand a separate, and we have preferred to confine ourselves to the lectures. A review of the earlier ones has lately appeared in the collected edition of Dana's Poems and Prose Writings, which leaves little scope for general criticism. Of the latter, there are several which would be pleasant to quote, particularly the splendid lyric, " America to Great Britain," which Coleridge published originally in the " Sibylline Leaves" with the remark : " This poem, written by an American gentleman, a valued and dear friend, I communicate to the reader for its moral, no less than its poetic spirit."

For an attempt to do some justice to the rare elegance and refinement of Allston's prose writing, and to his merit as a profound thinker and critic of art, it may not be thought presumptuous in the writer to refer to the concluding portion of an article on " Monaldi," which appeared in this Review in April, 1848.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.*

This is quite an old book, but, under the circumstances of the day, not too old to be examined, or rather re-examined, and brought, along with its distinguished subject, to the test of a critical review. For reasons which may appear during this examination, we begin by expressing our sincere regret that such a work, in view of all its contents, was ever given to the world; and we are as little able to appreciate the motive as we are to admire the taste which prompted the editor to compile and publish such a series:—A series of private papers containing indeed many things extremely interesting and valuable as political history, but suggesting much that is painful in the same connection, and subjecting his venerable relative to a criticism that might have slumbered but for this unwary challenge. We have long been of the opinion that sons or immediate relatives of deceased statesmen, whose lives have been commingled with the fierce political storms of the republic, should be the very last persons who undertake the task of giving to the world, the life, character, and correspondence of their fathers. It is, under any circumstances, and by whomsoever it may be undertaken, a task of great delicacy, requiring the clearest faculties of discrimination, the nicest sense of prudence, and the most guarded vigilance. It is rare, that sons or relatives can lay themselves under such restraint when their subject is viewed only in the light which affection dictates; one to whose faults filial tenderness and respect have kindly blinded them, and whose virtues shine to their vision with a lustre which the golden eye of the world receives undazzled. Deformities appear where least expected, and are evolved from passages and scenes which seemed to a partial judgment only as so much that was bright and honorable; and while charity may lift its soft mantle to shield the *motive* from harsh impeachment, it cannot disarm criticism of its legitimate province, nor be suffered to detract from the truth of history. When the angler casts his hook into the stream it is not for him to select what he brings up. He must be content to abide the issue. And while we are fully willing to allow to the poet or the painter, all the indulgences which the "Ars Poetica" claims for them on the score of *craft*, we cannot consent to apply a like rule to biographers and historians, nor even to those who make their appearance before the world under the less pretending, but not less responsible character of *editors* of private papers and correspondence. These last may, indeed, be shielded from much that the two first do not hope to escape, but they are fairly and fully liable in the way of taste, judgment, and that method of argument which looks to attain by inferences from ingenious collation and compilation, the same end that might be less easily accomplished by a different and more direct course.

We shall not deviate from the immediate objects of this review to find fault with our editor's preface. It does not encroach on modesty, and infringes naught of that propriety which should govern the form of a publication emanating from a source so intimately allied with its distinguished subject. Indeed he could not have said less, or said better, if he said anything at all; and if Mr. Randolph could have squared his selection and compilation by as perfect a rule of taste, our pen might never have been employed in its present task.

The life, character, and public career of Thomas Jefferson are identified with much

**Memoir, Correspondence, and Miscellanies, from the papers of Thomas Jefferson.* Edited by Thomas Jefferson Randolph. Boston and New York. 1849.

that is glorious and interesting in the early history of these United States, and the struggle for independence that resulted in their severance from the parent country. The first germs of that mighty intellect which afterwards impressed itself on every department of the government, and diffused its influences so widely through every class of our people, were called into life in the dawn of that troubled era. Its blossoms expanded and opened with the progress of the revolution, and ere yet the old Continental Congress met beneath the sycamores of Independence Square, its fruits had ripened in the fullest and most luxurious maturity. The events amidst which he had been forced into manhood were too hurried and interesting, the opening scenes of the drama too exciting and startling, and their promise too enticing not to draw out in full strength and majesty the richest treasures of one of the master minds of the period, and develope in the inception those peculiar and vast powers which, but for their occurrence, might have lurked under ground for long years subsequently, and in all probability, might *never* have reached the same enviable climax. Nor did he enter on the scene grudgingly, or by insensible degrees. His heart was fired from the beginning, and his first advance into the very body of the *melee*. He staked all, and became at once, and among the earliest, one of the *responsible* personages of the struggle. The memoir or autobiography with which the volumes before us open, affords a very sufficient clew to explain this precocious ardor. When the great debate in the Virginia House of Burgesses against the Stamp Act took place, Jefferson, as he tells us himself, was yet a student of law at Williamsburgh. Among the members who participated was Patrick Henry. His genius had then just burst from obscurity, and an eloquence scarcely akin to earth had dazzled all Virginia—an eloquence which lives, as it must ever live, in tradition alone. The circumstances were most thrilling—the occasion one of intense anxiety. The annunciation of the Stamp Act had thrown a feeling of despondency and gloom over the entire republic. Hearts which had never faltered, spirits which had never quailed, minds which had never shrunk before, seemed now on the point of giving way. Even the presses, which heretofore had sounded nothing short of direct rebellion, were manifestly confounded, and their tone changed suddenly from resistance to consolatory appeals and submission. It was evident that the dreaded crisis was at hand. "It was just at this moment of despondency in some quarters, of suspense in others, and surly and reluctant submission wherever submission appeared, that Patrick Henry stood forth to rouse the drooping spirit of the people, and to unite all hearts and hands in the cause of his country." He projected and moved the celebrated resolutions in opposition to the Stamp Act, and resolved to support their adoption with the full and concentrated force of that supreme oratory, which swept, tempest-like, from one quarter of the confederacy to the other,—thrilling, trumpet-toned, and resistless—and nerved even weakness to lift an opposing voice. Jefferson was a listener from the lobby. His young and ardent mind drank in eagerly the inspiring draughts, and his bosom throbbed with emotions of unknown, inexplicable ecstacy. The display, so splendid, so unnaturally original, and so overpowering in its effects and influences, took his imagination captive, and enchained his senses with dream-like delight. The elements of sympathy were too strong to resist the effort, and his judgment followed his imagination. "He appeared to me," says the memoir, "*to speak as Homer wrote.*" This thought gave birth to the after man. All the entrancing pictures, and vivid scenes, and splendid imagery of the Iliad were here brought, by a magic stroke, into full embodiment and bewildering reality. America oppressed—struggling—imploring—was a theme more alluring than "the weightier matter of the law;" and fancy, returned from the flaming walls and crimsoned rivers of Troy, found in the sufferings of Boston the living semblance of imagined woes, and fastened there with a tenacity that soon enlisted the strongest sympathies of his towering mind. The impression thus made was never forgotten, but strengthened with daily reflection; and we are at no loss to account for that restless ardor and untiring energy which characterized Jefferson through every and all phases of the great strife that followed.

Four years subsequent to this period Jefferson had become a member of the

General Assembly. The insulting and arrogant address of the British Lords and Commons on the proceedings in Massachusetts was the first matter which engaged attention at the opening of the session. Jefferson took a prominent and undisguised part in getting up counter resolutions, and an address to the King from the House of Burgesses. A dissolution by the Governor followed, but the patriots met by concert in a hall of the Raleigh tavern, called the Apollo, and there drew up articles of association against any further commercial intercourse with Great Britain. Copies were signed and distributed among the people, and the people sanctioned the proceedings, failing to re-elect those only who had given reluctant assent to the course of the majority. Lord Botecourt was excitable, a thorough Briton in feeling and prepossession, and, as might naturally have been supposed, violently opposed to the pretensions of the American colonies. Angry contests followed. In the interval he was succeeded by Lord Dunmore. Dunmore, already incensed, was still more impracticable and unapproachable, and vastly more obstinate and imperious than even Botecourt. As it happened, an interregnum of comparative quiet followed. The Governor, flippant and vain-glorious, grew inordinately sanguine. But, in the meanwhile, a new storm was darkening the horizon. In the spring of 1773 a grievance of a character far more aggravating than any which had yet been considered, became a topic of discussion in the Assembly. This was the institution by Great Britain of a Court of Inquiry with power to transfer to England persons committed for offences in the American colonies. Opposition to this at once became universal and alarming. It was even regarded with more abhorrence than the stamp act or the duty on tea. It caused the most conservative and moderate to despair of reconciliation with the mother country. Voices which hitherto had been silent, now raised the cry of resistance—resistance to the extremity. Fuel was added to the flame of revolution. Rebellion seemed inevitable. Men were convinced that it was the only remedy. Then, for the first time, the star of Independence, like the first light of hope, appeared on the verge of the horizon. Its genial ray, though ephemeral and meteoric for the time, was welcomed as the beacon of safety. Lukewarm members of the Assembly, whose courage and whose zeal diminished as difficulties increased, were promptly thrust aside, and such spirits as Henry, the two Lees, Carr, and Thomas Jefferson, were placed in the van. The crisis was soon reached. It was proposed and carried at a private meeting in the Apollo, that committees of correspondence and safety be established between the colonies. The resolutions to this effect were drawn up and prepared by Jefferson. They were proposed, at his suggestion, by Dabney Carr, his brother-in-law. Of this committee, Peyton Randolph was appointed chairman. Measures were forthwith taken to communicate their action to the different colonies. Messengers were despatched, and it is said that those from Massachusetts and Virginia, each bearing similar propositions and tidings, crossed on the way. This presents a fair question for historical research. We shall pause long enough only to give one or two facts, and our own inference from those facts.

There cannot, we think, be any fair or rational doubt as to the real source from which such proposition originally emanated. Universal suffrage will assign its proper authorship to the distinguished subject of the volumes now before us. But that a plan similar to it in purpose, had been previously proposed by Samuel Adams in Massachusetts is a settled fact. As we incline to think, after a careful and minute examination of the leading authorities, the Virginia plan of committee correspondence was intended to embrace all the colonies, the Massachusett's plan only the cities and towns of that particular province. A strong proof of this is found in the simple fact that no such plan as that suggested by Jefferson was ever submitted to the Virginia Assembly as coming from Massachusetts. On the contrary such plan did reach, and was laid before, the Legislature of the latter colony as a suggestion from the Virginia Assembly. The plan of interior or local correspondence belongs to Massachusetts. The plan of colonial inter-communication originated in Virginia. The first of these, we incline to think, was the most prudent and practical method, but the latter looked more to the grand

ulterior result, viz: united resistance to the aggressions of Britain.

These proceedings happened early in the spring of 1773. In the meanwhile, events and their consequences were rapidly combining to stir the waking spirit of rebellion, and clearly foreshadowed the grand issue. The interdict of Boston harbor, or as it is commonly called, the Port Bill, passed the British Parliament early in the year succeeding. The news reached the colonies in the spring, and thrilled with electric violence from Cape Cod to the Savannah. So far from increasing the confusion and dismay which had followed on the passage of the Stamp Act, or allaying the patriotic tumult, this intelligence served only to nerve the bolder spirits and to re-assure the weak. It roused the *people* from their temporary lethargy, and incited them to prepare for extreme measures. The Virginia Assembly moved promptly and unshrinkingly up to the mark, and passed a resolution setting apart and recommending the first day of June, on which day the Port Bill was to be carried into effect, for a day of fasting and prayer, imploring Heaven to avert the horrors of *civil war*. The design was obvious, and the language employed terribly significant. The Governor promptly dissolved them; but the spirit which animated a majority of those who had passed the resolution, was not so to be subdued. Jefferson, although no orator and never essaying to speak, had now become the master workman in that distinguished assembly. The *work* of the House was entrusted mainly to his discretion and guidance, although the junior of many whose names had already become distinguished. But his whole heart and mind, the entire energies of his own nature, were given to the task he had undertaken. Nothing was allowed to distract or seduce him from the pursuit of the grand object which possessed him. The attractions of a polished society, the temptations of joyous social intercourse, the allurements of a home made cheerful and happy by a lovely young wife, were all insufficient and powerless to divert him for an instant. It is hardly, then, to be wondered at that a man thus sleeplessly and entirely absorbed by the startling events now daily transpiring, especially when we consider that, even at his then early age, the evidences of that strong and towering intellect, which afterwards lifted its possessor to the side of the greatest in the world, were already stamped on many an enduring monument, should have been entrusted with the *work* of a body whose proceedings were giving tone to the sentiments of the entire country.

On this occasion he was ready for the emergency. The dissolution had scarcely been announced, before measures were taken to hold a private meeting at the Apollo. The members promptly assembled, and on that night was projected and passed the most important resolution ever adopted on the American continent. It was the initiative step of the revolution, the one from which all that followed was traced, the beginning which led to the glorious end. This was the proposition to the various colonial committees, that delegates should assemble in a *Congress*, to be holden at such place as might be agreed on, *annually*, and to consider the measures proper to be adopted for the *general* interest; declaring further, that an attack on one colony should be considered an attack on the whole. This was in May. The proposition was acceded to; delegates were elected in the August next ensuing, and on the 4th of September, Philadelphia having been agreed on as the place, the first Continental Congress assembled in Independence Hall. Its important and splendid proceedings are known to every reader of American history. Jefferson was not then a member; but in March of 1775 he was, by general consent, added to the delegation from Virginia. A second career of action now opened before him. He had passed through the first honorably and successfully. Another was now to be ventured, and an enlarged field of labor and usefulness invited to the trial.

About this time the conciliatory propositions of old Lord North, commonly known as the Olive branch, were submitted by Gov. Dunmore to a special session of the Virginia Assembly. It was found, on close examination, to contain nothing which entitled it to so honorable a designation;—artful, indefinite, ambiguous and full of that ministerial trickery for which the old Premier was so famous. Jefferson, at the solicitation of many who dreaded its being replied to from a less resolute source, framed the answer of the delegates, and, after some discussion and "a dash of cold

water here and there," the Assembly decided almost unanimously to reject the proposition. They were, of course, immediately dissolved, and Jefferson took his departure for Philadelphia. He was in his seat on the 21st of June. As an evidence of the high esteem in which his talents were already held by the members of that august and venerable Congress, he was appointed two days afterward on one of the most important committees of the session, and, indeed, of the whole revolution. This was to prepare a declaration of the causes of taking up arms in opposition to the exactions of the British Parliament. It was a task of the greatest delicacy, and, as the premonitory step to an open and general rebellion, loaded with many difficulties, especially considering the complexion of a portion of the Congress. There were, even yet, many who clung to the hope of a speedy and satisfactory adjustment. Jefferson knew this well, and, being a new member and comparatively a young one, he proposed to Gov. Livingston to draw up the paper, trusting alike to the influence of his name and character, and to the admirable beauty and readiness of his pen. Livingston haughtily and somewhat impertinently refused, insinuating to Jefferson that he was quite too familiar for "a new acquaintance." The latter receded with a complimentary apology, and on the assembly of the committee, the duty devolved on Jefferson himself. Not used to shrink from responsibility, Jefferson at once consented to undertake its preparation. Of course it was similar in its tone to those which had previously been prepared by his pen in Virginia. Many objected, and Mr. Dickinson balked outright. Dickinson was among the most fervent of those who yet hoped for a reconciliation with Great Britain, and in deference to the scruples of one so eminently honest, the paper was handed over to him to be put in such shape as would more approximate his peculiar views. He presented one entirely different, and as a mark of personal favor and indulgence, it was accepted and passed by Congress. Another paper from the same source was also received and passed by Congress, in the midst, however, of general dissatisfaction and disgust. This was an address to King George. Its humility was inexpressibly contemptible; but the conscript fathers of America were men of compromise and moderation,—an example which might be patterned with some profit by their descendants and successors. But the author was delighted with its passage, and "although," says the Memoir, "out of order, he could not refrain from rising and expressing his satisfaction, and concluded by saying, 'There is but one word, Mr. President, in the paper which I disapprove, and that is the word *Congress*;' on which Ben Harrison arose and said, 'There is but one word in the paper, Mr. President, which I approve of, and that is the word *Congress*.'"

On the seventh of June, 1776, the delegates from Virginia, in accordance with instructions, moved "that the Congress should declare that these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states, that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown, and that all political connexion between them and Great Britain, is, and ought to be, totally dissolved; and that measures should be immediately taken for procuring the assistance of foreign powers, and a *confederation* be formed to bind the colonies more closely together." The reading of such a resolution startled the whole House. It was, in one sense, the utterance of downright *treason*. But there was no avoiding the issue. The majority were resolved, and the whole people called for *action*. Nor did any body doubt for a moment the source from which the resolution sprang. All that was culpable and all that was meritorious, its odium and its popularity alike belonged to Thomas Jefferson. Its tone, its wording, its emphasis and expression, all bore the unmistakeable impress of his mind. He watched its fate with intense anxiety, and the moment of its reception was to him a moment of relief and of self-congratulation. He felt *then* as if the die had been irretrievably cast, the Rubicon passed; that the *day* had at length arrived "big with the fate of Cato and of Rome." But it encountered powerful and serious opposition, and from persons and quarters where persevering opposition might have defeated its passage. Livingston, Rutledge, Dickinson, and some others, expressed doubts as to its necessity. They argued that action then would be premature, that the middle colonies were not ripe for

revolt; that unanimity was the first thing to be desired; that *some* delegates were expressly forbidden to yield assent to any such measure; that France and Spain could not *yet* be counted on; that England might find the means of satisfying both of these powers; and that, above all, there was prudence in delay.

It thus became apparent that New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, and South Carolina, "were not matured for falling from the parent stem." The consideration of the resolution was, therefore, wisely postponed until the first of July. But a great point had, nevertheless, been gained. Congress agreed that a committee should be raised for the purpose of drawing up the form of a Declaration of Independence. This committee consisted of John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, Roger Sherman, Livingston, and Jefferson. The latter was again selected for the duty of preparing the draught. We approach this period of Mr. Jefferson's public career with sincere and unalloyed pleasure. Envy does not interpose, malice itself has invented naught to discourage that heartfelt admiration which fills all America when contemplating this grand achievement. We feel the more gratification from the fact that in the course of these pages, we shall be compelled to offer a contrast between this and a subsequent period of his public life, which may not be at all favorable to the latter.

On the first of July, the resolution of the Virginia delegates was taken up and considered. After some discusssion it was passed. The vote, however, was not unanimous. Pennsylvania and South Carolina went against it directly. The New York delegation stood off, approving the measure, but pleading the want of necessary instructions. Delaware was divided. When, however, the committee rose and reported to the House, Mr. Rutledge requested that final action might be suspended until the next day. The suggestion was caught at eagerly, and the request granted. No door was closed that might preclude unanimity. Accordingly, when the ultimate question came up, the delegates from that colony gave an affirmative vote, though they disapproved of the terms of the resolution. The timely arrival of a third member from Delaware, also changed the vote of that colony; and, in the meantime, the Pennsylvania delegation mustering its entire strength, cast her final vote in favor of the resolution. Thus, out of thirteen colonies, twelve gave their voices for Independence, while New York had no authority to vote at all. The result of this vote closed all avenues to a reconciliation with the mother country, and men's minds were, from that auspicious day, turned wholly to contemplating the means and the method of vigorous resistance. But another, and the most important, step remained yet to be taken. That was to publish to the world the *Declaration* of Independence. The vote on the resolution had scarcely been announced, before a report was called for from the committee which had been previously raised and charged with the execution of that duty. The task of preparing the draught every body knew had been assigned to Jefferson, and all eyes were turned instantly towards his seat. The members sat in stern and silent expectation. The galleries and lobby, the aisles and passages of the Hall were filled to overflowing, and trembled beneath the weight of anxious and curious spectators. All who were privileged, and many who were not, had crowded within the bar, and occupied the floor of the house. While this excitement was at its height, Jefferson rose, holding in his hand the consecrated scroll which spoke the voice of freedom for a New World. All was calmed and hushed in a moment. We may easily imagine the varied feelings of that august body, and of the immense audience, as the clear, full-toned voice of the young Virginian sent forth the melodious sentences and glowing diction of that memorable body and revered document. The annunciative tone of the first paragraph, excited at once the most eager attention. The declaration of rights followed, and the grave countenances of the delegates assumed an aspect of less severe meditation, and opened with the inspiration of kindling hope. The enumeration of wrongs done, and of insults perpetrated, falls in succinct cadences from the reader's lips, and the effect is told on frowning brows and crimsomed cheeks, and in eyes flashing with aroused anger, and the throe of bosoms burning with intense sympathy. And when, at the close of this significant and withering summary of wrongs and op-

pressions, the reader came to the eloquent sentence, "A prince whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a tyrant, is *unfit to be the ruler of a free people*," a picture presents itself to the mind's vision filled with thousands of glowing faces, marked with emotions of heartfelt and ominous approval. The conclusion was anticipated. The inward pledge of "life and fortune, and sacred honor," had been registered long ere it was reached in due course, and the form of *subscription gave only the outward sign of sanction.* When Jefferson sat down, he took his seat crowned with a fame that will perish only with the earth itself, and which has linked his name forever with American Independence. An ecstacy of patriotism pervaded the entire audience. Statesmen and warriors, divines and philosophers, old and young, high and humble, were all alike filled with sensations of delight, of fervor, and of buoyant hope. Nor was night suffered to put an end to the joyous manifestations. The *people* were aroused ; the spirit of revolution had diffused its heat among the masses of the city. Bonfires were lighted in the principal streets, and illuminated windows sent forth their merry light ; sparkling libations were quaffed, and the "voluptuous swell" of music mingled with the cry of "Freedom and the American colonies !"

With all its faults, with all its susceptibility to criticism, we have ever regarded the Declaration of Independence as one of the most remarkable and eloquent productions that ever came from a human pen. Association, doubtless, has contributed much to induce this prepossession. It is right that it should do so. It is interwoven with the dearest recollections of every true American. It is whispered to him in the cradle ; it is learned by heart in the nursery—the boom of every cannon on the Fourth of July, imprints it deeper in his memory—it gathers accumulated force in his youth—it is sacredly treasured in his old age—and yet, candor and the facts of history compel us to the belief, that *all* the glory of its composition should not be associated with the name of Jefferson alone, although he himself has laid *exclusive* claim to its authorship in the epitaph prescribed to be engraven on his tombstone. Throwing aside the alleged discoveries and researches of Mr. Bancroft, we are willing to go to the record as left by Jefferson himself, to support the assertion stated above. The original draught was, doubtless, prepared by Jefferson, unassisted and without much consultation. But the original was vastly mutilated and cut down by the severer pens of Adams and Franklin, and parts of paragraphs supplied anew, particularly by the latter. It was changed both as to phraseology and sentiment, and materially improved in point of taste. These facts will be apparent to any who will examine closely the *fac simile* of the original copy appended to the memoir of the book now under review. As it was first prepared, there was an unseasonable preponderance of the high sounding Johnsonian verbosity without the palliation of its elegance. It abounded with repetition and unmeaning sententiousness in some parts, while paragraphs and sentences, were prolonged to an extent which might have startled Lord Bolingbroke himself, who, however, would have missed the grace and polish of his own didactic periods. In fact, the entire document underwent a shearing process in the revisory hands of the author's coadjutors, and was reproduced in a shape that has left it without a parallel of its kind in the history of any other nation. Some parts of it were really objectionable, and would most certainly have created bad blood both in the North and in the South. We allude to the long denunciation in the original draught, of commerce in slaves, and charging that commerce as one of the grievances on the part of the British Monarch. Two of the Southern colonies, Georgia and South Carolina, were clamorous for the continuance of this traffic. Citizens of the North were the carriers and merchantmen, and it was, therefore, in both cases, a question of dollars and cents. Where great movements are contemplated, dependent on unanimity for their success, it is hazardous and impolitic to begin operations by a war on sectional interests. Both Adams and Franklin knew this, and, although they must have agreed with Jefferson in the sentiment, they advised its total expunction. A few years later, such a clause might have met with the heartiest reception, and in this day would have been sanctioned by all Christendom. At that time it was an evil too general to be rebuked in such

a document, written, as averred, mainly with the view to "a decent respect for the opinions of *mankind.*" In 1776 it would have been a difficult matter, if history is to be believed, to have laid a finger on any portion of enlightened Christianized mankind who were not equally obnoxious to the charge of slave-stealing or slave-working as his Britannic Majesty. We speak of Governments or organized Societies, else we would pause to make an exception here in favor of the Quakers. This body of unpretending, consistent devotees, are the only portion of the Christian world, so far as we can now call to mind, whose hands are clear of this most abominable and nefarious traffic.

That Jefferson was thoroughly anti-slavery in his notions, the whole of his political history in connection with the subject most conclusively establishes. He was so, conscientiously and uncompromisingly. He never degenerated into rabid or radical abolitionism, but his moderation and tolerance evidently cost him many struggles. He made known this opposition to slavery on every proper occasion, and before every legislative body of which he became a member. We find him meeting it at every assailable point, heartily endeavoring to promote speedy emancipation, and to impede its extension. In the first of these objects he failed entirely. In the last, he met with gratifying success, through means of the celebrated Ordinance of 1787. Among the latest records of his pen, after he had lived nearly fourscore years, is the emphatic prophecy, "that emancipation must be adopted, or *worse would follow.* That nothing was more certainly written in the book of *fate,* than that these people (the negroes) were to be *free.*" The manner of this expression is less that of a philosopher than of an enthusiast. Whenever he speaks of slavery at all, he speaks of it in terms never less moderate than those quoted; and its opponents can fortify themselves, as we think, with no more reliable authority than the name of him who forms the subject of these volumes.

On the fifth of September following the declaration of Independence, Jefferson resigned his seat in the colonial Congress, and became once again a delegate to the House of Burgesses of the Virginia Assembly. He entered at once upon a difficult line of duties. He introduced bills establishing Courts of Justice, to regulate titles to property, to prohibit the further importation of slaves within the colony, to institute freedom of opinion in religion; and aided in reconstructing the entire Statutory Code of Virginia. Soon after, he was made Governor. He then declined, successively, three foreign appointments from Congress. He served the Commonwealth with distinguished ability during the darkest period of the war, narrowly escaping, several times, the dragoons of Tarleton and Simcoe. In the spring of 1783 he was again appointed a delegate to Congress, then in session at Annapolis. He served about a year, when he was again appointed to a foreign mission, and this time he accepted. On the sixth day of July, 1784, he arrived at Paris, where he was to act in concert with Dr. Franklin and John Adams in negotiating and concluding a general treaty of commerce with foreign nations. We design not to dwell on this portion of his public services, as it does not come properly within the range of the object we have in view. He remained abroad until September of 1789. Returning home, he was appointed during the following winter to the new Department of State, under the Presidency of George Washington.

This ends the second and brightest, if not the most important epoch of Jefferson's public career. The fourth and last may, indeed, have been philosophically and tranquilly passed; but the third, on which we are now entering, is chequered alternately with light and gloom; with much that is worthy of admiration, with more, we fear, that is obnoxious to censure. We proceed to the task of criticism under stern convictions of duty, but not without reluctance.

At this date of his political history, Jefferson concludes his memoir. Henceforth we must look to the Correspondence, and to what other authorities may be found appropriate, to complete the object of our inquiries.

Up to the year 1792, no distinct party organization had existed. The administration, fortified in the love and respect of the entire people, went on swimmingly. Washington himself could not be assailed. The other members of government were

sheltered by the protecting Ægis of his popularity. But the gigantic financial policy of Alexander Hamilton began now to beget serious uneasiness in the minds of all who dreaded the centralization of power in the hands of the general government, and the consequent depreciation of the State sovereignties. The State debts had been assumed, and a large and powerful body of creditors turned their attention to the *Union*, and not to the separate independencies. Duties were laid on imported goods, and the merchant transacted his business under the authority and patronage of the United States. The Bank, which now formed the great connecting link of commerce between the States, was of federal origin. The manufacturer looked to the Union for the protection he needed; and the ship-owners and seamen looked also to the same quarter for the same favor. A fierce opposition sprang up. It found an adroit and a willing leader in Thomas Jefferson. He felt his way cautiously, secretly, and by slow degrees. But there was one material obstruction in the way of an active and effective opposition. All the respectable presses in the country were strongly federal; stout advocates of Washington's administration. Nothing could be done, so long as this impediment remained in the way. Jefferson soon fell upon a plan to surmount it. His residence in France during the revolution, and his intimate acquaintance with the revolutionary chiefs, had schooled him in those arts and intrigues which ripen party schemes. He had his eye now upon a man, the only man perhaps in all America admirably adapted to the purposes of the opposition. A restless, narrow-minded, distempered little Frenchman, named Philip Freneau, was then conducting a low and scurrilous print in the city of New York. His boldness and carelessness of character, together with some fluency in the language of the fish-market, attracted the attention of those who were beginning to form a plan of opposition to Washington's administration. Jefferson, now Secretary of State, tempted him, by the offer of a clerkship in his own Department, to remove to Philadelphia. The starving Frenchman, whose most sumptuous diet had been only stale crackers and cheese, of course jumped at the offer, and pledged himself to pursue with indiscriminate rancor, the wisest as well as the worst of Washington's measures. The National Gazette was established, and a repository of more than Augean uncleanness became the head quarters of those who had raised their parricidal hands against the Father of his Country. "During its short-lived existence," says a modern author, "it was notorious for its scandalous falsehood and misrepresentations, its fulsome adoration of Mr. Jefferson, and its gross abuse of leading federal men." The example thus conspicuously set, has been ever since assiduously followed by the party which dates its origin at this period, and which claims the powerful paternity of Jefferson's name and principles. We shall not contravene this claim, nor question the authenticity of such origin. We believe that the claim is well founded, and the origin fairly attested. But their efforts against Washington and his administration signally and ingloriously failed. They did not venture even to name the real object of assault. The demonstration was made against Adams, the Vice-President, and Alexander Hamilton, Secretary of the Treasury. Against the administration of the first they subsequently succeeded; while, in connection with the latter, they carried their design of opposition by coupling his name with an undue bias in favor of England; thus making use of the ferocious prejudice which still existed against that country. Even so late as 1848, a distinguished statesman and Presidential *nominee* of this same radical party, has condescended to avail himself of this odium, supposed to be attached to Hamilton's name, and, in the same letter, (unwittingly, but, doubtless) tacitly admits his lineal party descent from the Jacobinical faction of 1793, by claiming this period as "the starting point of difference" betwixt the two great "parties" of the present day.

In the summer of 1794 occurred the famous, or rather *infamous*, Whiskey Rebellion in the State of Pennsylvania. The law of '91 had imposed a duty on spirits distilled within the United States. It was violently menaced and resisted by the parties interested. Inspectors were insulted, officers of the Excise tarred and feathered, marshals attacked and fired upon. At length the patience of the

President was exhausted; he marched an army into the disaffected country, and the insurrection was speedily quelled. The opposition had not discountenanced the course or the cause of the rioters. Some of their presses had openly fomented and excited the revolt. "It was shrewdly suspected," says the same author before quoted, "that Jefferson did not look with very great reprobation on the Pennsylvania insurrection." This suspicion has not been controverted, but rather confirmed, by the tenor of his published correspondence, and opens a dark and unpleasing chapter of his public history. Just previously to this nefarious outbreak, he had given utterance to opinions in this connexion which would have disgraced Fouche or Robespierre, and which cannot *now* be characterized by a less mild term than *atrocious*. Speaking of Shay's rebellion in Massachusetts, he had said, "God forbid we should *even be twenty years without such a rebellion.* What country can preserve its liberties if its rulers are not warned from time to time that the people preserve *the spirit of resistance? Let them take arms.* The remedy is, to set them right as to facts, pardon and pacify them. *The tree of liberty must be refreshed from time to time with the blood of patriots and of tyrants.*" We venture the assertion that no sentiments more anarchical and dangerous can be found in any document of history from the period of Machiavelli's "Prince" to Dorr's Manifesto. They are precisely the sentiments which animated such men as Jack Cade and Watt Tyler, and Philip Freneau, and Callender, and Citizen Genet. The Russian Strelitzes or the Turkish Janizaries cannot be charged with motives more criminal, or with deeds more abhorrent than such sentiments would have brought about. The only palliation for their utterance is to be found in that charity which covers the zeal of a sincere though misguided opposition. The French associations and prejudices of Jefferson had seduced him into a lamentable departure from the safe, moderate and consistent revolutionary principles which marked the period of 1776. He had heard the fierce debates of the Jacobin Clubs, and thrilled under the reeking eloquence of Danton and his tiger-tempered colleague. All the murders committed by the Revolutionary Tribunal —all the blood which flowed from the scaffold of the death-dealing guillotine— the horrors of the Reign of Terror—the sighs and tears which had made Paris the terrestrial counterpart of a hell, were insufficient to *disgust* the author of the Declaration of American Independence. His philosophic eye beheld, tearless, the walking images of broken hearts and crushed affections which crossed his daily path, and surveyed, unmoved, the mournful emblems which shrouded an entire city with funeral drapery. Nor do we assume any too much in saying this. The memoir before us contains nothing which can rescue its distinguished author from the severity of the inference. We find nothing in the Correspondence to explain the omission. It may, therefore, be fairly supposed, that Jefferson was not so greatly horrified at these manifold and ceaseless atrocities as ever to think that the cause of Liberty, thus conducted, was the cause of anarchy and of murder. We might extend these inferences further. During the reign of the bloody Triumvirate, private conversations and careless expressions, uttered even in the recesses of the family circle, were made the plea for butchering the speakers on the following day. It is not unlikely to suppose that Jefferson *here* learned his art of noting down what occurred at dining tables, and private parties, and social gatherings, that the compiler of the volumes before us might afterwards give to the world, in the shape of the "Ana," a method of espionage which would have shamed even Lavellette or Savary, and challenged attention from Bourienne himself. We would willingly have drawn a veil over this portion of the published political works of Thomas Jefferson. But we consider that the worst was done when the editor of these volumes passed the "Ana" into the hands of the printer. It is not for us to find fault with the taste which prompted the publication of a private journal. Our duty and intention are, as the undisputed right of a reviewer, to express our opinions of the production. But we must not digress further.

Thus imbued with the effects, if not with the spirit, of Jacobinism, Jefferson had returned to America; and we may thus account for his opinions on Shay's Rebellion,

his supposed sympathy with the Whiskey insurrectionists, his intimacy with such men as Callender, and Freneau, and Tom Paine, and his early and insidious opposition to the administration of George Washington. The first object of attack had been the financial policy of Hamilton, and thus far we sanction, in part at least, this course of policy. The views and the aims of that eminent minister have never had entirely our political sympathies. There was, in all his measures, a too consolidating tendency, which might have resulted alarmingly in after days. But the thunders of the opposition were soon turned more directly against Washington himself by a merciless assault on the treaty of John Jay, which, it was known, had received the President's cordial approval. It was fought in every way known to Parliamentary warfare, and Washington was goaded by every means to which an adroit and inventive opposition could resort. It was wranglingly and factiously debated in the Senate, and it was threatened with the *vengeance* of the House. To crown all, a resolution was brought forward by Livingston, requesting the President "to lay before the House a copy of the instructions to the Minister of the United States, who negotiated a treaty with the King of Great Britain, communicated by his message, together with the correspondence and other documents relative to the said treaty." This was subsequently qualified by a clause to the effect, "excepting such papers as any existing negotiation may render improper to be disclosed." To this resolution the President first responded, "that he would take the subject into consideration." He finally refused to lay any such papers before the House. This refusal stimulated the opposition to increased bitterness, and "appeared," in the language of Marshall, "to break the last chord of that attachment which had heretofore bound some of the active leaders of the opposition to the person of the President." Long anterior to this, however, Jefferson, although still recognized as the head of the opposition, had resigned his post of State Secretary, and from his retirement at Monticello fulminated the signs, tokens, and passwords of determined and ceaseless hostility to the policy of the administration. He had openly ridiculed the course of Washington in the Whiskey Rebellion, and had encouraged, while engaged in combatting, the pretensions of citizen Genet. He now resorted to the more candid warfare of denunciation, and directed the whole influence of his name and the whole power of his pen against the Jay treaty. But all would not do. The magic of Washington's popularity continued to prevail, and it became evident that the nation favored the prompt ratification of the treaty. It was ratified, and the hopes of Jefferson and his now numerous friends had to be postponed for a season.

On the 4th of March, 1797, John Adams was inaugurated President of the United States, and, at the same time, Thomas Jefferson was sworn in as Vice President. The character of Adams, according to the testimony of his best friends and warmest admirers, was an anomaly. "Of a restless and irritable temperament," says a strong federal biographer; "jealous of other's praise, and suspicious of their influence; obstinate and yet fickle; actuated by an ambition which could bear neither opposition nor lukewarmness, and vain to a degree approaching insanity, he was himself incapable alike of conceiving or of acting upon a settled system of policy, and was to others as easy a subject for indirect management, as he was impracticable to more legitimate approach. With the noblest impulses and the meanest passions, he presents a portrait which, in its contradictory features, resembles more the shifting image of a dream than the countenance of an actual being."

It does not come within the design of this article either to endorse or to combat this opinion. We will barely add what the writer might properly have added, that the patriotism and native honesty of John Adams were sadly blurred by a bad temper and an excitable vindictiveness. "As was his character, so proved the administration of such a man; flickering, unstable, without fixed rule or definite object." The hitherto obstructed road of the opposition was now fairly cleared. The awe of Washington's great name stood no longer in their way. The far reaching sagacity of Jefferson was at work, and his policy and plan of operations were soon developed. During the stormy period of the Revolution he and Adams had been attached and intimate friends. Their associations had been of a character more than usually cordial and

confidential. Soon after Jefferson's return from France they fell out, and became partially estranged. But the difference did not quite amount to a personal quarrel, and they still remained on civil terms of intercourse. No one knew better than Jefferson the weak points in the character and constitution of John Adams. He believed firmly in the honesty of his heart, but he was well acquainted with the instability of his political opinions; with his leaning, one day, to rank federalism, and the next, to downright radicalism. "He (Adams) by turns defended the mob, and advocated hereditary power." This was an open prey to an ingenious and a watchful opposition, and Jefferson did not scruple to turn his private knowledge and past associations to legitimate political account. We do not mean to say that he ever betrayed confidence. Jefferson had both too much caution and too much pride of character to act dishonorably. It may be explained easily on the score of ambition and selfishness, neither of which can be denied to him in their fullest latitude. But the object was now to estrange Adams from the party which had elected him, by this move, to weaken the federalists, to destroy the influence of Hamilton, and clear the way for the accession of Jefferson and the Democrats. The accomplishment of such a plan required the most consummate address. It was not hard to perceive that such requisition was more than fulfilled in the person of the acknowledged leader of the opposition. Jefferson was just the man to play the game which was now in hand. His affectation was in being plain, and his plainness of appearance and intercourse, did amount almost to unvarnished demagoguism. He desired to be known in America by the same popular cognomen by which William Pitt had been long hailed and worshipped in England, that of the "Great Commoner." Pitt, however, not only was ambitious to lead, but to *be thought* to lead. Jefferson, on the contrary, was neither bold enough nor haughty enough to court the latter distinction. He desired to lead, but to make others *believe* that he *was led*. This, however, was the choice rather of policy than of timidity. He may have lacked candor—he may have been time-serving, accommodating, and subservient—but he was not deficient in courage. We are told, indeed, that he had acquired, about this time, a less enviable surname than the one which distinguished Pitt. He was called "The Trimmer." But all this, as Terry O'Rourke would say, was "a part of his system." He was engaged in running a mine which, when completed, was to demolish the federal party, and he did not pause in his work or stop to defend himself from mere personal attacks. He, therefore, set assiduously about renewing his former intimacy with Adams. It was very well known that a portion of the Federalists, with Alexander Hamilton at their head, had manœuvred to place Mr. Pinckney ahead of Mr. Adams on the party ticket; and, if possible, to give the Presidency to the former. Adams's hot temper rose to the boiling point when this was made known to him, and he set the brand of his never-ending hatred on the brow of Hamilton. To foment this difference became the chief end of the opposition. Adams was adroitly cajoled, while Hamilton was still more virulently assailed. Jefferson addressed to him the most seductive and weaning letters, and wrote flatteringly about him to others. Prominent ultra-democrats, his former personal friends, crowded his reception rooms, and baited him with a thousand tempting morsels, all artfully directed against the known vulnerable points of his character. The vain old man proved an easy victim, and fell unwarily into the snare. He met cordially the advances of Jefferson, took Gerry, one of the most determined democrats, into the closest confidence, and, in a tempest of exacerbation and rage, drove many of the warmest federalists from his councils and his presence. This was precisely what had been played for by the opposition. Their point was gained, the fatal breach irrevocably effected. In the meanwhile the difficulties with France assumed an alarming aspect. The conduct of the Directory had become intolerable. They had first insulted the American Envoy, and then driven him from the French territories. A special session of Congress was called by the President. The Federalists had a clear majority in both Houses, and the speech breathed war and vengeance against France, and breathed them most justly. The opposition then showed the drift of their policy. Denunciations the most ireful and menacing were hurled

against the recommendations of the Executive, and against a war with republican France. The President was roused to desperation by these sudden and withering assaults, and followed up his recommendations with all the influence of his name and his office. Measures were taken to prepare for hostilities; Washington was drawn from his coveted retirement to be invested once more with the chief generalship of his country's armies, and the spirit of the nation seemed to favor the course of the government. The result might have been auspicious for the administration, if matters had been suffered to remain in this situation. But the temper of the President was despotic, and the least draught of popular favor intoxicated him with vanity. At the next session of Congress, at the especial instance of the Executive, were passed the celebrated Alien and Sedition Laws, and from that day the administration and political prospects of John Adams were doomed. They were the worst laws that ever emanated from American legislators, and their passage was a death blow to the federal party. The opposition charged upon them with concentrated, irresistible force, and the thunders of the press were turned to the work of their demolition. The legislatures of the different States entered energetically into the strife. The Virginia and Kentucky resolutions of '98 followed, destined to a notoriety co-existent with the most treasured archives of the republic. The first were prepared by James Madison, and the last by Thomas Jefferson. It is foreign to the purposes we have in view to discuss elaborately the merits of these well-known documents. We shall content ourselves with a single remark. They contain, in our humble judgment, much that is conservative and worthy of remembrance; but they also contain much more that we deem dangerous, Jacobinical, and wildly revolutionary in tendency. The remedies they inculcate for constitutional infractions are extreme, repugnant to genuine patriotism, and wholly unnecessary in a government where the people hold the power of the ballot box. This view gathers additional weight when it is considered that an intermediate umpirage exists in the Supreme Court. In fact, the American Constitution neither countenances nor warrants extreme measures in any case. If we correctly understand its language and spirit, we should say that all chances of aggression, from any quarter, are amply provided for and guarded against. Balances and checks, and legitimate remedial processes pervade its every feature. We regard it as the mere silly cant of suspicious, overzealous enthusiasts and designing demagogues, to advocate nullification, revolution, or dissolution as ulterior or unavoidable remedies in cases of encroachment. The ship may spring a leak, but the mariner does not desert and take to the open and unfriendly seas until the pumps have been thoroughly tried and exhausted. It will then be soon enough to take refuge in extreme measures, when the safeguards of the constitution are found unavailing.

But the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions answered and fully attained the objects for which they were designed. They served to beat down the Alien and Sedition laws, and formed the entering wedge to the subversion and eradication of the old federal party. So far it was good. Happy would it have been for the country, if this good could have been effected without the entailment of an evil scarcely less deplorable than that which had been crushed! But from that day to this, the objectionable doctrines taught in these papers (especially those of Jefferson) have been made the theme and the authority of coagitators, of aspirants, of factionists, and of demagogues. They have been leaned upon for apology, and for shelter from obloquy and odium. The tendency of their principles reaches and covers anarchy itself, and justifies the overthrow of established governments, as a primary, extra-constitutional remedy against supposed infractions. Their abstractions and, indeed, their proposed remedies, would have applied to the old colonial government under Great Britain. But the mischief was complete, when they were offered as suggesting a method of resistance to the authority and laws of the government of the United States. Their teachings were hailed by all the discontented and revolutionary classes of that day. The Shay rebellionists, the Whiskey insurrectionists, the Jacobin clubs of Philadelphia and other cities, the followers of the Genet faction, and the satellites of Freneau and Callender, received them as text books, and became associated in one solid *Democratic*

phalanx. The federalists shrank into disrepute, and gradually dwindled until they were extinguished by the proceedings of the Hartford Convention. Until then, or at least, up to 1807, the radical Democratic party, founded and fostered by Jefferson, held undivided, undisputed sway. But at the latter period a new party emerged from the political chaos. It was composed of the moderate democrats and the more liberal portion of the defeated federalists. It numbered in its ranks such men as Monroe, and Crawford, and Gerry, the younger Adams, and Henry Clay—the dawn of whose genius was just then irradiating the horizon. It was the Conservative party of the Country—the medium spot of patriotism, beat upon alike by rank federalism and impracticable democracy. It gathered strength with years, and soon numbered among its converts James Madison, who, however, had favored it from the first.

We must here pause for the present. In some future number, the grounds here assumed will be further elucidated. We have now brought Jefferson to the end of the third era of his political life, and leave him on the eve of success and of elevation to the highest and proudest honors of his country. We shall soon resume the narrative, if permitted by health and life.

J. B. C.

Longwood, Miss., April, 1850.

TO A BUST OF HOMER,

(Standing on my Desk.)

BY E. ANNA LEWIS.

Homer, thou art not dead!—Thou can'st not die
While beats one heart on this terrestrial sphere
That ever felt the spell of Poesy,
Or Fancy's smile illume its chambers drear.
Three thousand years have watched thy steady light
Guiding the minstrel Band to Fame's high goal,
As Cynosura through the treacherous night,
Directs the Mariner o'er the dangerous shoal.
Those filmy orbs emmove with Genius' fire.
Those pale lips speak from out the mighty past
Of Helen's beauty, and Achilles' Ire;
And Ilium's tears, and sighs, and struggles vast,
Until I hear the Grecian shouts resound,
And Troy's proud walls come tumbling to the ground.

EVERSTONE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ANDERPORT RECORDS."

(Continued from page 621.)

CHAPTER XIV.

THE term of forbearance set by Ripley Dair had elapsed. Nothing of moment occurred on the Sabbath; Monday opened with as bright a dawn as a June sun ever gave, and all seemed quiet that morning between the forks of the Hardwater. Ralph Dubosk looking out upon his field of rye where the long, heavy heads, dripping with dew, hung glistening white, took up his cradle, and thought to cut the first sworth in that harvest which Dair had sworn should never be reaped. A more minute inspection, however, convinced the farmer that the grain would suffer no injury from a day or two's delay. He then turned himself to some other employment, but not heartily. Though his sturdy spirit was unwilling to confess it, a vague presentiment weighed down his arms and deprived his step of its elasticity.

Caleb Schowder, the same forenoon, was seated on the deck of a steamboat, gazing at the receding shore of the land which he now left with full as much alacrity as he had entered it fifteen months previous. He had around him his wife and children, and carried in his pocket-book the fragile equivalents into which his household stuff, his cows, his horses, and the rest of the movable apparatus of the farming establishment had been converted. He went away safe in person and in property. His late dwelling, now tenantless, had to welcome, meanwhile, quite a numerous throng of visitors. Though the door was locked and the key in the possession of Mr. Newlove, they found little difficulty in effecting an entrance. Riotous guests, too, they must have been, for, when they withdrew, the dwelling was a ruin, the stable had lost its roof, the barn was no longer in a condition to give protection to grain, and, every surrounding fence being levelled with the earth, the whole premises, dilapidated and cheerless, stood in the midst of a common.

"Not very thorough this work of ours," observed one of the party, looking back upon the scene, "but we'll go through the next job better!"

Monday evening, Alonzo Safety coming in to supper a little later than usual, was greeted by his wife in a way which signified that she had something important and novel to communicate.

"Have you heard it, Alonzo?" she said eagerly; "the people have been tearing down Schowder's house, now he's quit it."

The husband's mood was different from common.

"Certainly, I know it," he answered; "who in the county doesn't know it?—Wasn't it all over full ten hours ago?"

He flung down his hat upon the table, and seated himself with a quick and worried manner, in the darkest corner of the apartment; but a corner selected not perhaps on account of its gloom, but because it contained a high-backed, easy chair, which, with its plump cushions, offered a grateful receptacle for his small and shriveled frame.

"I suppose the people will hardly be contented to stop with what they've done!" suggested the lady.

Alonzo made no reply.

"The Newloves had better have gone out peaceably: well, I must say if no lives are lost, I shall not be sorry for them.—They've brought their fate on themselves."

"Confound you, woman—how you talk!"

"Sir! Mr. Safety! what on earth's got into you?"

"It provokes me, Betsey, to hear you chatter so unconcernedly in a time like this Is it nothing to see houses torn down over people's heads? to behold robbery going on before one's eyes, and to have reason to expect that arson and murder may follow?"

"La me! Alonzo, pity's wasted on a degraded young woman like Miss Newlove. It's right enough sin should suffer."

"What sin are you talking about?"

"That forgery, of course."

"And how came you so wise as to be certain she has committed any forgery?"

"You have a very strange way of speaking this evening, Mr. Safety. But whether innocent or guilty, what's it to us? We read accounts in the newspapers of a hundred such doings as tearing down houses, and so forth, and never think of crying over them."

"We *have*, though, something more than common to do with this business. Have you forgot how you've been plaguing me to let you know what conversation I had with old Astiville?"

Mrs. Safety was now all quietness and attention.

"You have heard, too, that Emma Newlove has said, all along, that the paper was not written by her, but was brought by somebody whose name she had promised not to make known."

"And has she told who it was?" inquired Mrs. Safety, with animated curiosity.

"No! Do you think she's one to break her word? But who do you suppose that man was? Why, no other person than your husband. Astiville gave me the paper and told me what to do with it: who wrote it, whether himself or somebody else, I don't know. Betsey, what is now your opinion?"

Mrs. Safety mused, and then answered: "I can't say you did exactly right. Yet, after all, the Astivilles oughtn't to be outdone by these mushroom people. Persons like us, who belong to the old families, should take the part of the old families.—But for heaven's sake don't tell anybody about this, Alonzo; it would be a dreadful thing to have it known that the Astivilles had stooped to a trick of this kind!"

"So you don't spend a thought upon *my* disgrace in becoming their tool!"

"Oh certainly—certainly! I think of that, too; but you know, Alonzo, the *Astivilles*——"

"Hang the Astivilles! But for your head being filled with these notions, I should never have been led to do what I have done."

"Well, it cannot be helped now," returned the wife, in a semi-soothing, semi-matter-of-fact tone; "on all accounts there is nothing to be done but to keep silence. Don't whisper it to a single soul; but there's Arabella coming in now. Go, my dear (addressing the daughter), and weigh out the flour and sugar for Bridget to make that cake. Here's the pantry key."

"No! let the girl come in. It is no use to be wincing matters now. Richard Somers has been to see me."

"You haven't told him, surely?"

"But I *have!* It seems he had suspected it already: at any rate, he put me the sudden, down-right question, and——I answered it. I don't know now whether to be glad or sorry that I did so. I should have felt rascally mean all my life to think that I had wrought trouble and ruin on a high-minded, innocent woman. As it is, I feel mean enough. However, I told Dick Somers the truth, and not only that, but made affidavit to it before a magistrate."

Mrs. Safety had, by this time, regained her mental supremacy, and there burst upon the head of her wretched husband a pitiless storm of reproaches. Vainly did he wince and writhe beneath the chastisement. Her wrath at his treason to the Old Blood left no room in Mrs. Safetp's ample bosom for compassion. The poor man's unresisting silence was, perhaps, the best defence he could have offered. The flood, unopposed, finally spent itself—even Mrs. Safety could not scold forever. She had been standing in the middle of the floor, so that her imposing form and mighty sweep of gesture should have their full effect.

Now she sat down, panting and wiping off the perspiration that oozed from her brow.

The interval of quiet, necessary for physical refreshment, enabled her to lay in a new stock of objurgation.

"But do you imagine, Mr. Safety, people are going to believe this story of yours? John Astiville will say it is slanderous and false, and whose word will have most weight, his or yours? Besides, how are you going to do about the money you owe him? I reckon he'll be apt to call for payment pretty soon!"

"As to this, Betsey, Miss Newlove will give me support. I doubt a little whether she is not as well off for money as stingy old Jack himself."

"Consider a little, then, and see how that will help you. Everybody will say you've been bought by the Yankees. That Newlove girl who is so rich, will be supposed to have motive enough to spend half her fortune, if need be, in procuring witnesses to swear her clear of forgery. The *Yankees* are hated bitterly enough, but what will be thought of the *Southerner* who has deserted to their side? You may well be uneasy about pulling down houses! I wonder if this house wont come next in turn? Your tale will be of little service to the Newloves—indeed it is more likely to injure them by exciting greater exasperation—while it will involve us in their ruin. A pretty piece of work you have made, Mr. Safety; and it all comes from keeping secrets from me."

"I thought you were in favor of these Northern settlers, Betsey. I am sure you encouraged Handsucker's visits."

"That's another most unfortunate business," retorted Mrs. Safety. The man 's suddenly stopped coming, and I am sure he has taken offence at something you have said to him. Why can't you have some little discretion? You must meddle, meddle, meddle—with everything!"

"*I* disposed to meddle?" murmured the husband.

She did not hear the remark, or disdained to regard the insinuation it conveyed. "Yes—ruin stares at us from all sides. I hoped that a remedy had been provided in a good match for Arabella—but even that stay is broken. You have disgraced yourself, you have attempted to bring dishonor upon the Astivilles, you have become a renegade, and you have driven away the only person who had at once the disposition and the ability to save us! Whilst you have broken with the Southerners, you have not made favor with the Northerners. Both parties are sure to despise and hate the deserter."

Alonzo retired to bed completely miserable.

A large concourse of men was assembled at an early hour Tuesday morning, a few hundred yards from the house of Sylvester Newlove. There was an appearance among them of hesitancy, if not indecision. That the pause was the consequence of no abatement of angry feeling, was plain from the frown that lowered on every countenance. Nor yet was this momentary calm symptomatic of that faltering of purpose which fortunately so often intervenes to disarm a mob at the instant when every external check is powerless. These men were only deliberating where they should first lay their hands. The fact of Alonzo Safety's affidavit, and the purport of the narrative contained in it, had become generally known, and the news as it spread had excited incredulity and intense scorn. Every one pronounced it a new device of the Yankees to prop their previous villany. And the Southerners, in the midst of their rage, laughed among themselves at the thought of an attempt to impose upon them with such an improbable, barefaced falsehood. The question now mooted in that parliament of fierce spirits was, which should be first punished, the master or the perjured tool; the artful Northerner or the needy Southern traitor, who had let out his tongue and his conscience to hire.

The mass appeared to incline towards the claim of Safety to be earliest dealt with; but the voice of Ripley Dair decided the matter:—

"The dried-up old knave," he said, "deserves a reward, and we must give it to him; but he is not of such consequence that he ought to be allowed to interrupt our first purpose. After we've struck a good hearty blow at the Northerners, they'll not have an opportunity, I reckon, to procure many other hirelings in Redland. So, if this one for a little while escapes his blessing, the example is not likely to do much harm,—*Boys—let's to work!*"

To work they went, and hastily. Leav-

ing the dwelling-house, like a citadel, for the last assault, they commenced with the outworks. Fences were levelled, and the rails piled up for burning; the wheat-field, which occasioned poor Sylvester so much solicitude the previous autumn, was thrown open to the depredations of a score of swine.

"Turn in the *cows*, too!" shouted a man; "it will make small odds whether the wheat hurts them, or they hurt the wheat."

But the cattle refused, however tempted, to remain in the vicinity of operations so noisy and tumultuous, scampered from the field with uplifted tails and tossing horns.

"They are orderly critters, aint they?" observed a fellow in tattered raiment, grinning upon his nearest neighbor. "They are not up to the fun — but the *hogs* go it —there's no scare in them."

While the crowd were thus busily employed, there was a single individual who took no active part with them, clad in a coat of grey home-spun, a fur cap, which had seen much service, and leggings incrusted with mud of half a dozen mingled hues, he stood leaning against a tree, and attentively watched the scene. He felt, indeed, no personal interest in the business, but it was an entertaining panorama to gaze upon. In his bosom were passions very like those which were goading on the fierce laborers whose acts he contemplated; a slight provocation, one certainly not greater than many of them had received, would have aroused him to deeds as violent and lawless; but he had no disposition to join in avenging the wrongs, real or imaginary, of *others*. If the question of the justice of so wanton a destruction of property ever entered his mind, it was quickly and lightly dismissed. He was not the law, nor an officer of the law; nor yet had he any share in what was done. His conscience was by no means one of those which is ready to charge itself with other people's responsibilities.

Whilst the man in an apathetic mood, singularly contrasted with the active and angry elements in the midst of which he had placed himself, was taking cognizance of the work of havoc, a figure which he had not before observed suddenly passed within a few feet of him. The first thought of the spectator in home-spun was that Ripley Dair had gone along, but the next moments recollection brought up points of difference; though Dair was a tall man, the person who had just stalked by was of yet more lofty stature. Shaking off his quiet demeanor, he sprang from under the shade of the tree, and hurried in the direction which he thought the other had taken.

Cain, for he it was that had passed, cast one glance, and no more, at the crowd collected in so unwonted a place; then, as if feeling neither wonder nor curiosity, plunged into the depth of the wood. Not observing that he was followed, he proceeded at his ordinary rapid pace to his cabin. The pursuer, though of tough and hardy frame, found it necessary to make considerable exertion in order to keep in sight. Cain happening to turn around before entering the hut, recognized the presence of the stranger. Whilst the man in home-spun was scanning his features intently and with a dubious air, Cain, in the tone of one speaking aside, uttered the words—

"Joshua Evans!"

"It *is* you then, Henry Astiville!" said Evans, advancing, "I thought I could not be mistaken—yet that white hair bothered me. It has always been said that an Astivilles hair never turns grey. I caught a glimpse of you once before, but the account of your being dead together with the change in looks kept me back—but what's the matter? You don't seem glad to see me. Come, give me your hand in memory of those old times when you and I and Bryan used to have many a long tramp through these woods—"

"Man, don't speak of those days!" exclaimed the person we have known as Cain.

Evans looked at him in surprise; then muttered "can he be crazy?"

"No I am not crazy," replied the other, catching the word, "nor have I forgotten you Joshua; yet it would be little wonder if I were mad. You have remarked the altered hue of my hair—it is not *time* which has obliterated that characteristic mark of my family—my head has been grey these thirty years. That same calamity which thus shattered the physical part of my being should also have made a wreck of my *mind:* Yes, would that I were mad! Oh Bryan—Bryan—Bryan! You haunt me!"

"Don't take the thought of your brother

so hard"—said Evans, "What if you and he did have a little quarrel once in a while?—"

"A little quarrel!"

"Yes, that's a small matter and not to be grieved over."

"Oh God!" cried Henry Astiville clasping his hands, *wringing* them, and looking towards Heaven, "when was ever a strife between brothers a small and trifling matter?"

"But Bryan had such an outrageous temper, it was almost impossible for anybody to keep on good terms with him. I knocked him down myself once, and your father liked to have turned me adrift for it too. Don't let these things trouble you. After all, I reckon there's no great odds between quarreling with a brother and quarreling with any other man. The preachers say it's a duty to live peaceable with all; and I have no doubt it is—but where's the man ever could stick to that duty. You are no worse than others."

"Do you really think this, Joshua? Are you in such utter ignorance of what was done by the Hardwater yonder, it will be thirty years ago this coming tenth of August?"

Evans was silent.

"John then has been able to keep it even from you; how much I owe him for his thoughtful and stedfast affection!—and brother indeed has he been to me! How I misunderstood his character in those heedless days of boyhood, when I used to think him cold and selfish, and deserted his company for that of the inconstant and passionate Byran; John has done more than a brother's part; for my neglect he has returned love and fidelity:—he has labored hard to throw a veil over my sin—even since I have been supposed dead, he has protected my memory from reproach. Yet I will tell you all Joshua. Did you not know that I had struck Bryan?"

Evans, with his square compact figure remained standing precisely in the position he had occupied for some five or ten minutes past, at the right of the door. His lips did not open, nor did he give the slightest response by look or gesture.

"Bryan and I were hunting by the Run, the dog had started a pheasant; both of us fired. As it happened, the bird fell into that hollow which was said to mark the grave of the negro Giles. I was about to pick it up, but Bryan jumped before me, exclaiming that it was his shot which had brought down the bird, and that I should not have it. Just as he was stooping I gave him an angry thrust with my hand—my *open* hand, Joshua, so help me heaven. —He fell backward.—I see it all before me this moment with the horrible distinctness of reality: there is Bryan's up-turned face; the gun is dropping from his left hand, while his right is stretched out instinctively to break the violence of the descent. Joshua it is a happy thing for you, that your eye-balls have not such a picture painted on them. But Bryan fell, and, in falling, his head struck the edge of that cursed corner-stone. I saw them lift up his senseless corpse. I dared not follow them home. I sailed in the evening for Havanna. The first news that reached me there was that Bryan was dead."

"It was unlucky, certainly," replied Evans, "that it happened so. Nobody can wonder that you should wish that your last meeting with your brother had not been in passion. But what put it into your head to start home the story of your own death?"

"John, in a letter, gave me the hint, which, as you may be sure, I was glad to act upon. It was a wise device of his, and not more wise than kind. To this I owe the privilege I now enjoy: a fearful and agonizing privilege—yet it *is* a privilege—of spending my last days here, and of meditating on my crime at the very spot which was its scene. For I never could endure that men should be able, as I stalk by them like a spectre, to point the finger and say to each other, 'There goes Henry Astiville—a wretch yet living and breathing—the man who slew his brother.'"

"Pshaw! pshaw!" said Joshua Evans, quite unmoved; "this is down-right folly. Who would think of grieving out his life for such a thing?"

"What are you made of?" exclaimed Astiville. "There was always something hard, and stiff, and iron-like about you—but is it possible that you could see blood on your hands—the blood of your mother's son—and not shudder at the spectacle?"

"Of course, I could—that metaphorical kind of blood."

"But Joshua, Joshua, what difference if I *killed* him?"

"Killed him? That's the metaphorical

language I am speaking of. It may be true enough that anger's murder, as to the spirit of the thing; but to my mind it's a plain contradiction to nature to say there is no difference between a thought, and a thing that's actually done. I have been, I reckon, in some hundred fights—which would be a hundred murders, at your way of counting; but, as I never had the misfortune to kill a man, I am not exactly prepared to believe that my neck ought to be itching for a halter and a slip-knot."

"And do you mean this talk for *comfort*, Joshua Evans?"

"Well, I don't see why it shouldn't pass for comfort."

Henry Astiville turned away impatiently, and went to the back part of the hut.

Evans followed, and laid a hand on his shoulder: "What in the world have you taken offence at, Henry?"

"I am not offended," was the reply; "I deserve that you should taunt me. You might indeed have spared me a little while, since my own confession has given you your power; yet the punishment is just—you do well to contrast your own cleanness of any deep stain of guilt, though subjected to all the trials of a rugged and boisterous and unscrupulous life, with the foul blot which *I*—so delicately and religiously nurtured—bear, and crouch under."

"Henry! I never had such a meaning. Taunt you with a contrast! Be advised: rouse yourself from the depression that breeds such sickly and fantastic notions. You had had angry tussels with Bryan before that one you speak of; but you don't think of *them* with such distress. Why should you feel worse on account of this, merely because it happened to take place a short while before his death?"

Astiville gazed upon him as if he did not comprehend his words.

"The case now would be very different," continued Evans, "if Bryan had died of the fall you gave him."

"How?" exclaimed the other, his vacant look transformed at once into a glance so concentrated and earnest that it seemed almost to glow with literal fire. "What do you say? Bryan not die of the fall?"

"Assuredly he did not. And can it be that you had any doubt of *that?* What carried him off was a bilious fever."

Astiville advanced towards him two strides nearer, his countenance still wearing that intense and excited expression. "Tell me the *truth*, Joshua Evans."

"I have. That Bryan Astiville died of a fever, is just as certain as that you and I are alive this moment."

"Oh no! it cannot be. John has been able to conceal the real and horrible fact from you as well as from the rest of the world."

"I tell you I'm not mistaken," said Evans warmly. After you had gone off, Heaven knows where, Bryan got as well as ever he was. I saw him—talked with him—rode on horseback in his company, from Greywood to Reveltown. The way he was taken afterwards was just this: He and Rip Dair, and half a dozen others, got into a drinking frolic. Brian, the next day, was desperate sick. He couldn't stay in the house, however, but said he'd work off his bad feelings out of doors. He got dripping wet in a shower, went home, took to his bed—and the doctor, when he came, said it was all over with him; and so, after a few days, it turned out. But how came you to be possessed with such an incorrect notion? Didn't you say that your brother John had some communication with you?"

"Yes, John wrote me a full account, and it is very different from yours."

"You must have misread it—that's all. John knew the whole state of the case as well as any of us."

"No; I have not misinterpreted it—the words are too plain. I have his letter still—and many times I've read them over since. The ignorance is only yours—I *am* my brother's murderer!"

"Let me see those letters," said Evans, quickly.

Henry Astiville unlocked a chest, and lifted out a thin bundle of papers. He delivered it to Evans, and then, trembling like an aspen, sat down, and supported his head on his left hand.

Evans was not very expert at deciphering hand-writing, and the ink on the letters was much faded, so that it took him a considerable time to get through. He read carefully and minutely, comparing the expressions of one letter with those of another. When he had done, he slowly and mechanically folded them in the same form in which they were committed to him, and then twisted the piece of old and rotten

tape around them so forcibly that it broke, and the papers fell to the floor.

Astiville hearing the sound, looked up; his long, tangled, white hair, which he had thrown back, moved tremulously on his shoulders; and it was evident that he still quivered in every limb and muscle. With an expression only to be compared to that of a prisoner at the bar watching the foreman from whose lips he expected to hear the verdict of "Guilty," he faltered forth:

"And what think you now?"

Evans had picked up the papers. "I think," he said—"I think this, *that John has fooled you damnably!* I thank God *I* never had a brother!"

When Evans departed from the vicinity of Mr. Newlove's dwelling that morning, he left one other spectator of the scene—a spectator less apathetic than himself, and, constitutionally, of less decided intrepidity. This was Naomi. In consequence of her husband's being in Newlove's employ, she had come to have quite a domestic interest in the family, Emma, especially, had won the old black woman's unreserved affection. She could not, therefore, witness the devastation that was going on without real pain. Besides, the reckless demeanor of the mob excited her apprehensions of acts still more violent than any they had yet committed. As she looked forth over the worm-fence corner, behind which she had ensconsed herself, her heart was moved to attempt something for the relief of the unhappy Northerners. She recollected how Somers had spoken of the extreme importance of the Fourth Corner-stone. Now, Naomi, who had frequently seen the person who had passed as "Cain," was strongly impressed with the conviction, that Henry Astiville, instead of being dead, had returned from his wandering, and, under the influence of some motive or other, now chose to live apart from his kindred and from the world, in the hut near the Hard-water. She had never spoken to him, nor, if she had dared to do so, had she any inclination for it;—he was an Astiville, and, like all the members of that stock, hateful to her. That he must be cognizant of the site of the missing landmark, she could not doubt.

What if she were to go to him now, and implore him to come forward and save the Newloves from ruin, by proclaiming the just foundation of their title? Naomi dismissed the self-suggested scheme at once. How could *she* venture on such a step;—how could she, old, feeble, and a negro, dare to raise herself up against one so powerful as John Astiville? It would be moon-struck, distracted folly. Yet the generous impulse would not be banished. Feeble as was the glimmering ray of reason that struggled amidst the thick darkness of the poor creature's mind, she was still susceptible of something of that exhiliration which attends the performance, at personal hazard, of a charitable and unselfish act. Yes, come what might, she *would* go, and do all that lay in her power to impede the consummation of such injustice.

With a brisk and emphatic pace did she proceed to the Upper Branch. The stream, owing to the dryness of the season, was very low, and she had no need to peer about curiously for stones and sand-banks, to keep her feet from contact with the water. After crossing, she would, perhaps, have been tempted to shorten her strides, as she approached her destination, but the thought that she was probably very near the haunted grave of her ancestor, Giles, was an effectual stimulus to supply any diminution of the original motive force. Up the hill, accorningly, she went, but when her hand rested on the top-rail of the fence —then she hesitated. She distinguished voices within the cabin;—what if the owner were holding converse with the ghost of Giles, or with one whom Naoimi would more have dreaded to encounter than even a visiter from the spiritual world—with John Astiville? The gable-end of the cabin was opposite her, and in its wall was a window — suppose she should be noticed from it? Though the consequence of her departure were the immediate destruction to all the Northerners in Redland, she would not remain. But, before she was able to turn away her face, she *had* been observed and recognized.

"If there isn't Naomi!" exclaimed Evans. "She was at Greywood; she knows all about it!"

As he spoke, he sprang through the doorway, and in three leaps more was over the fence. Seizing Naomi, who was trotting away as fast as she could go, by the arm, he cried, "Come, old woman!—this way now!—I want you."

"Oh, bless ye, marster! — bless ye! — don't, for gracious sake!"

"You must—you must!" said Evans, sharply and peremptorily. "Hush—shut up! and come along now!"

Keeping his strong grasp upon her arm, he dragged her back with him, across the fence—several rails of which were knocked down in the operation—and deposited her in a trice in the midst of the cabin.

The old woman, half dead from fright as well as loss of breath, dropped down the instant his sustaining hand was withdrawn, in a shapeless heap, resembling, for all the world, a pile of rag-carpet. Lifting her eyes, as soon as she dared, she perceived that John Astiville, at all events, was not present. Recovering then a degree of composure, she managed to rise to her feet.

"Have you got your breath, old woman?" said Evans; "you know me, do you not?"

"Yes, certain," replied Naomi; "you must be Marster Josh Evans."

"And who am I?" said Henry Astiville, placing himself before her.

Naomi hesitated. "You are—that is, if I thought you wouldn't be put out—I'd say you were Marster Henry."

"When did you see me last Naomi?"

"I can't be sure, but I think it was a week ago, Monday."

"No—no; I mean, when did you see me last as Henry Astiville?—that is, before I came to live in this cabin?"

"Why it was about a fortninght before your brother Bryan died."

"What was the matter with Bryan?" said the inquirer in a more hasty tone.

"The doctor said it was a bilious fever —after he was taken, he went out and got wet in a shower, which made it wuss."

Astiville continued his examination, and found the woman's statement to conform in every particular with Evan's. The questions he put were direct, concise and calmly uttered. When he had satisfied himself that he had got at the truth, he turned to Evans, saying:

"I can hardly realize it—Am I indeed guiltless of my brother's death?—Joshua do you wonder that I can not easily shake off that crushing belief—that unvarying incubus of despair under which I have so long groaned. Think that I have been existing in an atmosphere of horror which, while thirty years have been dragging out their length, has been settling around me more and more dense—a cloud of blackness more and more appalling. Oh, how have I strength to breathe the fresh air of this newly risen morn! Can it be that I who was dead am alive again? Joshua!"

And at this Astiville seized Evans' hand and wrung it—"Joshua, I *bless* you for this coming!"

Evans returned the grasp heartily. "It is most a miracle," he said, "you did not go stark mad out here. To be living twenty odd years in a lonesome place like this—"

"That," said Astiville, "is nothing. Consider how I have gone each day to contemplate the spot which I believed the scene of Bryan's death-blow! Well, indeed, may you be astonished that I did not go mad under the torture! Oh John, John, may not a God of mercy recompense you with a single day's suffering such as I have borne through a lifetime!"

"Yes, Jack must have had old Bob's devil in him that the niggers sing about. What could have been his reason for imposing on you so unnaturally and so abominably?"

"I cannot tell—I'm sure I cannot tell. I never, that I know of, did him the least wrong—none, at all events, that could have been worthy of a tithe of the punishment he has made me endure."

"Hanged if I don't feel like choking him," ejaculated Evans, earnestly.

"And then," continued Henry Astiville, "he has always seemed so kind and affectionate—so brotherly in look, in word, in tone! How can I believe that all that sympathy was a deceitful show? That he could see me in this wilderness, year after year, eating out my heart in remorse for a crime which I did not commit! And all this period, I have been humbling myself at his feet,—kissing the dust as it were, in utter abasement—amazed at the condescension, and self-denial, and faithful brotherly love, which could lead his unspotted innocence into the presence of my blood-guiltiness! But John shall rue the hour that tempted him to practise such a deceit upon me!—I call Heaven and earth to witness that he shall!"

Astiville strode about the narrow chamber, beating the air with his clenched hands, and muttering through his tightly

joined teeth incoherent fragments of sentences. Suddenly he started to pass out of the door.

"Where are you going?" said Evans.

"To find John."

"And were you not rejoicing just now that you haven't one brother's life to answer for? Take care that you do not get the blood of another on your hands."

"True—true—I ought to think of the present deliverance, and forget all the past—both the long agony, and the instrumentality that caused it."

Thus speaking he returned, and his demeanor became thoughtful and composed. Then it was that Naomi conceived she discerned a favorable moment to introduce her appeal.

"Marster Henry, don't you know that the Compton land came to the Upper Fork?"

"Yes:—the corner—and I should know where it stands—is less than three hundred yards from here—"

"Marster, that's been disputed, and some people who bought of the Comptons land are put in a bad way about it. The folks around have been mightily stirred agin 'em and are tearing down houses and likely to do wuss. Won't you now come for'ard and tell how the truth of the case is, and stop this wickedness?"

Astiville glanced inquiringly towards Evans.

"The fact is, I believe," answered that individual with great sang-froid, "that the Yankees and our native people have had a general falling out, and it is probable enough, that the Yankees will not get the best of the battle. It is their own fault though, for it seems they've taken all sorts of pains to make their company disagreeable."

"Oh now don't talk that fashion Marster Josh,—are you got to learn what all the trouble comes from? Marster Jack Astiville wants to get the land—that's it—and he's the one and nobody else, that has started the fuss. He's told Rip Dair and the rest of the men that the Northerners were laying hold of property what wern't theirn—when it was no sich a thing, for an honester set of people, and more good humoreder, there isn't to be found no whar!"

"If any encroachment," returned Henry Astiville, "has been made on the Compton title, I shall see that it is remedied—"

"Ah Marster—there's no time to be wasted: the mob is busy now. Don't you see that smoke yonder? It may be that comes from Mr. Newlove's very dwelling-house. Will you wait here while humans is getting roasted inside their own four-walls?"

Astiville was silent. Evans observed, "I am not sure but the woman's in the right after all. Your brother John has been stirring around very brisk I know When I was in the country a little while back, he got me to leave and to promise to stay away for good, for fear lawyer Somers should have me on the witness stand."

"Yes," added Naomi, "and Marster Jack has been doing all manner of things in order to get the people 'xasperated 'gainst Mr. Newlove and Miss Emma. Heaps of lies has been told, and though some of 'em has been exposed by Mr. Dick Somers, the people still wont be persuaded that the side the Astivilles are on isn't the right one. Marster Henry! if you could but know what a sweet tempered innocent, nice young lady, Miss Emma is, you would be willing to do anything to save her from this destruction. Oh she's the beautifullest, and most lamb-like young creetur that ever walked the earth! So mild spoken she is too and pleasant in all her ways: She wouldn't tread on a grasshopper, or hurt the feelings of the poorest servant. Nothing ever raised her temper, unless some wickedness was done, and then if it was 'gainst her, she would be ready right off hand to pardon and forget it. Marster Henry, is it one like her that's fitting to be scar't and scandalized with a mob, and, maybe, *killed?*"

"Am I to understand that these people are actuated, in their violence, by the belief that the Astiville patent extends south of this Run?"

"Yes sir—that is it. Marster Jack pretends it goes to the South Branch, and has worked up the country into a fire and a fume, to support what he says is his rights, and to put down and stamp to pieces what he calls Yankee impudence and robbery."

"I will go then, and put a stop to it if I can."

"Do—do, Marster Harry, and let's be

brisk—Heaven send we mayn't get there too late?"

When many hands are moved by an earnest will the work is both light and speedy. So actively had the crowd bestirred themselves, that, of all those evidences of human industry and thrift which had made up Sylvester Newlove's comfortable farmsteading, not one now remains. The dwelling-house standing untouched in the centre of that circle of devastation, only needed to be removed to complete the uniformity of the scene. And Dair and his fellows had no mind to leave any part of their task unperformed. The doors of the house were closed, and the curtains were dropped inside of the lower story window. That the building was not empty, but contained at least three anxious hearts, the mob well knew. How to expel them from thence with as small a degree as possible of personal violence, was the problem. After a few moments of reflection a gleam of light shot across Ripley Dair's swarthy countenance. Thanks to the previous labors of the morning there was a long pile of inflammable rubbish extending from the rear of the house to the edge of a recent 'clearing,' where the ground was covered thick with the intermingled branches of fallen pines, and oaks, and other trees.

"Here, boys," said Dair, with a sardonic smile, "Mr. Newlove wants that clearing burned over, and as we are in the humor to lend our neighbors a helping hand, let us throw the first coal into it for him."

The suggestion being promptly obeyed, a fierce flame was soon crackling at the edge of the vast brush-pile. Nor was it long before the fire spread to the mass of timbers, rails, and weather-boarding, which was to serve as a train to lead the destructive element to its more noble prey.

"I think they'll be for stirring in that, now," remarked one.

"Perhaps they don't see what's coming," said another.

"Well," rejoined the first, "they shan't have the excuse of ignorance."

So saying, the fellow walked up to the front door of the house, with consummate impudence, and gave a loud double rap.

The door was opened by Miss Newlove.

The man had not expected that his summons would be answered by a lady, and was a little disconcerted; but presently recovering the use of his tongue, he said, "I noticed, ma'am, that the brush-heap, back yonder, has somehow taken fire, and, as the wind seems fair to drive the blaze towards the house, I thought to step in and let you know, for fear you mightn't otherwise get out before some accident happened."

"I thank you," said Emma, quietly.

Absalom Handsucker, meanwhile, impelled by resistless curiosity, had come into the entry and stuck his head over Miss Newlove's shoulder.

"And how did the clearing get a fire, Mister?"

"How should *I* know?" returned the man, with cool irony. "It is owing, most likely, to some awkwardness of that fat-faced fellow, Handsucker; he looks as if he couldn't tell green peas from hominy."

After uttering this remark, he touched his hat to Miss Newlove and retired.

While the crowd were now standing aloof, engaged in sullenly watching the progress of the flames, a man on horseback rode slowly towards them. "It is Mr. Astiville's white horse," observed a man to his neighbor.

"Yes, and it's John himself on him," was the reply. "You can tell that blue coat and brass buttons of his half a mile off."

The horseman approaching nearer, stopped, and uttering a "good-day to you, gentlemen," directed his small, keen eyes, for a single second, towards the fire.

Then he cleared his throat—"A-hem: as I was passing along, I observed a gathering of people over here, and fearing lest you might be provoked by the numerous exasperating influences which exist, into some rash and violent act, I thought it my duty to put in a word of advice. But I am happy to find that there is no occasion for any interposition. I am rejoiced, I say, to see you standing here in such a peaceable and inoffensive manner. Let me suggest, however, that in order to avoid any misconstruction, it would be well for us all now to withdraw quietly."

Ripley Dair could hardly prevent a sneer from curling his lip. In his heart, he abominated the hypocritical blindness which could recognize there no signs of disorder and violence. He determined, too, that the man who was so ready to avail himself of their labors, should not altogether escape

the responsibility. Smiling, maliciously, upon Mr. Astiville, he said:

"Don't you see that *fire* which is approaching so rapidly to Newlove's house? We were thinking whether we ought not to turn in and try to stop it. That would be doing good to the enemy, you know, sir."

Mr. Astiville's self-possession was not ruffled. "It strikes me," he said, "that the house is in no great danger—at least it seems so at this distance. Perhaps too the occupants are not likely to take your interposition, if you should offer it, in very good part. Still I leave the matter to your own judgment—I advise nothing."

He turned his horse's head and was about to ride away, when he was startled by the tone of a voice that jarred his whole frame. The sound came from behind a little belt of trees which intercepted his view of the speaker.

This latter person, on arriving, had, like Mr. Astiville, darted a glance at the house and the line of fire that pointed towards it. But he read the spectacle differently Advancing eagerly to the crowd, but still out of sight of the horseman, he exclaimed in an authoritative manner—

"Come with me and save that house!"

Then observing that no one moved, he added, "I tell you men, you are guilty of an outrageous wrong! This is the Compton land"——

"Pshaw! pshaw!—You must be cracked. Don't everybody know that this here's part of the Astiville patent?" said a young man from the midst of the throng.

"I tell you it is *not!*" replied the other. "The North fork of the Hardwater is the line. Before you were born I have followed it from corner to corner."

"And who are you that speak so confidently?" asked Ripley Dair.

"I am Henry Astiville—do you believe me now?"

Various expressions of astonishment broke from the crowd. While the colloquy was going on a slight change of position had taken place, and the brothers were brought in sight of each other. John Astiville felt as if he was reeling in the saddle. Eager to gallop from the spot, he was yet held there as under the spell of fascination, without strength to draw the bridle-rein or so much as to remove his eyes from the scene before him.

"*John!*"

There was profound silence for many moments, while the two confronted each other and conversed in glances.

"I really believe it *is* old Jack's brother," observed one of the bystanders. "See how he shakes on his horse."

"John! How could you lie to me so? How had you the heart to mingle a curse with my existence? Oh, how villainously you have betrayed a brother's trust!"

Mr. Astiville compressed his lips tightly—then nerved himself to speak.

"Brother? What crazy man is this?"

"Hah! dare you deny kindred to your father's son?"

"Who is this fellow?" said Mr Astiville looking around.

"Turn not your eyes away," replied Henry Astiville. "Look on *me*—look on the being whom your inhuman cruelty consigned to unvarying, unending torment. *Have I altered?* Remember that such agony as I have been enduring at your hands—yes, *yours* my brother!—these thirty long dreary years, may well blanch the head and bow the form. Did not your heart *once* relent when you beheld me torn asunder by despairing remorse? After implanting the sting could you take pleasure in watching how the wound rankled and festered and spread corroding poison through my flesh? And now, you pretend you know me not: my features have become so haggard, my complexion so ghastly, my eyes so blood-shot, that you are ashamed to own your brother! You are loath to acknowledge before these worthy people that it is Henry Astiville who re-appears in so sad a plight. Yet you shall own me! Before them, and before high Heaven—you shall confess that in this withered arm flows blood derived from the same source as yours!"

Mr. Astiville shaking his head and pressing his lips together so that they swelled out in the unpleasant manner natural to him on occasions when he was determined not to be bent from some purpose, was about to speak; but his brother suddenly added.

"John! hold one instant before you give vent to the lie that is swelling your throat. Greviously have you sinned against me John, wanton and malignant and fiend-like has been your treatment of

a sorely broken spirit which it was your duty to bind up and heal; but at this moment, all those past immeasurable wrongs seem less unnatural, less intolerable than your present cold-blooded effrontery.—Hear me! I will overlook what has already been done—I will forget the false report you gave me of Bryan's death—your subsequent treacherous advice—your hypocritical visits to my hut, and the crocodile tears you shed over the severity of my penitential stripes—I will forget all—yes, I promise to forget all—provided only that now you cease from this devils' game. But if once more you reiterate your denial of me—take warning! I never forget, I never forgive!"

Mr. Astiville thus adjured, did hesitate. The countenance before him glared with an expression which might have daunted the most resolute. Yet obstinacy was too strong for fear and for any latent fraternal affection. It was his instinct to hang tenaciously to every thing which he could once call his own, whether that thing were a political creed, a mass of lucre, or a wicked purpose. He could not look upon his brother, however, whilst he answered; but, as he cast his eyes around vaguely and uneasily, he caught sight of an object that at once fixed them. It was a man standing a-part from the crowd, one, who it happened was that very instant eyeing him in turn, steadily and significantly. Joshua Evans! The whole matter was plain. The person whose appeal he had to meet, was no longer a poor unfriended, ranting lunatic; nor was it possible to repel his claims as contemptible extravagance—a voucher stood at hand, sober, sturdy, unimpeachable.

"I will not be troubled with this nonsense!" and without a word more Mr. Astiville rode off.

By this time the fire had begun to climb up the weather boarding of the wash-room, which was immediately connected with the kitchen, and with the main part of the building. Henry Astiville hurried thither, earnestly invoking the assistance of the multitude. Some hung back, unwilling or doubting. But many—especially of those who stood nearest—accompanied him. An adequate supply of water being lacking, the only resource was to set about ripping off the burning boards, and, the flames still advancing, to tear down the whole wash-room. The scene was one of confusion, as well as activity.

"*Look out! look out!*"

But the warning came too late. A falling timber struck Henry Astiville on the shoulder, and so forcibly that he was prostrated. A second beam fell cross-wise upon him Evans, with the prompt co-operation of the rest, extricated him from the timbers and raised him to his feet.

"Are you hurt, sir?"

Astiville pressed his hands for an instant to each side of his chest, then said—

"Tis nothing—don't stop, I am as well as ever."

The progress of the fire was arrested, and in an hour's space all danger to Mr. Newlove's dwelling terminated.

"Do you hear that roaring?" exclaimed Henry Astiville.

"The fire must have got into the woods."

"It has," he replied, and in a minute afterward added, "Will you stand here with folded arms? Take your axes; run, fly—do what you can to stop the mischief you've set going!"

The crowd did snatch up axes, and run. All of them, Ripley Dair included; all but Evans, who remained, and, in company with Astiville, withdrawing to a little distance, sat down on a log.

That multitude had labored busily in the morning, but in the afternoon they toiled thrice as hard. No rain had fallen for two months, and the parched leaves burned like tinder. As the heat increased, there was the natural consequence of a rising wind, which drove on the flames still more furiously.

Any one who has seen a forest on fire knows how grand a scene it is, and how indescribable. Where they sat, Evans and his companion could distinguish, amidst the noise of the flames, a sound, which only one other in nature equals for sublimity and terror, the sound of the rushing of many waters. Amidst this heavy, continued roar, they heard the sharp and quickly repeated strokes of a hundred axes, with, ever and anon, the crash of a falling tree.

"The fire is gaining!" said Astiville.

"Yes; it reaches all across the ridge. They may as well give up the battle. An

army of men could do nothing but stand to one side and pray for rain."

The sun had set, leaving behind him a field of fire, which shone more vivid and bright than the ruddy clouds to which he had lent his once parting rays. Dair and his co-workers returned dispirited and exhausted. Dripping with sweat, and dragging themselves along languidly and slowly, they passed by the two observers. Dair recognized them, and halted for an instant.

"How goes the fire, Mr. Dair?"

"It is rushing like a hurricane, due east. Where it will stop, and what is to stop it, is more than man can tell. It is bound, at any rate, to sweep straight over Everlyn's plantation—and that before midnight."

"But isn't his *house* in the midst of trees?" observed Evans.

"There's no denying it," was the reply. "Shade is a fine thing, but I reckon Everlyn will have cause to curse the day that he left a live stick standing within a mile of him. Yet, after all, it's little odds—mus'nt everything come to ashes?"

CHAPTER XV.

Such a signal fire as that which blazed on the summit of the Hardwater ridge, could not but be recognized all over the county. Somers saw it, and apprehending at once that it denoted an outbreak of the populace, started without delay to take his part, however fruitless and dangerous it might prove, in the scene that was transacting. But it was a long ride from Anderport, where he then happened to be, and before he had got ten miles west of Daylsborough, the heavens became suddenly overcast, and the rain poured down with such vehemence, that he was compelled to take shelter in a farm house for the remainder of the night.

Five hours the torrent poured without intermission; then the morning broke serene and inspiring. Somers resumed his ride. A little while after he had got within the limits of the contested territory, whom should he meet but Absalom? The honest overseer informed him of the principal events of the preceding evening, and of the escape of Newlove and his household. Afterwards he confessed that the object of his present walk was to inquire into the fate of the Safetyes. "I can't help it," he said, "notwithstanding those awful doings of Arabella." At this instant the thought occurred to the lawyer that Everstone must have lain full in the track of the destroyer.

"I don't know," said Absalom, in reply to an earnest interrogatory. "The storm may have come in time to save them—but yet I'm very jealous of it."

Without further parley Somers took a bridle-path to the right, which would soon put it in his power to remove all doubt by personal observation.

The fine old house was in view, but not unchanged. The gable walls reared their blackened peaks, telling, but too significantly, of the disappearance of roof and rafter; and the hall door, which had never denied admission to the stranger, was now wide open indeed. Somers, oppressed with many conflicting feelings, paused a while. He was aroused from his momentary revery by the sound of a galloping horse. He recognized in the rider, Howard Astiville, and was recognized in turn. The young man making a slight inclination of the head, dashed on, but presently wheeled his horse around.

"You were going to see the Everlyns, Mr. Somers?"

"I cannot say what I was going to do."

"There is no need of equivocation, sir. Don't let me balk you, come on, and we'll go together." Seeing that the other did not stir, Howard added, "You have been paying addresses to Miss Everlyn, have you not, sir?"

"I cannot perceive," answered Somers, "what right you have to —."

"Well, if you are ashamed of it, I have no more to say—I was only about to propose—."

"What, Mr. Astiville?"

"That we both take this opportunity to go openly and fairly, like men and gentlemen, to urge in each other's presence our rival suits. I feel no shame at acknowledging my devotion to Miss Everlyn, nor am I of a spirit to shrink from her presence at the moment when she is visited with calamity."

"Say no more," rejoined Somers, hastily, "I *will* bear you company."

Everlyn and Sidney received the young men in the kitchen, for the flames had left no other part of the edifice inhabitable. The lawyer, who had been hurried along, almost unconsciously, by the impetuosity of his companion, resolved to suffer his conduct to be regulated by events. Hence Howard was the first to speak.

"Mr. Everlyn—Sidney—Somers and I have come that you may choose between us. I come without fear, though this is the time darkest for me, and brightest for him."

"Nor am *I* reluctant to submit to the decision," said Somers, "yet so strange are the things which I have heard and seen within the past hour, that my mind has scarce been able to preserve its balance. Let me, however, express what, as I stand here, is my first feeling—my sincere grief for the havoc which last night's fire has made in all that I see about me."

"I beg you not to be distressed on our account," observed Everlyn, with more haughtiness than he ever displayed in prosperity.

This was unpromising, but Somers was not inclined to be daunted. With redoubled earnestness of manner, he replied, "What have I done, Mr. Everlyn, that my heartfelt sympathy must be cast back with contempt? Did I not protest at the first, and throughout, that the Astiville title was bad? and has not the result proved that I spoke truth? I assured you of Miss Newlove's innocence. I warned you against Mr. Astiville. It is now revealed that he was the wily and unscrupulous plotter, and she, the blameless victim."

Here Howard broke in—"That tale of Safety's is false—false—utterly false! He is a bought and perjured knave! Can such a scandalous lie receive a moment's regard? Do you believe it, Sidney? do you, Mr. Everlyn?"

"But has not another witness turned up?" rejoined Somers. "Who was it that rushed in to save Newlove's house from destruction?"

"Oh, of what importance is that? I have indeed heard that that man Cain behaved last evening, as he not unfrequently does, in a very frantic and unaccountable manner; but surely men who have their wits ought not to spend thought upon a madman's vagaries."

"But whether he be mad or not, are you sure that he is not your uncle?"

"Uncle? what are you talking about, sir?"

"You must be aware, at least, that he avowed himself your uncle."

"Never, till this moment, sir, have I heard anything of the sort."

"I have been informed that he declared, in presence of the whole concourse, that he is Henry Astiville, your father's brother."

"Henry!—my father's brother Henry!" While Howard's lips repeated the words slowly, his mind recurred with dizzy speed to the ambiguous phrases which Cain had uttered, on the memorable day when he wrenched from his hand the vial of laudanum.

"Have you warrant of this, Somers?"

"It has been told me by a person whom I have no reason to suspect of an attempt to deceive."

"I will not believe it! It *must* be false. This I will do: I will go at once to my father. From him I shall learn the real truth. Yes, he will give me the explanation of the whole. Be assured, Sidney, that when I come back, every mystery will be cleared up. Safety is a liar! my father never can have descended to an act so infamously base. I stake everything on his spotless honor. Sidney, you are not ignorant of my love—you know its height and depth, and fullness; yet if my father be guilty of one mean and wicked act, I resign you, Sidney. Would that you would declare this moment that my cause should stand and fall with my father's integrity! Then I should go, not merely confident, as now, but joyful, triumphant! I leave Somers with you, but let not your faith be shaken by his wily words. If the matter be as I believe, a brief space only will intervene before I see you. If it be otherwise, but I will not

think of that! John Astiville a trickster and knave? It cannot be—never—never!"

He rushed out leaving the lawyer standing at the entrance of the narrow apartment. The latter then urged his own cause eagerly and warmly, addressing Sidney and her father by turns. At length, Everlyn observed—

"I must inform you, sir, that this is no light and transient misfortune which has fallen upon me. I am poor—nay, if Newlove gains the land, destitute."

Somers rejoined with ardor, that a consideration of that kind could have no influence on his mind—or, if any, it only made him the more desirous of the success of his suit. He added that the emoluments of his profession, although not large, were increasing, that Miss Newlove would not be an exacting creditor; further, that if it were true that Henry Astiville had really appeared it must be in his power to compel his brother to share the hereditary estate with him, and to restore the purchase money which had been fraudulently taken for the three thousand acres."

"I cannot listen," said Everlyn, "to any such suggestions. I still retain, and as firmly as ever, my belief in Mr. Astiville's truth and honest dealing. My opinion does not shift with every idle gale of rumor; I trust my friend to the last."

"Then, sir, do but postpone your final determination till a few days have elapsed. It cannot now be long that a doubt can rest upon the matter. If in the issue it shall appear that Astiville has both defrauded you and been guilty of a dastardly attempt to fasten reproach on an innocent and unprotected woman; if he shall be proved to have committed acts of still darker dye—"

"Whatever should turn up," said Everlyn interrupting him impatiently, "I will not stoop to have anything to do with those Northerners. No aid nor favor will I accept at their hands—I will go to the alms house sooner. You have my answer now, I shall not consent to any compromise or friendly adjustment. I claim to hold my land by the title which I have already purchased and paid for. If that fails me, I will accept no other. Excuse me from further conversation at present, sir; I have some necessary engagements to attend to."

Mr. Everlyn having withdrawn, Somers directed his artillery against Sidney alone. He expostulated, pleaded, said everything that a judicious adviser, and a devoted lover, could; but all with little apparent effect. Never a purple-robed Lemiramis or Elizabeth was so proud as that republican girl enveloped in the smoky atmosphere of her kitchen home. Somers at last thought he detected signs of softening in the ice of her brow. Taking her hand he exclaimed with the frank enthusiasm of his nature, "We will restore the old mansion Sidney! Nature will renew the foliage on the scorched and blackened trunks which yet stand around it like grim but faithful warders. Everything shall smile again—you too shall smile Sidney!"

The rigor of her countenance was not yet broken up, but she listened patiently and did not withdraw her palm.

"Confess," he continued gaily, "that there is some poetic justice even in the wayward course of the flames. Astiville's emissaries kindled a fire to burn out an unoffending stranger; you and your father with the pertinacity of friendship closed your eyes to that man's wrong-doing, and frowned upon all who would not, like yourselves, stand up in his support; the fragile cottage of the hard-driven Northern settler survives the blazing ordeal, while the stately Southern mansion does not pass unscathed."

Sidney drew back her hand—"I love my home all the better since affliction has come upon it. I recognize the stroke of misfortune, but I recognize no *penalty*, as I am not conscious of the faults which are alleged to have deserved it. You sympathize with our adversaries—go to them, they will appreciate the attention---upon us, it is misplaced---Miss Newlove will be grateful I doubt not."

"What an incomprehensible compound is a woman's mind!" thought Somers. Oh do not be so irrational, Sidney!" he cried. "What is Emma Newlove to me? And what else can lead me here this moment but a consuming irresistible devotion to you. Look at my conduct from all sides—weigh it in a just and equal balance. What mercenary or selfish object can I have? What earthly profit could I gain from impoverishing one towards whom I hoped---may I not still hope?---to sustain the re-

lation of a son to a father? Is this the ordinary procedure of a suitor whose thoughts dwell upon the bridal portion? Sidney, you treat me unjustly, and not less absurdly than unjustly.

Sidney had never thought to be wooed in that strain. Her answer was short and peremptory. Somers, on his part, far too sturdy to humble himself to supplication, turned his back upon Everstone, with no disposition ever again to come beneath its shade.

A little while, and he was in Sylvester Newlove's parlor. Never had Emma appeared as lovely and attractive as at that moment, when he contrasted her meek serenity with the picture of the proud and flashing beauty he had just left. His eyes, too, were now open, and he perceived, in the course of that interview, what he had never before suspected, the real nature of the sentiment with which Emma regarded him. And what was to forbid him from taking the hand here ready for his acceptance? Who could make a better wife than that gentle, yet resolute and firm-principled girl? *Her* happiness, at least, would be secured, for she loved him: and why should *he* repine at such an union? She had great wealth, and Somers, though contemning lucre *as* lucre, was both proud and ambitious. In his present up-toiling way, his spirit encountered many a rude and chafing obstacle. Money would lift him to a high vantage-ground. These reflections made his brain swim and reel.

That very Wednesday morning, Mr. Astiville was favored, at Greywood, with a call from Joshua Evans. The calmness with which he received him, was, considering the circumstances, really marvellous.

"Your brother has sent me to you, sir?"

Mr. Astiville did not deny that he had a brother.

"He got hurt somewhat in putting out the fire at the Yankee's, over yonder."

"Badly?" inquired the gentleman, suddenly raising his eyes.

"Yes; how bad, I don't know. The damage, what there is, is in the internals. He wants you to come and see him. He's at the cabin."

"Does he suffer much?" It was impossible to tell, from the tone, whether the question proceeded from fraternal affection, or from a curiosity, such as a physician experiences with regard to the symptoms of any individual patient among the hundred whom he is visiting at a quarantine hospital.

"Yes, he suffers a good deal—especially when a twitch takes him. You had better come quick, sir, for there's no knowing what may happen. He says he won't have a doctor till he has seen you."

"Well, I hope he will not need a doctor. I shall certainly come and see him, Joshua."

As Evans was about to leave the room, Astiville called him back. "Stay a minute. You find him quite flighty and light-headed, don't you?"

"No; he seems to have pretty good discernment."

"Ah, well; his insanity has always been peculiar. Sometimes he will be stark mad—almost raving, indeed; and then again, he'll talk as rationally as most any one. I have been in great doubt whether it was not my duty to place him in an asylum; but I knew that he would be less happy in confinement than when suffered to live in the way of his own choice. Indeed, had he been shut up within a cell, there's little question he'd have pined away and died long ago."

Evans returned a queer look, but said nothing.

"Joshua, by the way, you have'nt acted altogether right towards me; but never mind, I understand how it is, you got fidgetty and impatient. Joshua, I am ready still to do anything I can to give you a lift in the world. Only be discreet, and you can serve your own interests as well as mine."

"There's no use in playing hide and seek," answered the other, in a down right tone. "I tell you at once, I choose to stick by Henry. I wouldn't give up a button that belonged to him, for the best thousand acres you could deed to me."

"Regard me this much, Joshua; do not drag strangers into our family difficulties. I am willing (if Henry is actually in his right mind,) to make a fair and even settlement with him. You cannot ask any more. I'll do this of my own accord, provided no officious intermeddlers are led to take part in the business. But so sure as he makes

league with Richard Somers, or those Yankees, I'll battle to the last inch ; and in that case, I think you'll find it no easy matter to overcome me. You must perceive, yourself, that I cannot be willing to humble myself before those people. But I am ready to go to my brother as a brother."

"I can't say but you talk properly enough in that. Strangers are better out of the way, sure enough, if you'll only do the thing that's right."

"I will, Joshua—I will."

"You'll come immediately, I suppose."

"Yes, very soon, indeed. My riding horse has to have a shoe put on, that's all. Good morning, Joshua."

It is a singular fact, but the first thing Mr. Astiville did, after the departure of the messenger, was to rub his hands together in the manner which is conceived to be expressive of satisfaction, at the course which matters in general are taking.

"I think I can get through it yet. Even if he should leave a *will*, it cannot be very difficult to upset it. Who can swear that he was of sound mind ? A cool and steady player stands a good chance to win, and *I* will play so. Hanged if I give up one acre, or one dollar, till it is dragged out like a tooth ! He may, indeed, prove the corner before he dies—or show that villain Evans how to prove it ; there's great danger of this. Well, if the suit must go, it must ; but *one* thousand acres are not as bad a loss as four. The money that Everlyn has paid is safe, whatever comes, *unless Henry get into a situation to force a repayment.*"

Astiville walked about for a time in deep meditation. "On the whole, I believe it will go right. He refuses to have a doctor till I come to him, and that I shall not be in a great hurry to do. Then the *will*. Oh, it is not likely they'll think of it in time ; and if they do—"

The door opened just then, greatly startling the soliloquizer. Had he been talking aloud, or not ? The query was one that concerned him, for the thoughts which had been stirring on the surface of his mind, were not precisely those which he would choose to exhibit to the world as samples of the whole stock.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

THE VILLAGE NOTARY.*

MEMOIRS OF A HUNGARIAN LADY.

Recently several works have appeared in relation to Hungary, and we have now before us two ; the one a national romance, the other a narrative of the leading events of the last two years, proffering to rectify many erroneous notions in regard to them. The former is accompanied by a preface, and the latter by a historical introduction, from the pen of Francis Pulszky.

Until within a few years Hungary and its affairs have excited but little interest or attention : In its struggle for freedom, the key note was struck to awaken a responding song of encouragement and sympathy wherever the light of liberty had spread. At the present time, well written works, illustrative of Hungarian life, can scarcely fail to be acceptable.

The Baron Eotvos, a poet and politician, ranks as one of the most popular authors of his own country. His sympathies are as much with the poetry as with the principles of her great struggle. His own history, as given by his friend, is almost as full of adventure as that of the hero of his tale.

His grandfather was of high rank. His grandmother, a passionate woman, and a Magyar, was incensed at her son (the author's father,) marrying a German lady, the Baroness Lilien, and consequently refused to acknowledge, or even to see her grandson, from the time of his birth. The part taken by the author's father, and by his grandfather, the Baron Ignor Eotvos, in the political movements of their day, caused both to be held in disrepute among the Reublican party, and so offended the Magyar grandmother that she left her husband's house. It had also its effects upon the earlier years of our author, who found himself shunned by the boys at the public school, and heard his family name, of which he supposed he might justly be proud, openly denounced by his fellow students. The German language was at that time spoken in fashionable circles, and they reproached him with not knowing the Hungarian, saying that he, no doubt, like his father and grandfather, would prove a traitor. His private tutor, Iransinsky, a staunch republican, obtained a strong influence over the mind of his pupil, which was soon manifest in a *Hungarian* oration, addressed by Eotvos to his school fellows, informing them that although his ancestors had served the House of Austria, and betrayed the interests of his country, *he*, (the Baron *Joseph* Eotvos,) would be "liberty's servant and his country's slave !" This apparently boyish outbreak of enthusiasm was founded on a settled principle and purpose. In 1829, when the great reformer, Count Szechenyi published his plans, the party of national progress grew in strength and numbers, and the Baron, as did many of the educated young men of the day, joined the liberal opposition party, and afterwards made the tour of Europe. The financial crisis of 1841 reduced the Eotvos family from wealth to poverty, and our author was compelled to live by his pen. This reverse had been

---

* The Village Notary ; A Romance of Hungarian Life. Translated from the Hungarian of Baron Eotvos, by Otto Wenckstern. With introductory Remarks by Francis Pulszky. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1850.

Memoirs of a Hungarian Lady. By Theresa Pulszky. With a Historical Introduction, by Francis Pulszky. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. 1850.

predicted some years previous, by Mademoiselle le Normand, the notorious Parisian Soothsayer. She also foretold his marriage, and that he would become a minister of state—both which predictions, though laughed at then, were in time fulfilled. Her final prophecy, that he would die upon the scaffold, alone remains without much probability of completion. When the duplicity of the Vienna cabinet became apparent, and when Jellachich was preparing to invade Hungary, Eotvos fled to the Austrian capitol, and from thence, when the revolution of October broke out, to Munich, where he has remained in voluntary exile. "May my friend," says Francis Pulszky, "succeed in pouring balm into the fresh wounds of the country; and may his works alleviate, though it be but for a moment, the anguish which in this season of sorrows, eats into the heart of every Hungarian." We warmly second the wish, and the work before us gives good promise of its fulfilment.

Eotvos evidently completed his romance in a spirit different from that in which he commenced it. Desiring that it should "act as a lever upon the *vis inertia* of the political condition of his country," he commences as a satirist, but ends as a poet. Intending to draw a caricature of political errors, he seems to have been led on by the serious romance of his own nature to complete a work of fiction. The sudden downfall of the institutions, and the great changes in the political and social life he has attempted to portray, would rather tend, we imagine, to deepen, than to decrease the interest of the story.

We are not satisfied, for any length of time, with mere amusement. The romance or novel writer, confers but a small boon, if he pleases only the fancy, and excites, without elevating the imagination. Romantic fiction soothes and delights, but unless it appeal to the higher qualities, unless it stimulate and call into action a sense of the sublime, unless some great truth be impressed, some serious purpose exhibited, a profound interest can never be sustained. The romance writer, like the authors of a higher literature, must either sympathize, and help to carry out the *highest progressive principle* of the age in which he writes, or he will hold, even in the regions of fiction, but a short and limited reign. The Baron Eotvos may hope to secure, in this view, a lasting reputation: Having suffered in his own person many of the evils he describes, he is consequently a true and feeling painter. His hearty love of the honest, homely, Hungarian character, and his habit of close observation, give him a power of singling out peculiarities; his own varied experience affords insight into the heart of things, that to common observation, have only an exterior, and he is enabled to startle us with lessons of reality, when we are looking only for the amusement of fiction. One never forgets, in the narrative of "The Village Notary," that the condition of society, as it existed then, was ripe for change, nor that out of the heavy experience of those times, arose afterwards, as must ever arise under oppression, a reaction of equal force: Having continually before us the thought of what has since occurred, the story wears a more convincing aspect of truth.

There is no intricacy in the plot. The political condition of the country is shown; the Hungarian character and mode of life illustrated; the abuses of the law and the fallacy of mere circumstantial evidence exemplified; and finally, the author has sketched his own *beau ideal* of a true "nature's nobleman,"—a man good and great under trial and misfortune, showing how the most adverse circumstances may be controlled by integrity and force of character. Though, from apparent change in the leading design it lacks unity, the style is unaffected and free. Nothing ostentatious appears from first to last, to inform one ignorant of the fact, that the author has himself experienced any of the vicissitudes he recounts, and though the moral reflections are sometimes cynical, they usually end in a courageous cheerfulness that atones for the fault.

The story proceeds in a natural manner, and may be agreeably traced in outline. The leading characters are, Mr. Jonas Tengelyi, the village notary; Viola, a robber, possessing many of the characteristics of Rob Roy, but "worn with a difference," which excludes the charge of plagiarism; Mr. Paul Skinner, a very disagreable Hungarian district justice; and Mr. Catspaw, the attorney, respecting whom, by the way, our author makes a grand mistake, assuring us on the first page that "Mr. Catspaw, the solicitor of the Rety family,

is prepared at all times and in any place," to prove certain facts relative to them; and, finally, neglectful of this assertion, killing him off at the end of the story. Through this discrepancy we discern another proof of the probable interregnum and change of purpose before alluded to.

In his hero, our author has sought to personify the sturdy, phlegmatic, yet poetic nature of the national character; the pride, generosity, and sound common sense; that veneration for family ties, out of which arises patriotism; that keen sense of injury, which, however long suppressed, dies not away, but sooner or later finds expression; and that grave solemnity, so deeply rooted in the Hungarian nature, and so opposite to the turn for ridicule in the Austrian that the latter often makes the Hungarian the butt of his wit; while the Hungarian, it is said, distrusts the Austrian, and feels that to him his best nature must ever remain unknown.

The residence of the Notary, and the scene of the principal events, is the village of Tissart, in the flat country bordering on the Theiss—"the yellow Theiss, which," says our author, "is not only the best citizen of our country,—for it spends its substance at home,—but is also the luckiest river in the world, since nobody interferes with it." On a hill, the only one for many miles around, we are thus introduced at the opening of the story to its hero:—

"Every aristocracy has its marks of distinction. Long nails, a tattooed face, a green or black dress, a button on the hat, a ribbon in the button-hole, a sword or a stick with an apple,—these are a few of the marks which in various times and places have served and still serve, to separate them from the common herd; which, wherever that strange animal —man—has left the savage state and become domesticated, part them asunder from their birth to their dying hour; and which, in the most civilized countries, show you by the very gallows that the culprit is not only a thief, but also a plebeian. Nature, too, has her nobility; she, too, puts marks of distinction on her aristocrat, by which you may know her elect, in spite of all the preachers of a general equality. Nature does not, indeed, compete with civilization in ennobling a man's fathers that lived before him, or the babe unborn that is to call him father; but there are cases in which Nature's nobility is unmistakeably expressed in individuals. Any man that has once seen the notary Jonas Tengelyi, will confess that my statement is correct; and to make this fact still more comprehensible, I will add that Tengelyi's nobility dates more than a hundred years back, and that, in the present instance, Nature had all the advantages which the 'uses' could give her.

Tengelyi is about fifty years of age, though his thin locks, sprinkled with flakes of gray, and the deep wrinkles with which Time has marked his forehead, would cause you to think him older; but then he is like a sturdy oak, with gnarled roots and branches bearing witness to its age, while its leaves are still fresh and green, and show that there is a strong and hearty life in it. Tengelyi's manly form and erect bearing under his silvery locks, and his shining eyes beneath his wrinkled forehead, bespeak him at once as a man whom Time has not broken, but steeled; and who, like colors that have seen many a battle-field, in the course of years, had lost nothing but his ornaments."

The son of a poor clergyman, ambitious, courageous, full of enthusiasm for all things noble and generous, with an ardent love of his kind, and hatred of tyranny and meanness, always ready by word and deed to oppose injustice, Jonas Tengelyi passed the usual number of years at the German Universities in the study of the law, preparatory to that political career which was his choice in life. In the town where he commenced practice he soon attracted notice, but after daring to take up a civil process against one of the assessors, whom he all but forced to refund a certain sum of money which that gentleman had condescended to accept as a loan from a poor peasant, he fell into disrepute, was shunned by his colleagues, and warned out of his house by his landlord; and the self-constituted advocate of the poor barely escaped being ignominiously suspended from his functions. By force of talent and energy, our lawyer again rose, but through the skilful duplicity and unsuspected malice of his pretended friend, Hajto and others, he found himself duped and betrayed. His regained popularity passed away, and even his early friendship formed at Heidelberg with Rety, when they were fellow-students, fell into coldness. He married a portionless girl, and was obliged to resign his dreams of glory, and exert all his energies to obtain a mere livelihood. After years of struggle with poverty, he at last obtained the vacancy of Notary in the village of Tissart.

The interest of the story turns upon the

abduction of private papers, important to the Notary, and also of others in his keeping, belonging to the curate Vandory, and of great consequence to the Rety family. These papers are stolen from Tengelyi's house by hired agents of the Lady Rety and of the Justice Skinner, actuated by different but equally urgent motives. The documents are saved, at the risk of his life, through the interference of the outlaw Viola, who thus testifies his grateful sense of the protection afforded to his wife and children by Tengelyi's daughter, the tender and delicate Vilma. "The characters of young ladies," an eminent critic has said, "are, to the novelist, of all others the most difficult to render interesting;" nor is this a libel on the sex. The artist, with less skill produces the bold outline and strong coloring of his foreground, than he elaborates the softer lights and shades of the distance. The poet and the novelist find it easier to draw the strong, rough lines and obvious peculiarities of the male, than the finer and more evasive distinctions of the female character. With "young ladies," in particular, the proprieties and etiquettes of society restrain the outward expression, and the even tenor of their life calls out but few peculiarities. Thus Vilma, probably intended as the heroine, excites less interest than Susi, the outlaw's wife. Proud of her husband, and full of confidence in him, as soon as she perceives that he is doubted by Tengelyi's family, Susi refuses to receive their hospitality, and goes at once to seek out his retreat and prove his good faith to them. Her relation of her own and Viola's story exemplifies much that is noble and beautiful in the character of each.

"'Yes, I was a merry girl!' said Susi, 'I didn't think I could be happier, and I thank God for my happiness. But this was not all. It is since I knew Viola that I know what it is to have a heaven on earth. At first I did not think that a man such as he could love me. Viola was wealthy. He inherited a fine farm from his father. Next to the notary's, his house was the finest in the village; he had splendid cattle,—how then could I, poor orphan, expect him to love me? When I was reaping the harvest in the field, and he stopped by my side with his four beasts, and helped me to tie up the corn,—or at the Theiss, when he filled my pails,—or at weddings, when he brought me bunches of rosemary, I said to myself, 'Viola is good, aye, very good and kind;' but I never thought that he would marry me, and I prayed that such proud thoughts might be kept out of my mind. But when he called at Christmas, and asked me whether I loved him, and when I did not reply to that, but looked down, and he took me in his arms and said that he would marry me in the spring, oh! it was then I felt giddy with happiness, and I fancied the angels of heaven must envy my joy!'

'Poor, poor woman!' said Mrs. Ershebet, drying her tears.

'A proud woman I was then!' cried Susi, 'ay! a proud woman indeed, and a happy one! The whole world seemed to me one large marriage-feast; my happiness took away my breath, and I could have wept at any moment. But that was nothing to my happiness in my husband's house, and when our first child was born, and we had to take care of our little Pishta. Oh! and God blessed our house and our fields; and our cattle were healthy, and our wheat was the finest in the countty. There's many a bride enters her husband's house with a happy heart; but I, proud woman, thought each day more blessed than the last, nor did I ever think of my wedding-day, I was so happy!'

Her heart was oppressed with the reminiscences of the past. For some moments she did not speak; and when she continued, it was with a hoarse and low voice, as though that breast of hers had not breath enough to tell the tale of her woe.

'And then you see,' said she, 'it breaks my heart to think that all is lost now. We were not overbearing in our happiness. We never offended any body. My husband paid his taxes and rates, and served his fifty-two robot-days; he was kind to the poor—aye, very good and kind, for God had blessed us. He was wealthy; but then he was but a peasant, and among the gentry there were those that hated him. The attorney—may the Lord find him!' said Susi, shaking her fist, '*he* hated my husband, for he was the speaker of the other peasants when they had a complaint to make. And the justice too swore he'd have his revenge, for he wanted to go after me; but I, as an honest woman, told him to leave my house, as it was my duty to do. I was always anxious lest something might come of it, though my husband told me we had no reason to fear either the attorney or the justice, so long as he did his duty. But the gentry plot together. and a poor man's innocence cannot protect him from their revenge. It's now two years since I was brought to bed with a little daughter. Early that morning I was in a bad way:—my husband was with me, and so were you, Liptaka, when the attorney sent to us—I think the midwife had told him about the way I was in—to order Viola

to take four horses to the Castle, and drive my lady to Dustbury. My husband spoke to the haiduk; he said he could not go that day, and that his horses had done more service that year than those of any of the other peasants; but that he would be glad to go any other day. And we thought all was well; but the haiduk came back, saying that my husband must do his duty, and that he *must* come, for that he had the best horses in the village. Viola was angry, but I entreated him to send the servants with the horses, which he did, though reluctantly, because he did not like to trust them with a stranger. But my travail had just begun, when the haiduk came back with the servant, saying that Viola must come, for my lady was afraid of any body else driving. And Viola saw my sufferings, and knew that I wanted him to be near me; he said they might do as they pleased, it was enough that he had sent the horses, and he wouldn't stir from the spot—no! not for the king's own son. But the haiduk said, he'd do the same if it was his own case; yet, for all that, he would advise my husband to go, considering that the justice was at the Castle, who had sworn an oath that he'd have him brought up per force; so he'd better look to the end of it. Now my husband *is* violent, and at times obstinate; he sent word to the justice that he had done his robot for that year, and he wouldn't go to save his soul from perdition. The haiduk went away, and after that I know not what happened, for I got so faint I could neither hear nor see; but the neighbors and the Liptaka tell me that the justice came with his men, cursing and abusing Viola, whom they bound, while I lay bereft of my senses, and dragged him to the Castle!'

'It's quite true!' cried the Liptaka; 'yes! it's quite true. I followed them as they led Viola away. It was a fearful sight, I tell you; he refused to walk, and cast himself on the ground; he was so angry! and Mr. Skinner dragged him away as you would a pig. Every body was horrified, and all the people from the village wept and followed them, though none dared to help him. But we wept in our minds, and murmured when they beat him, poor innocent fellow! because he would not walk—for beat him they did with sticks and fokosh, while the judge walked along with many fearful oaths and threats. And when we came to the house, the justice examined the haiduk before us, asking him whether he had been at Viola's, and told him that he was summoned to service, and what Viola had said, and Lord knows what besides! and at last he said, 'I'll tie you up for it, my fine fellow!' and sent for the deresh: for he said, 'I'll serve you out for contempt of the county.' And he said, 'Lash him to the deresh.' Now Viola stood among the Pandurs; and though I were to live a hundred years, I'd never forget what a sight it was when he stood in the yard, with his head and face covered with blood, and his lips blue with biting them! They had untied his hands to lash him down; and when he was in the yard he tore away from the haiduks and made a leap like a lion, shouting, 'Stand back, every man of you!' And they stood; but that incarnate devil, Skinner, cursed them, and swore he'd kill them if they did not tie him down. They made a rush to seize him. But Viola caught up an axe which had been used for wood-cutting, and which the devil put in his way. He seized the axe and spun it round, and two of the fellows fell weltering in their blood. Oh! and he raised the bloody axe, and rushing through them he ran home, got a horse, and rode off to the St. Vilmosh forest. One of the men he had struck died of his wounds, and Viola has been an outlaw ever since.'

'And a robber ever since that day!' cried Susi, wringing her hands. 'May God bless you, Mrs. Tengelyi, for what you did for me and my poor children! I'll go now and try to find my husband. If he knows aught of the stolen things, or if he can trace them, you need not fear: Mr. Tengelyi shall not lose his property.'

'What are you about?' said Mrs. Ershebet; 'do you think I will let you go in this way?'

'Don't be afraid!' cried Susi, with a bitter smile. 'I'm sure to come back! I leave you my children; and though I *am* a robber's wife, trust me, I'll never leave my children.'

'I did not mean *that*, Susi,' replied Mrs. Ershebet, holding out her hand; 'but you are still in bad health, and to walk about in this cold weather cannot be good for you.'

'Thank you, but I'm pretty well now. The air of the heath will do me good. But stay here I cannot. You suspect Viola; I know you do. The Jew accuses him, and so do others. He was in the village—there's no denying that! His bunda has been found in this room. Everything is against him, and people cannot know that it was quite impossible for him to do that of which they accuse him. It's a dark matter, but I will have it cleared up. I'd die if I were to remain here and listen to all the horrid things they are sure to speak of my husband.' And Susi turned to leave the room.

'Poor woman!' sighed Mrs. Ershebet. 'She, at least, deserves a better fate!'

Susi had reached the door, but when she heard these words, she turned round and cried, 'A better fate? Trust me, if I were to be born again, and if I were to know all that has happened to Viola, still I would not have another husband. If they hang him, I'll sit down under the gallows, thanking God that I

was his wife. There is not such another heart on the earth as his. But, adieu! and may God bless you!'

The enemies of Tengelyi, knowing that the missing papers contained his only evidence, undertook to dispute his long established claim to nobility. A series of highly exciting incidents delay their restoration, and Tengelyi is treated as a peasant or villain. Viola, who has rescued the papers and is anxious to restore them, throws a letter in at the Notary's window, appointing a rendezvous for that purpose. Here our author betrays an incompetency of arrangement. The papers might as well have been thrown in as the letter, and thus the distressing circumstances which arise out of the meeting avoided.

By a close chain of circumstantial evidence Tengelyi is nearly convicted of the murder of Catspaw. The outlaw, who, though not deliberately, was the real perpetrator of the crime, and had escaped, saves his benefactor by yielding himself up to justice.

The affair of the electioneering strife between the conservative and anti-bribery men is humorously described. The Lord Lieutenant, Count Maroshrolgyi visits the county, and is greeted with an address prepared for the occasion. The land-holders and voters are assembled at the house of the candidate Bantorrgyi. Of quite an opposite character to the foregoing extract is the following:

"Of a sudden the doors of the apartment were flung open, and a servant rushed in shouting, 'His excellency is at the door!'

'Is he? Goodness be—where's my sabre?' cried Shoskuty, running to the antechamber, which served as a temporary arsenal, while the rest of the company ran into the next room, where they fought for their pelisses.

'I do pray *domine spectabilis!* but this is mine. It's green with ermine!' cried the recorder, stopping one of the assessors who had donned his pelisse, and who turned to look for his sword, The assessor protested with great indignation, and the recorder was at length compelled to admit his mistake. Disgusted as he was, he dropped his kalpac, which was immediately trodden down by the crowd.

'Where is my sword? Terrem tette?' shouted Janoshy, making vain endeavors to push forward into the sword-room, while Shoskuty, who had secured his weapon, was equally unsuccessful in his struggles to obtain his pelisse.

'But I pray—I *do* pray! I am the speaker of the deputation—blue and gold—I must have it—do but consider!' groaned the worthy baron. His endeavors were at length crowned with success, and he possessed himself of a pelisse which certainly bore some similarity to his own. Throwing it over his shoulders, Baron Shoskuty did his best to add to the general confusion, by entreating the gentlemen to be quick, 'for,' added he, 'his excellency has just arrived!'

The lord-lieutenant's carriage had by this time advanced to the park-palings, where the schoolboys and the peasantry greeted its arrival with maddening 'Eljens!' The coachman was in the act of turning the corner of the gate, when the quick flash and the awful roar of artillery burst forth from the ditch at the roadside. His excellency was surprised; so were the horses. They shied and overturned the carriage. The torch-bearing horsemen galloped about, frightening the village out of its propriety, as the foxes did when Samson made them torch-bearers to the Philistines. Mr. James, following the impulse of the moment, came down over his horses head; the deputation, who were waiting in Bantorny's hall, wrung their hands with horror. At leagth the horses ceased rearing and plunging; and as the danger of being kicked by them was now fairly over, the company, to a man, rushed to welcome their beloved lord-lieutenant.

The deputation was splendid, at least, in the Hungarian acceptation of the word, for all the dresses of its members were richly embroidered. Shoskuty in a short blue jacket, frogged and corded, and fringed with gold, and with his red face glowing under the weight of a white and metal-covered kalpac, felt that the dignity of a whole county was represented by his resplendent person. Thrice did he bow to his excellency, and thrice did the deputation rattle their spurs and imitate the movement of their leader, who, taking his speech from the pocket of his cloak, addressed the high functionary with a voice tremulous with emotion.

'At length, glorious man, hast thou entered the circle of thy admirers, and the hearts which hitherto sighed for thee, beat joyfully in thy presence!'

His excellency unfolded a handkerchief ready for use; the members of the deputation cried 'Helyesh!' and the curate of a neighboring village, who had joined the deputation, became excited and nervous. The speaker went on.

'Respect and gratitude follow thy shadow; and within the borders of thy country there is no man but glories in the consciousness that *thou* art his superior.'

'He talks in print! he does, indeed,' whispered an assessor.

'I beg your pardon,' said the curate, very nervously, 'it was *I* who made that speech.'

'*Tantæne animis cælestibus iræ?* These persons are dreadfully jealous,' said the assessor. Shoskuty, turning a leaf of his manuscript, proceeded:

'The flock which now stand before thee'—(here the members of the deputation looked surprised, and shook their heads)—'is but a small part of that numerous herd which feeds on thy pastures; and he who introduces them to thy notice'—(Shoskuty himself was vastly astonished)—'is not better than the rest: though he wears thy coat, he were lost but for thy guidance and correction.'

The audience whispered among themselves, and the lord-lieutenant could not help smiling.

'For God's sake, what *are* you about?' whispered Mr. Kriver. 'Turn a leaf!' Baron Shoskuty, turning a leaf, and looking the picture of blank despair, continued:

'Here thou seekest vainly for science—vainly for patriotic merits—vainly dost thou seek for all that mankind have a right to be proud of——"

The members of the deputation became unruly.

'They are peasants thou beholdest,——'

Here a storm of indignation burst forth.

'In their Sunday dresses——'

'Are you mad, Baron Shoskuty?'

'But good Christians, all of them,' sighed the wretched baron, with angelic meekness: 'there is not a single heretic among my flock.'

'He is mad! let us cheer l—Eljen! Eljen!'

'Somebody has given me the wrong pelisse!' said Shoskuty, making his retreat; while the lord-lieutenant replied to the address to the best of his abilities, that is to say, very badly, for he was half choked with suppressed laughter.

But the curate, who had displayed so unusual a degree of nervousness at the commencement of the address, followed Shoskuty to the next room, whither that worldly man fled to bemoan his defeat.

'Sir, how dare you steal my speech?' cried the curate.

'Leave me alone! I am a ruined man, and all through you!'

'Well, sir, this is well. You steal my speech and read it. Now what am I to do? I made that speech, and a deal of trouble it gave me. Now what am I to tell the bishop at his visitation on Monday next?'

'But, in the name of Heaven, why did you take my cloak?'

'*Your* cloak?'

'Yes, *my* cloak. I am sure my speech is in your pocket.'

The curate searched the pockets of the pelisse, and produced a manuscript. 'Dear me!' said he, wringing his hands; 'it *is* your cloak.' And the discomfited orators were very sad, and would not be comforted."

Zengelyi's early friend Rety is truly described by young Kalman. "He is weak, and his weakness neutralizes the best feelings of his heart. The wickedness and folly of this world are not at the doors of the wicked and foolish alone, but also at the doors of those honest and good men whose weakness and laziness—let me say whose gentility,—cause them to suffer what they have power to prevent. When Zengelyi is accused of murder, Rety, to whom a suspicion against him is impossible, overwhelmed at the thought of his own past neglect would fain show, too late, the kindness, that exerted in season, might have saved his friend from ruin. The high bearing of Zengelyi is perfectly in character:

"Rety, the sheriff, though deeply moved, was a silent spectator of the scene; for the cold politeness with which Tengelyi deprecated his interference whenever he attempted to advocate his cause, prevented him from expressing his sympathy. He now came up to the notary and assured him, with a trembling voice, that, come what might, he would use the whole of his influence to extricate his former friend from his present painful position.

'I thank you, sir,' said Tengelyi, coldly, as he turned to the speaker. 'I must confess I was not aware that we were still honored by your presence under my roof. I thought you had accompanied Mr. Skinner; for, as I take it, the transaction which excited your interest is now over. Everything is in the best order, and the crime, it appears, is fully brought home to me.'

'Tengelyi,' said the sheriff, with deep emotion, 'do not treat me unjustly. What brought me to this house, was my wish to assist you by my presence, and to induce Skinner to treat you with kindness and moderation.'

'If that was your intention,' retorted Tengelyi, 'it would have been wise not to have used your influence for the election to that post of a man whom the presence of his chief does not prevent from abusing the powers of his office.'

The sheriff was confused.

'I will not argue that point with you,' said he; 'but what I wish to assure you of is, that, however circumstances may speak against you, I still am convinced of your innocence. I assure you, you can rely upon me!'

'Sir!' said the notary, 'there was a time when I did place my trust in my friends; but they have since been kind enough to convince me that friendship is far too pure and lofty to descend to this poor world of ours. I shall shortly be called upon to appear before my judges; and if you, sir, think you have strength enough to forget the friendship which you have hitherto shown me, it will give me pleasure to see you on the bench. Pardon me, if I leave you. I have but two hours to myself, and I wish to spend them with my wife and daughter.'

And, bowing low to the sheriff, Tengelyi seized Vandory's hand and led him from the room. Rety sighed and left the house."

Should these specimens induce any to look farther into the romance of Hungarian life, they will not be disappointed, for they are not selected as the best, but only as best suited to illustrate our own observations. We close the volume with a sigh, sympathizing in the author's mournful yet beautiful and not unhopeful concluding address to his country:

"Plain of Hungary! Thy luxuriant vegetation withers where it stands; thy rivers flow in silence among thy reed-covered banks: Nature has denied thee the grandeur of mountain scenery, the soft beauty of the valley, and the majestic shade of the forest, and the wayfaring man who traverses thee will not, in later years, think of one *single* beauty which reminds him of thee; but he will never forget the awe he felt when he stood admiring thy vastness; when the rising sun poured his golden light on thee; or when, in the sultry hours of noon, the *Fata Morgana* covered thy shadeless expanse with the flowery lakes of fresh swelling waters, like the scorched-up land's dream of the sea which covered it, before the waters of the Danube had forced their way through the rocks of the *Iron Gate;* or at night, when darkness was spread over the silent heath, when the stars were bright in the sky, and the herdsmen's fires shone over the plain, and when all was so still that the breeze of the evening came to the wanderer's ears, sighing amidst the high grass. And what was the feeling which filled his breast in such moments? It was perhaps less distinct than the sensations which the wonders of Alpine scenery caused in him; but it was grander still, for thou, too, boundless Plain of my country, thou, too, art more grand than the mountains of this earth. A peer art thou of the unmeasured ocean, deep-colored and boundless like the sea, imparting a freer pulsation to the heart, extending onward, and far as the eye can reach.

Vast Plain, thou art the image of my people. Hopeful, but solitary; thou art made to bless generations by the profuseness of thy wealth. The energies which God gave thee are still slumbering; and the centuries which have passed over thee have departed without seeing the day of thy gladness! But thy genius, though hidden, is mighty within thee! Thy very weeds, in their profusion, proclaim thy fertility; and there is a boding voice in my heart which tells me that the great time is at hand. Plain of my country, mayst thou flourish! and may the people flourish which inhabit thee! Happy he who sees the day of thy glory; and happy those whose present affliction is lightened by the consciousness that they are devoting their energies to prepare the way for that better time which is sure to come!"

Theresa Pulszky, the "Hungarian Lady," to whose "memoirs" we now turn, was by education a Viennese and had no knowledge of Hungary until her marriage and consequent residence in that country a few years previous to the tragical events she describes.

The political standing of her husband, occasioning her acquaintance with most of the leading men and all the leading events of that period, enable her to present a series of credible and interesting statements. Madame Pulszky is neither a vigorous nor an eloquent writer, and her style lacks the ease which it may possess in her native language; it is, nevertheless, plain and unaffected, and bears a stamp of truth.

Her residence has been mostly at and near Pesth. Like most Hungarians, she is warm in her admiration of the great rivers, the Danube and the Theiss, and eulogizes their beautiful banks and the peculiar charm of the sea-like plain which embeds them. The Danube especially, she considers to have been unjustly treated by poets and travellers who have lauded the Rhine to the neglect of her sister stream. She complains that poets have not attempted "to stir the treasures of historical recollections reposing in the waves that wind their course from Donau-Eschingen to the Black Sea." That the wings of genius have been disabled from flight and the free movements of the poet and historian, prevented by "the straitening cords of Austrian censorship;" so that while the Rhine re-echoes to innumerable lays, the Danube hears no such melodies.

"More than once I had followed the course of this river, from Ratisbonne to Vienna, and

had been highly pleased with the surrounding garlands of dark pines, varied by the cheerful beech and graceful vine. The sumptuous and venerable Dome of Ratisbonne, the Walhalla, a monument of modern eccentricity; the shattered Castle of Durenstein, where the imprisoned Richard Cœur de Lion recognized the voice of his minstrel, Blondell,—the princely monasteries of Molk and Gottewei,—the boisterous boiling of the waves of the Danube breaking there, through and over invisible rocks, called the Strudel and Wirbl, the attractive town of Linz; all these formed in my mind a wonderful picture, illustrative of the Nibeungen, the latter part of which refers to this very scenery.

But on the other side of Vienna I thought every interest was exhausted, and every beauty effaced. When the vision of Hungary rose, it always was the fertile, treeless, untracked, uncivilized plain, through which the Danube streamed, like the Volga through the Asiatic wastes. What was, therefore, my astonishment, when, swiftly carried by the steamboat from Vienna to Pest, we hardly had time to mark all the traces of events connected with the borders, which so transiently passed our eyes."

In describing a voyage down the Danube to Pesth, the village of Kaisersbersdorf is noticed, once the head quarters of the Hungarian King, Mathias Corvinus, and in 1809 of the Emperor Napoleon previously to the battle of Aspern and Wagram, in which the honor of the day are due to the Hungarian regiments and near which Austrians were, shortly after, sent to fight against Hungarians.

At a small distance from Petronell a high tumulus reminds the traveller of the mighty dominion of the Huns and their king Attila, "unjustly regarded by modern writers as merely a destructive Asiatic chief." "Tradition" says our authoress, "from the remotest north, throughout all the German nations, invests him with the noblest generosity and the most praiseworthy forbearance, as well as with that invincible bravery which the French and Italians ascribe to Charlemagne, and the Welsh to King Arthur. This tumulus near Petronell is one of the observatories mentioned by annalists, where, as in all directions, as far as his sway extended, Attila placed watchful guards who communicated with each other by signs, conveying tidings with the utmost celerity to his residence, whether in his moveable tent on the Theiss, or the imposing Etzelburg, now Bude on the Danube, "Doubtless," says our authoress, "Attila is the father of telegraphic communication in Europe."

Other objects of equal interest are pointed out by our lady traveller; but we have not time to proceed, however pleasant the journey with so intelligent a companion. Neither would we recapitulate in detail, however varied the version with new and interesting statements, the often discussed subject of the Hungarian revolution. Abundance of other matter, both informing and suggestive may be gathered from the "memoirs."

Our authoress has a good word for the Jews, whose position in Hungary she considers much preferable to that which is grudgingly allowed them in Germany and elsewhere, owing partly to good humor and partly to a love of quiet in the Hungarian peasant, who prefers some one to deal for him while he basks in the comforts of oriental ease. She has found those of the "despised race" with whom she has come in contact, charitable and ready to join with Christians in the furtherance of acts of benevolence. Apart as they have kept from all other nations, they are nevertheless European in such interests and pursuits as they have in common with those about them.

The Gipsies on the contrary, as they are met with in Hungary, are outcasts; not so much on account of their race as of their uncleanly habits, laziness, and bodily weakness, and more than all their *taste for garbage*, which they justify by the argument, "If the animals are good when the butcher has slaughtered them, must they not be much better when killed by God himself?" They retain their Indian dialect, but not their Hindoo worship. Unlike their brethren of the middle ages, they are notorious cowards, but often excel in music, and form themselves into complete orchestras; like the negro bands of our Southern cities, executing complicated performances without the knowledge of a single note in music. "Their plaintive songs, and strains of wild enthusiasm, are well adapted to the genius of Hungarian nationality; and no Hungarian festival" says our authoress "pleases the fancy without the Gipsies' bands: They are as much in request at a peasants' wedding as at an elegant entertainment in the county hall."

The Gipsies aware of their popularity, fail not, it appears, to make the most of it; and those who have no musical taste whatever, take advantage of every wedding, birth-day, baptism or other festivity, to torture the ear with their discordant instruments and voices.

Some interesting agricultural facts are found in Madame Pulszky's book. On the Pulszky estate, a manor of 24 thousand acres, large quantities of sheep were raised, descendants of the Spanish Merinos (transferred to Hungary under Maria Thérése) celebrated on account of their excellent wool, and kept with the nicest care, which was amply repaid, one hundred being sold in the English market, under the name of "fine German" wool, for from £20 to £24 sterling. "No branch of economy" she says "has been so lucrative to the Hungarian proprietors as this."

Among other matters of agricultural interest is the manner in which corn is raised and harvested. Fields of wheat covering two hundred acres are not unusual. Large numbers of laborers are necessarily employed at harvest on account of the intense heat, which rapidly ripening the grain, it falls out within a few days. The flail is preferred to the thrashing machine; and in the low countries, the scriptural custom of "treading out," is still retained. The corn is heaped in a large open circle, and in its midst stands the peasant, holding the bridle or cords of his horses, which are kept running round over the grain till it is quickly and completely trodden out.

Several remarkable superstitions of the country are agreeably related, and some delightful examples of that predominant characteristic of the Hungarians, amounting to a religious feeling—a fundamental principle of their social state—hospitality. One instance is highly amusing from its extravagance. The Baron Palocsay, a remnant of the old characteristic barons of feudalism, being sometimes in his lofty and bleak castle in the winter season, without visitors, failed never on such occasions to send his servants to the high road to look for travelling carriages, and force their occupants to turn to the castle, where the Baron insisted upon entertaining them for three days, saying, "The Hungarian has a right to keep his guests three days; if they are willing to remain longer, it is a great honor to the host."

In another example, the enforcement appears to be on the side of the opposite party: "A Mr. S—— came to visit a Hungarian country gentleman and remained in the house of his host seven years. This might to us have appeared improbable had we not an instance ourselves of an English lady who being as a stranger invited to breakfast at the house of a benevolent gentleman in Boston, extended her visit to eighteen months. The same lady, has, for the last ten years, been "*looking for a room*," and *exercising* the hospitality of a wide circle of acquaintances in the meanwhile.

The wealthy and satirical Count George Festetics, of whom it was said it could never be made out whether he spoke in jest or earnest, so completely was his meaning disguised under the mask of politeness and the semblance of an awkward humility, afforded another type of the old Hungarian peers, of whom none now survive. His generosity and superior taste, his support of agriculture and science, together with the manifest hospitality of Palocsay, are quite sufficient to counterbalance the eccentricities of those two originals.

Among the eminent characters of her own time, our authoress had the acquaintance of the talented statesman and firm patriot, the unfortunate Count Louis Bathyányi. She is deeply affected by the news of his imprisonment, brought to her by her maid servant, just escaped, who had seen and been spoken to by him in the corridor adjacent to her cell. "So changed was he in his appearance," she says, "that the girl had with difficulty recognized him."

"How could this be otherwise! Louis Batthyányi's haughty brow and eagle eye to grow furrowed and dim within the walls of a dungeon. His lofty mind and aristocratic reserve to be exposed to the searching inquiries of inferiors, accustomed to deal with vulgar minds! Count Batthyányi, the noble descendant of the Palatines, the stern leader of his nation, the proud champion of royalty,—to be imprisoned in his very act of public mediation,—and dragged from court martial to court martial. What must he have felt! What must he have suffered!"

This noble martyr of freedom, and for his convictions, was shot at Pesth, on the

same memorable 6th of October, stained by the execution of so many other Hungarian generals. The terrible scenes of Arad and Pesth, equalled only by that day of blood when the Girondists were sacrificed, and France delivered to the Reign of Terror, will long be remembered in Europe and in our own country; and even by the Russian generals the utmost horror was expressed.

After the flight of her husband, (it is amusing to observe, that "my husband" is the only appellation by which the Hungarian statesman is mentioned,) Madame Pulszky, at great risk, and after long protracted delay, escapes with her children and joins him in England. In the pursuit of a passport, she meets with a variety of incidents, and with many eminent persons, of whom she gives short sketches of exceeding interest. On applying for the interference of Kossuth, "I found the Governor of Hungary," she says, "not more splendidly lodged than his ministers."

"I was struck by the care-worn countenance of the once brilliantly beautiful man. But his manners were gentle and kind as ever, his accents pure and transparent, so as to give a particular charm to the most common expression. It is impossible to converse with Kossuth, and not to be convinced that nature framed him to influence his nation. But it is not the dazzling brilliancy of his personal attractions which mainly constitute his power over the people. It is his faith in his people, —a faith firm and irresistible, as the glowing conviction of the ancient prophets, who were the impersonation of the religious and political feeling of their nation, and appeared before the throne of the Kings of Israel, as often as these despised the law."

This is the tone in which all Hungarians speak of Kossuth. In his eloquent appeals to the oriental genius of his nation, he always prophecied success. The faith he preached, that whosoever is true to himself, God will not forsake, — that injustice and perjury prepare their own shame,—and that even by the invasion would be worked out the salvation of Hungary, was his own faith. "His whole soul," says another Hungarian writer, "was early striving after freedom, and after all those means by which that holy treasure could be obtained."

Kossuth was descended from a noble house; —his future greatness was predicted from the characteristics of his youth. Kossuth, by the circulation of his "Reports of the Diet," (circulated in manuscript when prevented from printing by the arbitrary confiscation of the press,) was the first to tear the most powerful means of oppression from the hands of the Austrian government. For this he was condemned to three years' imprisonment, and, on his release, became the almost uncontrolled leader of the opposition. In 1849, when Independence was declared, he was chosen Governor, and, in that office, sufficiently attested his greatness.

"In a country," says Pragay, the author before quoted, "hedged in on every side by hostile nations, and with nothing in hand, he raised money, arms, and military force which drove the self-styled invincible Austrian army out of the land, with a loss of 74,000 men dead or disabled."

By the author of "Revelations of Russia," we have appended an account of the condition of Kossuth in Turkey, where he took refuge, and now remains "*under surveillance*," in the fortress of Schumla.

"I returned with Kossuth into his dwelling, and will at once proceed to narrate to you how he was lodged and treated. A mud wall with heavy oaken gates separated from the street (or rather from the triangle I have mentioned) this habitation, which consisted of a single apartment—the reception room of its owner—whose real abode was in the chambers of his harem, a separate building in an inner court. On account of this custom, the best houses in provincial Turkish towns afford but little accommodation to male visitors, the reception room, which is accessible to the public, being little more cared for, even by officials of rank, than with us the chambers, or the office in the Inns-of-Court, or bye-lanes of the city, by the luxurious lawyer, or the opulent merchant. Kossuth's *char-a-banc* was in a narrow yard. Two Hussars were grooming his horses under an open shed, and the owner of the house, a portly Turk, was sitting on a small platform smoking his chiboque complacently. Colonel Asboth, the young Count Dembinski, and his interpreter, constituted all the attendance for which his single chamber afforded possible accommodation. This one room was of tolerable size, surrounded on three sides by a divan, and covered for about three-fourths of its extent by a carpet, on the edge of which inferiors in rank and the Albanian servitors of the host deposited their yellow boots or red slippers before trespassing on its precincts. Cloaks, papers, bridles, and the contents of Kossuth's slender baggage, were exposed in great disorder about the di-

van, which constituted at night the bed of the ex-president-governor, his secretary, and interpreter. Three wooden chairs and a small deal table were the only articles of furniture introduced in honour of the guest.

Kossuth's host was chief of the police;—a Turkish officer was in attendance to accompany him whenever he walked out on foot, a horse soldier in case he chose to ride, and two or three Albanian attendants brought in, as he called for it, ice-water, or the chibouque. Under the pretence of solicitude for his safety and marks of honour, it was clear that M. Kossuth was closely watched, and all his applications for a more convenient lodging were, at this time, neglected or evaded.

Kossuth's dinner was brought in. It consisted of a Hungarian dish cooked by the wife of a Hungarian soldier. It was served in a brown earthenware dish, and partaken of with an iron spoon. After dinner, Count Dembinski came back with his Countess, and the conversation took a lighter turn.

Within the precincts of the fort, or citadel, I found Meszaros, the Perczels, Bem, old Dembinski, Guyon, Count Zamoyski, Mr. Longworth, and a number of officers lodged. Outside the fortress, but within the city walls, Count Casimir Batthyanyi, his lady, his cousin, and many more Hungarians, were quartered. The soldiers, the Polish and Italian legions, were encamped on the shore of the Danube."

In regard to his eloquence, the same writer says :—

"If the test of eloquence be to move and to persuade, he is assuredly the most eloquent of all men living. The masses admiringly term his style, in addressing them, Biblical, and perhaps do not inaptly characterize it. His enemies reproach him justly with being a poet, and assuredly his writings and his speeches are filled with poetry of the highest order,—but they fall into the most grievous error when thereby intending to imply that he is nothing but a poet. The distinctive peculiarity in which he differs from all other popular leaders I can remember, who have been gifted with that poetical genius which is so important a constituent of eloquence, is the rare combination, with this talent of an equal aptitude for figures, facts and administrative detail. There are two men in him. The Kossuth eloquence with tongue and pen in half the languages of Europe, who can raise the whirlwind of passion in the masses, and lead the people as Moses did the Israelites; and the logically argumentative Kossuth of deliberative assemblies, the administrator and financier, who writes a secretary's clear round hand, and enters willingly into the most laborious detail. Add to this, the most fervent patriotism, and an integrity and disinterestedness which has never been assailed except by notorious hirelings of Austria, or on the authority of writers whom I could show to be either Austrian *employes*—men owing their bread to Austrian patronage, or ignorant of every language spoken in the country they pretended to describe. You will say from all this, that I, who repudiate so energetically the idolatry of hero-worship, have fallen into it. It is not so. I am perfectly awake to Kossuth's faults, which are serious and many. He is too soft-hearted. He could never sign a death-warrant; he was hardly ever known to punish. I believe, that if Kossuth had a servant who could not clean his boots, he would never think of superseding him, but clean the boots himself. On this principle he wastes his time and energies, in details in which he should have no concern, and wears out, if not his untiring mind, a body which would be otherwise robust. These weaknesses, which might be amiable in an individual, are fatal in one who is literally a nation's representative. But I believe that he has judgment enough to see, and will have sufficient determination to correct these faults. In conclusion, I can only say, that after the calamitous issue of the struggle which he directed, the people called him *father* Kossuth—wear shreds of his portrait on their bosoms—invest the hoarded savings in his notes, which I have seen purchased at 20 per cent., though their possession is felony, and that if he could present himself upon the frontier with four hundred thousand muskets, a few presses and some bales of paper, four hundred thousand soldiers would rise up, and he would find his paper money received as eagerly as before. The lands on which that paper is secured, the Magyars say that the Austrians cannot carry away, and cannot sell for want of purchasers. They will not believe in the permanent suppression of a constitution and a Diet which dates eight centuries and a half, and Kossuth is, in their eyes, the impersonation of that Diet. The peasantry affectionately remember Kossuth as her emancipator, and the proprietors gratefully recal that to the measures into which his eloquence persuaded them is due that hearty reconciliation between all classes, which has made the Magyar nation the only one on the continent of Europe, in which, amid its misfortunes, all heart-burnings between caste and class are set at rest."

With the failure of her efforts for freedom, the interest in regard to Hungary has in some measure ceased, yet, as a people who have suffered and been strong, as the victims first of oppression, and lastly of treachery, we must feel the awful sublimity of the deep silence that has fallen upon

them, and, with a trembling voice, we venture to ask, with our authoress, "Is it the stillness which is spread over the grave yard, or the oppressive heaviness which precedes the storm?"

Philosophy regards them with a doubtful contemplation. We know not whether to rest upon the past, the present, or the future. Yet, is not life a totality; and can the past, the present, and the future be separated? Memory the guide, and hope the support, unite to inform the present. Below the waters that inundate the great plain of Hungary, its verdure remains; and as it is the trick of our human nature amid the severest storms, when rocks and quicksands surround us, still to "cast the anchor of hope amid the shoals of lesser evils," we are prone to feel that Hungary may not yet be blotted out from among the nations. She sleeps as in death, but the cloud that overshadows her may break away, and the light of Heaven warm her again to life. Her sons may not despair.

Hidden and deep, and never dry,
Or flowing, or at rest,
A living spring of Hope doth lie
In every human breast.
All else may fail that cheers the heart,
All, save that fount alone;
With that and life at once we part,
For Life and Hope are one.

THE POETS AND POETRY OF THE IRISH.

ST. SEDULINS—ST. BINEN—ST. COLUMBCILLE—MALMURA OF OTHAIN—THE STORY OF THE SONS OF USNA—M'LIAG POET TO O'BRIAN.

In the preface to his noble collection of European Poetry, Mr. Longfellow expresses his regret that he had not some specimens of the Celtic Muse to include in it. To all men of enlarged culture the regret will seem most natural, since all such know that among no ancient people was the poetic profession more zealously cultivated, or the character held in greater reverence, than with the Scottish, Welsh, and Irish Celts.

In the Pagan times, the Celtic Bards resembled much the sacred order of Hindoos, or the Mandarins of letters in China, being not only poets, but also priests, legislators, and annalists. After Christianity was established in the western isles, the priestly office was separated from the rest, but the remaining duties continued to devolve on the Fear-dana, or man of poetry.* The estimation of his art carried him up to the level of all these honors; his seat was at the right hand of the king, and his harp was emblazoned on all banners as the peculiar insignia of his race.

The conversion of the Celts to Christ, and the modification of Bardism consequent thereon, was a work of the fifth and sixth centuries. Augustin of the Angles, Aidan of Northhumberland, Patrick of Armagh, and Columbcille of Iona, stand all within that era. From the same age we can consecutively trace the Celtic school of poetry. Its great founder, Ossian, son of Fingal, lived two centuries before, but we cannot here enter into the intricate and interesting antiquarian questions concerning his writings, locality, and precise period. We commit Ossian, for the while, to the Gods who look after neglected reputations, and pass on to the firm ground of Christian times and contemporary chronicles.

And, first, of the Bardic office: In peace, they recited the oral, or common law to the *Brehaine*, or assembly of Judges; kept the coronicles of the clan; mediated between hostile kinsmen or tribes; gave testimony as to the marches and wearings; in war, they marched with the fighting men, and dwelt in the camp; before battle, they recited the exploits of past heroes, the praises of the chiefs, or prophecies of victory. Often, the faithful minstrel was found dead upon his harp in the thickest sward of the slain.

The education of the bard was long and rigorous. He had to study twelve years, giving three to each of four divisions of the art, then existing — hymns, the praises of the good, or didactics, battle songs and genealogies. When the student was admitted, he received an honorary cap (*bairaid*), of conical form, not unlike the Tyrolese hat. An Irish Feardana, or Ollamh, (Doctor,) was obliged to know three hundred and fifty poems, as a Gallic Druid — if we believe modern research — was obliged to know 30,000 verses.* Courts of Poetry were held, like the *Cours d'Amour* and *Chambres de Rhetorique* of the French, in which provincial bards emulate each other, and kings and princes were both competitors and patrons. The rewards were gold, jewels, ornamented harps, steeds, garments, and precious books. So late as the year 1774, a bardic assembly continued to meet

* "*Dan*" was the art of Poetry,—*Duan*, a small poem; *Bolg-an-Dana*, a collection of poems; *Fear-Dana*, a man of poems; *Ran*, a stanza; *Avran*, a concluding stanza.

* Transactions of the Celtic Society of Paris, quoted in McArthur's work on Ossian.

at Burrin, County Clare, and Bunting's revival of them at Belfast, in 1793, was one of the modes by which he obtained those rare old airs, preserved to us moderns in Moore's Melodies. At these courts of poetry, the Professor of the Art were received with great ceremony by the local Chief. We have an account of the ceremonies in the fifteenth century at Rath-Imayn, in Offally, where two such sessions were held during the year. The chief, "Calvach O'Connor," received the poets without the lawn of the castle, "mounted and on horseback," while the oldest poet, or arch-poet, led them up the hall and introduced them to the lady of the land, "dressed in cloth of gold," seated on the dais at the upper end of the hall.* A scribe stood by, taking down the names and localities of all who attended.

Public lands were set apart for their maintenance, and their persons were considered sacred, even by enemies. One of the early Irish kings obtain an odious notoriety for offering violence to a bard, and the name Ceann-sallagh ("evil-headed"), stuck to all his posterity. The malediction of a bard was supposed to be fatal to reason and to life, of which we have a curious instance in the Irish Annals, at the year 1414, where the Lord Deputy Stanley, having plundered the O'Higgins, a poetic family, it is gravely recorded, "the O'Higgins then *satirized* John Stanley, who only lived five weeks after, having died of the venom of the satire." "This," adds the same authority, "was the second instance of the poetic influence of Nial O'Higgins' satires, the first having been all the Clan Conway turning grey the night they plundered Nial at Cladain."† For the sak of concordance it is worth noting that a like superstition prevailed in early Greece, as indicated in the Odyssey.

"O King to mercy be thy soul inclined,
And spare the Poets ever gentle kind:
A deed like this thy future fame would wrong,
For dear to God and man is sacred song."

Even still, Apollo does sometimes vindicate his own!

After the Celtic christian era, there befel a deadly feud between the Poets and the Priests. It was, at first, a struggle for precedence, but grew into a struggle for substantial power. By the influence of some, who were both Saints and Singers, a truce was made, but there always remained a moiety of the old leaven under the surface of amity. Even till our own days, the two intellectual classes were distinctly separate.

Of those who were both Priests and Poets, there are left us four notable names: Sedulins, Benignus, Columbcille, and Aengus, the Culdee.

Sedulins (*Hibernice* Sedhuil) flourished about A. D. 450, according to Mabillon, Dupin and Usher. He was an Irish Missionary Priest in France. He wrote "Caruine Paschale," a poem, in heroic metre, chiefly descriptive of the miracles of the old and new Testament," but this, like Petrarch's epic, is forgotten, while his beautiful hymns remain, as full of vitality as the religion they embody. Says EDMUND BURKE—"I read one of his hymns, which glowed with all the poet; the spirit of it might be said to ascend, like the spirit of a martyr flying from the flames." * * * "Wherever they (his works) are, they will shine like stars."* This is a translation of one of them:

THE HYMN: "A SOLUS ORTUS CARDINE."†

I.

"From where the glorious sun doth spring,
To where he sinks—his bright work done—
Let all to Christ in praises sing,
The blessed Virgin's Son.

II.

Oh! what a sweet and mystic plan,
Jehovah leaves his golden throne,
As man to free his fellow man—
As god to save his own.

III.

How proud that humble maiden's doom,
In whom God's grace divinely glows—
Who bears a secret in her womb,
Of which she nothing knows.

IV.

The humble dwelling of her breast
Becomes God's temple, undefiled;
And she, His purest, brightest, best,
Brings forth her wondrous child.

---

* Annals of the Four Masters, A. D. 1427.

† "Annals of the Four Masters," (English and Irish,) Dublin University Press. 1846–7.

* Prior's Life of Burke, p. 293.

†My friend D. F. McCarthy, in the Introduction to his "Poets and Dramatists of Ireland," (Dublin, 1846) has given the above admirable translation of this Hymn.

V.

She travails with that royal boy,
Of whom the angel Gabriel spoke—
For whom the Baptist leaped with joy,
Ere yet on earth he woke.

VI.

Within a wretched crib He lies—
A shivering, weak, unwelcome guest—
And milk alone His wants supplies
Who fills the young bird's nest.

VII.

But angels guard that humble throne,
And joyful hymn the Man-God's birth—
And first to shepherd men is shown
The Shepherd of the Earth!

VIII.

Let Earth's weak race and Heaven's great host,
In fondest tones of rapture pray—
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Forever, and for aye!"

The influence of this Sedulius on the Latin Church, was far spread and long enduring That royal pedagogue, King Chilperic, wrote two books of latin verses "in imitation of Sedulins," A. D. 562; and and Bede says that Andelhem, the first Saxon Hymnologist of England, wrote "his book, *de Virginitate*, which is in both prose and verse, in imitation of Sedulins."* Two General Councils adopted his poems into the Roman Ritual, and so lately as 1583, an English Archbishop commended his latin specially to the study of the English schools.† Some say he died a simple priest in France; some, that he was Bishop of Oretto, in Spain. We say nothing as to this.

Saint Binen, or Benignus, a disciple of St. Patrick, and his successor in the see of Armagh, has also left a very curious collection of ancient poem and prose tracts, called *Leabher na-n-Geart*—"the Book of Rights." This book was compiled at Tara, from various Pagan authorities, which thereafter were duly committed to the flames, as heathenish and dangerous. Saint Benignus died in 465 or 467.

One of his metrical chronicles or records, has been thus rendered into English by James Clarence Mangan.

* Quoted in Wharton's Dissertation, No. 2, English Poetry.

† Strype's Life of Archbishop Trindall, p. 313.

THE WILL OF CATHAREIR MOR.

Here is the will of Cathareir Mor,
God rest him!
Among his heirs he divided his store,
His treasures and lands,
And, first, laying hands
On his son Ross Faly, he blessed him.

I.

"*My Sovereign Power*, my nobleness,
My wealth, my strength to curse and bless,
My royal privilege of protection
I leave to the son of my best affection,
Ross Faly, Ross of the Rings,
Worthy descendant of Ireland's Kings!
To serve as memorials of succession
For all who yet shall claim their possession
In after-ages.
Clement and noble and bold
In Ross, my son.
Then let him not hoard up silver and gold,
But give unto all fair measure of wages.
Victorious in battle he ever hath been;
He therefore shall yield the green
And glorious plains of Tara to none,
No, not to his brothers!
Yet these shall he aid
When attacked or betrayed.
This blessing of mine shall outlast the tomb,
And live till the Day of Doom,
Telling and telling daily,
And a prosperous man beyond all others
Shall prove Ross Faly!

Then he gave him ten shields, and ten rings, and ten swords,
And ten drinking-horns; and he spake him those words:
"Brightly shall shine the glory,
O, Ross, of thy sons and heirs,
Never shall flourish in story
Such heroes as they and theirs!"

II.

Then, laying his royal hand on the head
Of his good son, Darry, he blessed him and said:—
"*My Valor*, my daring, my martial courage,
My skill in the field I leave to Darry,
That he be a guiding Torch and starry
Light and Lamp to the hosts of *our* age,
A hero to sway, to lead and command,
Shall be every son of his tribes in the land!
O, Darry, with holdness and power
Sit thou on the frontier of Tuath Lann,*
And ravage the lands of Deas Ghower.†
Accept no gifts for thy protection
From woman or man,
So shall Heaven assuredly bless
Thy many daughters with fruitfulness,
And none shall stand above thee,
For I, thy sire, who love thee
With deep and warm affection,
I prophesy unto thee all success

* *Tuath Laighean*, viz. North Leinster.

† *Deas Ghabhair*, viz. South Leinster.

Over the green battalions
Of the redoubtable Galions."*

And he gave him, thereon, as memorials and meeds,
Eight bondsmen, eight handmaids, eight cups, and eight steeds.

III.

The noble Monarch of Erin's men
Spake thus to the young Prince Brassal, then,—
"*My Sea*, with all its wealth of streams,
I leave to my sweetly-speaking Brassal,
To serve and to succor him as a vassal—
And the lands whereon the bright sun beams
Around the waves of Amergin's Bay†
As parcelled out in the ancient day,
By free men through a long long time
Shall this thy heritage be enjoyed—
But the chieftancy shall at last be destroyed
Because of a Prince's crime.
And though others again shall regain it
Yet Heaven shall not bless it,
For Power shall oppress it,
And Weakness and Baseness shall stain it!"

And he gave him six ships, and six steeds, and six shields,
Six mantles and six coats of steel—
And the six royal oxen that wrought in his fields,
These gave he to Brassal the Prince for his weal.

IV.

Then to Catach he spake,
"*My border lands*
Thou, Catach, shalt take,
But ere long they shall pass from thy hands,
And by thee shall none
Be ever begotten, daughter or son!"

V.

To Fearghus Luascan spake he thus—
"Thou Fearghus, also, art one of us,
But over-simple in all thy ways
And babblest much of thy childish days.
For thee have I nought, but if lands may be bought
Or won hereafter by sword or lance
Of those, perchance,
I may leave thee a part,
All simple babbler and boy as thou art!"

VI.

Young Fearghus, therefore, was left bereaven,
And thus the Monarch spake to Creeven.

"*To my boyish hero*, my gentle Creeven,
Who loveth in Summer, at morn and even,
To snare the songful birds of the field,
But shunneth to look on spear and shield,
I have little to give of all that I share.
His fame shall fail, his battles be rare.
And of all the Kings that shall wear his crown
But one alone shall win renown."

And he gave him six cloaks, and six cups, and seven steeds,
And six harnessed oxen, all fresh from the meads.

VII.

But on Aenghus Nic, a younger child,
Begotten in crime and born in wo,
The father frowned as on one defiled,
And with louring brow he spake to him so:—

To Nic, my son, that base-born youth,
Shall nought be given of land or gold;
He may be great and good and bold,
But his birth is an agony all untold,
Which gnaweth him like a serpent's tooth.
I am no donor
To him or his race—
His birth was dishonor;
His life is disgrace!

VIII.

And thus he spoke to Eochy Timin,
Deeming him fit but to herd with women.

"*Weak son of mine*, thou shalt not gain
Waste or water, valley or plain.
From thee shall none descend save cravens,
Sons of sluggish sires and mothers,
Who shall live and die,
But give no corpses to the ravens!
Mine ill thought and mine evil eye
On thee beyond thy brothers
Shall ever, ever lie!"

IX.

And to Oilioll Cadach his words were those:—
"O, Oilioll, great in coming years
Shall be thy fame among friends and foes
As the first of *Brughaidhs** and Hospitaliers!
But neither noble nor warlike
Shall show thy renownless dwelling;
Nevertheless
Thou shalt dazzle at chess,
Therein supremely excelling
And shining like somewhat starlike!"

And his chess-board, therefore, and chessmen eke,
He gave to Oilioll Cadach the Meek.

X.

Now Fiacha,—youngest son was he,—
Stood up by the bed . . . of his father, who said,
The while, Caressing
Him tenderly—
"My son! I have only for thee my blessing,
And nought beside—
Hadst best abide
With thy brothers a time, as thine years are green."

Then Fiacha wept, with a sorrowful mein;
So, Cathaeir spake, to encourage him, gaily,
With cheerful speech—
"Abide one month with thy brethren each,
And seven years long with thy son, Ross Faly.
Do this, and thy sire, in sincerity,
Prophesies unto thee fame and prosperity."

And further he spake, as one inspired:—
"A chieftain flourishing, feared and admired,
Shall Fiacha prove!

**Gailians*, an ancient designation, according to O'Donovan, of the Leinstermen.

†*Inbhear Amergin*, originally the estuary of the Blackwater.

The gifted Man from the boiling Berve*
Him shall his brothers' clansmen serve.
His forts shall be Aillin and proud Almain,
He shall reign in Carman and Allen ;†
The highest renown shall his palaces gain
When others have crumbled and fallen.
His power shall broaden and lengthen,
And never know damage or loss ;
The impregnable Naas he shall strengthen,
And govern in Ailbhe and Arriged Ross.
Yes! O, Fiacha, Foe of strangers,
This shall be *thy* lot!
And thou shall pilot
Ladhrann and Leeven‡ with steady and even
Heart and arm through storm and dangers!
Overthrown by thy mighty hand
Shall the Lords of Tara lie ;
And Taillte's fair, the first in the land,
Thou, son, shalt magnify,
And many a country thou yet shalt bring
To own thy rule as Ceann and King.
The blessing I give thee shall rest
On thee and thy seed
While time shall endure,
Thou grandson of Fiacha the Blest!
It is barely thy meed,
For thy soul is childlike and pure!"

"Here ends the Will of Cathaeir Mor," says the translator, "who was king of Ireland. Fiacha abode with his brothers, as Cathaeir had ordered. And he stayed for seven years with Ross Faly; and it was from Ross Faly that he learned the use of arms; and it has since been obligatory upon every man of his descendants who aspires at excellences in martial exercises to receive his first arms from some descendant of Ross Faly.

"As for Cathaeir himself, be it known to all that he lived in good health for a season after making his will, but that when some years had elapsed, he went to Taillte, and there fought a battle, and was killed there by the *Fian* of Luaighne. To commemorate his death the quatrain was written by that complete poet, Lughair!

"A world-famed, illustrious, honorable man,
The pride of his tribe in his day,
King Cathaeir, the glory and prop of each clan,
Was killed by the Fian, in Magh Breagh!"

Saint Columb-cille, who, in the Assembly of Dumceat, A. D. 580, saved the Bardic order from extinction, has also left some fine religious hymns, in Gallic and Latin. In his youth he had known proscription—having been banished, in consequence of a quarrel about a book, copied at school. The owner of the original claimed it on the ground that "as to the cow belonged the calf, so did the copy to the original." A contest having ensued between the friends of each party, Columb-cille left Ireland for Scotland, where the King of the Picts granted him Iona, one of the Hebrides, as the home of his order. He established here a famous school, which, in the words of a great authority, became "the luminary of the west.*" The sanctity of the island made it a favorite place of sepulcure for the Kings of Ireland, Norway and Scotland. Among others, Macbeth is buried in Iona.

One of the shortest and earliest of the hymns of Columb-cille, is addressed to the Creator, for protection amid storms, and has been thus translated by the Rev. William Todd, in his history of "the Irish Church."

HYMN TO THE CREATOR.

"Hear us, O God! whom we adore,
And bid thy thunders cease to roar;
Nor let the lightning's ghastly glare
Affright thy servants to despair.

Thee, mighty God, we humbly fear;
With Thee no rival durst compare:
In loftier strains than earth can raise
Thee, angels' choirs unceasing praise:
Thy name fills heaven's high courts above,
And echoes tell Thy wondrous love.

Jesu! Thy love creation sings,
Most upright, holy, King of kings;
For ever blest shalt Thou remain,
Ruling with truth thy wide domain.

The Baptist who prepared thy way,
Ere he beheld the light of day,
Strengthened with grace from God on high,
Rejoiced to know Thy day drew nigh.

Though strength was gone, and nature fail'd,
God's aged priest by prayer prevail'd;
A son was given—a Prophet came,
The great Messiah to proclaim.

The gems that shine with dazzling light
Upon a cup of silver bright,
Resemble, faintly though it be.
The love, my God, I bear to Thee."

This zealous missionary of the early time was mortally taken, while engaged in his favorite task, copying the Gospels on vel-

* *Bearbha*, viz., the river Barrow.

† The localities mentioned here were chiefly residences of the ancient kings of Leinster.

‡ Forts upon the eastern coasts of Ireland.

§ *Taillte*, now Teltown, a village between Kells and Navan, in Meath.

* See Johnson's Tour to the Hebrides, for a beautiful apostrophe to Columb-cilles memory. Also Pemant's "Western Islands," for the local legends.

lum. He had just got midway in a chapter, when he laid down his *stilus*, saying to one of his disciples, "finish the rest;" soon after he departed. He was the Saint John of the Celts, a being full of love, purity and devotion. Obit. A. D. 593.

Of Aengus Culdee's biographical poetry, I have no specimen. Of the Culdees themselves, whose chief duty was the cultivation of psalmody, we know but little. Their first Abbott Moelruan, died in 787. Their order consisted of clerks and lay brothers. "Two of the monks always remained in the oratory until the time of Matins, while the remainder were taking their rest; and by these the whole hundred and fifty psalms were repeated. They were succeeded by two others, who performed the same service, from the hour of Matins till morning." Aengus, a disciple of the Founder, Moelruan, composed the Irish psalm known as the *Felire Aenguis*, or Festology of Aengus, towards the end of the same century. He was educated at Clonenagh, in Leinster, and lived in a hermitage called after him, Desert-Aengus. This is all we know of him, except his works, which yet remain in ancient ecclesiastical collections, an evidence of the simplicity and piety of his age.*

The order of Culdees (spouse of God,) has raised much modern controversy. With one class they have been great favorites, on account of their supposed Protestantism. Campbell sings—

> "Peace to their shades! the pure Culdees
> Were Albyn's earliest priests of God,
> Ere yet an island of the seas
> By foot of Saxon monk was trod,
> Long ere her churchman by bigotry
> Were weaned from wedlock's holy tie."
> *Reaullura.*

Whether the Culdees belonged to the holiest of the three orders of the Celtic Saints, (those who excluded women from their retreats,) I know not. Saint Kevin and Saint Senanus did not sympathize with Campbell's hero—

> "And I have sworn this sacred sod
> Shall ne'er by woman's feet be trod!"

While the Celtic Church thus enlisted poetry into its service, the local Bards continued to sing of beauty, battle, the chase, and the carouse, in a manner not altogether so saintly. Their favorite themes were the voyage of Milesius from Spain to Ireland; the arrival of the Picts in Ireland, and their passage over to Scotland (or Albyn, as the Celts always termed it;) the contests of Nial, Dathy, and other chiefs, with the Roman legions at the wall of Severns and in Cisalpine Gaul, the exploits of Fingal, or Fin, "a mighty hunter" and warrior, and the praises of Scotia, Bamba, and Eirigand Mali, early Queens of the Colonists. With these they still blended many Driudical legends of Bide, the queen of song, of Ogma, the father of letters, of Tuatha De, the dark magicians, and of Manaman McLir, the Neptune of their mythology, who—

> "Ploughed the fields of ocean round old Erin"—

and turned the white storm full furrows up against the rocks, while the folds of his garments, when shaken, sent out huge squalls, angry and irresistible.

In this class of poems, there is a good deal of sameness. Three of them, published in Irish, with literal translations by members of the Dublin Archeological Society, are before me,—one relates to the Criuthnians, or Picts,—the others are the "Duan Albanach," and "Duan Eirenach." An analysis of the latter may serve to convey an idea of all.

The author, Malmena of Othain, (Obit. A. D. 884,) begins by querying in very musical Irish:—

> "Let us sing the origin of the Gael,
> Of high renown in stiff battles,
> Whence did the mighty stream of ocean
> Waft them to Eri?
>
> What was the land in which they first lived
> Lordly men, Fenians?
> What brought them for want of land
> To the setting of the sun?
>
> What was the cause that sent them forth
> Upon their wanderings?
> Was it in flight, or in commerce,
> Or from valor?

Proceeding with other questions, the imaginary interlocutor compliments the poet:

> "For thou art learned in the stream of history
> Of the sons of Miledh——"

* In Messingham's "Floriligum," &c.

Who answers by telling how, in a far back age—

"A valiant prince took dominion over the world
—The wide spread noisy world;
Nemhroth his name, a man by whom was built
The very great tower.

Fenus came unto him out of Scythia,
Upon an expedition,
A man, illustrious, wise, learned,
Ardent and warlike.

There was but one language in the world
When they met;
Twelve languages and three score
When they parted!*

After recording the wanderings of the posterity of this Fenus from "the very great tower"—their abode in Egypt—their various expeditions by land, as to the shores of the Caspian, where Agnoman, one of their chiefs dies—until their settlement in Spain, from whence sailing afar, Ith, one of their leaders discovered Eri.

"North-east from the tower was seen Eri
As far as the land of Luimnech; (Limerick.)
On a winter's evening was it discovered by Ith,
Son of Breagan, ruler of troops."

There is then a tedious recital of all the names of those who came to settle in Ireland on hearing Ith's report, which we will dispense with. Finally, the Island aborigines being conquered, the country was divided between Heber and Heremon, brothers. There was a third brother, "Amergin, the white-knee'd," who, being a poet, was considered thereby sufficiently provided for. He was to live alternately with his brethren the kings, and probably found a better welcome than Lear did from his daughters. In one of his transitions from the North to the South, our Lackland lyrist was drowned in the river Avoca, which river has ever since remained the very Castalia of the island. Does not Moore sing:

"There is not in this wide world a valley so sweet."

These new coming Milesius took the women of the aborigines for wives, and of these wives descended the famous race who lorded it uninterruptedly in Erin for above a thousand years.

"Heremon took the north,
As the inheritance of his race,
With their antiquity, with their prosperity,
With their rights."

And,

"Heber took the south,
With its victories, with its grandeur,
With its hospitality,
With its vivacity, combined with hardiness,
With its loneliness, with its purity."

And so the clan Milesius became lords over Erin. Their geneologies and boundaries, the gentle reader may well be spared.

A favorite theme of the bards in the Milesian times, is the story of the Three Sons of Usna. They had fled into Scotland, or Albyn, from the wrath of Conner, King of Ulster, and, in lapse of time, thinking they might safely return, Deidre, the wife of one of them is said to have composed this farewell:

DEIDRE'S FAREWELL TO ALBA.

Translated by Samuel Ferguson, M. R. I. D.

Farewell to fair Alba, high house of the sun,
Farewell to the mountain, the cliff, and the dun;
Dun Sweeny adieu! for my love cannot stay,
And tarry I may not when love calls away.

Glen Nashan! Glen Nashan! whose roe bucks run free,
Where my love used to feast on the red deer with me,
Where rocked on thy waters while stormy winds blew
My love used to slumber; Glen Nashan, adieu!

Glendaro! Glendaro! where birchen boughs weep
Honey dew at high noon o'er the nightingale's sleep,
Where my love used to lead me to hear the cuckoo
'Mong the high hazel bushes, Glendaro, adieu!

Glenurchy! Glenurchy! where loudly and long
My love used to wake up the woods with his song,
While the son of the rock, from the depths of the dell
Laughed sweetly in answer, Glenurchy farewell!

Glenetine! Glenetine! where dappled does roam,
Where I leave the green sheeling I first called my home;
Where with me and my true love, delighted to dwell,
The sun made his mansion, Glenetine, farewell!

Farewell to Loch Draynach, adieu to the roar
Of the blue billows bursting in light on the shore
Dun Fiagh farewell! for my love cannot stay,
And tarry I must not when love calls away!

On returning to Ireland, the fated sons of Usna were seized and brought before King Conner, who condemned them all to

* Upon this the translator (the Hon. Algernon Herbert) remarks, that 72 is also the Jewish number of the family of Noah, and of the angels seen by Jacob in his dream. How much love have not all nations in common?

death. In his household, however, he could find no executioner, till Maini, surnamed Rough-hand, whose father one of the sons had slain, undertook the office and done the deed. "Then Deidre fell down beside their bodies, wailing and weeping, and she tore her hair and garments, and bestowed kisses on their lifeless lips, and bitterly bemoaned them. And a grave was opened for them, and Deidre, standing by it, with her hair dishevelled and shedding tears abundantly, chaunted their funeral song."*

DEIDRE'S LAMENT FOR THE SONS OF USNA.

The lions of the hill are gone
And I am left alone—alone—
Dig the grave both wide and deep
For I am sick, and fain would sleep!

The falcons of the wood are flown,
And I am left alone—alone—
Dig the grave both deep and wide,
And let us slumber side by side.

The dragons of the rock are sleeping,
Sleep that wakes not for our weeping;
Dig the grave, oh, make it ready,
Lay me on my true love's body.

Lay upon the low grave floor
'Neath each head the blue claymore—
Many a time the noble three
Reddened their blue blades for me.

Lay their spears and bucklers bright
By the warriors' sides aright—
Many a day the three before me
On their linked bucklers bore me.

Lay their collars as is meet
Of their greyhounds at their feet,
Many a time for me have they
Brought the tall red deer to bay.

In the falcon's jesses throw,
Hook and arrow, line and bow;
Ne'er again, by stream or plain
Shall the gentle woodmen go.

Sweet companions ye were ever—
Harsh to me, your sister, never;
Woods and wilds and misty vallies,
Were with you as good's a palace.

Oh, to hear my true love singing
Sweet as sound of trumpets ringing;
Like the sway of ocean swelling
Rolled his deep voice round our dwelling.

Oh, to hear the echoes pealing
Round our green and fairy *sheeling*, †
When the three, with roaring chorus,
Hailed the soaring skylark o'er us.

Echo now, sleep, morn and even,
Lark alone enchant the heaven!
Ardans' lips are scant of breath,
Naisdis' tongue is cold in death.

Stag, exult on glen and mountain—
Salmon, leap from loch to fountain—
Heron, in the free air warm ye,
Usna's sons no more will harm ye!

Erin's stay, no more ye are
Rulers of the ridge of war!
Never more 'twill be your fate
To keep the beam of battle straight!

Woe is me by fraud and wrong,
Traitors false and tyrants strong,
Fell Clan Usna bought and sold
For Barach's feast and Connor's gold!
Woe to Eman,* roof and wall;

Woe to Redbranch, hearth and hall!
Ten-fold wo and black dishonor
To the foul and false Clan Connor!
Dig the grave both wide and deep,
Sick I am and fain would sleep;
Dig the grave and make it ready,
Lay me on my true-love's body!

"This story," says O'Flanagan, "has been from time immemorial held in high repute, as one of the three tragic stories of the Irish. These are, the Death of the Children of Touran, the Death of the Children of Lir, and the Death of the Children of Usna." Of the children of Touran, the present writer professes ignorance, and of the other children, he has heard only of the daughter of Lir, probably on account of her undying beauty. Who that has ever read Moore, can forget the song of Fionuala†—

"Silent, oh Moyle, be the roar of thy water,
Break not, thou breezes, your chain of repose,
While murmuring mournfully Lir's lonely daughter,
Tell to the night star her tale of woes."

This tale of woes was, that she had been metamorphosized into a Swan, and was compelled to swim the lakes, of Eri, a Soul, unsaved and unsatisfied, till the sound of the first christian bell should break her sleep, and

"Call'd her spirit to the fields above."

This belief in metamorphoses, so eastern in it associations, was yet quite general and popular in Ireland. When Saint Brandan, after sailing in the western seas, reached

* Translator's Introductory.

† A cottage.

* Eman, the palace of Connor.

† Fionuala—fair shoulder.

the promised land, it was just sundown. He sat beneath a tree, which had a great many branches, on every branch of which sat a bird. Just as the sun set, the birds raised a solemn and glorious anthem, and on the seafaring saint asking them the *rationale* of the music, they told him they were souls, as yet in a state of probation, not confined to hell, nor yet quite unworthy of paradise!

The swan was a favorite substitute for departed beauty, as is given in this and many other instances.

"The poet Mac Coisi, was once on the bank of the Boyne, when he saw the swans on the Boyne; he shot one of them, but when he took it up, he found it was a woman. The Poet asked her wherefore she was there. I was in grievous sickness, said she, and it was supposed by my people that I died, but demons put me into this shape. The Poet took her with him, and restored her to her own people afterwards."

This Poet was famous for his adventures. On another occasion, at Lough Leane, in Westmeath, "he saw a beautiful woman, of great size, beyond that of the women of the time, dressed in green, sitting alone, and weeping bitterly. He approached her, and she told him that her husband had been that day killed at Sidh Codail, and buried at Clonmacnoise. Mac Coisi mentioned this to King Congalloch, who set out to Clonmacnoise, to test the truth of the story. The clergy then could give no account of it; but a monk died that night, and on digging his grave, they found fresh blood and bones, and at length, buried very deep, with the face down, the corpse of a giant, twenty-five feet high. They put the body down again, and the next day, on opening the grave, which to all appearance was as they left it, the corpse was not to be found."*

"This legend," says the Translator, "bears a curious resemblance to some circumstances in Sir Walter Scott's beautiful fiction of the White Lady of Averell." He adds, "the Poet Mac Coisi died A. D. 990."

Birds were favorite allegorical vehicles of the Bards. Saint Patrick could not say his prayers on the mountain of Croagh Patrick, for sundry devils, in the shape of birds, that came clamorously round him. On ringing his bell, however, they disappeared. In the ninth century, "a belfry of fire" appeared at Rorsdela, with innumerable black birds going in and out of it, and one great bird in the middle of them, "and the little birds went under his wings when he went into the belfry." This belfry was very convenient for soothsayers, as it was made to protect a great variety of disasters.

Beasts also were resorted to: "the descendants of the wolf," says the Irish Nennius, "are in Ossony. They have a wonderful property. They transform themselves into wolves and go forth in the form of wolves, and if they happen to be killed with flesh in their mouths, it is in the same condition that the bodies out of which they have come will be found; and they command their families not to remove their bodies, because if they were moved they never could come into them again."*

In good truth, though the country became christian, the Poets remained Pagans to the heart's core. Their mythology was not a whit disturbed, except as to the ideas of the Saviour and the Virgin. In all other respects they retained their wild, isolated primitive beliefs of their sun worship and well worship, their faith in fairies, and incantations, their fear of evil, and esteem for good spirits, and a most lively credulity for ghosts, elfs, and "appearances." The *Bealtrime* fires were still lit, nominally in honor of St. John; the mistletoe and nervaine were still plucked in midnight woods by light of the quartering moon, or of the star Sirius; amulets were still worn against fairy bolts, shot by invisible archers; the favorite oath remained, "by the heavens and earth, and the four winds," and solemn incantations were uttered over the child at its birth, the ship at its sailing, and even the milk at its churning!

Thus the imaginative qualities of the people were kept in perpetual hourly exercise. They were a people of impresssibility, rather than of denomination. The winds, the spring wells, the sun and stars were their destinies, and these they could

*Irish Version of Nenius' Notes—p. 210. Dublin, 1847.

*Ibid. p. 205.

neither propitiate nor control. Even in Paganism they were predestinarians. While the Greeks brought their gods down from Olympus to the streets of Athens, and portioned out heaven between them, the Celts shrunk horrified from any encounter with the eternal influences. They neither arrogated to themselves any special divine protection, nor did they slavishly expect the Powers to do that for them which they could do for themselves. They were a hearty, self-relying race then, in all essential points staunch christians, but in mental characteristics deeply tinged with the poetic legacies of Paganism.

Their ideas of one, supreme eternal Deity, was less the clear conception of faith than the awe-struck conceit of superstition. The name is to them unutterable, the initials I. O. W. being the symbol of Godhead. The Jewish use of the term, Adonia, is a precise parallel to this. "Each of the letters," says Giraldus, "in the Bardic name is also a name of itself: the first is the word when uttered, that the world burst into existence; the second is the word the sound of which continues by which all things remain in existence; and the third is that by which the consummation of all things will be, in happiness, or the state of renovated intellect, forever approaching to the immediate presence of the deity."*

Such were the Celtic doctrines.

After the Christian era, Ireland became a heptarchy of elective kings, with an arch-king at Tara, in Meath, which was set apart as "the Floor of the King's Table." Each minor king had his hereditary bards, and Tara had troops of them, albeit their harps—

> "Now hang as mute on Tara's walls,
> As if their souls were fled."

---

* Hoard's *Giraldus Camberensis.*

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

EDUCATION.

The Literary world publishes a letter from Professor Lewis, of Union College, in which is discussed the question, now beginning to be mooted, whether colleges meet the demands for education in this country. Professor Lewis takes the ground that they do not.

Our colleges have been induced, by the urgings of the press, to leave the old scholastic course and its rigid training in all that knowledge embraced in the term *humanities*, and to admit into their departments branches of science of a more practical kind. They thus gain comprehensiveness at the expense of accuracy. This, Professor Lewis thinks, is not meeting the real needs of the age, which are too often in the inverse ratio of their mere wishes. The country, he says, is flooded with spurious philosophy. Utopian theories of all kinds, agrarian systems, social reform, are preached to the people by their self-elected teachers of this new-light school. Science is degraded into phrenology, electrical psychology, mesmerism, etc., and our literature has become frivolous and inflated. All this, he thinks, is a consequence of the colleges yielding to the popular clamor. They should have braced up the old scholastic course, "embracing that most harmonious mixture of the pure mathematics, with classical knowledge, logic, rhetoric, mental and moral philosophy, together with the fundamental elements of physical science, which makes the strong man, the practical man, the man prepared to make himself master of any kind of useful or useless knowledge he may afterwards choose to acquire. Instead of this, they have been drawn away into a more relaxed, diluted and superficial course, which has taken the name of the practical; whilst experience, as far as the experiment has been tried, is daily showing that it turns out weaker men, less truly practical men, less prepared to meet the flood of quackery that is pouring from the press, from the public lecture, and even from the pulpit."

Professor Lewis rejects the prevalent opinion, that a man understands his trade or profession better for being versed in the principles of science connected with that trade or profession. The science actually required for practical pursuits, is smaller, he says, than is generally imagined, and the knowledge gained of it by real experience is better than any found in a more extensive, but superficial theoretic acquaintance with it. Why should the practical man study out for himself what the thorough scientific man can study out to so much greater advantage? The practical applications of science must be always the empirical use of principles brought out in closet and laboratory. Why, then, he asks, found mechanical or agricultural colleges, in which young men are expected to be made scientific in three or six months, in branches that really require the close study of years?

"It may be said that this would be making distinctions and classes. It would make some the generators of knowledge, others mere passive receivers, and others again mere nominal applies. But we cannot help it; it is nature that makes distinctions and classes. In the civil corporation there must not only be head and eyes, but hands and legs, aye, and feet too, however much the comparison may be disliked, and these, under the guidance of that well-trained head, which has been developed in a system of the highest and most thorough education; an education, even in its highest stages, free to all, yet so conducted, as finally to work out the best results from the materials offered; or, in other words, from among those whom nature, talents, circumstances, disposition, together with the command of the means

and time, may point out as the proper subjects of such a process. One thing is settled in nature. There must, and ever will be, a public head of some kind; a wise head or a foolish one; and the mass of mankind ever will, and must, think *through* it; at no time, perhaps, more truly, than when there is the most boast of each man's thinking for himself. Such a head there must be. It is one of nature's laws. If it is not the church, or a well-educated class, or the best or most rational part of society, in some legitimate form, it will be the political caucus, or radical associations, or a frivolous and usurping literary class, so styled, or the self-elected priesthood of the newspaper press. Through some organ or other the great mass of mankind must ever think. Through such organs as have been last mentioned, the community are thinking now, with all our claims to a light, and an independence unknown in the world before."

Professor Lewis thinks that in moral, as well as physical science, the real sphere of our colleges is to rear a class of scientific men, thoroughly grounded in their particular departments; trained gladiators, who have the weapons and the skill to resist the attacks of the false morality, the false politics, and the false science that is flooding the land.

"Our colleges, it is said, should aim at turning out more *practical* men. But taking the term in the popular sense, may we not ask—Is this, indeed, the great want of the age? Is it of our own country? Have we not *practical* men, as they are called, in plenty? Are we not every day experiencing the results of their practical labors, as they are exhibited in Congress, in Baltimore Conventions, and Philadelphia Conventions, and Buffalo Conventions, and in all the great conventions and little conventions throughout the land? Are they not seen in that demagoguism and utter degradation of all rationality into which politicians and the political press of all parties are rapidly descending, to a degree which is becoming offensive even to the more right-minded among themselves; all this time, too, the people falling *pari passu* with their leaders, *through whom they think*, until almost anything is received as sound and conclusive reasoning, with which their self-appointed guides of the press may choose to insult their understandings? Have, we, not, indeed, an abundant supply of such men? and would it not be worth while for our colleges to try and produce a small quantity of scholars, a little sprinkling of bookworms and pedants even,—at least, as some light set-off to the other, and far more numerous class? It is the mission of the college," concludes Mr. Lewis, "as it is of the pulpit, not to *follow*, but to guide public opinion—to elevate it where it is low, to oppose it where it is wrong, to correct it where it is erroneous."

In these views, there are, we consider, two radical errors. The first is, that partial instruction is necessarily superficial; the second, that the opinions and tendencies of this, or any other age, are given to it by any men or set of men.

A knowledge of the main principles and leading facts of a science is surely the very reverse of what is superficial. It is the rough outline, the unfilled sketch; but so far as it goes, it is true and substantial, not false and superficial. In the new field of knowledge that the present day sees opened to the eye of man, huge systems of thought and research opening daily on his mind, while nebulæ lie dim in the distance, offering fresh field for exploration, no lifetime is long enough, no intellect capacious enough, to examine thoroughly the whole horizon. The scholar and the man of science may be profound in the direction of their favorite pursuits, but from the time and retirement necessary to reach this perfection, they are the more incapable of broad generalization. They look out on the world through a single medium, and from only one point of view. They become mole-eyed, and the little hillock they have thrown up, hides from them the vast intellectual universe.

Comprehensiveness is what the times both demand and need—a width of thought that can appreciate and balance extremes, wedded to no theory, working in the harness of no hypothosis, but with a harmonious sense of the spirit and general relations of the vast field of knowledge that Providence displays for man's use and development. This the college seeks to accomplish by its less rigid drilling in those studies that are only the tools of learning, and in place thereof a bolder dash into the regions of practical science. And whether this

practical science is only a little chemistry, a little physiology, a dabbling in phrenology and mental philosophy, a weak infusion of political economy and a smattering of ideas of history, or a strong and manly training in the foundations and leading facts of each science, whether it is a farrago of meagre details, or a generous diet of principles, rests entirely on the genius of the teacher.

Another source of error to the advocates of the old system of education, is the amusing blunder, that society needs a distinct class of men to do its thinking. This delusion, men of the cloister naturally fall into. Shut out from active life by custom and position, they hug the belief that the pen, whose ministers they are, moulds the age—that solitary thought is the great lever that moves the world. But behind the vanguard of writers, talkers, lecturers, pulpit orators and rostrum thunderers, lies the great army of struggling, toiling, writhing, thinking humanity. The pen finds power alone in obeying the vis â tergo. The great minds of every age have only been the expositors of the spirit of that age. Shakspeare was not one man, but a hundred thousand men. The enthusiasm of civil war and religious commotion were incarnate in Milton. In Bacon, the shrewdness and hard sense of a rising commercial activity, rejected the dreams of scholastics. What in one man is absurd, in a dozen can be tolerated, in a hundred is respectable, and in a thousand is overwhelming. There is a moral, as well as physical power in numbers, and it is this power that shapes the destiny and opinions of the day. If, then, we find politics running into demagoguism, philosophy into quackery, and ethics into patent systems of immorality, let us apply the healing influence to the real source of these monstrosities. Let us educate the people who will think for themselves, and not a class of intellectual Levites, to whom no man listens.

The college system, from its expense, could never be adapted to the popular wants. It has other and greater objections. In the free race for wealth and distinction, every man must start into life, full armed and full grown. At the outset every energy must be developed, for to be left behind then is not only to be thrust into the back ground, it is ruin—starvation. The boy must be trained in the very school where he will figure when a man; and this is the best of all schools—actual life. What is the wisdom here gained, the best and most effective wisdom? Who will deny that it is knowledge of men? The college-bred youth ever lacks that ready perception of character, that unconscious tact, which alone is power. He is a child in the hands of his fellows, who have been schooled betimes by real collision with the world. The years in which he receives the tone that marks his whole after life, are spent among books. The time when the thews and sinews of the soul should gain their full manly vigor, is lost in the enervation of intellectual discipline. It is this that makes the cherished of Alma Mater weaker, less truly practical than the lad that has wrenched his diploma from the unwilling hands of men. There is no time to restore the balance of character lost by this one-sided education; for every man, in these days, has his bread to earn, a business or profession to found. If his lamp is untrimmed, he must stumble forth in the dark. If he cannot lead among men, he must take his place among the rank and file; and the youth around whom collegiate honors showered, the future Solon, the high caste Brahmin, trained to preside over mind, sinks down amid forms and figures, and routines, disappointed and broken-spirited, "the commonest drudge of men and things."

The man that has made his way into the world from small beginnings, is sure to over-estimate the importance of what is called a liberal education. *He* was hardly able to write his own name, and his sons shall sit at the feet of Gamaliel. Why should they not succeed? But where is the dogged perseverance, patient of toil, that he gained in the school of adversity? Where is the keen knowledge of men and things that he picked up while kicked around the world, a ragged adventurer? for his sons have been fortune's favorites, and all men have smiled on them. There is one class, we do no deny, to whom the college is almost indispensable. The sons of men of undoubted wealth, to whom is secure a life of ease, who cannot be made practical men from wanting the inducement of necessity, and who, without an early and healthy bias, would be forced to

the companionship of the only class of men of leisure that this country knows, the idle and corrupt, find this bias and this resource in the habits of abstract thought, that only a youth of books can give. But this class is small, for we do not include in it that large division of what is termed our upper classes, men of uncertain incomes and luxurious households, but who to-morrow may be beggars, and their children wanderers in the land. Convulsions in trade render all business as uncertain as the throw of a dicer, and commercial men are dwellers on the sides of a volcano. Here, above all, in the youth of this class, is needed the strong and practical knowledge that will fit them for any lot—quick living tact, and not emasculating thought; a healthy and masculine nerve, and not the effeminacy of fastidiousness and refined tastes. And yet from among these are our colleges mostly filled.

Study strengthens the strong and weakens the weak. Genius and great natural energy may repair the corrosion of retirement, while it has gained for action the deep foundation of knowledge and intellectual acumen. But surely a system that thus nurtures a few at the expense of the many, that rears two or three gigantic minds, but leaves thousands crippled and blighted, is unjust to the individual, and adverse to the great principles of national improvement.

But the college has its sphere, which nothing else can fill, and which it is too much the fashion to undervalue. The wisdom that mankind has already hived up, is the true starting point for opinion. The fallacies that have been rejected, the false philosophy that time has exposed, the truth that has been well proven, are the landmarks for this century. Without these, men's minds are led off by attractive novelties, bewildered by every ignis fatnus that sinks away to appear in new and specious forms. Science *must* have its devotees, to combine and systematise the laws, the principles and the limits of human knowledge. To check the waste of endless and ever renewed experiment, to give a sound basis for demonstration, and prevent its hurrying into vague and ill-supported speculation, to fix, in fine, the conditions and real channels of thought, we need the full lights of classified experience, and the testing of rigid analysis. This is the true work for the men of the closet. But above the stand-points thus gained, floats the common mind. From this vantage ground arises the true national developement; for in such sense only is developement a reality—a great feature of our nature, and not an empty name. The student lays the unction to his shy conceit, that in silence and by the midnight oil, in lonely and intense thought, ideas of progress are evolved. But by broad day the work goes on. In all intercourse, in all labor, in all pleasure, by the plough and on the pavé, in saloons and by the camp fire, wherever men congregate, thought is busy. From the understanding and will of the *individual*, proceeds the onward movement of the *race*. Collision forces out brighter flashes of genius than all the concentration of attention. In hurried, dimly remembered generalization, shooting gleams of analogies, inperfect, though acute analysis, we find the sources of this unwritten wisdom. Whosoever first catches its murmured syllables, whosoever is the first to hear and obey, writes his name on history.

In the early days of our Republic, the youth of the old colonial families were held up in society and politics by hereditary wealth and influence. To the extended views and brooding thought of early study, thus they added the shrewdness, insight and wariness gained only in the battle of life. This made strong men. There were giants in those days. But had these men attempted to stem the current of public opinion, had they, in fool-hardiness, wished to turn from its course the true spirit of the hour, they would have been swept from their high places, trampled down by the rushing multitudes.

We do not fall into the Utopian fallacy, that universal and indiscriminate education is a panacea for all the woes of humanity. We do not even think it harmless under all circumstances. In over-peopled countries, under unequal laws and unjust distinctions, where ceaseless, hopeless toil is the lot of the working man, it is the rashness of the quack that would strip off the callous skin that grows under the heavy yoke. To give the Helot the early mind-awakening which will only make plain his misery, to show him the splendors of a higher life, and to cast him back repining and unstrung, is to

plant a discontent that may ripen into crime. To expand thought is not necessarily to strengthen the will, while it may increase temptation. What wonder is it that the spirit should sicken at a life-time before it of objectless drudgery—that the quickened mind should reject, at any cost, incessant, ill-repaid labor? Before you educate men, set food before them.

But here, in this new world, labor brings its reward in leisure and abundance. Division of labor being less extreme, there is a need of increased knowledge and general judgment. The operative, no longer acting with the precision and mechanical skill of an automaton, but shifting his hand with readiness from one vocation to another, novelty of situation and crudeness of practice demand observation and active thought. He grasps, with confidence, the plough handle or sledge hammer, the wielded axe or the yardstick—the morning finds him driving his oxen afield, the evening in the rostrum, haranguing his fellow citizens. We have no doubt that the American working man has, from the necessities of his position, a development of some of the highest powers of the understanding. Look into any village library, and note the nature of the books sought after by this class—listen in any work shop throughout the country to the topics discussed, and you may well believe that these men are abundantly able and quite willing to think for themselves. They are intensely reflective, and if habituated, by early education, to the terms and phraseology of moral and mental science, would be at home in the most abstruse and metaphysical topics. What then shall give the true direction to this morbid thought?

From the facility with which masses of men unite in this country to effect a common object, we are too apt to leave to public effort what belongs solely to the individual conscience and will. The means of the only educational system that can be sufficiently universal to meet the wants of the age, are at our own door. In the Common School, open to all, and freed as far as possible from the stigma of caste, in cheap books, in evening lectures and schools for the young apprentice and clerk, and, above all, in fireside encouragement and direction, do we find the real solution of this question. Let the whole education, moral and intellectual, go on at the same time. Whatever takes the youth from the softening influences of home, hardens and narrows the character; whatever shuts him out entirely from the severe lessons of life, weakens; and whatever defers too long his drilling in the actual vocation of his after days, injures him incalculably, by rendering him inferior in the practical knowledge that is to gain him his bread. We doubt, too, the right of any parent to shift from his own shoulders the charge of his sons' moral training. Thrown beyond the restraints of affection and respect at the most impressible period of his life, new passions springing into life, novelty and the glowing imagination of boyhood heightening temptation, pleasure most fascinating and drudgery most hateful, what wonder is it that the very choice of our college-bred youth are lost to themselves and to the world. In the simple machinery of family rule are found the true laws of human improvement; their place no artificial system, however ingenious, can ever fill.

This is the era of public institutions. Graceful philanthropy covers the land with charities. The halt and the blind, the mute, the madman, the pariah, are taken gently and tenderly by the hand, and their rugged path smoothed for them. This is well. Never has the world seen benevolence like that of this day. We compare it with the past, where the hospital was unknown, where the lunatic howled in his chains, and cowered and shrank before the lash, where captives of war were led manacled into slavery, and where unfortunates of all description found death their only friend, and men seem almost divine in their searching, omnipresent pity. But too much of this is only the lame attempt to fill the place of the kindly domestic feelings dulled by the disintegrating influences of the day. Within the small circle of personal ties and attachment are embraced all the charities and every duty. Within a certain extent it includes every object aimed at by public benevolence. Though not as universal as pure philanthropy, it will make a thousand times greater sacrifices, clearer than duty, it can never be hoodwinked by our self-deceit, and the perception and the wish go hand-in-hand. There is no safeguard like it against the evils of life—the strong steadies the tottering steps of his

weak brother. It is the germ of society and government, and should be preserved through all development of human intellect and character.

There is already too much at work to sap this natural institution of family. The facility with which the wave of population surges over the country, or swells the current that makes to the West, though a main cause of the general prosperity and individual comfort, is most destructive to the delicate cords of relationship. The eagerness with which, in the flood of intelligence, all push forward in the social strife, the excitements and risks, in which the universal competition involves all business, the necessity which every man feels for his whole soul's being wrapped in his calling to ensure even moderate success, have gradually inspired a national indifference to social enjoyments, and to the quiet amusements of home life almost a disrelish. And yet the means of creating home feelings were never more abundant. Of these, the chief is home education. Cheap books and good books no man need be without. Concentrated knowledge, partial, it is true, but not superficial, is at hand to give, with its widespread date, the means of the most comprehensive generalization, to form not the pedant, narrow-minded and bigoted, but the *well-read* man, — the thinker, with wide sympathies and wide views, — who alone makes his mark on the times.

Leave colleges, then, to the tender mercies of supply and demand, and if you would find a system of education for the whole American people, seek it in American homes.

SAMUEL S. PHELPS.

The desire universally felt to learn something of the personal history of those men who have acted, and are acting, a more or less prominent part in the conduct of our national affairs, is certainly natural, and can hardly be esteemed improper. An extended or eulogistic biography of the living, however,—except in rare cases,—seems to be premature and out of place. It may be set down as a general truth, under such circumstances, that either a strong personal regard will tempt the writer to exaggerate the picture he is to draw, and to add here and there some flattering touches; or else, the want of that intimate and actual knowledge which can penetrate to the hidden springs of the whole character—at the same time that testimony no longer biassed by personal feelings is not yet within his reach—will leave only imperfect and distorted lineaments, where a full and true likeness is demanded.

To deal with personal topics relating either to the living or to the dead—but more especially the former—requires a great degree of delicate discretion; for the false and too partial estimates of a friend are scarcely less to be shunned than the open attacks and studied depreciation of an enemy. In the present instance, accordingly, we waive the formal office of biographer and shall aim simply at a brief record of what we believe will most interest the reader respecting our subject.

Samuel S. Phelps was born at Litchfield, Connecticut, May 13, 1793. His father, John Phelps, was a wealthy and respectable farmer of Litchfield, and a soldier of the Revolution. Soon after the war broke out, he enlisted in a company of cavalry, commanded by Capt. Seymour, of the same town, which was present at the Battle of Saratoga, and rendered other valuable service in the struggle for American Independence. He was the only son of Edward Phelps, who died at an advanced age, on the same farm where a great part of his life had been spent, and to the possession of which his son succeeded. John Phelps married a lady whose maiden name was Sheather—also a native of Litchfield. He had several children, most of whom still reside in their native town. The subject of this sketch was one of the older sons, we believe, and named after his maternal uncle, Samuel Sheather.

At an early age Samuel was placed under the care of the Rev. Mr. Robbins, of Norfolk,—who kept a family school for the instruction of boys,—where he pursued the preparatory studies required for entering college. Judge Phelps occasionally refers, with great apparent pleasure, to the days he spent with the good Connecticut parson who laid the foundation of his mental discipline—always speaking of him in affectionate terms, and as one of whom he has ever retained a reverent and kindly remembrance.

In September, 1807, at the age of fourteen, he entered Yale College, where he was duly graduated, and with credit to himself, though considerably younger than most of his classmates—among the number of whom were Hon. John M. Clayton, the present Secretary of State, and Hon. Roger S. Baldwin, formerly Governor of Connecticut, and now one of the United States Senators from that State.

The winter ensuing was spent at the Litchfield Law School, where he attended the lectures of Hon. Tapping Reeve, and Judge Gould. In the following Spring he removed to Vermont, and took up his residence at Middlebury—a town which had been settled, chiefly, by emigrants from Connecticut, and, in a great proportion, from Litchfield County. He there contin-

ued his Law studies, in the office of Hon. Horatio Seymour, since a United States Senator from Vermont. At that time, (1812,) party spirit ran high: in New England, and in the particular region where he lived, the Federal, Anti-War party was strongly in the ascendant. Notwithstanding this, however, he was a decided Democrat and a warm supporter of the Administration. Soon after hostilities commenced, he was drafted as one of the 100,000 men who were to hold themselves in readiness, and during the Summer was ordered to the Canadian frontier. He served in the ranks at Burlington and Plattsburgh, until late in the Autumn, when he received from President Madison the appointment of Paymaster in the United States' Service. In that capacity he remained, until the object of his appointment was accomplished.

Returning to Middleburry, he resumed his law studies, and was admitted, at that place, at the December term, 1814, to practice in the Superior Courts, and in January, 1818, in the Supreme Court. Here he continued in an extensive and successful practice, during the next seventeen years, and until called upon to give up these duties, to fill high and responsible public stations. Previous to this latter period he was elected (in 1827) one of the Council of Censors—a body now unknown to any other Constitution than that of Vermont, (though once existing in Pennsylvania,) which meets every seven years, to examine whether the Constitution has been faithfully observed during the preceding Septennary, and to propose whatever amendments thereto they may think proper—to be adopted or rejected by the people. The address to the people, put forth by this Council, was written by Mr. Phelps.

One peculiar feature in the Constitution of Vermont, at that period, was the vesting of the principal legislative power in one body of men, called the House of Representatives—subject, however, to the approval and consent of the Governor and Council. The latter was a body of men consisting of one member from each county in the state, elected by general ticket. In 1831, Mr. Phelps was chosen a member of the Legislative Council, and during the session of the Legislature of that year, he was made a judge of the Supreme Court. This office he held by successive elections until 1838.

In the autumn of 1838, Judge Phelps was elected to the Senate of the United States, and at the close of his term of six years, was re-elected to the same office in 1844. His second term expires with the close of the present Congress.

The military appointments held by Senator Phelps—we may here add—have been, Paymaster in the United States' Service; Aid to Gov. Galusha; adjutant of a regiment; captain of a volunteer company of Riflemen; and colonel of a regiment. The office of brigadier-general he declined in favor of a friend who stood next in the line of promotion.

The high reputation which Judge Phelps enjoyed, as a member of the Supreme Bench, would, undoubtedly—notwithstanding the too frequent change of judicial officers in his State—have retained him in that capacity for many years beyond the time of his resignation, to enter the Senate, but for that event. No decisions of the Vermont Bench, we believe, are more highly valued than his, as contained in the Reports from 1831 to 1838. None, we think it is generally conceded by the profession, are more marked by clearness and force of language, as well as by a deep and thorough scrutiny of the whole case, in its several bearings, that exhausts the subject, and leaves scarcely room for a cavil. The confidence of the people at large in the integrity and ability of Judge Phelps in this capacity has been rarely equalled, and their admiration of his judicial character and talents cannot well be expressed in exaggerated terms. As an advocate, his reputation is not confined to his own State, or to New England. His arguments before the United States Supreme Court, at Washington, have made him very generally known as one who has few superiors as a cogent and powerful reasoner—one who, at a glance, can look through the merits and bearings of a case, and leave no strong point for his client unoccupied, and no assailable point in the positions of his adversary unattacked. We deem it no impropriety to mention here the remark of one highly distinguished, both as an advocate, orator and statesman, after arguing a complicated and important case before the Supreme Court, in which Judge Phelps was

his opponent: "I would rather," said he, "have met any other lawyer from New England. Judge Phelps has no superior there or in the country."

In the Senate, he has been known as a useful and influential, rather than as a noisy member; a man of sound, practical judgment, taking in all the great outlines and relations of the several questions as they arise; acting fearlessly up to his convictions of the right; cautious and conservative, yet not to such an extreme but that he can recognize and cheerfully adopt every real and positive improvement; true to the Constitution he has sworn to support, and to the Union; and commending himself, by his courtesy and candor, as well as by the acknowledged talents which give him no slight influence in the Senate, to the respect and esteem of all parties. He seldom speaks, unless some important question is pending, and unless, on that question, he has some well-considered opinions, or pertinent and original illustrations, which it is worth the while of the Senate and the country to hear. His quiet and industrious labors in the Committee room—and especially as a member of the Committee on Claims, and of the Committee on Indian affairs, in one or both of which capacities he has rendered valuable and efficient service for several years—have been highly appreciated by his associates at Washington, and though less known to the people at large, have not been valueless to the country.

We are fully warranted by his fellow Senators in saying, that the power he wields in the Senate, the consideration in which his judgment and practical acumen are held, and the secret, indefinable, yet (on this account) all the more real and legitimate sway which he unconsciously exercises in that body, cannot easily be overrated.

During his Senatorial career, thus far, no occasion, perhaps, has presented itself, fitted to draw out, to the full extent, the powers of Judge Phelps as a public speaker. Able speeches from him, however, have not been wanting, and there are two, especially, which have attracted no little attention throughout the country, as well as much admiration, at home. We now allude to his speech on the bill (known as Clayton's Compromise) reported by a Select Committee of the Senate, of which he was a member, in the Summer of 1848; and to that on the Vermont Anti-Slavery resolutions, during the present session.—From the well-known Anti-Slavery sentiment of the people of Vermont, and the course of Northern Senators generally, he was placed in a difficult position by his support of what was, for the moment, almost universally denounced at the North. Yet, he never wavered for a moment from his convictions in obedience to popular clamor, and he has now the satisfaction of seeing almost the entire North giving in their consent to his position;—though he certainly cannot but regret that the plan of pacification and settlement then proposed had been treated more dispassionately—as, if adopted, all the present agitations which afflict the country might have been avoided. No extract can do justice to this speech, yet we are impelled to quote two or three paragraphs, as specimens of his manner of treating this delicate subject, and of the general style of his oratory. The Territorial bill, reported by the Committee, had been stigmatized by a Senator as "cowardly," "skulking," "evasive," and the like. Our first extract relates to these charges:

"Sir, if I were to give a definition of a coward in relation to this matter, I should define it to be one who abandons his principles for fear of popular clamor; I should define it to be one who departs from his own convictions lest somebody who does not understand the subject, or who does not choose to understand it, might raise a cry of disapprobation in some quarter; I should define it to be one who avails himself of the excitement upon this subject, and through its aid secures election to office. The man who acts the part of a political weather-cock, by indicating the slightest whiffle in the political wind, trembles at the least indication of popular excitement, and is paralyzed by an opinion which floats to him upon the atmosphere of some bar-room discussion.

"I know not what other men may think on the subject, but in the discharge of my duty here, if I thought I could depart one iota from the doctrines which I have advanced, with a view to affect a decision at the ballot box, my own constituents would, in their deliberate judgment, administer a rebuke never to be forgotten. I know them too well to imagine that they will ever find fault with a strict adherence to duty, on this or any other subject, upon the part of their representatives. I have no hesitation in trusting my reputation, my standing, and my political existence, to the deliberate judgment of that people. But I

never will jeopardise their integrity or my own by yielding to a momentary impulse, which may mislead them as it has misled others."

All this is characteristic of the man. No man is freer from every art of the demagogue, and from all attempts to curry popular favor by time-serving concessions, against positive convictions of duty, than himself.

We make one more extract from this speech, much farther on, which concerns the merit of the bill itself.

"Sir, we have had a great deal of declamation upon the subject. Gentlemen do not seem able, although the bill is open to their inspection, to point out its defects, or to show us how it tolerates slavery. An important argument as to the effect of the bill, an argument which goes to explain its legal import and effect, is denominated sophistry. The very gentlemen who bestowed the epithet upon it, have repeated my argument word for word, and if there be sophistry, then the paternity lies with them. They have agreed with me almost entirely, and yet there is something in the bill which their astuteness has not enabled them to discover, but which requires sophistry to conceal. Now, sir, I put the question, where have we dodged, or endeavored to shuffle off the question. Suppose we had recommended to the Senate not to act upon it either way, but to defer it to a more favorable opportunity, it might have been said, that there was a shuffling off of the question. But I ask where is the shuffling, where is the skulking, in relation to it? I believe I am about the last man to be charged with skulking, for, judging from present appearances, I am standing alone among the Whigs of the North, in my vindication of this measure, and am perhaps rendering myself obnoxious to all the Whig party of the North. Sir, I know the agitation of the question that is going on; I know how a man may become obnoxious to public feeling, under the excited sensibility of that feeling. Sir, I know the opprobious epithets that may be applied; I may be hung or burnt in effigy; but, sir, having formed my opinion of the propriety of the measure, and of the expediency of adopting it, it is my duty to stand here and vindicate those opinions, let the opinions or feelings of my friends at the North be what they may. I do not 'skulk,' and I tell gentlemen that, although the arts of the demagogue are to be put in operation, I shall never shrink from the vindication of my own honest convictions here or elsewhere.

"But what could the committee do? Here is a very important question, the most troublesome, dangerous, alarming question that has arisen since the Government was established—a question more difficult of adjustment, pregnant with greater danger to our institutions, with greater danger to the harmony and prosperity of this country, than any question which has heretofore arisen, or is likely hereafter to arise. Sir, the committee have proposed the only measure which their ingenuity could devise; and if their proposition is not satisfactory, let me ask gentlemen who object to it, what it is they would propose? It is an easy matter to find fault. Nothing was ever done right in the estimation of all. The world itself, and man its inhabitant, were made wrong, in the opinion of some modern philanthropists; but it is well for us they have not the power of making it over again. But let me conjure gentlemen who find fault to inform us what proposition they would present. Let them tell us what is to be done. If this measure is not palatable to them, what do they propose? Sir, we have the Missouri compromise, will these gentlemen go for it? Will the Senators, either of them, go for it? Will the Senator from New Jersey go for it? They answer, no. If they will not sustain it, will they censure the committee for not recommending what they condemn? Will they censure me for not proposing a compromise against which both they and I are committed?

"Well, what else is there? The Wilmot proviso. These gentlemen will go for that. So will I. I am not behind them on that subject. But will a majority of the Senate do so? I knew, and every member of the committee knew, that if we met this question upon the ground of the Wilmot proviso, we would be voted down, and it was not my disposition to present the question to the Senate in such a form that it could not fail to be decided against me. It is not my purpose, in carrying out the principles and views of my constituents, to make up an issue in my case, which I know must be decided against me. I may be permitted, I hope, to borrow something from my personal experience. If I were about to present a case before a judge whose capacity I distrusted, or a jury in whom I had no confidence, I should feel at liberty to save my case if I could by moving for a continuance, or by changing the mere form of the issue. Knowing that the Senate could not be brought to carry out my purpose in that form, I feel at liberty to attain my object in another way, and at the same time to obtain an arrangement altogether more satisfactory to the advocates of freedom than unfavorable decision upon the Wilmot proviso. The proposition of the committee is the only one which has been presented which affords the slightest chance of an adjustment of this matter, even for the present. I should be gratified if any gentleman of the Senate could propose any-

thing more satisfactory. The purpose of the committee was, to extricate Congress from the difficulty in which we are placed in regard to this subject. I am well aware of the effect its agitation is likely to have throughout the country. It is a very convenient electioneering topic. My own sentiments are known; I am hostile to the institution of slavery, but I trust that my hostility is to be regulated by national and constitutional views; but my sentiments shall not be degraded by being applied to this wretched business of demagoguism or popular excitement. I caution gentlemen on this subject. Gun-powder is a very good thing to fight with, but it is dangerous to explode too much of it at once. Popular excitement is not a matter to be trifled with in this country, or in any other. All experience shows us the danger of tampering with popular feeling. There is not a page in history, from the creation to the present day, more pregnant with warning than the page that is now being enacted. There is inquietude, restlessness, desire for change prevading every portion of the world. We have seen the wheels of revolution revolving in Europe, and can only tell when those wheels will stop, or who is the last victim that shall be crushed beneath them? It is but a few days ago that we were congratulating a people upon their success thus far in the course of revolution. An individual who had spent his life over his books, unknown to the political world, sprung into political existence in a moment as the presiding officer of the Provisional Government of one of the most powerful and restless people in the world; and, sir, our congratulations had hardly reached him before the revolutionary wheel, which bore him triumphantly to the top, threw him from his high position into comparative insignificance and obscurity.

"Where will this movement, now proceeding with such tremendous power, terminate? There is but one Intelligence which can predict its termination, and but one Power that can control its results, and that Power is not a human power. We are following in the footsteps of our fellow men in the old world; popular excitement and popular violence are not unknown in our own country. The man who endeavors to carry this excitement to extremes, and to alienate the feelings of this people from each other, to the danger and perhaps destruction of our institutions, should be careful to ascertain whether he can control the tempest upon which he attempts to ride. The history of the old world shows that the demagogue who puts in motion the passions of men, and drives them to anarchy and bloodshed, deposits his bones at last in one undistinguishable mass with those of his victims And in this more peaceful hemisphere, which revolution and anarchy have not yet reached, the political agitator who rises upon a whirlwind of excitement finds, to say the least of him, an early political grave."

The disinterested and patriotic motives of Senator Phelps—if there is not, indeed, a universal conviction among his constituents of the *correctness* of his views and conduct in this matter—are fully conceded at home; and we believe it to be the general impression that as a learned and discriminating lawyer, knowing what the effect of the provision of that bill must be, so far as Slavery is concerned, Judge Phelps—for to him is the proposition of leaving the Mexican laws in force in the territories, prohibiting any alteration therein in respect to Slavery, due—a proposition which gave the distinctive haracter to the whole bill—circumvented Mr. Calhoun, the politician, who, probably in vain, expected of the Supreme Court a decision in accordance with his own views of the Constitution, as an instrument for extending Slavery.

The speech of Senator Phelps on the Anti-Slavery resolutions of Vermont, presented in the Senate last Winter, secured for its author at once a high position as an orator and a statesman, and was received with admiration by the Senate and by the country. The topic was extremely delicate and difficult, for the character of his State had been assailed, the language of the resolutions was pointed and direct on the subject of Slavery—yet the whole subject was treated calmly, dispassionately, and in a manner that, while it was firm and decided, was marked by no disorganizing spirit, and gave no just ground of offence to any portion of the country.

Our limits will not allow us to quote from this speech—which, in fact, needs to be read entire, to give an adequate idea of its depth and power. Among other topics, the right and duty of Congress to legislate for the Territories—in reply to the doctrines recently laid down by Mr. Cass—are maintained in a masterly, if not unanswerable argument, original in character, and unsurpassed in force. From the date of this speech—in whlch the constitutional remedies were pointed out as the only national resource—or at least, as remedies that should be thoroughly exhausted before looking elsewhere—on the part of the clamorous for disunion—may be dated a more sober and temperate spirit in debate, in

both Houses, and a more sincere desire to see all difficulties amicably settled, without a sacrifice of the Union, and an end of wild vagaries and threats looking towards such a result.

Senator Phelps was appointed on the Select Committee of Thirteen, to which were referred various matters pertaining to Slavery, with instructions to report some suitable plan of adjustment for the existing difficulties. Reluctantly, he consented to act on that Committee, and from their report, subsequently drawn up and presented by Mr. Clay, he dissented. For the last few years, very manifestly, he has risen rapidly in public estimation, as a man of sound, far-seeing views, candor, discretion and eminent ability; and while he has, to the full extent, maintained the opinions so generally prevalent in his own State, as to a Protective Tariff, hostility to the Mexican War, and other subjects of agitation and excitement, he has done so in a manner to secure the respect of men of all sections and views, and their confidence in his integrity and true nationality of feeling. This good fortune—so rare and so desirable—has given him an influence in the councils of his country, which, without it, no statesman can prosper. We believe there are few whose absence from the Senate would be more seriously felt at this time. He is now in the prime of life, and in the midst of services which his experience, as well as his distinguished ability, render him pre-eminently qualified to discharge for years to come. For the honor of his own State, and as a measure of justice to himself, we trust he will not yet be permitted to retire from the national councils.

We close with the remarks of one who was present in the Senate during the delivery of the speech last alluded to, in January last. They are from the pen of a judicious and able writer, whose commendation, we may add, is fully justified by a variety of similar testimonials from other sources, now in our possession:

"Judge Phelps' speech was keen, lucid, searching, convincing. It went unanswered, for it was unanswerable. It sped like a chain, shot through the ranks of his adversaries, mowing down every thing in its way. Senator Seward remarked that, if Mr. Webster had made it, it would have gone through the country like wild fire. Another still more distinguished Senator observed that there were *very* few men who could make such a speech. He made point after point, hit after hit, in a quiet but most effective manner. It furnishes a stable bottom for thinking men to stand upon. Its delivery swept away, with a single brush, a whole sky full of clouds, which Southern declaimers, aided by Mr. Cass, had been raising and accumulating for a fortnight."

CONGRESSIONAL SUMMARY.

SPEECH OF MR. CLAY, in Senate, May 21st, on the pending measures of Compromise.

Mr. CLAY commenced his remarks by regretting the disposition that had been manifested to discover and enlarge upon microscopic defects in the scheme of compromise presented by the Committee. Such cavilling was by no means a difficult task, but produced no profitable result. It is the duty of those who make objections of this kind, to give their own and a better project; to state how they would reconcile the interests of this country and harmonize its distracted parts.

Among the features of this report, the Senator proceeded, the one relating to the recovery of fugitive slaves is referred to with dissatisfaction. It should be noticed that the greatest objections on this subject come from States which are not suffering under the evil of having to recover these fugitives. His own State was perhaps the one suffering the most from this cause, while the State of Louisiana is among those States which suffer from it the least. And, yet, the honorable Senator from Louisiana, when we are satisfied with these provisions, sees in them objections which are insurmountable. And what are the embarrassments of which he complains? Why, that the slave-owner in pursuit of his property has to carry with him a record! That in place of the trouble and expense of witnesess and loose affidavits, he is fortified by an authentic record! This provision Mr. CLAY considered an advantage and protection to the slave-holder. This record would command a respect in the free States which oral testimony or mere affidavits could never confer. Moreover, it was a cumulative, not an exclusive, remedy, leaving him free to employ the provisions of the act of 1793.

With respect to that portion of the report on this subject, recommending trial by jury in the State whence the fugitive has fled, there will be in this no practical disadvantage to the slave-holder, since, the fugitive on his return, will, beyond doubt, abandon a right which he only claimed as a pretext. It should be remembered too, that this is proposed as a substitute and satisfaction to the North, for the trial by jury in the free State, and which would amount to a virtual surrender of the constitutional provision. Besides, it is only granting to the slave the right which he now indisputably possesses, in all the slave-holding States, of resorting to their tribunals of justice to establish his claim to freedom, if he has one.

"Mr. President," said Mr. CLAY, "I find myself in a peculiar and painful position, in respect to the defence of this report. I find myself assailed by extremists every where; by under currents; by those in high as well as those in low authority; but believing as I do, that this measure, and this measure only, will pass, if any does pass during the present session of Congress, I shall stand up to it, and to this report, against all objections, springing from whatever quarter they may.

Sir, it was but the other day that I found myself reproached at the North for conveying an alleged calumny of their institutions by saying that the trial by jury in this particular description of case, could not be relied upon as a remedy to the master who had lost his slave; as if I had made any such charge on Northern judges and juries, in ordinary cases, in the way of reproach, or had not applauded the administration of justice both in our State and our Federal courts generally. But, I urged that, if, in Massachussetts, you require a Kentuckian, going in pursuit of his slave there, to resort to a trial by jury on the question of freedom or slavery of a fugitive, it would be requisite, in consequence of such an assertion of privilege on the part of the fugitive, that the parties should produce testimony from the State of Kentucky, that you will have to delay the trial from time to time; that there must be a power to grant a new trial, and that a supervisory power would be necessary when you come to a final trial; that distant and foreign courts would be called on to administer the unknown laws of a remote commonwealth; and that, when you sum up the expenses and charges at the end of the case, although the owner may eventually recover his property, the contest to regain it would have cost him more than it is worth; that, in short, he might be largely out of pocket, and that he would find he had better

never have moved at all in the matter. That was the argument which I used; and yet, at the North, I am accused of casting unmerited opprobrium upon the right of trial by jury and the administration of justice; while at the South, in another and the last extreme, from which I should have expected anything of the kind, I find that this amendment is objected to as creating embarrassments to the owners of fugitive slaves."

Another objection raised by the Senator from Louisiana, was to the clause prohibiting the territorial legislatures from passing any law in respect to African slavery within the territories. In the Committee of thirteen, that very clause was moved by the honorable Senator's own colleague. Every Southern man on that Committee, except myself, said Mr. CLAY, voted for it, and every Northern member, with one exception against it.

Again the honorable Senator from Louisiana objects to the clause, prohibiting the slave-trade in the district of Columbia, on the ground, that the Committee do not affirm in their report that Congress has not the constitutional power to pass upon the subject of slavery in this District. But a majority of the Senate believe that Congress *has* the power to abolish slavery in the District; and the Committee cannot ask Senators to repudiate their fixed and deliberate sentiments. They can present a compromise of measures, but not of opinions; and in neither affirming nor denying the power, but simply asserting that the power should not be exercised, they consider it a compromise with which all should be perfectly satisfied.

The traffic in slaves in this District, said Mr. CLAY, arose, as he understood, from two laws passed by Congress, one in the year 1802, the other a few years subsequently. The mere repeal of its own laws by Congress could hardly be called unconstitutional. If such a measure had been proposed by the Committee instead of their actual proposition of adopting the laws of Maryland on the subject, would the Senator from Louisiana think it wrong, would he think it unconstitutional?

Mr. CLAY then spoke of the consequences that might ensue if these agitating questions were not settled by the action of this Congress. Should Congress separate without fulfilling its high duty of settling the present controversy, he feared that the Union for all the great and noble purposes for which our fathers formed it could not be preserved. The greatest of all calamities, a dissolution of the Union, might not inform take place, but next to that is a dissolution of those fraternal and kindred ties that bind us together as one free, Christian and commercial people. And unless this measure of compromise or a similar measure be passed, he predicted that nothing could be done for California, nothing could be done for the territories, nothing upon the fugitive slave bill, nothing upon the bill interdicting slavery in the District. And if they should return to their homes, leaving these questions open to foment the dissatisfaction and discontent already felt, could the public continue long in such a state of feeling? If this California bill should be rejected, will not the South reproach the North with having obtained all they wanted for the present and refused them everything? Will they not say to the free States that they have the reality if not the form of the Wilmot proviso? that they have a clause far more potent, more efficacious—the interdiction of slavery in the Constitution of California?

On the other hand, has nothing been done for the South? nothing in this measure of compromise? "What, sir! Is there nothing done for the South when there is a total absence of all Congressional action on the delicate subject of slavery; when Congress remains passive, neither adopting the Wilmot proviso, on the one hand, nor authorizing the introduction of slavery on the other; when every thing is left in *statu quo?* What were the South complaining of all along? The Wilmot proviso—a proviso, which if it be fastened upon this measure, as I trust it may not be, will be the result, I apprehend, of the difficulty of pleasing Southern gentlemen. Their great effort, their sole aim has been for several years to escape from that odious proviso. The proviso is not in the bill. The bill is silent: it is non-active upon the subject of slavery. The bill admits that if slavery is there, there it remains. The bill admits that if slavery is not there, there it is not. The bill is neither Southern nor Northern. It is equal; it is fair; it is a compromise, which any man, whether at the North or the South, who is desirous of healing the wounds of his country, may accept without dishonor or disgrace, and go home with the smiles which the learned Senator regretted he could not carry with him to Louisiana. They may go home and say that these vast Territories are left open. If slavery exists there, there it is. If it does not exist there, it is not there. Neither the North nor the South has triumphed; there is perfect reciprocity. The Union only has triumphed. The South has not triumphed by attempting to introduce slavery, which she would not do if she could, because she maintains (although it is not my own individual opinion) that Congress has no right to legislate on the one hand for its introduction, or on the other for its exclusion. Nor has the North been victorious. She may, indeed, and probably will, find her wishes ultimately consummated by the exclusion of slavery from our territorial acquisitions; but if she does, that ought not to be an occasion of complaint with the South, because

it will be the result of inevitable causes. The bill has left the field open for both, to be occupied by slavery, if the people, when they are forming States, shall so decide; or be exclusively devoted to freedom, if, as is probable, they shall so determine." Mr. Clay then compared the plan of the Committee of Thir teen with the measures proposed by the Executive. The President, he said, instead of offering a scheme comprehending all the diseases of the country, looks only at one. Here were five wounds, bleeding and threatening the well being, if not the existence of the body politic—California, the Territories, the boundary of Texas, the fugitive slave bill, and the slave-trade in the District of Columbia. Of these, the Executive recommends the admission of California, in which recommendation the Committee concur, but it leaves the other questions to cure themselves by some law of nature or self-remedy in the success of which he could not see the least ground of confidence.

Let us look, said Mr. Clay, at the condition of these Territories, and endeavor to do what has not been done with sufficient precision, to discriminate between non-action or non-intervention with regard to slavery, and non-action as it respects the government of the people who, by the dispensations of Providence and the course of events, have come into our hands to be taken care of. To refrain from extending them the benefit of government, law, order, and protection, is widely different from silence or non-intervention in regard to African slavery. In what condition does the President's message leave the Territory of Utah? Without any government at all. Without even the blessing or the curse, as you may choose to call it, of a military government. There is absolutely no government, except what the necessities of the Mormons have required them to erect for themselves.

What is the condition of New Mexico? She has a military government, which administered as it is, is in reality no government—a military government in a time of profound peace. Sir, said Mr. Clay, for establishing such a government in time of war, the late President was censured and his authority doubted, and now it is proposed to continue it until New Mexico has the requisite population to entitle her to a State Government. And when will this be? She has now a population of 10,000 whites and 80,000 or 90,000 Indians. With a people formed of such materials, and with the constitution such a people might make, if to-morrow she should come here for admission as a State, I for one, said Mr. Clay, would not vote for it. It would be preposterous—it would bring into contempt the grave matter of forming commonwealths as sovereign members of this glorious Union. New Mexico has not now, nor will she have for years to come, a population in sufficient numbers morally capable of self-government.

And what is the actual operation of this plan that thus meets with the approbation of the President? The first and greatest duty of government, it will hardly be denied, is to protect the governed and to repel invasion from the limits of the country. But on the first approach of invasion, on the arrival of commissioners from Texas for the purpose of bringing under the authority of that country the portion of New Mexico on this side of the Rio del Norte, the present military commandant, acting, it is alleged, under the authority of the Secretary of War, declares his intention of remaining *neutral*. He leaves this people weak and unorganized, to defend themselves against the encroachments of Texas, whose authority they denounce, whose laws they contravene, and for whose inhabitants they have most settled antipathy. What has become of the sacred obligations of the treaty of Hidalgo? Where is the solemn stipulation to provide for these provinces the protection they once received from Mexico? The fulfilment of obligations, the observance of contracts in private life and of treaties in public, is one of those high distinctions marking men in their social and their individual character, and yet we are told, in effect if not in terms, to withdraw from this high duty, and leave this people to work out their happiness and salvation in such way as they can.

Mr. Clay then compared in their particulars the plan of the Executive and the propositions of the Committee of Thirteen.

"The President's plan proposes an adjustment of only one of the five subjects which agitate and divide the country.	"The Committee's plan recommends an amicable settlement of all five of them.
"The President's plan proposes the admission of California as a State.	"That of the Committee also proposes the admission of California as a State.
"He proposes non-intervention as to slavery.	"They also propose non-intervention as to slavery.
"But he proposes further non-intervention in the establishment of Territorial Governments; that is to say, that we shall neglect to execute the obligation of the United States in the treaty of Hidalgo—fail to govern those whom we are bound to govern—leave them without the protection of the civil authority of any General Government—-leave Utah without any government	"They propose action and intervention by the establishment of civil government for the Territories, in conformity with treaty and constitutional obligations. To give them the superintending and controlling power of our General Government, in place of that of Mexico, which they have lost; and to substitute a civil instead of that military government, which declares it will assume an

at all, but that which the Mormons may institute—and leave New Mexico under the military Government of a lieutenant colonel.

"His plan fails to establish the limits of New Mexico east of the Rio Grande, and would expose the people who inhabit it to civil war, already threatened, with Texas.

"He proposes no adjustment of the fugitive slave subject.

"He proposes no arrangement of the subject of slavery or the slave trade in the District of Columbia.

"Thus, of the five subjects of disturbance and agitation—to wit, California, Territorial Governments, the boundary question with Texas, the fugitive bill, and the subject of slavery in the District—

"His plan settles but one, leaving the other four unadjusted, to inflame and exasperate the public mind, I fear, more than ever.

"Under his plan, one party, flushed with success in the admission of California alone, will contend, with new hopes and fresh vigor, for the application of the Wilmot proviso to all the remaining territory; whilst the other party, provoked and chagrined by obtaining no concession whatever, may be urged and animated to extreme and greater lengths than have yet been manifested."

attitude of neutrality in the boundary contest between New Mexico and Texas.

"Their's proposes a settlement of the boundary question, and, being settled, a civil war with Texas would be averted.

"They offer amendments which will make the recovery of fugitives more effectual, and at the same time, it is believed, will be generally satisfactory to the North.

"They propose to interdict the slave trade in the District, and leave slavery there undisturbed.

"They propose to adjust all five of them on a basis which, it is confidently believed, is just, fair and honorable, and will be satisfactory to the people of the United States.

"They offer the olive branch of peace, harmony and tranquillity.

"Under their plan, all questions being settled in a spirit of mutual concession and compromise, there will be general acquiesence, if not satisfaction; and the whole country will enjoy once more the blessing of domestic peaee, concord, and reconciliation."

Mr. CLAY then alluded to the idea, floating in the Southern mind, of an equlibrium of power between the two sections of the country. This he considered utterly impracticable, The rapid growth and unparalleled progress of the Northern States is such that it is impossible for the South to keep pace with it. But because a political balance of power is out of the question, it does not therefore follow that the great and cherished institution of the South is in danger. Southern rights have for their securities the sense of justice appertaining to enlightened and Christian man; the Constitution of the United States, with the oath which all take to abide by it; the necessity of concurrence of both branches of Congress before any act of legislation, inflicting wrong on the South, could take place; the veto of the President; the Supreme Court of the United States, ready to pronounce the annulment of any unconstitutional law; and lastly, said Mr. CLAY, there is that right of resort to arms and forcible resistance when oppression and tyranny become unsupportable, though he trusted the occasion for its exercise would never arise. But the slaveholding interest was not peculiar in its standing in a minority, with respect to the rest of the country. Every interest, the commercial, the manufacturing, the fishing, the navigating, all but the great agricultural interest were in a minority towards the rest of the country. It is a condition which is inevitable. This equilibrium is unnecessary, and by the operation of laws beyond all human control, the laws of population and of nature, is unattainable.

In conclusion, Mr. CLAY spoke of the healing effect on the distractions of the country of the memorable Missouri Compromise. The whole country then as now was in an uproar. Every legislative body, throughout the United States, had denounced or approved the measure of the admission of Missouri. The measure was finally carried by a small majority, and instantly the country was tranquilized, and the act received with universal joy and exultation. And he predicted that if this measure goes to the nation with all the high sanctions which it may carry—sanctions of both Houses of Congress, and of the Executive, and of the great body of the American people—to a country imploring them to settle these difficulties and to give them once more peace and happiness, he predicted that this agitation would be at an end.

CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN SENATOR WEBSTER AND THE CITIZENS OF NEWBURYPORT, MASS.

A letter was recently addressed to Mr. Webster, signed by three hundred and seventy of the citizens of Newburyport, in commendation of the views expressed in his speech, delivered in the Senate on the 7th of March last.

Mr. WEBSTER, in reply, wrote to the following effect:

"Twenty years since, the subject of slavery was regarded at the North as a political question solely; it has now come to be looked upon as a question of religion and humanity. With slavery, as it exists in the States, it is obvious that the Government of the United

States has no concern; its jurisdiction is confined to its own territories, except so far as to see that the Constitution is carried out in the matter of the surrender of fugitive slaves.

The Constitution of the United States, in the 2d section of the 4th article, declares:

"A person charged in any State with treason, felony, or other crime, who shall flee from justice, and be found in another state, shall, on demand of the executive authority of the State from which he fled, be delivered up, to be removed to the State having jurisdiction of the crime.

"No person, held to service or labor in one State, under the laws thereof, escaping into another, in consequence of any law or regulation therein, be discharged from such service or labor, but shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labor may be due."

No members of the Convention for adopting the Constitution were more jealous of every article and section entrenching in the slightest degree on personal liberty than the delegates from Massachusetts. But the above provision was highly necessary and proper. The latter clause, in fact, was borrowed from the celebrated ordinance of 1787, drawn up by Nathan Dane, himself a citizen of Massachusetts.

In the year 1643, there was formed a confederation between the four New England colonies, Massachusetts Bay, Plymouth, Connecticut, and New Haven; and in the 8th article of that confederation, it is stipulated as follows, viz.:—

"It is also agreed, that if any servant run away from his master into any other of these confederated jurisdictions, that, in such cases, upon the certificate of one magistrate in the jurisdiction out of which the said servant fled, or upon other due proof, the said servant shall be delivered, either to his master, or any other that pursues, and bring such certificate as proof." And in the "Articles of Agreement," entered into in 1650, between the New England colonies and "the delegates of Peter Stuyvesant, Governor of New Netherland," it was stipulated that "the same way and course" concerning fugitives should be observed between the English colonies and New Netherland, as had been established in the "Articles of Confederation," between the English colonies themselves.

On the 12th of February, 1793, under the administration of Gen. Washington, Congress passed an act for carrying into effect both these clauses of the constitution. It is entitled, "*An act respecting fugitive slaves from justice, and persons escaping fron the service of their masters.*"

The first two sections of this law provide for the case of fugitives from justice; and they declare, that whenever the executive authority of any State or Territory shall demand any person as a fugitive from justice, of the executive authority of any State or Territory to which such person shall have fled, and shall produce the copy of an indictment, or an affidavit made before a magistrate, charging the person so demanded with having committed treason, felony, or other crime, certified as authentic by the Governor or chief magistrate of the State or Territory from whence the person so charged shall have fled, to cause him or her to be arrested and secured, and notice of the arrest to be given to the executive authority making such demand, or to the agent of such authority appointed to receive the fugitive, and to cause the fugitive to be delivered to such agent when he shall appear; but if no such agent shall appear within six months, the prisoner may be discharged; and all the costs and expenses, incurred by arresting, securing, or transmitting the fugitive, shall be paid by the State or Territory making the demand. And that any agent who shall receive such fugitive into his custody, shall be authorized to transport him to the State or Territory from which he fled. Any person, rescuing or setting such person at liberty, shall, on conviction, be fined not exceeding five hundred dollars, and be imprisoned not exceeding one year.

The two last sections of the act respect persons held to labor in any of the United States or Territories, escaping into any other State or Territory; and in these words:

Sec. 3. *And be it further enacted,* That when a person held to labor in any of the United States, or in either of the Territories on the northwest or south of the river Ohio, under the laws thereof, shall escape into any other of the said States or Territories, the person to whom such labor or service may be due, his agent or attorney, is hereby empowered to seize or arrest such fugitive from labor, and to take him or her before any judge of the circuit or district courts of the United States, residing or being within the State, or before any magistrate of a county, city, or town corporate, wherein such seizure or arrest shall be made; and upon proof, to the satisfaction of such judge or magistrate, either by oral testimony or affidavit taken before and certified by a magistrate of any such State or Territory, that the person so seized or arrested doth, under the laws of the State or Territory from which he or she fled, owe service or labor to the person claiming him or her, it shall be the duty of such judge or magistrate to give a certificate thereof to such claimant, his agent or attorney, which shall be sufficient warrant for removing the said fugitive from labor to the State or Territory from which he or she fled.

Sec. 4. *And be it further enacted,* That any person who shall knowingly and willingly obstruct or hinder such claimant, his agent or attorney, in so seizing or arresting such fugitive from labor, or shall rescue such fugitive from such claimant, his agent or attorney, when so arrested, pursuant to the authority herein given or declared; or shall harbor or conceal such person, after notice that he

or she was a fugitive from labor, as aforesaid, shall, for either of the said offences, forfeit and pay the sum of five hundred dollars. Which penalty may be recovered by and for the benefit of such claimant, by action of debt, in any court proper to try the same; saving, moreover, to the person claiming such labor or service, his right of action for, or on account of, the said injuries, or either of them. [*Approved February* 12, 1793.]

It will be observed, that in neither of the two cases, does the law provide for the trial of any question whatever by jury, in the State in which the arrest is made. The fugitive from justice is to be delivered, on the production of an indictment, or a regular affidavit, charging the party with having committed the crime; and the fugitive from service is to be removed to the State from which he fled, upon proof, before any authorized magistrate, in the State where he may be found, either by witnesses or affidavit, that the person claimed doth owe service to the party claiming him, under the laws of the State from which he fled. In both cases the proceeding is to be preliminary and summary; in both cases the party is to be removed to the State from which he fled, that his liabilities and his rights may all be there regularly tried and adjudged, by the tribunals of that State, according to its laws. In the case of an alleged fugitive from justice, charged with crime, it is not to be taken for granted, in the State to which he has fled, that he is guilty. Nor in that State is he to be tried or punished. He is only to be remitted for trial to the place from which he came. In the case of the alleged fugitive from service, the courts of the State in which he is arrested are not to decide that, in fact, or in law, he does owe service to any body. He, too, is only to be remitted, for an inquiry into his rights, and their proper adjudication, to the State from which he fled; the tribunals of which understand its laws, and are in the constant habit of trying the question of slavery or no slavery, on the application of individuals, as an ordinary exercise of judicial authority. There is not a slave State in the Union, in which independent judicial tribunals are not always open to receive and decide upon petitions or applications for freedom; nor do I know, nor have I heard it alleged, that the decisions of these tribunals are not fair and upright. Such of them as I have seen, evince, certainly, these qualities in the judges.

This act of Congress seems to have passed with little opposition. None of its provisions were considered at the time as repugnant to religion, liberty, the constitution or humanity. Two eminent citizens of Massachusetts, George Cabot and Caleb Strong, represented that State in the Senate of the United States. The former, indeed, was one of the Committee for preparing the bill. It passed the Senate without a division. In the House of Representatives it was passed by a majority of *forty-eight to seven*; of these *seven*, one being from Virginia, one from Maryland, one from New York, and four from the New England States; and of these four one only from Massachusetts.

In the passage of this act, there were several propositions for modifications and amendments, but none suggesting the propriety of any jury trial in the State where the party should be arrested.

To me, continued Mr. Webster, the provisions of this law appear absolutely necessary, if we mean to fulfil the duties positively and peremptorily enjoined on us by the constitution of the country. But abolition societies and abolition presses have excited the public mind, and these provisions have at length been rendered obnoxious and odious. The passions of the people have been aroused against them, and under the cry of universal freedom, and the sentiment that there is a rule for the government of public men and private men of superior obligation to the Constitution, several of the States have enacted laws to obstruct and defeat to the utmost of their power the requisitions of this act of Congress. This has rendered it imperative on Congress to make further provisions for carrying into effect the substantial intentions of the act. With this view a bill on the subject has been recently introduced into the Senate by the Committee on the Judiciary.

The Act of Congress of 1793 made no provision for any trial by jury in the State where the arrest of the fugitive is made, and at this day there are great difficulties in the way of any such provision. The main one, and, perhaps, the only insuperable one has been created by the States themselves in their ill-considered laws refusing those aids and facilities without which a jury trial is impossible.

But at the same time nothing is more false than that such jury trial is demanded in cases of this kind by the Constitution, either in its letter or its spirit. The Constitution declares, that in all criminal prosecutions there shall be a trial by jury; the reclaiming of a fugitive slave is not a criminal prosecution.

The Constitution also declares, that in suits at common law the trial by jury shall be preserved; the reclaiming of a fugitive slave is not a suit at the common law; and there is no other clause or sentence in the Constitution having the least bearing on the subject.

In the "agitations" on these questions, there is one feature that strongly marks both extremes.

A member of Congress from Illinois, of talent and rapidly increasing distinction, (Mr. Bissell,) in a speech delivered in the House of

Representatives on the 21st day of February, made these very true and pertinent remarks:

"I am not so unmindful of truth as to deny that in respect to the subject now under consideration, some of our Southern friends have good cause to complain. But it must have been remarked by all of us that the representatives from those States which have really been agrieved in this respect are not those who have threatened us with disunion. These threats have come from the representatives of States from which, I venture to say, on an average not one slave escapes in five years.—Who ever heard of a slave escaping from Mississipi or Alabama? Where does he go to? Who helps him away? Certainly not the people of the North. Kentucky, Virginia, Maryland and Missouri, the only States that are really sufferers by the escape of slaves, do not seem to have dreamed of dissolution as a remedy f while representatives from a few of the extreme Southern States, whence slaves could no more escape than from the island of Cuba, see ample cause and imperious necessity for dissolving the Union and establishing a 'Southern confederacy,' in the alleged fact that their slaves are enticed away by the citizens of the North."

Now the counterpart of this "agitation" presents an equally singular and striking aspect in the fact that the greatest clamor and outcry have been raised against the cruelty and enormity of the reclamation of slaves in quarters where no such reclamation has ever been made, or if ever made, the instances are so exceedingly few and far between as to have escaped general knowledge. New England, it is well known, is the chosen seat of the abolition presses and the abolition societies. Here it is, principally, that the former cheer the morning by full columns of lamentations over the fate of human beings free by nature, and by a law above the Constitution; but sent back, nevertheless, chained and manacled to slavery and to stripes. And the latter refresh themselves from daily toil by orgies of the night devoted to the same outpourings of philanthropy; mingling all the while their anathemas at what they call "man catching" with the most horrid and profane objurgations of the Christian Sabbath, and, indeed of the whole Divine Revelation. They sanctify their philanthrophy by irreligion and profanity; they manifest their charity by contempt of God and his commandments.

It is well to inquire what foundation there is for all this rhapsody of opinion, and all this violence in conduct. What and how many are the instances of the seizure of fugitive slaves which these persons have seen, or which have happened in New England in their time? And what have been the circumstances of injustice, cruelty, and atrocity attending them? To ascertain the truth in this respect I have made diligent inquiry of members of Congress from the six New England States. On a subject so general I cannot be sure, of course, that the information received is entirely accurate, and, therefore, I do not say that the statement which I am about to present may be relied on as altogether correct, but I suppose it cannot be materially erroneous. The result, then, of all I can learn is this: No seizure of an alleged slave has ever been made in Maine. No seizure of an alleged fugitive slave has ever been made in New Hampshire. No seizure of an alleged fugitive slave has ever been made in Vermont. No seizure of an alleged fugitive slave has ever been made in Rhode Island within the last thirty years. No seizure of an alleged fugitive slave is known to have been made in Connecticut, except one about twenty-five years ago, and in that case the negro was immediately discharged for want of proof of identity. Some instances of the seizure of alleged fugitive slaves are known to have occurred in this generation in Massachusetts; but, except one, their number and their history is uncertain; that one took place in Boston twelve or fifteen years ago; and in that case some charitably disposed persons offered the owner a sum of money which he regarded as less than half the value of the slave, but which he agreed to accept and the negro was discharged. A few cases, I suppose, may have occurred in New Bedford, but they attracted little notice, nor, so far as I can learn, caused any complaint. Indeed, I do not know that there ever was more than a single case or two arising in that place. Be it remembered that I am speaking of reclamations of slaves made by their masters under the law of Congress. I am not speaking of instances of violent abduction and kidknapping made by persons not professing to be reclaiming their own slaves.

In those States where those reclamations really take place; there is little complaint or excitement. Maryland and Pennsylvania, for example, lie, the one on the slave side of the line, the other on the free side. Slaves not unfrequently escape from the latter into the former State, and are there arrested. On such occasions, there is generally no disturbance and no exasperated feeling. But Massachusetts grows fervid on Pennsylvania wrongs; while Pennsylvania herself is not excited by any sense of such wrongs, and complains of no injustice. The abolitionists of Massachusetts, both the out-and-out and the *quasi*, rend the welkin with sympathies for Pennsylvania, while Pennsylvania would quite as willingly be left to her own care of herself. Massachusetts tears fall abundantly for Pennsylvania sufferings; but which sufferings, Pennsylvania herself knows little or nothing of. No people are more opposed to slavery than the people of Pennsylvania. We know, especially,

that that great and respectable part of her population, the Friends, have borne their testimony against it from the first. Yet they create no excitement; they seek not to overthrow or undermine the constitution of their country. They know that firmness, steadiness of principle, a just moderation, and unconquerable perseverance are the virtues the practice of which is most likely to correct whatever is wrong in the constitution of the social system.

Between Kentucky and Ohio complaints have arisen occasionally on the subject of fugitive slaves; but by no means to the extent which has been represented by the Abolition societies. Slaveholders in Kentucky complain of the difficulties which they encounter in reclaiming fugitives; and the people of Ohio complain, not of the execution of the act of Congress and reclamations under it, but of the conduct of slaveholders, in coming into the State, taking and carrying back their slaves by force, and without legal process. The State of Ohio has had the discretion not to prohibit her officers and magistrates from performing the duties enjoined on them by the act of Congress.

The act of 1793 gives a right of action to the owner of a fugitive slave against any person who shall harbor or conceal him. Such actions have been brought in Ohio, and I have heard an eminent judicial authority say that he has found no more obstruction to the course of judicial proceedings in these cases than in others. Ohio juries try them with as much impartiality and calmness as they try other causes.

From what I know of the subject, Mr. Webster concluded, and of the public men, and of the people of those two States, I fully believe that, if left entirely to them, a law might be passed perfectly satisfactory to every body, except those whose business is agitation, and whose objects are anything but the promotion of peace, harmony, patriotic good will and the love of union among the people of the United States.

MISCELLANY.

Cuba. — On the night of the 15th of May, 1850, Gen. Lopez, at the head of 500 men, landed at Cardenas, on the island of Cuba. His design was to seize that place, secure the cars, march on Matanzas, surprise it, and then ascend the river to the mountains, and there fortify himself. The name and popularity of Gen. Lopez, it was thought, would bring the soldiers and citizens to his standard. His force being thus swelled by the increasing confidence of the Cubans in his resources, he would soon be in a condition to meet the army of the government. His first attack, on the morning succeeding the landing, was on the jail. The invaders met with a warm reception by the few troops here on duty. In their progress through the town, they were fired upon from the walls, housetops and windows. A body of Spanish troops, moving towards the governor's house, returned an answer by firing. The governor's house was then attacked and set fire to, and himself, some officers, and about forty soldiers forced to take refuge in the adjoining building. They were thus driven from house to house, until, being hemmed between the enemy and the fire, they were compelled to surrender. Gen. Lopez then addressed the citizens, and explained that the Expedition came to the island to offer liberty to the inhabitants, not with purpose of plunder. He issued, at the same time, strict orders that no property should be taken without being paid for, and gave other necessary orders. The effect of these measures was, that the Spanish soldiers put on red shirts and cockades like the invaders, and scattered through the town with the ostensible object of conciliating the people in favor of the new visitors. Little impression was made, however, for the Spanish officers, throughout the whole affair, remained faithful to their flag.

The loss on the side of the invaders was about 4 killed and 10 wounded; and on the part of the Islanders, upwards of 20. Gen. Lopez states that there were not more than 100 regular soldiers in Cardenas at the time of the attack, but news had, in the beginning, been sent to Coliseo, a post about ten miles distant, and to Matanzas, and before night, reinforcements arrived. During the day, too, some of the invading force had become somewhat discouraged, and a portion had been detailed to place the wounded and a quantity of coal on board the Creole steamer, to enable her to return for fresh troops. Influenced by these and other strong considerations, Gen. Lopez determined to re-embark his men, which was done soon after nightfall. As the Americans abandoned the city, a body of one hundred and fifty lancers marched into it; a part took up a position to cut of retreat; the others, fifty in number, charged the retreating troops, and were all, with one exception, shot down. In this attack, no assistance was rendered to the invaders by the citizens. Being disappointed in their expectations of arousing the inhabitants, and knowing that a large force, stationed in the vicinity of Cardenas, was moving down upon them, the soldiers, against the wishes of Gen. Lopez and the officers who were desirous of attempting another landing near the town of Mantua, immediately put to sea for Key West. The next morning, the Spanish steamer Pizarro was discovered astern in chase. They kept ahead, however, and were landed in safety at Key West. It was the intention of the Americans, had the Pizarro overtaken them, to have boarded her. She had about two hundred troops on board, and a bloody struggle would have been the result. The Creole has been seized by the Collector for various breaches of the revenue laws, and will, doubtless, be forfeited.

Eighty-four doubloons were found in the treasury at Cardenas, and by order of General Lopez, distributed for the relief of the sick and wounded among the soldiers.

On the 24th of May, Gen. Lopez, with several of the officers connected with the Expedition, were arrested at Savannah, but, in the absence of direct testimony, were immediately discharged from custody.

In the correspondence on this subject between the Spanish Minister and the Secretary of State, Mr. Clayton assures Calderon de la Barca of the good faith of the Government, and of its anxiety to repress all attempts of agitators and adventurers upon any part of the Spanish possessions. The President, he says, as in duty bound, will exercise all the power with which he is invested to prevent aggressions by our own people upon the ter-

ritories of friendly nations, and will use every effort to detect and to arrest for trial and punishment all offenders in any armed expedition probibited by our laws. Three ships of the Gulf squadron have been ordered to Cuba to prevent the landing of any invading forces under the American flag, and two additional war ships of great force and speed, one of which was the steam-frigate Saranac, have since been added; the Saranac, within a few hours after credible evidence had been submitted to the President in reference to the intended invasion.

Thirty-nine persons belonging to the invading force on board two small vessels have been taken off Woman's island by the Spanish steamer, Pizarro, and brought to Havana. Subsequently, one hundred and five were taken from the Mexican Island of Contoy on the coast of Yucatan. Respecting these last, the Secretary of State instructs Mr. Campbell, the American Consul at Havana, to impress upon the Spanish authorities, the distinction between those who have committed a crime, and those captured under appearances of an intention to commit a crime, and says, that the President claims for the American occupants of the Mexican island, that they are not guilty of any crime for which, by the laws of civilized nations, they should suffer death. They may have been and probably were guilty of crimes for which Government ought in good faith to punish them; but the President is resolved that they shall be protected against any punishment but that which the tribunal of their own country may award.

Some Facts about Cuba. — No census of the population of the island of Cuba has been taken by the Government since 1841. From other sources we find that its population in 1846 was 898,752; of whom 425,767 were white; 149,226 free colored, and 323,759 slaves. In 1841, according to the official census, the population was 1,007,624, of whom 418,291 were white; 152,838 free colored, and 426,495 slaves. Of the colored free population at that time 64,784 were black, and 88,054 mulattoes. The number of mulattoes among the slaves was 10,974. There was a transient population of some 38,000 not included in the total given above. There were at the time 222 schools, at which 9,082 free children received instruction; of these 640 were colored. Out of the total number 5,325 paid for their instruction; the others were taught gratuitously. We are unable to say whether the present condition of the island is in these respects in any degree meliorated.

In 1847 statistics were published by the Government, in which the island was described as having a surface of 45,530 square English miles, the contiguous Isle of Pines, and some smaller ones, making a total extent of nearly 48,000 square miles. The length of the island, in a direct line from east to west, is 680 miles; the widest breadth 335, the narrowest 26 miles. From the southern point of Florida to the northern point of Cuba is 113 miles; from Cuba to the nearest point in Yutacan is 132 miles, of Hayti 49 miles. From Jamaica Cuba is distant 89 miles. In 1849 its exports from Havana and Matanzes were, of sugar, 949,748 boxes; of coffee 371, 894 arrohas; of molasses, 97,373 hogsheads; of cigars and tobacco (from Havana alone) 1,273, 837 pounds. Of Matanzas, the white population was in 1846 estimated at 10,039; the free colored at 2,788, and the slaves, 4,159.

Prussia.—There has been an attempt to assassinate the King of Prussia. The assassin fired from a stooping or half kneeling position within a few feet of the King's person, and the ball striking the lower part of his arm, which was slightly raised, passed out at the elbow. The man was instantly seized by the bystanders and proved to be a discharged sergeant of Artillery and a native of Potsdam. He had been confined in the hospital at Spandan as a lunatic, and had subsequently exhibited signs of insanity. He is closely guarded and deprived of all means of committing self-destruction. The King has suffered but little ill effect from his wound.

France.—The measures of the Government daily become more vigorous. The socialist success in the late Paris elections has alarmed the friends of order, and for the present has strengthened the hand of the Executive. The old political divisions are nearly lost sight of in the struggle that has at last commenced between the socialists and the whole body of the middle classes. Like the Girondists of the first revolution, these classes have started the revolutionary spirit which is now directed against themselves. Their perpetual attempts at a healthy republicanism are thwarted by the levity and anarchical risings of the mobs of the large cities, and the reaction is despotism. The impression seems universal that France is on the verge of a second reign of terror, more bloodthirsty and devouring than the first; for the rage of the Jacobins against law and order was blind and unguided, and was exhausted by its own spasmodic efforts, while the Red Republicans are sustained and united by the complacency of theory. The real democracy of the country consequently look with less disfavor on the ambitious designs of Louis Napoleon, for an iron-handed military government is a better alternative than the ferocious tyranny of the Calibans of Communism.

The Legislative assembly though resembling the Girondists in their present position seem determined to avoid the error of that faction,

and will hardly fall from want of decision. They have adopted the maxim of Bonaparte, that, with mobs, grape shot is the only negotiator. There are now, within the limits of Paris, 150,000 soldiers. Consultations are held at General Chargarnier's, as to the best mode of effectually putting down an outbreak should it occur. Two systems have been proposed; to march instantly upon the insurgents, and carry their barricades at the point of the bayonet; or to let the insurrection gain head at first, and establish itself in the eastern arrondissements, to envelope the insurgents within these, and bombard the quarters they have taken possession of. A vast quantity of material has been accumulated at Vincennes, for the purpose of controlling the eastern districts of Paris, and along with these preparations, the radical press has been almost silenced by the severity of the government. These vigorous measures together with the knowledge that there was but little disatisfaction among the troops, rendering a successful outbreak highly improbable, have induced the socialist leaders to discourage the wishes of their followers for another emeute. They have been compelled again to trust to the ballot-box, although here their chances are greatly diminished by the new electoral bill that is now on its passage through the assembly. This law will permit those only to vote who pay the personal tax of three days' labor or its value and have resided for three years in the same *canton*. There are not more than one million indigent adults in France, and the first provision consequently will not diminish materially the number of voters. But the residence qualification will curtail immensely universal suffrage, for throughout the whole of France there is a large floating population, moving into the cities at certain seasons of the year, and drawn back at others, by the annual demand, into the vine-growing and agricultural districts.

But it is not the amount of the votes thus cut off that excites the indignation of the Socialists at this measure. Men of unsettled and roaming habits, must, from the very state of mind that these habits induce, be restless and fond of novelty. The stability that comes from attachment to places and persons they must ever want. Conservation is the offspring not of the intellect alone, nor always of the interest, but of the whole moral man. The souls sends out roots into society and exists with it and by it. But time and rest are required for this. Intense selfishness and recklessness follow on incessant change. Men become social Arabs—there hand is against every man and every man's hand is against them.

In this class, whether indigent or opulent, are always found the germs of revolution. Every vote, consequently, cut of by the Electoral bill, strengthens the hands of the advocates of law and order. It is a most stringent measure, and may check completely for a time the rising power of the Red Republicans. Its most objectionable feature is, that it offers a precedent for further curtailments of the suffrage. By successive invasions of this right, it may be reduced to the same narrow limits to which the system of Louis Philippe had restrained it.

GERMANY. The Congress at Berlin has closed. Prussia has established the *Bund*, which comprises herself and all the sovereign princes who do not wear a crown. Hesse has remained firm, and has abandoned Austria and the four Kings, and denounced their scheme. All the States in Union with Prussia will attend, by their representatives, the Austrian Congress at Frankfort, but with a full reservation of the rights of the Union, and a denial to Austria to summon any such Congress as head of the old and defunct confederation; accepting her summons, however, as an invitation to a deliberation on the affairs of universal and collective Germany. The States, when they come to Frankfort, will vote singly, and each on its own behalf, but in unison with the principle of concord agreed upon at Berlin, and as members of the Prussian *Bund*. Austria cannot object to this and all conflict on the question of right will be avoided.

The members of the Prussian Union regard the Congress at Frankfort as nothing more than a voluntary assembly of Plenepotentiaries of the thirty-five German Governments for a specific purpose; and deny that their deliberations can bind any State who does not attend there. The despatch from the Prussian Government on behalf of the German powers assembled at Berlin, to the Prussian Envoy at Vienna, is a very masterly state paper, and is the first document issued by the new German Power. We are willing to hope that a German Government has at length been formed; since a common and unanimous resolve has thus been taken by the Parliament of the assembled Princes. They act as one—they represent *one country*. Thus Prussia has calmly persevered; she held her position at Erfurt; she has strengthened it at Berlin; she will maintain it at Farnkfort. She has raised a loan of £2,700,000, (18,000,000 thalers), in her own territory, promptly and without any aid from foreign money markets, so that she is in a position to place her army on a war footing, should it be necessary.

The new *Bund* comprises within its limits all the countries bordering on France and Belgium; therefore the defence of the western frontier depends upon it. There will now be for the first time since 1815, an efficient and

united German army. Let the states of Germany be represented as they will at Frankfort, the members of the Bund will form a great majority. For the present however, Austria may attempt to form a counter-union, which she will find difficult, if not impossible to effect, she now makes it a sine qua non that, if she enters any such union, she must enter it with her entire monarchy. But would Saxony, or Bavaria, or Wurtemberg agree to such an arrangement, and be totally lost and absorbed in such a mass? As for Hanover it is altogether cut off from any Austrian union by the intervening states of the Bund. Austria must either come into the German union, so far as she is German and no further, or she must un-Germanize herself, and form an Austrian Empire external to and independent of Germany; and this latter, we think, she will do, with her predilections, her habits, and her tendencies, its the best thing she can do, both for herself and for the peace and repose of Europe.—*National Intelligencer.*

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Pictorial Field Book of the Revolution: or Illustrations, by Pen and Pencil, of History, Scenery, Biography, Relics and Traditions of the War for Independence: By Benson J. Lossing. With six hundred Engravings on wood: By Lossing and Barritt. Chiefly from original sketches by the author. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1850.

We have received the three first numbers of this extremely elegant work which is illustrated in a manner worthy of the subject. It is the pictorial and descriptive record of a journey recently performed to all the most important localities of the American Revolution. The plan is very attractive, embracing the characteristics of a book of travels and a history. The work is to be issued semi-monthly, and will be completed in about twenty numbers, of forty-eight large octavo pages each, at twenty-five cents a number. The wood engravings, illustrating persons, places and events, are exquisitely designed, and engraved on steel with admirable taste and skill. It seems to us to be the best illustrated work of the season; nor is the style of the writer deficient in fluency or elegance. It is a mixture of the narrative and descriptive, such as is suitable to the design of the work. If the public do justice to this work its copy-right will become extremely valuable to the author.

The Shoulder Knot: a story of the seventeenth century: By B. F. Tefft. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1850.

A story of the days of Richelieu, told in a serious and dignified style, which, we are relieved, and happy, to be able to say, is not an imitation of Scott or James. The writer is a man of thought, and though we have no leisure, just at this moment, to read his book from cover to cover, and thereby be enabled to pronounce upon the story, we can say with a safe conscience, that the book is a work of a man of sense and of a cultivated writer. It is intended to illustrate the advent of the age of understanding; the modern age. The idea of the work is new and striking.

Life of John Calvin: By Thomas H. Dyer. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This work has been unfavorably mentioned in the North British Review; but that is no reason why it may not be the best of its kind, since, strange as it may sound to some of our readers, the abuse of a book by an English periodical critic has as little effect upon our own opinion of it as it would upon its author. Criticism in England is done by rule. Books are disposed of in squads and phalanxes, by your mechanical English critic, according to the party he serves, and not according to the talent with which they are executed. This volume, which we have not read, has a very fine portrait of John Calvin, one of the most remarkable faces in the world. The British Reviewer affirms that the most prominent idea in this life of Calvin, which he admits is skilfully executed, is antagonism to the great Reformer, as a predestinarian; a criticism which we take to be a special recommendation of the work to American Theologians; with whom the doctrine of Free Will very extensively prevails.

Life and Correspondence of Andrew Combe, M. D.: By George Combe. Philadelphia: A. Hart. Late Carey and Hart. 1850.

This is a life of Dr. Combe, the brother of the famous Phrenologist, to whom that science owes its respectability and celebrity more than to any other man, except Spurzhiem, and by whom this life is written. It is a work which we can commend as every way worthy of the subject and the author.

Thackeray's Pendennis. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The publishers have not sent us the last numbers of this work. The beginning of it was delightful, but we can say nothing of the conclusion from not having seen it. The character of Pendennis as it was carried through the first three or four numbers, was perfectly fascinating and original, the follies and the generosities of a high spirited young gentleman in middle life, subject to all the temptations of the world in London.

History of the Polk Administration. By Lucian B. Chase, Member of the 29th and 30th Congress. New York: George Putnam.

Our amanuensis, as we repeated the title of this work, understood us to read History of the Pole-Cat Ministration, supposing it to be, of course, a history of the Union newspaper, for the last two years. The work is a serious defense of the administration of Mr. Polk. On page 463 the author "pauses to consider the advances which have been made during the administration of Mr. Polk,"

not, as one might imagine, upon the territories of Mexico, but in " the arts and sciences." Of course it would be necessary to " pause" from all consideration of the Polk administration, before one could say any thing of the arts and sciences. " There are many circumstances in the history of a people" says our author, " which are regarded of *secondary* importance, that seem nevertheless to illustrate their career, and indicate their destiny. Such events *signalized* each year of Mr. Polk's administration," an opinion in which we heartily concur.

The United States Lawyer's Directory and Official Bulletin—Comprising the name and place of every practising Lawyer in the Union. Together with the manual of the American Legal Association. Compiled by JOHN LIVINGSTON, member of the New York Bar, and Editor of the Monthly Law Magazine. New York: office of the Law Magazine. 1850.

The title of this catalogue is its own sufficient recommendation and notice. It is an elegantly printed, thin octavo.

Shakspeare's Dramatic Works, Boston: Philips, Samson & Co., 1850.

The edition of Shakspeare by these enterprising publishers, is not surpassed by any that have been published in America. The work is got up in such a style as to allow of its being bound in the most sumptuous fashion.

The imaginary portraits are magnificently executed. The number containing the play of King John has a portrait of Constance, Mrs. Kean's best character perhaps, and the artist has made it also a portrait of Mrs. Kean in her youth, full of passionate expression.

Hints towards Reforms: By HORACE GREELEY. New York: Harper & Brothers.

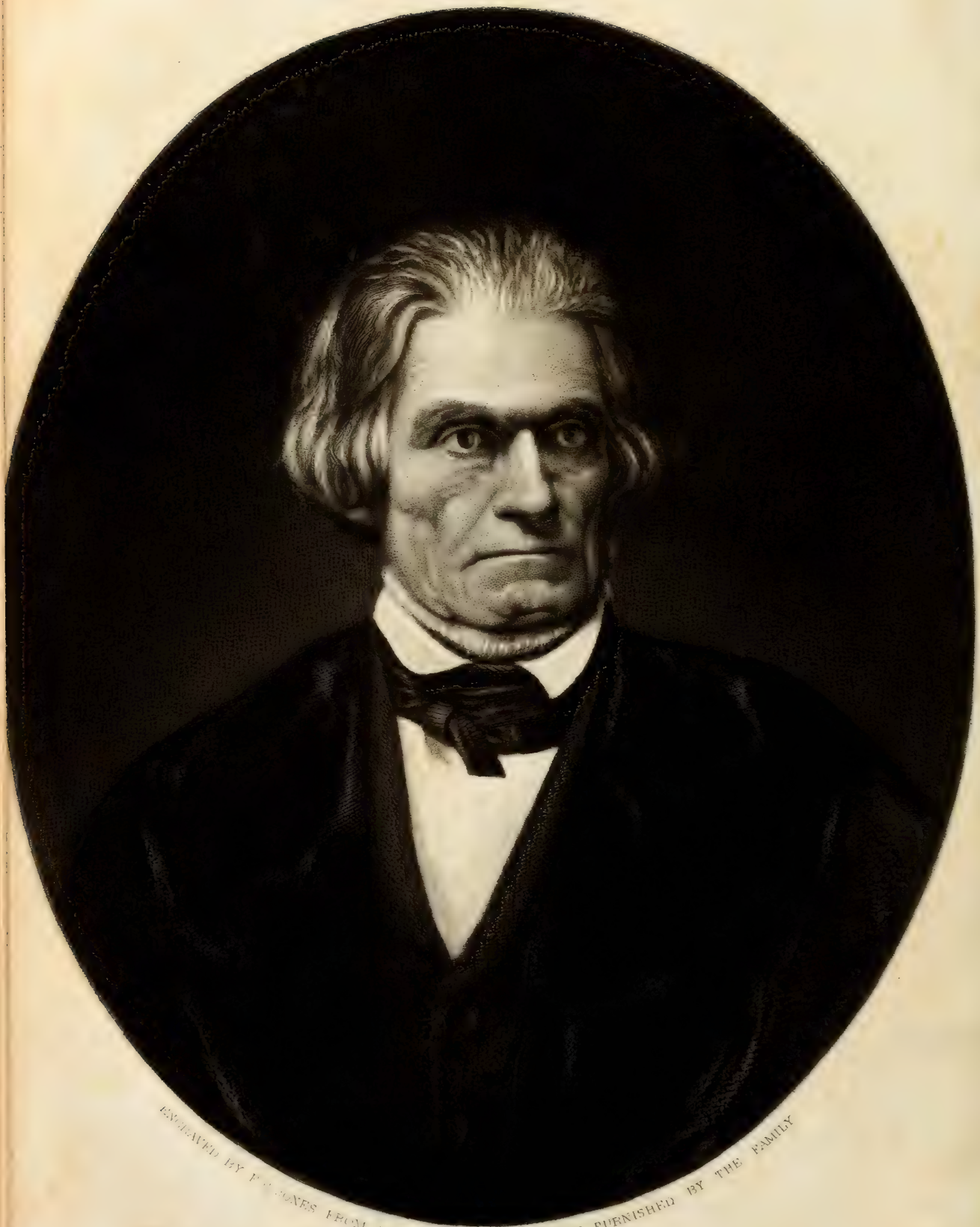
This work is a series of lectures, addresses and other writings by the the well known editor of the Tribune newspaper. It contains a formal and studied presentation of the opinions of Mr. Greely, in regard to the organization, of labor and practical reform in all its branches, including the moral. The readers of the Tribune, need not be told what these views are. Mr. Greely though a rough and somewhat careless writer, writes an excellently clear and manly style: it is sometimes even eloquent. In his theoretic views of reform we need not say to our readers we are obliged to differ from him in many points, even in fundamentals, while we regard many of his practical efforts as highly servicable and important, not only to the poorer classes of whom he assumes to be the special advocate, but to all men alike.

The Morning Watch, A Narrative, (Poem.) New York: George P. Putnam.

D. Appleton & Co., continue to issue uninterruptedly the numbers of their splendid work, *The Dictionary of Mechanics Engine Work and Engineering.* No. 11, is a part of an elaborate treatise on steam engines, fully illustrated.

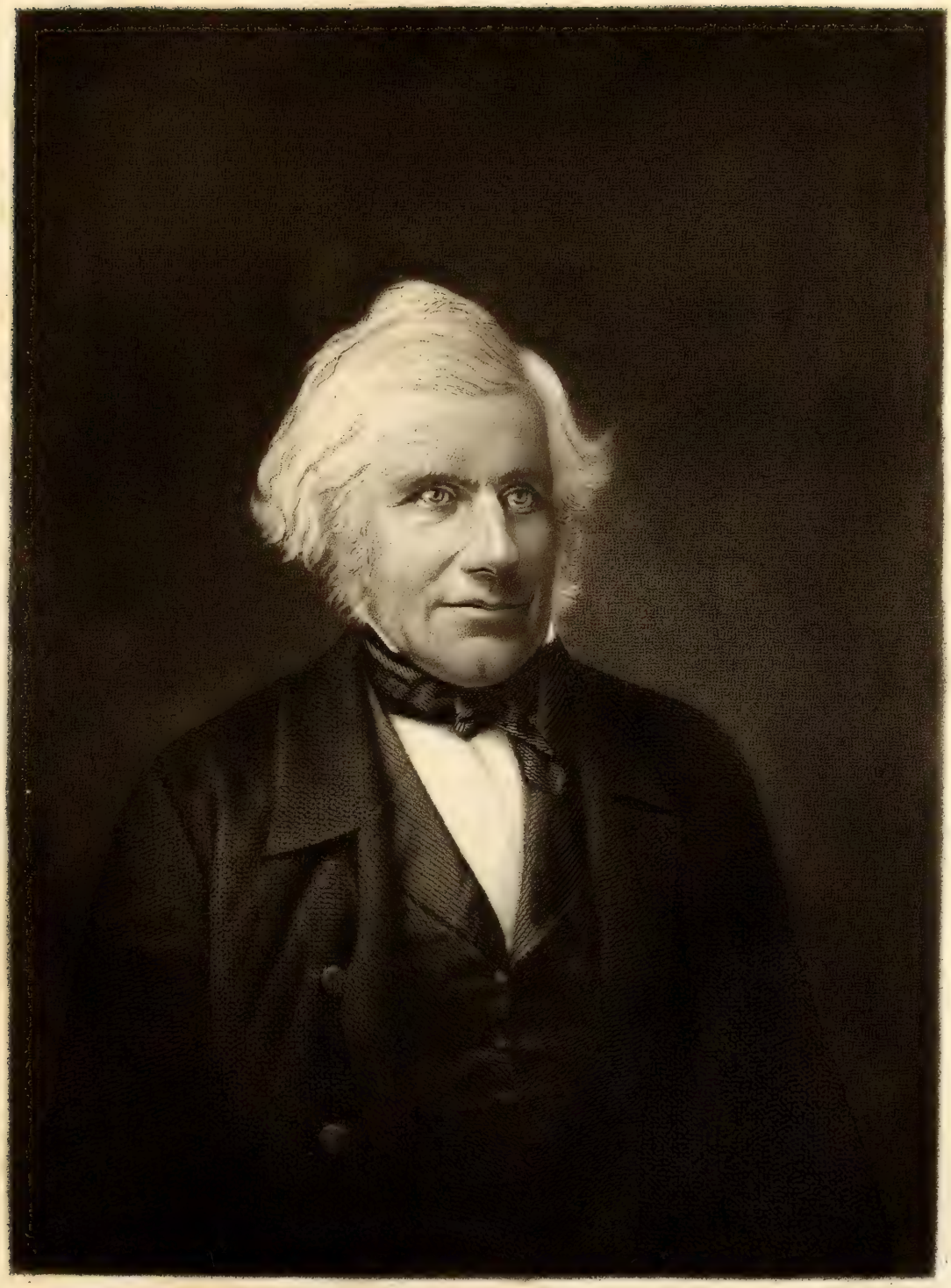
Supplement to Frank Forrester's Fish and Fishing of the United States, and British Provinces of North America. By WILLIAM HENRY HERBERT, author of " Frank Forrester and his Friends." &c. New York: Stringer & Townsend. 1850.

Mr. Herbert's reputation as a writer of field sports and every kind of out-door amusement is established among the first. Fly fishing is esteemed a mystery and an art of great difficulty by those who practice it. To be a successful fly-fisher requires years of practice and the exercise of a great deal of skill, patience and judgment. Of the fascination and pleasure that follows it we can judge only from the enthusiasm of its votaries. Of the merits of this volume we confess ourselves wholly incapable of pronouncing; as far as it is a treatise on fly-fishing. The book itself is extremely elegant, and illustrated by a colored plate of the various kinds of artificial flies. The letter-press is a description of the game fish taken in American waters, with anecdotes and practical directions.



ENGRAVED BY F. JONES FROM A DAGUERREOTYPE, KINDLY FURNISHED BY THE FAMILY

J. C. Calhoun



Printed by E.E. Jones

THE

AMERICAN WHIG REVIEW,

No. XXXII.

FOR AUGUST, 1850.

REPLY TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our publication of portraits of distinguished Whig legislators and editors, while it has added a strong feature of interest, and increased the value of our work as an authentic *chronicle* and *picture* of the age, has subjected us to some annoyance, by making us the mark for partisan abuse and sectional hatred. The publication of a Southern face, especially if it be of a statesman ardent and eminent in the protection of State rights, embitters the minds of ultra Northren partisans, who immediately surmise that "the Whig Review has gone over to the slave interest." Equal discontent is manifested in other quarters on the appearance of the portrait of any eminent Northren man.

Our friends, and judicious readers generally, will perceive that if sectional halreds and prejudices were to be in the least regarded, it would be necessary, during the present contest, to suspend the publication of Memoirs and portraits altogether, and to suppress those abstracts of public speeches, which are at present so important a feature in the Review.

The Review, in the fulfilment of its duty as a *National* Whig journal, will not hesitate to publish, as heretofore, with entire impartiality, portraits, sometimes accompanied by Memoirs, of Whig Statesmen representing both extremes of opinion; nor will it decline to commemorate, without regard to party, the lives of men, who, like John Caldwell Calhoun, have set a great example of public virtue.

HINTS TOWARD CONCILIATION.

No greater calamity can befal a nation than the death of those men who represent in their persons the dignity and virtue of the people. In Republics especially, the decease of great and worthy citizens, able to sustain the responsibilities of high office, is to be esteemed among the greatest of calamities. The death of President Taylor has cast a gloom over the nation: It has abated confidence: It has cast down the hopes of many: It has dimished security. The favorite of the people, to whom all eyes were turned, in whom all hopes were concentrated for the guidance of public affairs, for the preservation of the Union, and the maintenance of the constitution, is taken suddenly away; and for a moment, following upon the shock, there is a feeling of uncertainty and confusion. No man can estimate the consequences of so sudden a blow. The venerable character of the President, his popularity, the respect and affection with which he was regarded by the masses of the people, had placed the destiny of the nation, had he lived, in his sole control. The known firmness of his character, and the high constitutional cast of his intellect, strengthened by a life-long allegiance to the Union, and obedience to its laws, left no doubt, in the minds of those who knew him best, as to what course he would have pursued. He came into office pledged to sustain and to execute the laws, as a law-executor and not as a law-maker. He represented the executive principle, and as far as he was suffered, in the mysterious order of Providence, to work out the pledges under which he came into power, he fulfilled them. We are not called upon to pronounce his eulogy: that will be read in the history of the time.

Meanwhile the solemnity of the occasion is not unfavorable to a serious examination of ourselves, and the position which we, as a party, entrusted with the defense of certain principles for which our votes are registered, and toward the establishment of which our speech and actions are required to be exerted,— occupy at this moment. The safety of the Union is in the hands of the Whig party; disunion lies not at their door, if it comes. We are entering upon the second stage of that factious war which is endangering, or which seems to endanger, our existence as a nation. It is unwise to shut our eyes to the facts, or to endeavor to conceal from ourselves and others the real posture of our affairs.

Two powerful factions are laboring to destroy the republic. A faction in the North, small in numbers, but loud and active, and influential by their activity and by their position as a third party, whose alternative is either a dissolution of the Union or the wresting of the powers of the general government to *their* peculiar purposes.

A faction in the South, also small in numbers, and still louder and more dangerous, (through the influence they exert upon the Southern population,) whose alternative is disunion, or the wresting of the powers of the general government to *their* peculiar purposes.

As to where the agitation began, we need not now enquire. It is the *present* phasis of the contest which immediately interests us. For the Southern faction there is this excuse, or at least, this appearance of an excuse, — that they are contending for what they conceive to be their rights. For the Northern faction there is no excuse. They have neither right nor interest to offer, but only a *theory* of what is best for the future; and for this imaginary best they hesitate not to destroy all that is good and desirable in the present.

These two factions have their representatives, who go beyond the wishes of their constituents, and react upon and exas-

perate them; the same ultimate purpose inspires both;—we confidently affirm it on the authority of no mean witnesses,—and that is, the destruction of the present system of the Union. They are weary of the Union; it is too great a weight for them to carry; they wish to see it dissolved, they inspire their constituencies with their own wishes, and if things go on as they are now proceeding, the constituencies, too, will become weary of the Union, and will see nothing but evil in it.

There is but one party in the nation that remains sound at heart and unmoved amid the tumult, and that is the original Whig party of the Union. Theirs is the sole doctrine able to unite the extreme divisions of that party, and that is the doctrine of union and nationality. In the full strength and capacity of this doctrine lies the strength of the Whig Republican party.

Inheriting from the old Republican party that profound respect and consideration for the rights and equalities of the local sovereignties, which was the guiding light and the actuating spirit of the early founders of the Republic, the Whig party adds to that a genuine republicanism; a feeling of the integrity of the entire people, apart from all opinions and above all local interests.

Dismissing from our thoughts all considerations of the abstract right or wrong of negro servitude, as a question which, in the critical aspect of our affairs, it is, at present, almost criminal to agitate before the people, let us pause in our career of violence and inquire whether there are not other things, *some* other things of at least equal moment, to be discussed: let us ask ourselves whether white men were created solely to legislate for the happiness and the multiplication of negroes, or whether a sudden or a gradual change in the political position of a portion of our population, and that portion the most abject and the least valuable of all—whether the accomplishment of such a change is so extremely desirable, so indispensible and divine a thing, we are determined to go to our deaths in order to accomplish it. Whether the hopes of the world and the glory of the universe are to be forever extinguished, and the happiness and prosperity of seventeen millions, an entire people, is to be annihilated, in order that a body of slaves may receive a liberty which it is by no means certain they would not use for their own destruction. Let men reflect before they act and agitate. Have the people of New England weighed carefully the moral, social and physical calamities which must attend the success of those schemes which are on foot among them. Do they believe that the South will yield without a struggle? Have they counted the cost? Have they estimated the ruin and the devastation of civil war? Have they considered what must follow upon the suspension of commercial intercourse incident to a border war, enlarging to a general civil war, between the two sections of the continent? The materials of their industry are drawn from those fields which they are ready to over-run and devastate. Those materials are wrought from the bosom of the earth by the industry of the negro, from whose hands these agitations must snatch the implements of agriculture and substitute for them knives and fire-brands.

Let us yield quietly to the progress of events, and Providence will work out for us our just desires. The tide of population is moving Southward and Westward over all the continent. The gradual influx and intermingling of white populations must inevitably change and ameliorate the condition of the black, if it does not wholly emancipate him. Under any circumstances, however, the interference of a foreign power will only crush and ruin what it seeks to ameliorate. Interference on the part of the North is at least as inhumane as it is unlawful.

On the other side, what is it that the South desires?—or rather what is it that the nation can concede to that portion of the South who are agitating what they conceive to be their rights. To such of them as demand the dissolution of the Union there is one reply to be made and they know well what that reply is. Every step which they make in that direction draws war after it. Let them estimate their forces; let them count the numbers they can bring into the field; let them calculate the cost; let them imagine themselves finally successful and the division made, and the two nations established where there is now but one; have they secured to themselves anything beyond what they already possess?

The northern populations, driven into a war by their instrumentality, and upon such grounds as these, would have planted in their souls an hatred inextinguishable of the institution whose existence gave rise to all these calamities. Were a Northern Republic to be established, the first clause in its constitution would be the first of the Declaration of Independence, and that clause would become a doctrine of action; and the millions of population who adopted it would be converted into a propaganda for its establishment. The second clause in that constitution would be Freedom and Protection to the last extremity, for every man who sets foot upon Northern soil; and who can tell how much farther the fury of an enthusiastic and a martial people might urge them? To what fearful extremities? The people of New England, peaceful and industrious, and humble in their industry, inherit the rancor and the courage and the invincible steadiness of the puritan blood. Strong friends though they be, and the best supporters, of that constitution which is now the protector of the Southern as well as of the Northern sovereignties, the continuance for any length of time of civil war upon the question of universal human right, would rouse again in their minds the smothered fires of fanaticism, inextinguishable, saving in death. And what shall we say for those Western millions, of Saxon and Celtic origin? Red Republicans and Democrats in their own country, exiles from slavery themselves, what side would they take in such a conflict? We repeat it: the South may calculate her strength; she may project alliance with the free-traders and aristocrats of England; she may annihilate the Northern commerce; she may destroy the navigation of the Mississippi; she may arm her slave populations, and with that native valor of which her sons are justly proud, and for which the world admires and extols them,—a valor which is now the pride and the glory and the defence of the Union,—all this would not avail to save her from inevitable ruin *should she first move*, and be the confessed and clear mover, in such a war. It would be such a war as has never yet been seen; and it would end in the ruin and the extinguishment of those glorious local sovereignties which are the barriers—we had almost said the creators, of popular liberty. Local sovereignties would fall into disrepute. Nothing so completely breaks down municipal distinction, and so rapidly fuses and nationalizes a people as civil war. In the common cause the separate interests are forgotten.

It is our firm and sincere belief that the Northern people have had no hand in those events which have given a free population to California. Gentlemen in the Nashville convention said that it was the masterly inactivity of Congress which gave a free constitution to California, and that this is their grievance,—that this is the insult which they feel so sorely, and which to *revenge* they call for a dissolution of the Union and alliance with England. It were better for the American people that the Oregon treaty had never been signed, and war with England precipitated *then*—than that such a word as this accursed one, than that such a thought as this accursed, most infamous thought—alliance with England for the ruin of the North, should have ever darkened their understandings. What is meant by alliance with England? Subordination is meant; political dependence is meant; the conversion of the Southern States into the tributaries,—planting and cotton growing tributaries of England is meant, with Tory influence infecting the counsels of the South,—with English political economy depressing, and suppressing, and plucking out the heart and extinguishing the life of Southern liberty. Remand California back to a territorial condition, or we will remand the Southern States back to a Colonial condition:—that is your project, gentlemen of the Nashville convention; that is your alternative!

You are mistaken in your estimate of the North. That the North dislike your institutions is as true as that you dislike theirs. Maintain your institutions, and the Union will protect you. Without it, you have no guaranty.

You err in attributing to the influence of the North an effect over which the North had no control. It was free emigration that made California. She was a free State under the laws of Mexico, and the population that flowed into her was from countries intolerant of negro slavery. It will be a pathetic passage in human history if you ask to revenge yourselves upon your brothers and fellow-citizens for a con-

summation over which they had no control. It was not by the machinations of abolitionists, but by the love of gold and the spirit of adventure, a free population was poured into California. You were not rapid enough: while you sat quietly upon your plantations, planning new States to be added to your Southern Republic, the freemen of the West had shouldered their rifles, and were on their way across the wilderness. By the time you had risen to your feet, they had stepped across the ridges of the Rocky Mountains.

Your institutions encumbered you; they will always encumber you; you need protection in them; you require the protection of a powerful nation; — powerful in war, and sworn servants of laws and constitutions--to protect you in that fearful business which Providence has imposed upon you, of governing—one man for ten—your millions of enslaved barbarians. Have you, in estimating the chances of the future, weighed the facts of the past? Have you forgotten that, under the Union, you have flourished long, protected and fostered by it? Have you, amongst all your calculations, calculated the force and value of that protection, and measured how much you owe to it; or, if it were removed, what immense influences hostile to yourselves, now fended from you by the barriers of nationality, striking respect and terror? — were those barriers removed, might fall with them, and respect and terror no longer be in your defense.

It is a time, if ever there was such a time, for dispassionate enquiry. We must stop and consider: we must ask what is demanded; and, above all things, we must cease from abuse and recrimination.

The most important inquiry that can occupy us is, therefore, to discover the extent of injury, if any, that has been inflicted upon the slaveholding States. But before entering upon that inquiry it is necessary to distinguish between injuries inflicted by Providence and injuries inflicted by men. The South may rebel against Providence while it supposes that it is rebelling against the Union; but that were a barbarous and an odious war which punished friends for one's own misfortunes, and the consequences of one's own folly.

The first cause of grievance, and which was especially dwelt upon by Calhoun, whose great name and greater virtues have given force to the complaint, is the existence in the North of associations for the propagation of anti-slavery doctrines. That the existence of such associations should be a cause of vexation and grievance in the Southern States, more especially among the owners of slaves, is natural: such associations exist also in England; indeed, they originated there! the English government is an organized abolition agency with fleets, armies, and the taxes of an empire at its disposal. The imperial government of the British empire has taxed its people to raise a sum of money sufficient for the emancipation of its negro colonies in the West Indies. The people of England have but begun *their* system of revolutions, in which they are somewhat behind their neighbors of the continent. A revolutionary Great Britain, such as all thinking men expect soon to see,—will not that also be an emancipating and an abolitionary Great Britain? Your projected Southern Republic then, will be under the protection of a revolutionary British empire, rushing on the wild sea of universal suffrage, forward toward indefinite reform. And will it not be an emancipatory and an abolitionary power, directed first toward the more effectual suppression of the slave traffic, —the pet project of England these thirty years, and which it might easily accomplish, and would long since have accomplished, but for the ingenuity of its rulers, who amuse the people with ineffectual squadrons on the coast of Africa, but who, when they intend in earnest to stop the traffic in Africans will direct their steamships to watch the harbors of South America, and so forever put an end to the trade which they detest:—and will not the second step be against the projected Southern Republic? Toward the accomplishment of this pet project of abolition, and that equally desirable one for England, the destruction of American manufactures, what step can be taken more propitious than the separation of the South, to be followed by a Southern alliance? Was not South Carolina first governed and colonized by the servants of the crown? a circumstance not to be forgotten! What a piece of statesmanship for an English Premier to draw back these truant colonies to a dependence upon British clemency! what a scene would that be in the drama of English history for

some future Shakspeare to impersonate:—the ambassador of Charleston tendering allegiance to a baby king of England? And with what a beautiful and humane spirit the breast of England would swell, reflecting back upon the suppliant South, the sympathetic strain of abolition?—abolitionary England advising the suppliant South to emancipate its slaves: gently and kindly urging and advising that great movement—the pet movement of English philanthropy.

This unheard of grievance and calamity to the South, the existence of noisy abolition societies and newspapers in the Northern States,—societies writhing and screaming under the crushing heel of the Puritan common sense, and, in their strife and rage, rending the heavens with their troublous cries, this noise and uproar is, indeed, a dreadful, and intolerable evil; but cannot some remedy be found less violent and heroic than the one proposed, of ruin and annihilation? Is the voice of the anti-syren so powerful that men must rush into their graves to escape it?

That men should differ in opinion, and esteem their own institutions best, is no grievance, but a good. The South approves her institutions and applauds them to the skies. Do the North esteem *that* a grievance?

The distribution of incendiary pamphlets by a few misguided missionaries, or designing slave-stealers, once a grievance, is no longer so, and ought never to have been so. It lies within the scope of Southern law, and has been, and is effectually prevented.

The escape of negroes from their masters is an evil to which all slave countries are equally subject; it is an evil incident to the institution, and exists while the institution exists; it is an evil incident to every form of apprenticeship and bondage. Were the Northern apprentice the property of his master, what a hue and cry and an advertising would there be after apprentices escaped to the West, or fled to the Canadas. While slavery existed in the British West Indies, who does not know that gangs of slaves occasionally made their escape into the wilderness. Every Southern man who has read the History of "Three-fingered Jack," and the servile wars of the West Indies, knows that the escape of slaves was at least as frequent and as serious an evil in those days as it is at present.

That the impoverishment of plantations by a bad system of agriculture, exhausting soils by repeated crops of cotton and tobacco, and thereby impoverishing the slaves and rendering them discontented and unhappy,—that the escape of negroes from this cause into the free States should go on increasing as the poverty of the masters increases, is an evil to be remedied, not by converting the Northern tier of slave States into a battle-field and border-land, to be overrun by rangers and slave-stealers beyond the power of the law, but by an improved system of agriculture, *and by putting a stop to the additon of fresh slave territory, by which the life-blood and the capital of the South is drawn away from the older States, leaving them open and desolate.*

But, of all the grievances complained of, the most intolerable is the failure attributed to Northern management, to establish new slave States on the south-western territories. This is the spectre of misrule and revolution, which so horrifies the souls of Nashville Conventionists.

The majority of opposition on the part of the North was not a *fanatical* opposition. It was political in its spirit. The party in the South, who advocated extension, were originally small in numbers, but they made up in activity what they lacked in weight. Their success exasperated the Northern anti-slavery faction. Southern legislators, of all parties, had warned the country against the policy of extension. They foresaw the difficulties which would ensue upon all attempts to make an equitable division; they foresaw, also, that the older slave States would suffer in their interests; that slave labor would become less valuable in them, through the competition of new regions in the South-West; they anticipated the discontents that would arise upon the efforts to substitute free labor, and to bring about emancipation in the Northern slave holding States; that there would be a movement southward, of the slave-power, and that that movement would leave open large fields of poverty and discontent. It was their policy not to expand and weaken, but to concentrate, to limit, and to strengthen the power of the South; to foster, to enliven, and to erect, the slave power, and

not to suffer it to be thinned out and wasted over the wilderness. They wished to introduce new forms of industry, and new and more profitable methods of agriculture, in order that the labor of the slave might become more valuable, and that with his prosperity might be increased, in still greater ratio, the wealth and the power of his master. Such was the wise and far-sighted policy of Calhoun, though we believe, in his latter days, he fell away from it. Up to the period of the Mexican war, he sussained it.

It was the evil destiny of the South, however, to give birth to a class of political adventurers whose ideas were solely of conquests in new lands, of military glory and of territorial aggrandizement. Ideas with which it is easy to infect an entire people. Southern conservatism gave way before democratic ambition; and this ambition gave birth to a new political necessity, that of the balance of power. Democratic ambition had its empire in the South. It had two objects—to extend its empire to the isthmus on the one hand, and over the northern people on the other: The one idea was subordinate to the other. Democratic ambition with a leaning toward England, hated the industrial prosperity of the North. With a majority in the Senate, it might control that industry and keep it under foot: but such a majority could be created only by the addition of new States: thus the scheme of conquest worked harmoniously together with the desire of political aggrandisement: The one supported the other; they are the right and left hend of Southern 'democratic policy,'—a policy copying Great Britain and leaning toward her as the great example and patron, and which, while it affects to denounce her aristocracy copies them in all respects and will never rest until to mitation it has added alliance and subordination.

There was one element which the war faction of the South, the bitter-endists as they are aptly styled,—doubtless in prophetic allusion to that bitter and calamitous end which awaits their present career,—omitted in their calculations one element of prodigious weight in political affairs and that was the element of Chance—the political name for Providence. Providence had in view quite other objects than theirs. A bitter end was in store—exile and destitution for the unfortunate who sought fortune in the new territories—exile and deprivation for the sake of gold: The fortunate negro was in this instance spared, and the white man was put to labor and delve in his place,—to toil and sweat in the gold pits of California under the lash of necessity and the pitiless spur of avarice.

It was not then the machinations of Llyod Garrison, mysterious dictator of the nation's fate, nor the voice of the anti-syren that made unfortunate California a free State, and substituted there white unfortunatas for black ones; it was a power over which neither South nor North could exercise the least control. They who make war upon the North because the North was *inactive* in providing a territorial government for California, whose veins are swollen with the spirit of revenge, because the horrible toil of the gold-hunter were spared to the African and inflicted on his master; let them spend their imprecations where they belong; upon the blindness, the folly and the cupidity of man; and not upon the "masterly inactivity," absurdly styled, of Northern legislators. Col. Fremont, it is charged, procured the anti-slavery clause to be inserted in the Constitution of California, in order to secure the Northern vote for her admission. If Col. Fremont did this, and with that intention, he showed but little foresight. California without the clause might have come in, at her first application for admission; let the Nashville Conventionists revenge themselves on Col. Fremont then—he is a democrat of their own school.

And now comes the last and the worst, the grievance of grievances—the failure in regard to New Mexico; they wished to colonize New Mexico with blacks; they wished to have a territorial, government established over New Mexico, which should give sufficient protection to them in their efforts to establish slavery upon that territory. Of Texas they were sure. They had the guarantee of the nation for the admission of six more votes in the Senate, as soon as Texas could send them; that State has the privilege guaranteed her by the nation, of sending eight senators to the national counsel, as soon as she is able to send them: that is to say, as soon as she is able to divide her population into

four States. The people of the United States are bound to admit this procedure, for, as they are a constitutional and a law-loving people, they must abide by the terms of annexation.

Previous to the declaration of war with Mexico, the people of Texas, then an independent State at war with Mexico, passed a law by which they declared that the territory of New Mexico, a part of the country with which they were at war, should be included within their own boundaries: It was a declaration founded on a supposed right and preparatory to a conquest. Before the Texans had succeeded in making their pretensions good, they were annexed to the United States. The first subsequent effort on the part of the United States was to find an equitable boundary; this effort failed through the refusal of Mexico to negotiate. The grounds of her refusal have been elsewhere discussed. The event of the war as was expected, was unfavorable to her; it was thought desirable to have our territories extended to the shores of the Pacific. By cession and purchase, the territories of Northern California and of New Mexico were added to the possessions of the United States. Texas then said to us, 'Since you made war *for* us, what we claimed before the war, and which you have conquered from our enemy, belongs to us; we laid claim to New Mexico, and we reassert our claim; if our claim was just before the war, it is good after it.

We are told by Southern bitter-endists that the beginning of all our trouble, the beginning of the end, is in this quarrel between the people of New Mexico, who wish to organize a separate State, and the Texans who claim to have a right to extend their laws over them. Because a few thousand adventurers in Texas claim to be the governors of a few thousand in New Mexico, are the affairs of a nation of twenty millions to be thrown into hopeless confusion, and a civil war to be begun between the North and South, to end, as it is claimed, in mutual destruction? Is this the wisdom of our Nashville Convention? Are we to have our throats cut because we wish to make New Mexico a State? Why, Texas herself is proposing to divide her own territory into States? If this policy is the legitimate fruit of the institution of slavery, no wonder then that Republicans hate slavery and pronounce it the direfulest curse that ever visited mankind. Why, in such a war as must follow, by the will of our Nashville Conventionists, upon this miserable border skirmish, more men would be destroyed in the space of a year, more capital be wasted in the South, more negroes set free for want of masters, and more courage and fury, idly expended, than would suffice to conquer all Mexico, and colonize half a dozen puny States like Santa Fe. Men enough fell in Mexico to build a new State in the wilderness; money enough was expended to put such a State under cultivation, and stock it with negroes or with cattle.

Men threaten war because they think it a brave thing, and patriotic; but courage is not so very rare a trait in America that those who possess it should be so eager to display it: nor is there necessarily any connection between ferocity and patriotism, nor any credit in despair; and when the desperation is either feigned or foolish, it is even discreditable and contemptible. All men know that Southern men make good soldiers—perhaps as good as any in the world—and it is surely not necessary that entire populations should be destroyed and rooted out in order to prove what all men believe, that the South is full of testy and valiant fighting men.

The South wishes to have a territorial government established over New Mexico for the protection of slave immigration into that territory, or, as they express it, to give them an equal chance with the North to occupy their share of the newly acquired territory.

They demand also the establishment of a territorial government over the lower half of California, and for the same reason.

We can discover no objections to the granting of these demands, beyond those which arise out of the Southern doctrine itself, that the territory should be left open to every species of immigration; leaving it to the people of the territories, organized as States, to determine for themselves, whether slavery shall be allowed or suppressed. The South cannot fail to perceive that the establishment of a territorial government for the avowed and express purpose of protecting a particular species of emigration, contrary to the wish of the

people who are already occupants of the territory ;—as are the people of New Mexico and California,—would be in violation of the Democratic principle, that the general government ought not to interfere either for the establishment or for the abolition of slavery.

It is very possible that by acceding to the wishes of of the people of New Mexico and of Southern California, the South may sacrifice her chance of converting those territories into slave states ; but we hold that she is a gainer thereby, notwithstanding this apparent loss, by the whole extent and value of the *rule* thereby established.

If the South, under pretence of establishing a territorial government, for the better regulating and disciplining the people of the territories, shall introduce thereby, into the policy of the general government, a *precedent of interference*, she gains, perhaps, the introduction of slaves for a brief period in Southern California and New Mexico, without any evident profit to herself, but she loses *all* the ground for which she has been contending since the beginning of this controvercy ; she establishes the right of the general government to use means for the introduction as well as for the suppression of slavery ; she also precipitates the creation and annexation of New States on the Northern side, created and annexed *merely* to maintain the balance of power ; an operation by which nothing is gained, and a great deal is lost ; as it is better not to begin the battle rather than to conquer first merely to be conquored again.

If on the other hand, the people of the South concede freely to the people of Southern California the right of judging for themselves in this matter, and to the people of New Mexico the same right, they have established for themselves a precedent of infinite value. The right of government interference will then have been effectually and forever abolished, and the freedom of local sovereignties established beyond the possibility of disturbance.

If the power of a local sovereignty is conferred upon it by the general government, there is some shadow of an argument that the general government might, upon occasion, *resume* the power it had conceded. If on the other hand, the democratic principle is allowed, that the local sovereignty is indigenous, and inheres in the citizen, potentially at least, from the moment of his becoming an occupant of the soil, not only are the rights of the people of New Mexico to defend their territory established, and those of the people of Southern California, but those also of the inhabitants of every state of the Union, and of every territory. Local government begins, and local sovereignty is conferred, as soon as the people have assembled in such numbers and force as to organize a state. From that moment their rights in regard to domestic institutions are not to be disputed. Of what incalculable value would the adoption and establishment of such a principle become, when the admission of new states on the Southern side of the Union begins to be agitated. The present generation will probably behold the disintegration of the Mexican Republic ; the independence of the West Indian Islands, or at least of Cuba and Porto Rico. New states will be formed out of these territories, then become independent, which will apply for admission to the Union ; the application will be voluntary ; these new states will seek protection at our hands ;—protection against their own internal disorders. Let the principle be once established that the right of local legislation shall be acknowledged from the beginning, independently of all preparatory and territorial government, the dangers of civil war and of a second crisis like the present, will be forever averted.

But that is not all. By making this concession, or rather by establishing for themselves this immovable precedent, the Southern states will have built for *themselves* a wall of protection and a foundation of security for all time. They will have established the right of local sovereignty beyond the reach of argument or accident. Thereafter, nothing but revolution could disturb them.

On mature consideration we cannot but admit with Calhoun, that the establishment of a line of compromise is equivalent to the establishment of a fundamental law for the suppression of slavery. A certain degree of latitude is talked of as a line which shall be extended to the Pacific. By its establishment there is a seeming gain on the part of the South, and yet in conceding it, the South will con-

cede also the principle which it involves, namely, that the general government has power to prepare the territories for the reception of a free or slave population. We have hitherto argued that government *does* possess this power, and we believe it to be congenial to the nature and character of all governments. Under the circumstances however, and with an eye to the future, we feel ready to adopt the policy, though not the argument of Calhoun; as an argument, we hold it incapable of defense, as a policy we desire, under the circumstances, to see it established.

Let us consider for a moment the tre effects of the establishment of such a line. A portion of California will be cut off upon the north, and a portion of New Mexico, including, of course, Santa Fe ; and by the establishment of this line, as effectually as by any Wilmot proviso, the severed parts will be protected against the introduction of slaves.

Southern California and Southern New Mexico, on the other hand, are given over to slave immigration ; that is to say, a pro-slavery proviso has been imposed south of the line, and a Wilmot proviso north of it. Such must be the effects of this linear legislation, if it is to have *any* effects,—if it is not a mere tub to the whale.

If it has effects, it interferes with the cherished principle of the South, and exhibits a regulative power over the domestic affairs of the people. It is a species of preparatory legislation, *creating* Northern and Southern interests. As we have before said, we are willing to concede the adoption of the line : but always with the reservation, that the effect which it is intended to produce shall be nullified by the speedy admission of the territories into the system of the Union. We are by no means of opinion that it is judicious or expedient for North or South to adopt any extended system of preparatory legislation. We believe that nature and circumstance will sufficiently legislate for the territories, and that the people had better be left to themselves, to adopt such form of government, and such institutions, as they please, that coming generations may thereby escape the horrors of civil war.

The Wilmot proviso, instead of adopting a parallel of latitude, adopts an existing boundary. A line of compromise is but a modification of the proviso ; as a measure of peace, we would concede it ; but only on condition that no unfair advantage be hereafter taken of it ; *that it shall not impede the admission of the new States ; that it shall not be a shield for aggression; that it shall not impair existing rights; that it shall not affect the rights of new States after their admission ; that in case the people of Northern California, or the people of Sante Fe, shall in future see fit to tolerate slavery within their limits, or the people south of the line see fit to exclude it, no proviso whatsoever, nor any adopted parallel of latitude, shall be brought forward as a reason of interfcrence with them in the free exercise of their sovereign rights as States.*

Temporizing and partial legislation such as this of a line of division, will not avert evil from the future. Not many years will have elapsed before new difficulties, more formidable than the present, will have arisen to distract us if we temporize with the evils of the present crisis.

It is the misfortune of all young governments, that they have no precedents nor principles ; and that is *our* misfortune. We have a theory, but we have no precedents; we have a constitution, but we have no governmental policy. Our fault is, that we do not sufficiently respect ourselves and our destiny. We are vexed with the turmoil and the necessities of to-day ; we talk of government as though it were an experiment ; but men cannot make experiments with nations ; we might as well put our hand to the wheels of the universe. It is God alone who can experiment with nations. Look at the other side, if you wish to see signs of dissolution ; it is there, if any where, that experiments are tried, and not amongst ourselves. Ours is, at this moment, the most solid government on the face of the earth ; it is an integral member of the commonwealth of nations, and its place in history is already taken and established. The American Republic is not an experiment, it is a divine necessity.

While, in a spirit of conciliation, we endeavor to compose the differences which at present agitate us, it is surely wise,—it is becoming—to regard also the remote future. The act of union and naturalization has yet to be completed. The theory of the constitution has yet to be carried out in its

spirit. Every man to whom the helm of state is entrusted, or any part in the management of public affairs, if he be a true Republican, and worthy of the country to which he owes his existence and his liberty, will look upon himself as in some measure a defender of the Republic. He has its principles and its laws at heart; its glory and its emoluments are his; its wealth and its prosperity are his. The manly enjoyments of his life, those which flow out of self-respect and conscious freedom;—these happinesses he derives from it, and for these he returns his love for his country,—his patriotism.

It is a day of conciliation. The power of the Republic has passed into new hands, worthy and able to receive it; the most venerable names of the age are placed by circumstance and by choice of the people over the responsibilities of affairs. For the party now in power it is an epoch of glory and of hope. It is a day, indeed, of conciliation, but it is a day of principle, also. The men to whom the nation looks at this moment for pacification and defence against the fury of faction, have earned for themselves already the highest honors of statesmanship. To their reputation nothing can be added, save the honor of presiding successfully over the present crisis.

Premising so much of the spirit and principles which actuate us in this controversy, we propose, for the serious consideration of our readers, the following hints toward a plan of conciliation:

Since, as far as we are acquainted with it, the feeling of the North is less than ever ready to concede anything of the ground it has taken, and the adjustment of the affair by the withdrawal of opposition on that side or on the other, is quite hopeless, let us agree upon an armistice, and for a time declare a truce to all hostilities. If the truce be only for a day, it will give us time for reflection; in that brief interval there will be leisure given to count our numbers, to measure our conquests, and weigh our losses. Perhaps it will be found, when the roar of the conflict is stilled, and the smoke of battle has somewhat cleared away, that we have been wasting our powers to no purpose; that the controversy is being decided by no effort of ours, but by the silent and irresistible movement of events and farces over which we have no control.

The first trace in the outlines of a plan for conciliation, which we submit to our readers of the adverse factions, will be simply the acceptance of that fundamental and well considered rule,

I.

That the power of protecting, ameliorating, or abolishing, institutions of caste in a State, lies with the people of that State, and not with the people of any other State,—much less with the nation.

The people of Massachusetts cannot legislate for the people of Carolina, nor these two together for any other State. The representatives of all the States assembled may legislate for interests common to the whole, but not for a part.

The power of local emancipation belongs to local sovereignty, and cannot be exercised by the imperial or general sovereignty. The States of California, the Mormon State of Deseret, with that of New Mexico, although not admitted to the Union, are, nevertheless, organized in some degree, and have a body of laws. The public domain in these States, excepting such parts as may be conceded to the State of Texas, belongs, of course, to the United States, and they are under the protection of the general government. The claim of Texas being either satisfied, or set aside, as it may happen, it will become necessary to extend the protection of the General Government over New Mexico. That State has population, wealth, to a certain degree; an old constitution, and one but just now formed to supersede it; she has, in short, every thing that belongs to a State. She is subordinate to the Union indeed, and had not her people shown themselves organically able to become, and to be, a State, the sovereignty over persons in her territory would have lodged in the United States. But as circumstances now are, the imposition of laws by the general government beyond what is necessary for protection, and the accomplishment of the ends of national government over all the States, would be, indeed, a virtual usurpation—an usurpation not within the *letter* of the law, but certainly within its spirit.

We now come to our second hint toward a plan of conciliation; which is embraced in the following proposition:

II.

That the presence or absence of castes

in a State, asking admission to the Union, shall not in future be raised as a bar to its admission.

The new States of New Mexico and California are seeking admission to the Union; other States, formed out of the territory of Texas, will in future be seeking admission. In accordance with the principle that the power of local emancipation, or of the abolition or protection of castes, belongs to the local sovereignties, let it be understood, that the establishment of a territorial government is not for the purpose of making such government an instrument of forcing the inclinations of the people and imposing upon them an uncongenial constitution. Laying aside, on our part, all pretentions to a general authority or control over the wishes of the rising sovereignties of the South and West, and believing that in future the establishment of territorial governments will rarely or never be called for, we have offered the above hint toward conciliation.

Casting an eye over the probabilities of the future, let us see what we have in prospect: and first, there is no probability, should the Canadas seek admission to the Union, of their asking for a territorial government;—they will come in as States. On the South, should any portion of Mexico or of the West India Islands seek admission to the Union, they will come in as organized States, as in the case of Texas. The extension of a pro-slavery or of an anti-slavery proviso over the people of these new States, and more especially over those which are to be formed out of the territory of Texas will be a thing not to be thought of: it will be utterly impossible to extend any such proviso. Slavery will have been already either established or abolished, previous to admission, in every State that will hereafter seek admission to the Union—which brings us to our third hint towards conciliation:

III.

That our knowledge of the mode in which the people of any new State applying for admission to the Union, intend to use the power guaranteed to them by their admission, shall not be admitted in Congress as an argument for or against their admission.

The admission of a State into the Union is an effectual and perfect guaranty to it of protection in the exercise of its local sovereignty. Ought it then, in the process of admission, in the process of establishing its unquestionable powers, to be forestalled in the exercise of those powers? If a certain authority is lodged with the people of a State applying for admission, and of right belongs to that people, ought they to be forestalled in the exercise of that authority at the moment when they are seeking to have the ability to use it guaranteed to them by the nation?

The establishment of a territorial government is in order to assist the people of a territory in the free organization of themselves as a State, and not directly or indirectly to impress them with the sentiments and desires of other States, or to bias them in the adoption of any particular code or fundamental law: therefore, as a hint toward conciliation, we propose,

IV.

That it shall be understood in future as the established policy of the general government, that while the people of any and of all the States shall be permitted to exert all lawful means of persuasion, to induce the people of new States to establish this or that form of local sovereignty, it shall not be within the power of the general government to establish a territorial sway for the direct purpose of influencing the local institutions of the rising sovereignty.

We conceive that the extension of slavery over new territories is an evil to be depricated, but, under the circumstances, and in view of all that has happened and is likely to happen in future, we offer the above hint toward conciliation. If the principle is adopted by the body of the Whig party that no particular system shall, by any political machinations or contrivances, be forced upon any people who may in future seek admission to the Union; but if that people do voluntarily and of their own accord, exercising therein the sovereignty which belongs to them in common with all other States, tolerate or suppress institutions allowed in other States, they shall not, because of such conduct, be outlawed and excluded from the empire. There will then be a possibility of peace and unanimity in the party of union, and on no other ground that we can at present discover.

The imposition of a territoral government, for the avowed purpose of establish-

ing or of suppressing slavery, would be an assumption on the part of Congress of a power strictly within the *letter* of the Constitution, but which is not in accordance with the general principles of popular and local liberty.

In California, the people have been allowed to shape their own Constitution ; no proviso, either for the establishment or suppression of negro slavery, was extended over them. The people of New Mexico are in the same position, and have exercised the same liberty. Earnestly as we dread and depricate the extension of slavery, even over countries fitted by nature to receive it, we are, nevertheless, satisfied that all legislative action to prevent it, as well as to establish it, either by territorial proviso or by other measures akin to that, will in future be of no avail. Let us suppose that a general proviso for the establishment of slavery south of a certain line, or within the territoty of Texas, had been adopted, and that afterward the people of a new State formed within that territory should apply for admission, with a general law prohibiting slavery incorporated into their constitution ; — would it be possible for us to refuse them admission? Or if, on the other hand, a new State, with slavery established by its constitution, were to apply, in the face of a proviso against slavery; and on its rejection it were to apply again, with the obnoxious law erased from its statutes, and it were then admitted, an equal, sovereign State among the rest,—would anything be gained by such a procedure ? Would not this new State, with full powers of sovereignty guaranteed to it by its admission, be on a perfect equality with other States, notwithstanding all provisos ? and would not its people have the power, under that equality and guaranty, to revise their constitution and re-establish slaveholders in their rights — if not over slaves recently emancipated, yet over others afterward introduced ?

New Mexico and California present themselves as free States ;—they will perhaps be admitted as free States ; and yet, they have in reserve the power of revising their own constitutions, and in future of tolerating slavery within their proper limits. This power they will exercise on an equality with their sister States. Can anything be more obvious than the fruitlessness and the mischief of all attempts on the part of the general government, under the present aspect of affairs, to exercise its power for the establishment or prevention of slavery, where the people themselves are already organized and able to regulate their own affairs. Agitation in or out of Congress, in this direction, ought therefore to be indefinitely suspended, since, however desirable or however honest the ends proposed by the agitators, their action cannot affect the final issue.

As a fifth hint towards conciliation, we propose ;

That the people of the Southern States in a spirit of conciliation and in sincere amity, do take into consideration and estimate for themselves the probable good which may accrue to the nation by the suppression of the slave traffic in the District of Columbia.

While the people of the South insist upon the continuance of this traffic, they insist upon the continuance of agitation, and the constant deepening of sentiments of hostility on the side of the North. Whatever course they may pursue among themselves, in regard to the traffic in slaves, they cannot fail to see, that its continuance in a territory which is *common* to the free and slave States, is a deadly and intolerable insult to the Northern, Western, and Eastern populations ; and that its continuance there, of trifling benefit to themselves, exasperates the entire nation, and keeps up a feeling which no concession on their part can ever cure. To the stability of their institutions it adds nothing, but rather enfeebles them, by arraying against them the sentiments of the civilized world. Slaveholders know that the traffic in slaves is the worst feature in their institutions, and is injurious in a high degree, even to themselves. Sentiments of decency, considerations of interest, and, above all, of patriotism, should inspire them with the resolution to suppress, as speedily as possible, this great original cause of dissention and agitation.

Our sixth hint towards conciliation, touches the quarrel between Texas and New Mexico, a quarrel which is fast ripening into a war between two distinct populations, one recently admitted, the other not yet admitted under the guarantees of the constitution.

The territory contended for by Texas belonged originally to Mexico, but was obtained from that Republic by a treaty, and cession to the United States. Texas had, indeed, passed a law that the territory should be hers; negotiations were set on foot by the United States for the settlement of the claims of Texas; these negotiations were rejected by the government of Mexico, and a Mexican army advanced to the line of the disputed territory. That army was met and defeated by the army of observation sent thither by the United States. A general war ensued. Mexico was invaded and overcome. She then, for the first time, entered upon negotiations. It was considered desirable for the United States to possess a larger territory. As a measure of peace and conciliation, Mexico ceded to the United States her territory of New Mexico, an integral part of her Republic. By the same act she ceded California, and the boundary between the United States and Mexico was fixed on the Rio Grande, and other lines convenient for the separation of the two Republics. The treaty of session was not with Texas, but with the United States. The compensation of $15,000,000 was paid, not by Texas, but by the United States. If a conquest was made, it was not made by Texas, and if New Mexico *is* a conquest, she belongs in right of conquest to the conquering power; and if Texas is to be her possessor, Texas must either conquer her from the United States, or must obtain her by treaty or cession from that power. The United States has power to cede territory to a State, and States may cede territory to the nation; but the claim of Texas made before the war was not established by conquest, nor was there any bargain between the people of Texas and the nation at large that the conquered territory should belong to Texas.

Let New Mexico, with suitable boundaries, ascertained by the lawful and usual enquiries, be in good time established in her rights, as a Territory; and if it can be proved that, through any irregularity or misunderstanding, the people of Texas have suffered *injury* in the procedure of the war and of the treaty, let them receive compensation, double and even three-fold compensation, if that be necessary for a pacification of the Union; and if a balance of injuries and a compromise of rights must of necessity enter into the settlement of this controversy, let the concession of more than her ascertained rights to the State of Texas be set off against concessions on the part of the South. With the measure and the extent of those mutual concessions we mean not to meddle. Concession should be met by concession, or it is no concession.

SONNET.

Thy servant, Truth, and soldier, I would be;
Life is a conflict, and true deeds, I find,
Spring out of manly courage. The strong mind
Rages ever in fierce battle. Victory,
Loss and defeat, the sharp recovery,
The late won triumph and its crown entwined
With empire, and the power to loose or bind,—
These, outward, do but name and typify
The battle and the triumph of the Soul.
At her command the passions belch their fires,
And all the creatures of her wide control,
Arts, loves, thoughts, impulses, and fierce desires,
She with one purpose and one aim inspires,
And from her calm enthronement guides the whole.

WHAT CONSTITUTES REAL FREEDOM OF TRADE?

Such is the question to which we mean to ask the attention of our readers, believing it one of the highest importance, and knowing that there exist in relation to it impressions that are most erroneous, and that may, as we think, be removed by a careful examination of the phenomena by which real freedom of trade is characterised.

THROUGHOUT the world, and at all ages, men have been disputing about words to which they attach no distinct ideas; and such is still the case. The writers of Europe, opposed to *Democracy*, quote, in illustration of its evils, the example of Athens, whose citizens lived in the streets and in the courts, occupied in the government of the people of a thousand subject towns and cities, or in theatres erected and maintained by aid of taxes imposed on those subjects, who, when in Athens, were denied participation in the amusements, for the support of which they were taxed. In a democracy, or government *of* the people, there can be no subjects; whereas in a government *by* a people, masters are numerous, and the condition of the subject approaches near to that of a slave. Athens had numerous subjects, and therefore could be no democracy, though it is ever referred to as such. *M. de Tocqueville* wrote of *democracy* in America, while proving in every page of his work his entire inability to furnish such an explanation of the phenomena of society which constitute democracy as would enable us to recognize it when we might chance to meet it. The owner of a thousand slaves calls himself a *democrat*, and stigmatizes the employer of a hundred workmen as an aristocrat. We are daily called upon to support certain measures because they are *democratic*, yet, when examined, they not unfrequently prove to be precisely such as would be advocated by men who desired to diminish the power of self-government, and destroy democracy. At one time, certain measures are advocated as *democratic* in their tendency; and, at another time, precisely similar ones are denounced as *anti-democratic*, and the people who vote not unfrequently lend their aid to measures the direct effect of which is to transfer power from themselves to others who should be their servants — but thus become their masters.

So is it with many other terms in constant use. *Civilization* is in the mouth of every one, and yet where shall we find such a definition of its phenomena as will enable us accurately to distinguish it from barbarism? *M. Guizot* undertook the task and failed, the consequence of which is, that the reader of his History of Civilization rises from its perusal with no distinct ideas on the subject of the work. Unable to describe the thing of which he wrote, he invites attention to a period of Roman history described as one of rapidly advancing civilization, whereas a little further knowledge would have enabled him to see that it was one, all the phenomena of which were evidences of rapidly advancing barbarism. We are daily told that certain occurrences, indicating deterioration of physical or moral condition, are the necessary consequences of increasing civilization, whereas were we in possession of any generally recognized test of civilization, we should find those occurrences to be the result of measures tending in the opposite direction. France claims to be at the head of civilization; yet France is ever at war, either abroad or at home, and war and barbarism are synonymous.

Another of these terms is *Slavery*. Of all our readers, there is scarcely one that does not suppose himself capable of furnishing a definition of the word, and yet how few in number of the definitions thus sup-

plied would stand! The English journalist looks with horror upon the idea of selling a negro *slave*, yet he prints without remark a paragraph like the following, in relation to the people of the sister kingdom, of whom he is accustomed to write as being *free:*

"Out of three hundred creatures who were seen and spoken to by the proprietor of this journal, during a recent visit to the Kilrush Workhouse, forty-six have since died of starvation. On the morning of the 6th of April, a poor man died of destitution on the road-side near Knockeven. It is further stated that at the last accounts from the Kilrush Union, six hundred patients were under medical treatment from diseases arising principally from the want of sufficient food. An inquest was held on the morning of the 5th ult., at Ballinalacken, on the body of Michael Fitzgerald, and the verdict of the jury was,—"Death for the want of food." The same day an inquest was held on the body of a young lad named James Grady, and the verdict was,—"Death from disease of the lunge, accelerated by destitution." The papers abound with similar accounts. The details of some of the cases are truly touching and heart-rending."—*Limerick Examiner.*

The man who is *given* over to the tender mercies of the parish overseer is far less free than he who is *sold* to a master who needs his services, and is willing to feed, and clothe, and lodge him well in return therefor. The Irishman, expelled from his wretched holding, would rejoice to find that he was deemed worthy of being bought by any one who would treat him as are treated the slaves of Georgia.

The abolitionist rejects the cotton of the well-fed, well-clothed, and well-lodged laborer of Tennessee, preferring that of the *free* Hindoo, who perishes of pestilence, consequent upon a famine, itself the result of tyranny and oppression so universal and complete that the poor ryot, or little occupant of the soil, is enabled, and with truth, to declare that "his skin alone is left him." The British government, at enormous cost, maintains fleets on the coast of Africa for the purpose of stopping the negro *slave* trade, and employs other fleets on the coast of China for the purpose of compelling the people of that country to grant a market for opium produced in India by the *free* people, whose condition is worse than that of slaves. It emancipates the black man in the West, and enslaves the brown one in the East; and the advocate of the one messure is equally the advocate of the other. It would seem obvious from this, there are no clear and distinct ideas attached to any of these terms, and equally so, that, until we can agree upon some definition, expressing clearly the idea that is meant to be conveyed by them we shall continue to occupy ourselves in disputing about words instead of things. In other sciences, this difficulty does not exist. The word *gravitation*, whenever and however used, conveys always the same idea. So is it with all the terms of physical science, and hence it is that men who are engaged in the study of the phenomena of the physical world find so little difficulty in understanding each other, while it is rare to find two men engaged in the discussion of any question touching the condition of man that do not greatly differ as to the signification of the terms they use.

Of all those in use among men, there is, perhaps, not one that is now more frequently used than that of *free trade*—nor one in relation to which there exists so much difference of opinion. By one portion of the community it is believed that the immediate adoption of a certain system which passes by that name would be productive of unmixed good; while, by another, it is regarded as a sort of Pandora's box, abounding in evil, and yet both parties would be found agreeing that they themselves preferred, in the performance of their exchanges with each other, the most perfect freedom of trade.

What is it that constitutes free trade? As in the case of democracy, civilization, and slavery, every one of our readers will find himself prepared with a definition, yet it will, as we think, be difficult to find among them all a single clear and definite idea—such an one as will embrace and explain accurately the phenomena which constitute real freedom of trade. Like the other terms to which we have referred, it seems very simple, yet few would be found to be agreed in determining precisely what it meant. The Englishman boasts that his country is the land of free trade, yet the farmer cannot apply his own labor to the conversion of his own malt and hops into beer, nor can his wife apply her own labor for the conversion of her tallow into candles, while the brewer is required to brew,

and the tallow-chandler to make his candles, according to law. The owner of disengaged capital cannot determine for himself the mode of its employment. If he would purchase land, he finds himself surrounded by men who can neither sell the property nor give it to their children, and if he study the works of the most eminent advocates of free trade, he finds that the community is benefitted by restraints upon trade in law, the source of all production.* If he would bank, he is met by the monopoly of the Bank of England; and if he study the speeches of another eminent advocate of free trade,† he will find that it is to the interest of the community that the monopoly should be maintained. The owner of a machine cannot send it to distant countries without a license. The inventor of an improvement cannot make it public without the payment of a tax. The little owners of a saving fund must make their investments in *consols* which yield but three per cent. Throughout England, there is no real freedom of trade. The system tends to build up great landholders, great farmers, great manufacturers, great newspapers, great lawyers, great conveyancers, great railroad speculators, and great men of many other classes, while preventing the existence of a free market for either labor or capital; the consequence of which is, that these great men are surrounded by an infinite number of small men, whose utmost exertions are insufficient to enable them to obtain adequate supplies of food and clothes, because of the vast number of persons who stand between the producer and the consumer, and who must be supported, even if both producer and consumer be forced to seek refuge in the workhouse — and yet England now claims to be emphatically the land of free trade, because, quite recently, she has abolished some restrictions on the smallest and least important portion of her trade, that with distant nations.

The example of that country is held up to us, and we are told that any departure from the system there known by the name of "free trade" would have "an unfavorable effect on public opinion in England," and English writers lecture us on the advantages of perfect freedom of trade, without perceiving that here it is that trade is freest, and that it is for them to pattern after us, instead of urging that we should pattern after them. The owner of land here disposes of it as he pleases. The farmer may make his own candles, brew his own beer, burn his own bricks. The author communicates his ideas to the world without being subjected to the payment of a tax, and the mechanic exports his machine without a license. Everywhere there exists a freedom of trade in land, labor, and the products of land and labor, elsewhere unknown, and yet because, in some certain matters, we do not follow the example of England, we are reproached as being slaves to ancient prejudices, and behind the age—the result of ignorance of the great principles of English political economy.

Anxious to meet the good opinion of our trans-Atlantic relatives, we occasionally make a step in their direction, the result of which has thus far been, and that invariably, to close the mills, furnaces, and workshops of the Union; the places at which men, women and children were accustomed to trade off labor in exchange for the necessaries, convenience, and comforts of life. The spinner was thus denied the power to trade her labor for cloth, for the reason that *trade has become free.* The mechanic was deprived of the power to trade his labor for food for his children, because *trade had become free.* The miner, desirous to trade his labor for coal, was compelled to remain idle, or to raise food, because *trade had become free.* The furnace-man, unable to exchange his exertions for food and cloths, found that it was freedom of trade that had produced the inability to trade—and thus a general paralysis of trade was called perfect freedom of trade.

If we look to England we see precisely the same results with each and every step in the direction known as free trade. Every packet brings advice of diminished power to exchange labor for commodities, the consequence of which is, diminished home consumption, diminished prices of commodities, for the diminution is the price of labor, and increased necessity for exporting to foreign countries the men who had lost the power to trade off their labor for commodities, and the commodities no longer needed to be given in exchange for

* See McCulloch on the Succession to Property vacant by death.

† Sir Robert Peel.

labor. Each successive arrival informs us of the increasing number of persons compelled to live in alms-houses, and compelled to make their exchanges through the medium of poor-law guardians, because of inability to make their accustomed exchanges of labor for food—and month after month, we have to remark the increasing anxiety for expelling from England the men, women and children who, under this nominally free trade system, are deprived of the power to trade off their exertions in exchange for food and clothing—and yet England claims to be the land of free trade.

If we turn to Ireland, also the land of free trade, we see an almost total inability to trade off labor in exchange for either food or clothing. Canada has free trade, yet she is unable to trade off labor for food, and Canadians are forced to get employment within the Union. Next, we see the farmer of Canada seeking to send his food to be exchanged in the markets of the Union for that labor which could not be employed at home. The system that is called free trade appears there, as here, to produce general inability to maintain trade.

It is scarcely possible to study these facts without being convinced that, in the meaning that is attached to "free trade," there existssome error that needs detection. Real and perfect freedom of trade would have unmixed good, as is proved to be the case among the different portions of the Union. The thing now known as "free trade," appears,on the contrary, examine it where we may, to be productive of unmixed evil, diminishing the power to trade wherever the system obtains; the diminution is seen to be always greatest where it most obtains. In 1841–2 the power to trade labor for food in this country was almost at an end, and the Union presented the same state of things that now exists in Canada. In 1846, the power to trade was immense. In 1850, it has greatly declined, and it declines daily. Seeing these things, it would seem to be time to examine in what it really is that freedom of trade—the unmixed good—consists, that we may know it when we meet it, and perhaps also be enabled to determine in what direction it may be sought.

To do this satisfactorily to ourselves and our readers, we must begin at the beginning of trade, in the family, which long precedes the nation. Doing so, we find the husband trading off his services in the raising of food and the materials of clothing, for those of his wife, employed in the preparation of food for the table, and the conversion of raw materials into clothing, and here it is we find the greatest of all trades. Of all the labor employed on the farms and in the farm-houses of the Union, we should, if ever we have an accurate statement, find that the proportion of its products exchanged beyond their own limits, scarcely exceeded one-third, and was certainly far less than one-half, the remainder being given to the raising of food and raw materials for their own consumption, and the conversion of that food and those materials into the forms fitting for their own uses.

At the next step we find ourselves in the little community, of which the owner of this farm constitutes a portion; and here we find the farmer exchanging his wheat with one neighbor for a day's labor—the use of his wagon and his horse for other days of labor—his potatoes with a third for the shoeing of his horse, and in the fourth for the shoeing of himself and his children, or the making of his coat. On one day he or his family have labor to spare, and they pass it off to a neighbor to be repaid by him in labor on another day. One requires aid in the spring, the other in the autumn; one gives a day's labor in hauling lumber, in exchange for that of another employed in mining coal or iron ore. Another trades the labor that has been employed in the purchase of a plough for that of his neighbor which had been applied to the purchase of a cradle. Exchanges being thus made on the spot, from hour to hour and from day to day, with little or no intervention of persons whose business is trade, the amount of exchanges is large, and combined with those of the family, equals probably four-fifths of the total product of the labor of the community, leaving not more than one-fifth to be traded off with distant men; and this proportion is often greatly diminished as with increasing population and wealth a market is made on the land for the products of the land.

This little community forms part of a larger one, styled a nation, the members of which are distant hundreds, or thousands of miles from each other, and here we find difficulties tending greatly to limit the power to trade. The man in latitude 40° may

have labor to sell for which he can find no purchaser, while he who lives in latitude 50 is at the moment grieving to see his crop perish on the ground for want of aid in harvest. The first may have potatoes rotting, and his wagon and horses idle, while the second may need potatoes, and have his lumber on his hands for want of means of transportation, yet distance forbids exchange beween them.

Again, this nation forms part of a world, the inhabitants of which are distant tens of thousands of miles from each other, and totally unable to effect exchanges of labor, or even of commodities, except of certain kinds that will bear transportation to distant markets. Trade tends, therefore, to diminish in its amount with every circumstance tending to increase the necessity for going to a distance, and to increase in amount with every one tending to diminish the distance within which it must be maintained. As it now stands with the great farming interest of the Union, the proportions are probably as follows:

Exchanges in the family,	55	per cent.
" in the neighborhood,	25	"
" in the nation,	15	"
" with other nations,	5	"
Total,	100	

It will now be obvious that any law, domestic or foreign, tending to interfere with the exchanges of the family or the neighborhood, would be of more serious importance than one that should, to the same extent, affect those with the rest of the nation, and that one which should affect the trade of one part of the nation with another, would be more injurious than one which should tend to limit the trade with distant nations. Japan refuses to have intercourse with either Europe or America, yet this total interdiction of trade with a great empire is less important to the farmers of the Union than would be the imposition of a duty of one farthing a bushel upon the vegetable food raised on their farms to be consumed in their families.

The great trade is the home trade, and the greater the tendency to the performance of trade at home the more rapid will be the increase of prosperity, and the greater the power to effect exchanges abroad. The reason of this is to be found in the fact that the power of protection increases with the power of combined exertion, and all combination is an exchange of labor for labor, the exchange being affected at home. The more exchanges are effected at home the smaller is the number of the men, hands, wages, ships, or sailors, employed in making exchanges, and the greater the number employed in the work of production with increase in the quantity of commodities produced, and the *power* to trade grows with the power to produce, while the power to produce diminishes with every increase in the *necessity* for trade. Again, when the work of exchange is performed at home, the power of combination facilitates the trading off of a vast amount of labor that would otherwise be wasted, and an infinite number of things that would otherwise have no value whatever, but which, combined with the labor that is saved, are quite sufficient to make one community rich by comparison with another in which such savings cannot be effected. Virginia wastes more labor and more commodities that would have value in New England than would pay five times over for all the cloth and iron she consumes.

Again, the quantity of capital required for effecting exchanges tends to diminish as exchanges come nearer home. The ship which goes to China performs no more exchanges in a year than the canal-boat which trades from city to city performs in a month; and the little and inexpensive railroad car passing from village to village may perform twice as many exchanges as the fine packet ship which has cost ninety or a hundred thousand dollars. With the extension of the home trade, labor and capital become, therefore, more productive of commodities required for the support and comfort of man, and the wages of the laborer and the profits of the capitalist tend to increase, and trade tends still further to increase. On the other hand, with the diminution of the power to effect exchanges at home, labor and capital become less productive of commodities; the wages of the laborer and the profits of the capitalist tend to decrease, and trade tends still further to diminish. All this is fully exemplified on a comparison of the years 1835–36 with 1841–42, while the contrary upward tendency is exemplified by the years 1845–6 and 7, as compared with 1841–2.

Singularly enough, however, the fashiona-

ble doctrine of our day is, that the prosperity of a nation is to be measured by the amount of its trade with people who are distant, as manifested by custom-house returns, and not by the quantity of exchanges among persons who live near each other, and who trade without the intervention of ships, and little need of steam-boats or waggons. If the trade of a neighborhood be closed by the failure of a furnace or a mill, and the workman thus deprived of the power to trade off the labor of himself or his children, or the farmer deprived of the power to trade off his food, consolation is found in the increased quantity of exports, *itself, perhaps, the direct consequence of a diminished ability to consume at home.* If canal-boats cease to be built, the nation is deemed to be enriched by the substitution of ocean steamers requiring *one hundred times* the capital for the performance of the same quantity of exchange. If the failure of mills and furnaces cause men to be thrown out of employment, the remedy is to be found, not in the revisal of the measures that have produced these effects, but in the exportation of the men themselves to distant climes, thus producing a necessity for the permanent use of ships instead of canal-boats, with diminished power to maintain trade, and every increase of this *necessity* is regarded as an evidence of growing wealth and power.

The whole tendency of modern commercial policy is to the substitution of the distant market for the near one. England exports her people to Australia that they may there grow the wool that might be grown at home more cheaply, and we export to California, by hundreds of thousands, men who employ themselves in hunting gold, leaving behind them untouched the real gold mines — those of coal and iron — in which their labor would be thrice more productive. The reports of the late Secretary of the Treasury abound in suggestions as to the value of the distant trade. Steam ships were, he thought, needed to enable us to obtain the control of the commerce of China and Japan. "With our front on both oceans and the gulf," it was thought, "we might secure this commerce, and with it, in time, command the trade of the world." England, not to be outdone in this race for "the commerce of the world," adds steadily to her fleet of ocean steamers, and the government contributes its aid for their maintenance, by the payment of enormous sums withdrawn from the people at home, and diminishing the home market to thrice the extent that it increases the foreign one. The latest accounts inform us of new arrangements about to be made with a view to competition with this country for the passage traffic to and within the tropics, while the greatest of all trades now left to British ships is represented to be the transport of British men, women, and children, who are so heavily taxed at home for the maintenance of this very system that they are compelled to seek an asylum abroad. In all this there is nothing like freedom of trade, or freedom of man, and the only real difference between the freeman and the slave is, that the former trades for himself, his labor and his products, and in the latter another does it for him.

The late Secretary regards himself as a disciple of Adam Smith; so does Lord John Russell. We, too, are his disciples, but in the Wealth of Nations we can find no warrant for the system advocated by either. The system of Dr. Smith tended to the production of that natural freedom of trade, each step towards which would have been attended with improvement in the condition of the people, and increase in the *power to trade*, thus affording proof conclusive of the soundness of the doctrine; whereas every step in the direction now known as free trade is attended with deterioration of condition, and increased *necessity* for trade, with diminished *power* to trade. Those who profess to be his followers and suppose that they are carrying out his principles, find results directly the reverse of their anticipations; and the reason for this may readily be found in the fact that the English school of political economists long since repudiated the whole of the system of Dr. Smith, retaining of it little more than *the mere words* "free trade." That this is the case we purpose now to show our readers by a few extracts, that will enable them to understand what really was his system, and to compare it with the counterfeit that has been substituted in its place.

The basis of all trade is to be found in production, and, therefore, it was that Dr. Smith looked upon agriculture, the science of production, as the first pursuit of man,

manufacture and commerce being useful to the extent that they aided production, and no further. "No equal quantity of productive labor or capital employed in manufacture" says he, "can even occasion so great a reproduction as if it were employed in agriculture. In these, nature does nothing, man, does all, and the reproduction must always be proportioned to the strength of the agents that occasion it. The capital employed in agriculture, therefore, not only puts into motion a greater quantity of productive labor than any equal capital employed in manufacture; but, in proportion, too, to the quantity of productive labor which it employs, it adds a much greater value to the annual value of the land and labor of the country, to the real wealth and revenue of its inhabitants. Of all the ways which a capital can be employed, it is by far the most advantageous to society."

This is the starting point of the whole system, and is directly the opposite of that from which starts the modern English politic economical school, which professes to follow in his footsteps, as we shall have occasion to show, together with the causes of the change. For the present, it is sufficient to say that Mr. M'Culloch deems this passage, which really constitutes the base upon which rests the whole structure of Dr. Smith's work is regarded by Mr. M'Culloch as "the most objectionable passage" in it, and he expresses great surprise that "so acute and sagacious a reasoner should have maintained a doctrine so manifestly erroneous." To accomplish the object we have in view, that of exhibiting the system of Dr. Smith, and comparing it with that which has now to so great an extent usurped its place, we shall be compelled to give our readers many extracts from his work; which is the more necessary that although his name is often used there are very few even of those who profess to be his disciples who even possess his work, and even of these but few who read it.

The natural order of things—the priority of production to trade, and the entire dependence of the latter upon the former—is so well shown in the following passage that we desire to call to it the careful attention of our readers:

"The great commerce of every civilized society is that carried on between the inhabitants of the town and those of the country. It consists in the exchange of rude for manufactured produce, either immediately, or by the intervention of money, or of some sort of paper which represents money. The country supplies the town with the means of subsistence and the materials of manufacture. The town repays this supply, by sending back a part of the manufactured produce to the inhabitants of the country, The town, in which there neither is nor can be any reproduction of substances, may very properly be said to gain its whole wealth and subsistence from the country. We must not, however, upon this account, imagine that the gain of the town is the loss of the country. The gains of both are mutual and reciprocal, and the division of labor is in this, as in all other cases, advantageous to all the different persons employed in the various occupations into which it is subdivided. The inhabitants of the country purchase of the town a greater quantity of manufactured goods with the produce of a much smaller quantity of their own labor, than they must have employed had they attempted to prepare them themselves. The town affords a market for the surplus produce of the country, or what is over and above the maintenance of the cultivators; and it is there that the inhabitants of the country exchange it for something else which is in demand among them. The greater the number and revenue of the inhabitants of the town, the more extensive is the market which it affords to those of the country; and the more extensive that market, it is always the more advantageous to a great number. The corn which grows within a mile of the town, sells there for the same price with that which comes from twenty miles distance. But the price of the latter must, generally, not only pay the expense of raising it and bringing it to market, but afford, too, the ordinary profits of agriculture to the farmer. The proprietors and cultivators of the country, therefore, which lies in the neighborhood of the town, over and above the ordinary profits of agriculture, gain in the price of what they sell, the whole value of the carriage of the like produce that is brought from more distant parts; and they save, besides, the whole value of this carriage in the price of what they buy. Compare the cultivation of the lands in the neighborhood of any considerable town, with that of those which lie at some distance from it, and you will easily satisfy yourself how much the country is benefited by the commerce of the town. Among all the absurd speculations that have been propagated concerning the balance of trade, it has never been pretended that either the country loses by its commerce with the town, or the town by that with the country which maintains it.

"As subsistence is in the nature of things, prior to conveniency and luxury, so the industry which procures the former, must necessarily be prior to that which ministers to the latter. The cultivation and improvement of the country, therefore, which affords subsistence, must, necessarily, be prior to the increase of the town, which furnishes only the means of convenience and luxury. It is the surplus produce of the country only, or what is over and above the maintenance of the cultivators, that constitutes the subsistence of the town, which can therefore increase only with the increase of the surplus produce. The town, indeed, may not always derive its whole subsistence from the country in its neighborhood, or even from the territory to which it belongs, but from very distant countries; and this, though it forms no exception from the general rule, has occasioned considerable variations in the progress of opulence in different ages and nations.

"That order of things which necessity imposes, in general, though not in every particular country, is in every particular country promoted by the natural inclinations of man. If human institutions had never thwarted those natural inclinations, the towns could nowhere have increased beyond what the improvement and cultivation of the territory in which they were situated could support; till such time, at least, as the whole of that territory was completely cultivated and improved. Upon equal, or nearly equal profits, most men will choose to employ their capitals, rather in the improvement and cultivation of land, than either in manufactures or in foreign trade. The man who employs his capital in land, has it more under his view and command; and his fortune is much less liable to accidents than that of the trader, who is obliged frequently to commit it, not only to the winds and the waves, but to the more uncertain elements of human folly and injustice, by giving great credits, in distant countries, to men with whose character and situation he can seldom be thoroughly acquainted. The capital of the landlord, on the contrary, which is fixed in the improvement of his land, seems to be as well secured as the nature of human affairs can admit of. The beauty of the country, besides, the pleasures of a country life, the tranquility of mind which it promises, and wherever the injustice of human laws does not disturb it, the independency which it really affords, have charms that, more or less, attract everybody; and as to cultivate the ground was the original destination of man, so, in every stage of his existence, he seems to retain a predilection for this primitive employment.

"Without the assistance of some artificers, indeed, the cultivation of land cannot be carried on, but with great inconveniency and continual interruption. Smiths, carpenters, wheelwrights and ploughwrights, masons and bricklayers, tanners, shoemakers, and tailors, are people whose service the farmer has frequent occasion for. Such artificers, too, stand occasionally in need of the assistance of one another; and as their residence is not, like that of the farmer, necessarily tied down to a precise spot, they naturally settle in the neighborhood of one another, and thus form a small town or village. The butcher, the brewer, and the baker, soon join them, together with many other artificers and retailers, necessary or useful for supplying their occasional wants, and who contribute still further to augment the town. The inhabitants of the town, and those of the country, are mutually the servants of one another. The town is a continual fair or market, to which the inhabitants of the country resort, in order to exchange their rude for manufactured produce. It is this commerce which supplies the inhabitants of the town, both with the materials of their work, and the means of their subsistence. The quantity of the finished work which they sell to the inhabitants of the country, necessarily regulates the quantity of the materials and provisions which they buy. Neither their employment nor subsistence, therefore, can augment, but in proportion to the augmentation of the demand from the country for finished work; and this demand can augment only in proportion to the extention of improvement and cultivation. Had human institutions, therefore, never disturbed the natural course of things, the progressive wealth and increase of the towns would, in every political society, be consequential, and in proportion to, the improvement and cultivation of the territory or country."

"Had human institutions" not "thwarted man's natural inclinations" there would have been little necessity for the science of political economy. Towns and cities would then have grown with the improvement and cultivation of the territory in which they were situated," and the loom would have followed the plough instead of being enabled to compel the plough, to send its bulky product in search of the loom, the abuse of which the world now complains, and against which it was that Dr. Smith entered, as we shall show, his earnest protest.

Production thus established, we find in the natural course of things, conversion next in order, as the grist-mill follows the plough and prepares his way for the rail-road and the ship.

"In seeking for employment to a capital," says Dr. Smith,

"Manufactures are upon equal or nearly equal profits, naturally preferred to foreign commerce, for the same reason that agriculture is naturally preferred to manufactures. As the capital of the landlord or farmer is more secure than that of the manufacturer, so the capital of the manufacturer, being at all times more within his view and command, is more secure than the foreign merchant. In every period, indeed, of every society, the surplus part both of the rude and manufactured produce, or that for which there is no demand at home, must be sent abroad, in order to be exchanged for something for which there is some demand at home. But whether the capital which carries this surplus produce abroad be a foreign or domestic one, is of little importance."

It is thus, in his estimation, of small importance whether the capital engaged in the work of transportation be foreign or domestic, the operation most essential to the comfort and improvement of man being first the production and next the conversion, of the products of men occupying towns and cities placed among the producers. If their number or their capital be insufficient for the conversion of all the rude produce of the earth, there is then "considerable advantage" to be derived from the export of the surplus by the aid of foreign capital, thus leaving "the whole stock of the society" to be employed at home "to more useful purpose." These views are certainly widely different from those of modern economists who see in tables of imports and exports the only criterion of the condition of society. Commerce—distant commerce—is now "King" and, yet, according to Dr. Smith,

"According to the natural course of things, therefore, the greater part of the capital of every growing society is, first, directed to agriculture, afterwards to manufactures, and, last of all, to foreign commerce."

The natural tendency of the loom to go to the plough is thus exhibited.

"An inland country, naturally fertile and easily cultivated, produces a great surplus of provisions beyond what is necessary for maintaining the cultivators; and on account of the expense of land carriage, and inconveniency of river navigation, it may frequently be difficult to send this surplus abroad. Abundance, therefore, renders provisions cheap, and encourages a great number of workmen to settle in the neighborhood, who find that their industry can there procure them more of the necessaries and conveniences of life than in other places. They work up the materials of manufacture which the land produces, and exchange their finished work, or, what is the same thing, the price of it, for more materials and provisions. They give a new value to the surplus part of the rude produce, by saving the expense of carrying it to the water-side, or to some distant market; and they furnish the cultivators with something in exchange for it, that is either useful or agreeable to them, upon easier terms than they could have obtained it before. The cultivators get a better price for their surplus produce, and can purchase cheaper other conveniences which they have occasion for. They are thus both encouraged and enabled to increase this surplus produce by a further improvement and better cultivation of the land; and as the fertility of the land has given birth to the manufacture, so the progress of the manufacture re-acts upon the land, and increases still further its fertility. The manufacturers first supply the neighborhood, and afterwards, as their work improves and refines, more distant markets. For though neither the rude produce, nor even the coarse manufacture, could, without the greatest difficulty, support the expense of a considerable land carriage, the refined and improved manufacture easily may. In a small bulk it frequently contains the price of a great quantity of the raw produce. A piece of fine cloth, for example which weighs only eighty pounds, contains in it the price, not only of eighty pounds of wool, but sometimes of several thousand weight of corn, the maintanance of the different working people, and of their immediate employers. The corn which could with difficulty have been carried abroad in its own shape, is in this manner virtually exported in that of the complete manufacture, and may easily be sent to the remotest corners of the world. In this manner have grown up naturally, and, as it were, of their own accord, the manufactures of Leeds, Halifax, Sheffield, Birmingham and Wolverhampton. Such manufactures are the offspring of agriculture."

These views are in perfect accordance with the facts. The laborer rejoices when the market of his labor is brought to his door by the erection of a mill or a furnace, or the construction of a road. The farmer rejoices in the opening of a market for labor at his door giving him a market for his food. His land rejoices in the home consumption of the products it yielded, for its owner is thereby enabled to return to it the refuse of its product in the form

of manure. The planter rejoices in the erection of a mill in his neighborhood, giving him a market for his cotton and his food. The parent rejoices when a market for his labor enables his sons and his daughters to supply themselves with food and clothing. Every one rejoices in the growth of a home market for labor and its products, for trade is then increasing daily and rapidly, and every one mourns the diminution of the home market, for it is one the deficiency of which cannot be supplied. Labor and commodities are wasted, and the power of consumption diminishes in the diminution of the power of production, trade becomes languid, labor and land diminish in value, and labor and capital becomes daily poorer.

With each step in this course man becomes more and more free as land becomes more valuable and labor becomes more productive, and the number of small properties tends to increase, when not prevented by restrictions resulting from the law of primogeniture. The effect of this upon both the man and the law is thus exhibited:

"A small proprietor, however, who knows every part of his little territory, views it with all the affection which property, especially small property, naturally inspires, and who upon that account takes pleasure not only in cultivating, but in adorning it, is generally of all improvers the most industrious, the most intelligent, and the most successful."

Regarding manufactures and commerce, as Dr. Smith invariably does, as chiefly advantageous because of their great influence on the progress of production, he shows himself almost disposed to apologize for some of the interferences with perfect freedom of trade, by preventing the import of cattle from Ireland, and from other similar measures, because tending to show "the good intention of the legislature to favor agriculture." "That however, to which he attributes the greatest influence in this respect is that "the yeomanry of England are rendered as secure as independent, and as respectable as law can make them."* The necessary consequence of which was the rapid increase of the power of association, with corresponding increase in the power of production and consumption, making a large home trade.

* Book III. chap. iv.

These views were opposed to those then universally prevalent. "England's treasure in foreign trade" had become

"A fundamental maxim in the political economy, not of England only, but of all other commercial countries. The inland or home trade, the most important of all, the trades in which an equal capital affords the greatest revenue, and creates the greatest employment to the people of the country, was considered as subsidary only to foreign trade. It neither brought money into the country, it was said, nor carried any out of it. The country, therefore, could never become richer or poorer by means of it, except as far as its prosperity or decay might indirectly influence the state of foreign trade."

It was against this error chiefly that Dr. Smith raises his warning voice. He showed that it had led, and was leading, to measures tending to disturb the natural course of things in all the countries connected with England, and to produce among them a necessity for trade while diminishing the power to maintain trade. "Whatever tends," says he, "to diminish in any country the number of artificers and manufacturers, tends to diminish the home market, the most important of all markets, for the rude produce of the land, and thereby still further to discourage agriculture," and consequently to diminish the power of producing things with which to trade. The tendency of the then existing English policy was, as he showed, to produce in various countries this effect. The legislature had been, he said, "prevailed upon" to prevent the establishment of manufactures in the colonies "sometimes by high duties, and sometimes by absolute prohibitions." In Grenada, while a colony of France, every plantation had its own refinery of sugar, but on its cession to England they were all abandoned and thus was the number of artizans diminished, to "the discouragement of agriculture." Her course of proceeding, relative to these colonies, is thus described:

"While Great Britain encourages in America the manufacturing of pig and bar iron, by exempting them from duties to which the like commodities are subject when imported from any other country, she imposes an absolute prohibition upon the erection of steel furnaces and slit-mills in any of her American plantations. She will not suffer her colonies to work in those more refined manufactures, even for their own consumption; but insists

upon their purchasing of her merchants and manufacturers all goods of this kind which they have occasion for.

She prohibits the exportation from one province to another by water, and even the carriage by land upon horseback, or in a cart, of hats, of wools, and woolen goods, of the produce of America; a regulation which effectually prevents the establishment of any manufacture of such commodities for distant sale, and confines the industry of her colonists in this way to such coarse and household manufactures as a private family commonly makes for its own use, or for that of some of its neighbors, in the same province.

His views, in regard to such measures, are thus given:

"To prohibit a great people, however, from making all they can of every part of their own produce, or from employing their stock and industry in a way that they judge most advantageous to themselves, is a manifest violation of the most sacred rights of mankind."

Further to carry out this view of compelling the people of the colonies to abstain from manufacturing for themselves, bounties were paid on the importation into England of various articles of raw produce, while the export of various raw materials, of artizans, and of machinery was prohibited, the whole object of the system being to "raise up a people of customers, a project," he adds, "fit only for a nation of shopkeepers." Indeed he thought it even "unfit for a nation of shopkeepers," altho' "extremely fit for a nation whose government was influenced by shopkeepers." For the former reason he was opposed to all such arrangements as the Methuen treaty, by which, in consideration of obtaining the control of the market of Portugal for the sale of her manufactures, Great Britain agreed to give to the rulers of that country great advantage over those of France.

The impolicy of the system, as regarded the interests of Britain herself, was shown to be as great as the injustice to her colonists, because tending to drive British capital from the profitable home trade to the comparatively unprofitable foreign one.

"The most advantageous employment of any capital to the country to which it belongs, is that which maintains there the greatest quantity of productive labor, and increases the most the annual produce of the land and labor of that country. But the quantity of productive labor which any capital employed in the foreign trade of consumption can maintain, is exactly in proportion, it has been shown in the second book, to the frequency of its returns. A capital of a thousand pounds for example, employed in a foreign trade of consumption, of which the returns are made regularly once in the year, can keep in constant employment, in the country to which it belongs, a quantity of productive labor, equal to what a thousand pounds can maintain there for a year. If the returns are made twice or thrice in the year, it can keep in constant employment a quantity of productive labor, equal to what two or three thousand pounds can maintain there for a year. A foreign trade of consumption carried on with a neighboring, is, upon that account, in general, more advantageous than one carried on with a distant country; and, for the same reason, a direct foreign trade of consumption, as it has likewise been shown in the second book, is in general more advantageous than a round-about one."

These views, as will be seen, are in direct accordance with those we have submitted, that the value of every trade diminishes with every increase of distance, by which the time and labor required for the performance of exchanges are increased. Dr. Smith saw that the tendency of the whole British system was in this direction—that the monopoly of the colonial market tended to drive into trade and manufactures a large amount of capital that could be more profitably employed in the work of producing commodities with which to trade, thus producing an unnatural and improper distribution of the population, and a dependence upon the movements of the rest of the world, that was entirely inconsistent with the happiness and prosperity of the people, or the security of property. His views on these subjects are so clear, and tend to explain so fully the phenomena now passing before our eyes in Great Britain, that we give them in full, persuaded that our readers will thank us for so doing:

"The monopoly of the colony trade, too, has forced some part of the capital of Great Britain from all foreign trade of consumption to a carrying trade; and, consequently from supporting more or less the industry of Great Britain, to be employed altogether in supporting partly that of the colonies, and partly that of some other countries.

"The goods, for example, which are annually purchased with the great surplus of eighty-two thousand hogsheads of tobacco an-

nually re-exported from Great Britain, are not all consumed in Great Britain. Part of them, linen from Germany and Holland, for example, is returned to the colonies for their particular consumption. But that part of the capital of Great Britain which buys the tobacco with which this linen is afterwards bought, is necessarily withdrawn from supporting the industry of Great Britain, to be employed altogether in supporting, partly that of the colonies, and partly that of the particular countries who pay for this tobacco with the produce of their own industry."

Against all the errors of the system, Smith, however, raised his warning voice in vain. "England's Treasure," was to be found "in Foreign Trade," and every measure adopted by the government had in view the extension of that trade. With each new improvement of machinery there was a new law prohibiting its export. The laws against the export of artizans were enforced, and a further law prohibited the emigration of colliers. England was to be made "the workshop of the world," although the people had been warned that her system was not only unnatural, but in the highest degree unjust, and even more impolitic than unjust, because while tending to expel capital and labor from the great and profitable home market, it tended greatly to the "discouragement of agriculture" in the colonies and nations subjected to the system, and to prevent the natural increase of the smaller and less profitable distant market upon which she was becoming more and more dependent.

By degrees the tendency of the system became obvious. Bounties on the import of wood, and wool, and flax, and other raw materials, tended to "the discouragement of agriculture" at home, and bounties on the export of manufactures tended to drive into the work of converting and exchanging the products of other lands the labor and capital that would otherwise have been applied to the work of production at home. The necessary consequence of this was, that the difficulty of obtaining these raw materials, instead of diminishing with the progress of population, tended rather to increase, and then it was, at the distance of a quarter of a century from the date of the publication of "*the Wealth of Nations*" that the foundation of the new school was laid by Mr. Malthus, who taught that all distress existing in the world was the inevitable consequence of a great law of nations which provided that food should increase only in arithmetical progression, while population might increase in geometrical progression. Next comes Mr. Ricardo, who furnished the law of the occupation of the earth, showing, and conclusively, as he supposed, that the work of cultivation was always commenced on the rich soils, yielding a large return to labor, and that as population increased, men were compelled to resort to other ones, each in succession less fertile than its predecessor, the consequence of which was that labor became daily less productive, the power to obtain food diminished, and the power to demand rent increased, the poor becoming daily poorer and weaker as the rich became richer and more powerful. Next came Mr. Mills, who showed that, in obedience to the law thus propounded by Mr. Ricardo, the return to capital and labor applied to the work of cultivation, is "continually decreasing," and the annual fund from which savings are made, continually diminishing. "The difficulty of making savings is thus," he adds, "continually augmented, and at last they must totally cease." He regards it therefore as certain that "wages will be reduced so low that a portion of the population will regularly die from the consequences of want."*

In this manner, step by step, did the political economists pass from the school of Adam Smith in which was taught that agriculture preceded manufacture and commerce, the latter of which were useful to the extent that they aided the former,—to that new one in which was, and is, taught, that manufactures and commerce were the great and profitable pursuits of man, and that agriculture because of the "constantly increasing sterility of the soil," is the least profitable of all. Hence it is that we find Mr. M'Culloch characterising the essential doctrine which constitutes the basis of Dr. Smith's system as "the most objectionable passage" in his work, and expressing his surprise that "so acute and sagacious a reasoner should have maintained a doctrine so manifestly erroneous." It is indeed true, says he

"That Nature powerfully assists the labor of man in agriculture. The husbandman pre-

* Mills' Elements of Political Economy, p. 40.

pares the ground for the seed, and deposits it there; but it is Nature that unfolds the germ, feeds and ripens the growing plant, and brings it to a state of maturity. But does not Nature do as much for us in every department of industry? The power of water and of wind which move our machinery, support our ships, and impel them over the deep—the pressure of the atmosphere, and the elasticity of steam, which enables us to work the most powerful engines, are they not the spontaneous gifts of Nature? Machinery is advantageous only because it gives us the means of pressing some of the powers of nature into our service, and of making them perform the principal part of what we must otherwise have wholly performed ourselves. In navigation, is it possible to doubt that the powers of Nature — the buoyancy of the water, the impulse of the wind, and the polarity of the magnet, contribute fully as much as the labors of the sailor to waft our ships from one hemisphere to another? In bleaching and fermentation the whole processes are carried on by natural agents. And it is to the effects of heat in softening and melting metals, in preparing our food, and in warming our houses, that we owe many of our most powerful and convenient instruments, and that these northern climates have been made to afford a comfortable habitation. So far, indeed, is it from being true that Nature does much for man in agriculture, and nothing for manufacturers, that the fact is more nearly the reverse. There are no limits to the bounty of Nature in manufactures; but there are limits, and those not very remote, to her bounty in agriculture. The greatest possible amount of capital might be expended in the construction of steam engines, or of any other sort of machinery, and after they had been multiplied indefinitely, the last would be as prompt and efficient in producing commodities and saving labor as the first. Such, however, is not the case with the soil. Lands of the first quality are speedily exhausted; and it is impossible to apply capital indefinitely even to the best soils, without obtaining from it a constantly diminishing rate of profit. The rent of the landlord is not, as Dr. Smith conceived it to be, the recompense of the work of nature remaining, after all that part of the product is deducted which can be regarded as the recompense of the work of man. But it is, as will be shown, the excess of produce obtained from the best soils in cultivation, over that which is obtained from the worst—in is a consequence not of the increase, but of the diminution of the productive power of the laborer employed in agriculture."*

He next proceeds to show:—

"That the capital and labor employed in carrying commodities from where they are produced to where they are consumed, and in dividing them into minute portions, so as to fit the wants of the consumer, are really as productive as if they were employed in agriculture and manufactures. The miner gives utility to matter—to coal, for example, — by bringing it from the bowels of the earth to its surface; but the merchant or carrier who transports the coal from the mine whence it has been dug to the city, or place where it is to be burned, gives it a further and perhaps more considerable value."*

We have thus two distinct schools, that of Adam Smith and that of his successor. The one taught that labor directly applied to production was most advantageous, and that by bringing the consumer to take his place by the side of the producer, production and the consequent power to trade would be increased. The other teaches, that every increase of capital or labor applied to production must be attended with diminished return, whereas ships and steam-engines may be increased *ad infinitum* without such diminution, the necessary inference from which is, that the more widely the consumer and the producer are separated, with increased necessity for the use of ships and engines, the more advantageously labor will be applied, and the greater will be the power to trade. The two systems start from a different base, and lead in an opposite direction, and, yet, the modern school claims Dr. Smith as founder. While teaching a theory of production totally different, Mr. M'Culloch informs us that "the fundamental principles on which the *production* of wealth depends" were established by Dr. Smith "beyond the reach of cavil or dispute."

The error in all this results from the general error of Mr. Ricardo's system which had for its object to account for difficulties resulting from the existence of a commercial policy which looked to obtaining for Great Britain a monopoly of the machinery for converting the raw products of the earth, and was maintained in defiance of the prophetic warning of Dr. Smith as to the effects which must result from its continuance. Had he not been misled by the idea of "the constantly increasing sterility of the soil," Mr. M'Culloch could not have failed to see that the only advantage resulting from the use of the steam-

* Principles of Political Economy, Chap. VI.

* Ibid.

engine, or the loom, or any other machine in use for the conversion of the products of the earth was, that it diminished the quantity of labor required to be so applied and increased the quantity that might be given to increasing the amount of products that might be consumed or converted.

We see thus, that while Dr. Smith taught that the man and the loom naturally followed the food, consuming on the land the products of the land, and giving value to the land itself, and that every attempt at interference with this great natural law is both unjust and impolitic, Mr. M'Culloch teaches that the wagon and the ship are as productive as the earth, and that while there are limits and those not very remote to the bounty of nature, in agriculture, there are no limits to it in manufactures, although if there were any truth in the doctrine of "the increasing sterility of the soil," the necessity for manufactures would be daily diminishing as the increasing difficulty of obtaining food rendered necessary the application to that primary object a larger portion of human labor, leaving a smaller one to be applied to the purchase of clothes.

In our next we shall continue this subject, believing that we shall be able to satisfy our readers that the modern English school, starting for a point directly opposite of that of Dr. Smith has continued to move in a direction that he would have denounced as unjust and injurious, has brought the nation into the difficulties which he would have predicted from it, and that while using *the word* "free trade" its doctrines are directly opposed to those of the apostle of freedom of trade.

THE POETS AND POETRY OF THE IRISH.

ST. SEDULINS—ST. BINEN—ST. COLUMBCILLE—MALMURA OF OTHAIN—THE STORY OF THE SONS OF USNA—M'LIAG POET TO O'BRIAN.

(Continued from page 86.)

In the South, the chief Bardic families were the McCurtains, O'Bruadins, and McEgans; in the West, the O'Dalys, McFeirhiss, and O'Conrys; in the East, the McKeoghs, O'Higgins, and other O'Dalys; in the North, the O'Clerys, O'Gnives, O'Shiels, O'Hagans, and MacWards. All these dynasties extend unbroken from the seventh to the seventeenth century, and it is strange, but true, that, within our own memory, the poetic spirit has revealed itself among several of their much-altered posterity.

One of the most liberal patrons of the bards in the middle ages, was the monarch Brian, surnamed Boroimhe, ("Tribute taker.") He was the bulwark of Ireland against Danish invasion, and after fifty years of intermittent warfare with them, he finally broke their progress and *prestige* in the battle of Clontarf, fought on Good Friday, A. D. 1014. On that field he fell, with several of his sons and grandsons, at the age of four score and upwards. His last words were, "Lambh Laidar an didár," the strong hand is from above, or, Victory is from God.*

The death of this heroic king at such an age and under such circumstances, was a favorite theme for the bards of Erin, and, accordingly from the eleventh to the present century, nearly every poet has paid some tribute to his memory. Four of Moore's noblest songs are in relation to him, and Sheridan Knowles's first tragedy, (more rhetorical than historical,) bears his name.

Of the poets attached to his person during life, the most favored was Murkertach, (or Mortimer,) McLiag. He was a native of Brian's patrimony, upon the Shannon, and a frequent guest at his hall of Kincora. When Brian became Ard-righ, at Tara, McLiag became "Chief Antiquary of the Kingdom of Ireland." In this character he wrote a life of his patron, some fragments of which have been recently discovered among the MS of the Dublin University. He survived his master eleven years, (obit. 1025,) and has left several poems, one of which, addressed to the desolate palace of Kincora, has been thus translated:

LAMENTATION OF MAC LIAG FOR KINCORA.

By James Clarence Mangan.

Oh, where Kincora! is Brian the Great?
And where is the beauty that once was thine?
Oh, where are the Princes and Nobles that sate
At the feast in thy halls and drank the red wine?
Where, oh, Kincora?

Oh, where, Kincora, are thy valorous Lords?
Oh whither, thou Hospitable! are they gone?
Where are the Dalcassians of the golden swords,*
Where are the warriors Brian led on?
Where, oh, Kincora?

And where is Murogh the descendant of Kings?
The defeater of a hundred, the daringly brave,

* In the Northern Sagas frequent mention is made of Brian, and of Clontarf as "Brian's battle." Gray in his "*Ode to the Fatal Sisters,*" refers to his death:

"Long his loss shall Erin weep—
Ne'er again his likeness see;
Long her strains in sorrow steep—
Strains of immortality!"

*Golden swords—(*Colg-n-or*)—*i. e.* gold hilted.

Who set but slight store by jewels and rings,
Who swam down the torrent, and laughed at its wave.
Where, oh, Kincora?

And where is Donogh, King Brian's son?
And where is Conaing the beautiful chief?
And Kian and Core? Alas! they are gone,
They have left me this night alone with my grief.
Left me, Kincora!

And where are the chiefs with whom Brian went forth,
The never vanquished sons of Erin the brave;
The great King of Onaght, renowned for his worth,
And the hosts of Baskinn from the western wave?
Where, oh, Kincora?

Oh! where is Durlann of the swift footed steeds?
And where is Kian, who was son of Mallory?
And where is King Lonergan, the fame of whose deeds
In the red battle-field no time can destroy?
Where, oh, Kincora?

And where is that youth of majestic hight,
The faith keeping Prince of the Scots? Even he,
As wide as his fame was, as great as his might,
Was tributary, oh, Kincora, to thee!
Thee, oh, Kincora!

They are gone, those heroes of royal birth
*Who plundered no churches, and broke no trust;**
'Tis weary for me to be living on earth,
When they, oh Kincora, lie low in the dust.
Low, oh Kincora.

Oh, never again will princes appear
To rival the Dancassian of the cleaving sword;
I never can dream to meet, afar or anear,
In the least or the most, such hero and lord!
Never, Kincora!

Oh, dear are the images my memory calls up
Of Bria Boru: how he never would miss
To give me at the banquet the first bright cup!
Ah! why did he heap on me honors like this?
Why oh Kincora?

I am McLiag, and my home is on the lake
Thither often, to that palace whose peace is fled,
Came Brian, to ask me, and I went for his sake
Oh my grief that I should live, and Brian be dead!
Dead, oh, Kincora!

These Danish wars, in which Brian met his death, and which lasted from the first quarter of the ninth till the middle of the twelfth century, afforded many themes for the Irish poets. The story of Olaf Trygresson, the first Christian king of Norway, who, after his baptism in Ireland, returned and won his kingdom from his rebel Jarls, and ended the religion of Odin, is frequently alluded to. Also, the story of Magnus Barefoot, king of Norway, who, a century later, (A. D. 1102,) met his death in Ireland, near Strangford Lough. In Miss Brooks's "Reliques of Irish Poetry," there is a long poem, by "one of the Bards of the O'Nials," on the death of this Magnus. He was buried in Iona.

The Sagas of the eleventh and twelfth centuries abound in allusions to Ireland. The Saga of Olaf Tryg, of Magnus, of Earl Sigmd of Orkney, of the sons of Earl Sigmd, of Harold Gille, of Fion Fager, &c., all include Ireland as part of their historical ground. It would be a curious and pleasant work to collate the Sagas of the North, with the metrical chronicles of Erin, to make clear that epoch wherein the one portion was the most enterprizing, and the other the most intellectual in the world. The great Danish dramatist must have had some glimpses of such a concordance, for his plays have plentiful allusions gathered from both lands. Thus, in his "Hakon Jarl:"—

"*Hakon.*—My friend, I now grow old; but therefore still
The twilight of my evening would enjoy.
Clearly my sun shall set. Woe to the cloud
That strives to darken its last purple radiance!
Thorer.—Where is that cloud?
Hakon.—Even in the west.
Thorer.—Thou meanest
Olaf in Dublin?"

And again, when Hakon wants to send Jarl Thorer on an expedition to destroy Olaf treacherously, he says:—

"I could not choose but smile, when thou to-day,
Long stories told us of thy pious friend
Olaf in Dublin—even as if mine eyes
Had not long since been watching him!—I heard
Your words in silence *then*,—but now 'tis time
Freely to speak. This morning news arrived,
That Olaf with a fleet had sailed from Dublin
To visit Russia, &c., &c."*

Dublin, in fact, is partly a Danish city. The streets on the left bank were, even in late days, called Ostman's, or East-man's-town, after the Danes. Twenty-five Vi-kings ruled the Danes of Dublin, from Aulaffe, (qu. Olane?) elected A. D. 871, to Asculph, son of Torcall, slain by the Anglo-

* This is a side-wipe for the Danes, who done both.

* Ochlenschlager's Dramas translated by Gillies —in *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.* These are called by Longfellow 'admirable translations.'

Normans in 1171. We are unable to give such specimens of this part of our era as would satisfy the reader or ourselves. Some future collector, we hope, may supply the void.

The music which accompanied the recitations of the Bards and filled up the pauses in the narrative, becomes clearly discernable at the period of the Anglo-Norman invasion of Ireland (A. D. 1170). This music was the perfectest thing, of its kind, in Western Europe, until the German school was founded. It is therefore worthy of being accurately described.

"An Irish M. S. of the fifteenth century contains the native musical tones. *Car* was a line of poetry, marked, and the characters; *annal* was a breathing; *ceol* was the sound which also signified the middle tone, or pitch of the voice. *Adceol* was a third higher, and *bas-ceol* was a depression one-third lower than the pitch. Ceirceal denoted the turning, or modulation, and semi-tones were left to the musician's ear. There were three names for half notes, signifying the single, the great, and the little harmony." Moore in his letter to the Marchioness of Donegal, prefixed to his melodies, says of this scale:—"The irregular scale of the early Irish (in which, as in the music of Scotland, the interval of the fourth was wanting,) must have furnished but wild and refractory subjects to the harmonists. It was only when the invention of Guido began to be known, and the powers of the harp were enlarged by additional strings, that our melodies took the sweet character which interests us at present; and while the Scotch persevered in the old mutilation of the scale, our music became gradually more amenable to the laws of counterpoint."

The double strings attributed by some to the invention of Guido, are certainly as old as the 15th century. The harps of the 12th and 11th century had but twenty-eight strings. That of King Brian, is preserved in the Museum of Trinity College, and is but thirty-two inches in height. None was of much greater heighth, being often rested on the foot and sometimes on the knee of the performer; it was always held on the left side, and the harper allowed his nails to grow long and crooked in order to elicit clearer tones from the wires.

Ireland was the school of the harp.—"Gryffith, of Cyran, or Conan, brought from Ireland (A. D. 1078) cunning musicians, that devised, in a manner, all the instrumental music now used," says Powel, the Welch historian. James the First, of Scotland, (about 1437), famed for his skill as an harpist, studied under "Irish masters," says Pinkerton. The Irish flag is the only one in Europe which bears, as its blazon, an object of high art—the harp.

Some harps were richly adorned with gems. The Lord of the Isles presented the harper, O'Kane, in the 17th century, with a harp key set with pearls, valued at one hundred guineas.

By Edward Third, Henry Eighth, and Elizabeth, the harp was proscribed in Wales and Ireland as seditious and treasonable. Many a malediction, like that of Gray's Bard, was in return poured upon these royal heads, whose laws did not succeed in suppressing the favorite instrument.

The customary accompaniament of music, evidently exercised its influence on the versification, metres, and inspiration of the poets, just as one can hear the tones of Milton's organ pealing through "Paradise Lost," so can you hear the rapid changes, the quick haste, and tearful tenderness of the harp, in our best poetry. Moore thinks "the tone of defiance succeeded by the langor of despondency—a burst of turbulence dying away in sadness—the sorrows of one moment lost in the levity of the next," was derived by Irish music from Irish political causes. The fashion and limits of the National instrument—everything of which was a separate chord to the heart, a different passion and a new utterance—and all these things within two spans of space, it seems to us may have affected the spirit of the performer and his music, more even than the other causes. Doubtless they, too, had their effects on the sensitive poetic natures coming within their influence.

One of the earliest forms of Celtic versification, is the Fiad—each line containing a sentiment, and each Fiad complete in itself. Some Fiads, above 1000 years old, are still preserved among the Scotch, Welch and Irish.

The alternate rhyme, in four line stanzas, was the favorite measure for narrative poetry. In long pieces, written in this and other measures, the couplet is frequently introduced.

The great bulk of Celtic poetry is lyrical, and of this the major part is cast in the shape of odes, addressed to chiefs, princes, spirits, bishops, and from one bard to another. In one form of ode, "the stanzas consist of two lines and a repetition of the last;" in another, of "three lines, with the stanza twice repeated, the antepenults of the first and second lines rhyming with a syllable at the middle of the third;" in another of "six lines of four syllables, and a seventh of six syllables." In this form the first six lines rhyme at the end, and the antepenult of the seventh accords to the previous rhyme. Above an hundred varieties of lyrical metre have been enumerated by musical antiquaries.

The Celts had no drama. Their only substitute for it was the Ecologue, in which the different parts were recited by different persons. This was a favorite amusement with the Magnates. Their total ignorance of the drama is a very curious fact in literary history, and one it would be exceedingly hard to account for.

Of the odes, the chief divisions were two —the Ros-catha, ("eye of battle,") or military ode, and the *Caoine*, (or lament,) elegiac ode. There are several specimens of both, dating from "middle ages." Of the battle songs, the following, apparently not older than the sixteenth century, may serve as an example:—

O'BYRNE'S BARD TO HIS CLAN, BEFORE BATTLE.

Translated by Samuel Furguson.

God be with the Irish host!
Never be the battle lost!
For in battle never yet
Have they basely earned defeat.

Host of armor, red and bright,
May ye fight a valiant fight,
For the green spot of the earth,
For the land that gave you birth.

Who in Erin's cause would stand
Brothers of the avenging hand,
He must wed immortal quarrel,
Pain and sweat, and bloody peril.

On the mountain bare and steep,
Snatching short but pleasant sleep,
Then at sunrise, from his eyrie,
Sweeping on the Saxon quarry.

What, although you've failed to keep
Liffey's plains, or Tara's steep,
Cashel's pleasant streams to save,
Or the meads of Cruachan Maer.

Want of conduct lost the town,
Broke the white walled castle down,
Moira lost and old Taltin,
And let the conquering stranger in.

Twas the want of right command,
Not the lack of heart or hand,
Left your hills and plains, to-day,
'Neath the strong clan Saxon's sway.

Ah, had heaven never sent
Discord for our punishment,
Triumphs few o'er Erin's host,
Had Clan London now to boast.

Woe is me, 'tis God's decree
Strangers have the victory:
Irishmen may now be found
Outlaws upon Irish ground.

Like a wild beast in his den,
Lies the chief by hill and glen,
While the strangers, proud and savage,
Creevans' richest vallies ravish.

Woe is me, the foul offence,
Treachery and violence,
Done against my peoples' rights—
Well may mine be sleepless nights!

When Old Leinster's sons of fame,
Heads of many a warlike name,
Redden their victorious hilts
On the Gall* my soul exults.

When the grim Gall, who have come
Hither o'er the ocean's foam,
From the fight victorious go
Then my heart sinks deadly low.

Bless the blades our warriors draw,
God be with Clan Ralelagh!
But my soul is weak for fear
Thinking of our danger near.

Have them in Thy holy keeping,
God be with them lying, sleeping,
God be with them standing, fighting,
Erin's foes in battle smiting!

Of the Irish eulogy, perhaps the best specimen as yet translated, is McWard's Lament for the Earls, O'Neil and O'Donnell, exiled on a charge of conspiracy, by James the First, and buried at Rome. The Bard accompanied them in their banishment, and this eulogy is addressed to Nuala, sister of O'Donnell, who also survived them, to mourn their death in a strange land.

* Gall—foreigner.

A LAMENT

For the Tironean and Tirconellian Princes Buried at Rome.

I.

O, woman of the piercing wail,
Who mournest o'er yon mound of clay,
With sigh and moan,
Would God thou wert among the Gael;
Thou wouldst not then from day to day
Weep thus alone.
'Twere long before, around a grave,
In green Tyrconnell, one could find
This loneliness;
Near where Beann-Boirche's banners wave,
Such grief as thine could ne'er have pined
Companionless.
Beside the wave, in Donegall,
In Antrim's glens, or fair Dromore,
Or Killilee,
Or where the sunny waters fall,
At Assaroe, near Ema's shore,
This could not be,
On Derry's plains—in rich Drumcliff—
Throughout Armagh the Great, renowned
In olden years,
No day could pass but woman's grief
Would rain upon their burial-ground
Fresh floods of tears!

II.

O, no! from Shannon, Boyne and Suir,
From high Dunluce's castle walls,
From Lissadill
Would flock alike both rich and poor,
One wail would rise from Cruachan's halls
To Tara's hill;
And some would come from Barron-side,
And many a maid would leave her home,
On Leitrim's plains.
And by melodious Banna's tide,
And by the Mourne and Erne, to come
And swell thy strains!
O, horses hoofs would trample down
The Mount whereon the martyr-saint*
Was crucified,
From glen and hill, from plain and town,
One loud lament, one thrilling plaint,
Would echo wide.
There would not soon be found, I wean,
One foot of ground among those bands,
For museful thought,
So many shriekers of the *Keen*
Would cry aloud, and clapp their hands,
All woe-distraught!

III.

Two princes of the line of Conn
Sleep in their cells of clay beside
O'Donnell Roe;
Three royal youths, alas! are gone
Who lived for Erin's weal, but died
For Erin's woe!
Ah! could the men of Ireland read
The names these noteless burial-stones
Display to view,
Their wounded hearts afresh would bleed,
Their tears gush forth again, their groans
Resound anew!

IV.

The youths whose relics moulder here
Were sprung from Hugh, high Prince and Lord
Of Aileach's lands;
Thy noble brothers, justly dear,
Thy nephew, long to be deplored
By Ulster's bands.
Their's were not souls wherein dull Time
Could domicile Decay or house
Decrepitude!
They passed from earth ere manhood's prime,
Ere years had power to dim their brows
Or chill their blood.

V.

And who can marvel o'er thy grief,
Or who can blame thy flowing tears,
That knows their source?
O'Donnell, Dunnasava's chief
Cut off amid his vernal years
Lies here a corse!
Beside his brother Cathbar, whom
Tyrconnell of the Helmets mourns
In deep despair—
For valor, truth, and comely bloom,
For all that greatens and adorns,
A peerless pair.

VI.

O, had these twain, and he, the third
The Lord of Mourne, O'Neall's son
Their mate in death—
A prince in look, in deed and word—
Had these three princes yielded on
The field their breath;
O, had they fallen on Criffan's plain,
There would not be a town or clan
From shore to sea
But would with shrieks bewail the slain,
Or chant aloud the exulting *rann*
Of Jubilee!
When high the shout of battle rose,
On fields where Freedom's torch still burned
Through Erin's gloom,
If one, if barely one of those
Were slain, all Ulster would have mourned
The Hero's doom!
If at Athboy, where hosts of brave
Ulidian horsemen sank beneath
The shock of spears
Young Hugh O'Neall had found a grave
Long must the North have wept his death
With heart-wrung tears!

VII.

If on the day of Ballach-myre
The Lord of Mourne had met, thus young,
A warrior's fate,
In vain would such as thou desire
To mourn alone, the champion sprung
From Niall the Great!
No marvel this—for all the Dead
Heaped on the field, pile over pile,
At Mullach-brack,

* San Pietro in Montorio.

Were scarce an *eric* for his head,
If death has stayed his footsteps while
On victory's track!

VIII.

If, on the day of Hostages,
The fruit had from the parent bough
Been rudely torn
In sight of Munster's bands—McNee's—
Such blow the blood of Conn, I trow,
Could ill have borne,
If on the day of Ballach-boy
Some arm had laid, by foul surprise,
The chieftain low,
Even our victorious shout of joy
Would soon give place to rueful cries
And groans of woe!

IX.

If on the day the Saxon host
Were forced to fly—a day so great
For Ashanee—
The chief had been untimely lost,
Our conquering troops should moderate
Their mirthful glee.
There would not lack on Lifford's day
From Galway, from the glens of Boyle,
From Limerick's towers
A marshalled file, a long array
Of mourners to bedew the soil
With tears in showers!

X.

If on the day a sterner fate
Compelled his flight from Athenree
His blood had flowed,
What numbers, all disconsolate,
Would come unasked, and share with thee
Affliction's load!
If Derry's crimson field had seen
His life blood offered up, though 'twere
On victory shrine,
A thousand cries would swell the *Keen*,
A thousand voices of despair
Would echo thine.

XI.

O, had the fierce Dalcassian swarm,
That bloody night on Fergus' banks,
But slain our chief,
When rose his camp in wild alarm—
How would the triumph of our ranks
Be dashed with grief!
How would the troops of Murbach mourn,
If on the Curlew mountains' day
Which England rued,
Some Saxon hand had left them lorn,
By shedding there, amid the fray,
Their Prince's blood!

XII.

Red would have been our warrior's eyes,
Had Roderick found on Sligo's field
A gory grave,
No Northern chief would soon arise
So sage to guide, so strong to shield,
So swift to save.
Long would Leith-Cuine have wept if Hugh
Had met the death he oft had dealt
Among the foe;
But had our Roderick fallen too,
All Erin must, alas! have felt
The deadly blow!
What do I say? ah! woe is me!
Already we bewail in vain
Their fatal fall!
And Erin, once the Great and Free,
Now vainly mourns her breakless chain
And iron thrall!

XIII.

Then, daughter of O'Donnell! dry
Thine overflowing eyes, and turn
Thy heart aside,
For Adam's race is born to die,
And sternly the sepulchral urn
Mocks human pride.

XIV.

Look not, nor sigh, for earthly throne,
Nor place thy trust in arm of clay—
But on thy knees
Uplift thy soul to God alone,
For all things go their destined way,
As He decrees.
Embrace the faithful Crucifix,
And seek the path of pain and prayer
Thy Saviour trod;
Nor let thy spirit intermix
With earthly hope and worldly care
Its groans to God.

XV.

And Thou, O mighty Lord! whose ways
Are far above our feeble minds
To understand,
Sustain us in these doleful days,
And render light the chain that binds
Our fallen land!
Look down upon our dreary state,
And through the ages that may still
Roll sadly on,
Watch Thou o'er hapless Erin's fate,
And shield at least from darker ill
The blood of Corm!

The only other translation from the Irish Poems of the seventeenth century, we shall give, is by one of the Bards of the O'Donnells; and it is remarkable as the first born of a rather long family of patriotic allegories, as fierce as battle music, and as fond as love ditties.

DARK ROSALEEN.

Oh my Dark Rosaleen,
Do not sigh, do not weep!
The priests are on the ocean green,
They march along the deep.
There's wine . . . from the royal Pope,
Upon the ocean green;
And Spanish ale shall give you hope,
My Dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!

Shall glad your heart, shall give you hope,
Shall give you health, and help, and hope,
My Dark Rosaleen!

Over hills, and through dales,
Have I roamed for your sake;
All yesterday I sailed with sails,
On river and on lake.
The Erne . . . . at its highest flood,
I dashed across unseen.
For there was lightning in my blood,
My Dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
Oh! there was lightning in my blood,
Red lightning lightened through my blood
My Dark Rosaleen!

All day long, in unrest
To and fro, do I move,
The very soul within my breast
Is wasted for you, love!
The heart . . . . in my bosom faints
To think of you, my queen,
My life of life, my saint of saints,
My Dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
To hear your sweet and sad complaints,
My life, my love, my saint of saints,
My Dark Rosaleen!

Wo and pain, pain and wo,
Are my lot, night and noon,
To see your bright face clouded so,
Like to the mournful moon.
But yet . . . . will I rear your throne
Again in golden sheen;
'Tis you shall reign, shall reign alone,
My Dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
'Tis you shall have the golden throne
'Tis you shall reign, and reign alone,
My Dark Rosaleen!

Over dews, over sands,
Will I fly for your weal:
Your holy delicate white hands
Shall girdle me with steel.
At home . . . . in your emerald bowers,
From morning's dawn till e'en,
You'll pray for me, my flower of flowers,
My Dark Rosaleen!
My fond Rosaleen!
You'll think of me through daylight's hours,
My virgin flower, my flower of flowers,
My Dark Rosaleen!

I could scale the blue air,
I could plough the high hills,
Oh, I could kneel all night in prayer,
To heal your many ills!
And one . . . . beamy smile from you
Would float like light between
My toils and me, my own, my true,
My Dark Rosaleen!
My fond Rosaleen!
Would give me life and soul anew,
A second life, a soul anew,
My Dark Rosaleen!

O! the Erne shall run red
With redundance of blood,
The earth shall rock beneath our tread,
And flames wrap hill and wood,
And gun-peal, and slogan cry,
Wake many a glen serene,
Ere you shall fade, ere you shall die,
My Dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
The Judgment Hour must first be nigh,
Ere you can fade, ere you can die,
My Dark Rosaleen!

The last era of the Irish Celtic muse, may be called the Jacobite period, and is co-extensive with the eighteenth century.

Turlow O'Carolan, born about the year 1670, at Nobber, Meath Co., is the most distinguished name in this era. At the age of manhood he became quite blind, and the harp, that had been his pleasure in earlier and better days, became now his main resource of life. The lady of "the Mac Dermot" furnished him with a horse and harp, and every house and castle within a circuit of an hundred miles, became by turns, his home. The Anglo Irish gentry vied with "the old stock" in their personal kindness to the Bard, and with impartial strains he celebrated the praises of Squire Jones and the Mac Dermott, the beauty of Bridget Cruise and Mabel Kelly. One secret of his great popularity was, that he was no partizan. His highest exercise of patriotism was an eulogy over the departed better days of his art and its ancient patrons. In the year 1737, feeling his death at hand, he returned to his patroness, the lady Mac Dermott, and under her roof died "her poor old gentleman, the head of all Irish music," as she pathetically styled him.

The multitudes who came to attend his interment, had to erect tents in the open fields for their accommodation. "The Wake," says the biographer, "lasted four days, and the harp was heard in every direction."

A slip of a lad, ten years old, was then sitting in the Rectory of Elphin, listening to the anecdotes and the music of the Bard. This was Oliver Goldsmith, who, in his Essays, has left us a slight, but graceful tribute to the memory of his ancient neighbor, "Carolan the Blind."

Of Carolan's excellence as a composer, there remain evidences enough. Geminiani declared there was "no such music

west of the Alps;" and Dr. Burney, Sir John Hawkins, Sir John Stevenson and Thomas Moore, have concurred in that verdict. Most of Moore's melodies are written to Carolan's airs. His words seem to have been hardly equal to his airs. The following trifle is almost a literal translation:

THE CUP OF O'HARA.

Oh, were I at rest
  Amid Arran's green isles,
Or in climes where the Summer
  Unchangingly smiles;
Though treasures and dainties
  Might come at a call,
Still! O'Hara's full cup
  I would prize more than all.

But why should I say
  That *my* choice it would be,
When the chiefs of our fathers
  Have loved it like me,
Then come, jolly Thurlow,
  Where friends may be found,
And O'Hara we'll pledge,
  As that cup goes round.

Carolan's wit was as quick as his ear, and many of his impromptu epigrams have passed into proverbs with his people. Some churl had offended him, by refusing him hospitality in his rambles; upon him he instantly ejaculated:

"What a pity Hell's gates were not kept by O'-
  Flynn,
For so surly a dog would let nobody in!"

John McDonnell, of Claragh, in Cork, born in 1691, seems to have been a Poet of the classical school, and a man of considerable study. He was an enthusiastic Jacobite, as the following "relic" will show:

THE DREAM OF JOHN MACDONNELL.

Translated by Mangan.

I lay in unrest—old thoughts of pain,
  That I struggled in vain to smother,
Like midnight spectres haunted my brain
  Dark fantasies chased each other;
When, lo! a Figure—who might it be?
  A tall fair figure stood near me!
Who might it be? An unreal Banshee?
  Or an angel sent to cheer me?

Though years have rolled since then, yet now
  My memory thrillingly lingers
On her awful charms, her waxen brow,
  Her pale translucent fingers;
Her eyes that mirrored a wonder-world,
  Her mein of unearthly mildness
And her waving raven tresses that curled
  To the ground in beautiful wildness.

"Whence comest thou, spirit?" I asked, methought,
  "Thou art not one of the Banished?"
Alas, for me, she answered nought,
  But rose aloft and vanished;
And a radiance like to a glory, beamed
  In the light she left behind her,
Long time I wept, and at last, me dreamed
  I left my sheeling to find her.

At first I turned to the thund'rous North,
  To Cruagach's mansion kingly.
Untouching the earth, I then sped forth
  To Inver-lough, and the shingly
And shining strand of the fishfull Erne
  And thence Cruchan the golden,
Of whose resplendent palace ye learn
  So many a marvel olden!

I saw the Mourna's billows flow
  I passed the walls of Shenady,
I stood in the heroe thronged Ardroe,
  Embossed amid greenwoods shady;
And visited that proud hill that stands
  Above the Boyne's broad waters,
Where Ængus dwells with his warrior hands
  And the fairest of Ulster's daughters.

To the halls of MacLir, to Creevoe's height,
  To Tara, the glory of Erin,
To the fairy palace that glances bright
  On the peak of the blue Cnocfeerin,
I vainly tried. I went west and east—
  I travelled seaward and shoreward—
But thus was I greeted in field or at feast—
  "Thy way lies onward and forward!"

At last I reached, I wist not how,
  The Royal towers of Ival,
Which under the cliff's gigantic brow,
  Still stand without a rival;
And here were Thomonds chieftains all,
  With armour and swords, and lances,
And here sweet music charmed the hall,
  And damsels charmed with dances.

And here at length, on a silvery throne,
  Half seated, half reclining,
With forehead white as the marble stone,
  And garments so starrily shining,
And features beyond the poet's pen—
  The sweetest, sadest features—
Appeared before me once agen,
  That fairest of living creatures!

"Draw near, O Mortal! she said with a sigh,
  And hear a mournful story!
The Guardian-spirit of Erin am I,
  But dimmed is mine ancient glory,
My priests are banished, my warriors wear
  No longer victory's garland;
And my child, my son, my beloved Heir
  Is an exile in a far land!"

I heard no more—I saw no more—
  The bands of slumber were broken;
And palace and heath, and river and shore,
  Had vanished, and left no token.
Dissolved was the spell that had bound my will,
  And my fancy thus for a season;
But a sorrow therefore hangs over me still,
  Despite of the teachings of Reason.

Owen O'Sullivan, of Kerry, who died in 1784, was another Jacobite Poet of note. His "Captivity of the Gael" is, apparently, an imitation of Mac Donnell's dream.

THE CAPTIVITY OF THE GAEL.

Translated from O'Sullivan.

I.

'Twas by sunset I walked and wandered
Over hill sides and over moors,
With a many sighs and tears.
Sunk in sadness, I darkly pondered
All the wrongs our lost land endures
In these latter night black years.
"How!" I mused has her worth departed!
What a ruin, her fame is now!
We once freest of the free,
We are trampled and broken hearted;
Yea even our Princes themselves must bow
Low before the vile Shane Bwee*

II.

Nigh a stream in a grassy hollow
Tired, at length, I lay down to rest—
There the winds and balmy air
Bade new reveries and cheerier follow,
Wafting newly within my breast
Thoughts that cheated my despair.
Was I waking, or was I dreaming?
I glanced up and behold! there shone
Such a vision over me!
A young girl, bright as Erin's beaming
Guardian spirit, now sad and lone
Through the spoiling of Shane Bwee!

III.

O for pencil to paint the golden
Locks that waved in luxuriant sheen
To her feet of stilly light!
(Not the fleece that in ages olden
Jason bore o'er the Ocean green
Into Hellas, gleamed so bright)
And the eyebrows thin arched over
Her mild eyes and more ever more
Beautiful, methought to see
Than those rainbows that wont to hover
O'er our blue Island lakes of yone
Ere the spoiling of Shane Bwee.

IV.

"Bard!" she spake, "deem not this unreal,
I was niece of a pair whose peers
None shall see on earth again—
Angus Con and the dark O'Neil,
Rulers over Erin in years
When her sons as yet were men.
Times have darkened and now our holy
Altars crumble and castles fall;
Our groans ring throughout Christendee.
Still, despond not! *He* comes tho' slowly,
He, the man, who shall disenthrall
The Proud *Captive* of Shane Bwee.

V.

Then she vanished, and I in sorrow,
Bient with joy, rose and went my way
Homeward over moor and hill.
O Great God! Thou from whom we borrow
Life and strength unto thee I pray
Thou! who swayest at thy will
Hearts and councils, thralls, tyrants, freemen,
Wake through Europe, the ancient soul,
And on every shore and sea,
From the Black-water to the Deinem
Freedoms bell will ere long time toll
The deep death knell of Shane Bwee.

**Shane Bwee,* "Yellow John," or John Bull.

While the bards thus bewailed the Stuart line, and looked for their restoration as an era of all good, the poor peasantry suffered terribly both in mind and body. Several severe statutes forbade them learning in Irish; forbade Irish schools; forbade the exercise of the Catholic religion; disabled Catholics from leasing land, taking apprentices, or going into any learned profession. That Penal Code, which Burke has called the most perfect invention of perverted ingenuity for the degradation of a people, was in full, detailed force. Nay, it is only within our own memory that the last of these barbarous enactments have been wiped off the institutes of the English.

Two generations ago, various secret societies were in existence in Ireland, founded to oppose or punish the petty local executors of these laws. For being concerned in some such enterprize, a man named Felix McCarthy had to retire to the wild mountains of Cork, like Mark in the "O'Donohue," in order to avoid arrest. "He was accompanied," says the translator of McCarthy's Lament, "in his flight by a wife and four children, and found an asylum in a lone and secluded glen, where he constructed a rude kind of habitation, as a temporary residence. One night, during the absence of himself and his wife, this ill-combined structure suddenly gave way, and buried the four children, who were at the time asleep, in its ruins." The lament is too long to give entire, but some verses of it will show the strong feelings of the peasant class.

It opens:—

"I'll sing my children's death song, tho'
My voice is faint and low;
Mine is the heart that's desolate—
'Tis I will mourn their fate."

The thought here is a fine one—the grief is all his own, and he refuses to share it with any. After detailing with faithful minuteness their death,—

"At midnight's hour of silence deep
Sealed in their balmy sleep"—

And thinking himself—

"Like the shrill bird that flutters nigh
The nest, where its crushed offspring lie."

He proceeds to lament, with the inseparable selfishness of grief, the effects of the calamity on his old age, and on the mother of the lost children.

"Beauty and strength have left my brow
Nor care nor wisdom have I now.
Little death's blow I dread
Since all my hopes are fled.

No more—no more shall music's voice
My heart rejoice—
Like a brain-stricken fool whose ear
Is closed gainst earthly cheer.

When wailing at the dead of night
They cross my aching sight—
They come, and beck'ning me away
They chide my long delay.

At midnight hour—at morn—at eve—
My sight they do not leave;
Within—abroad—their looks of love—
Around me move.

O! in their visits no affection's lost!
I love the pathway by their shadows crossed.
Soon by the will of heaven's king
To their embrace I'll spring.

I pity *her* who never more will know
Contentment here below;
Who fed them at the fountain of her breast
And hushed their infant rest.

Such is a literal extract of an Irish peasant's lament. There are some others of this class, of equal merit, and a very numerous tribe of elegies devoted to highwaymen and murderers, who, having died by the English law, the enemy of Irishmen, have had full "poetic justice" done to them, after execution.

The latest Celtic poet of merit produced in Ireland, was O'Cullen, who died in Cork in 1816. He is the author of a beautiful elegy on the Abbey of Timoleague, which has been often translated. Ferguson's version is our favorite, with its—

"Refectory, cold and empty, dormitory bleak and bare,
Where are now your pious uses, simple bed and frugal fare?
Gone your Abbot, rule and order, broken down your altar stones
Nought, I see beneath your shelter, save a heap of clayey bones"

Several living antiquaries and scholars have attempted compositions in the ancient language of Ireland, but with only moderate success.

The living language of Ireland is now, and seems hereafter likely to be, that of America and England. In this language, our Swift, Goldsmith, Sheridan, Moore, Griffin, Banim, Davis, and Knowles have written; in this language Malone, Burke, Grattan, Curran, O'Connell, and Meagher have spoken! The Irish nature has undergone translations, and, like other translated things, has gained in art, though it may have lost in a national intensity. The recent poets of Ireland are hardly open to this criticism; Mangan, Davis, Duffy, McCarthy, and Ferguson are as Celtic as Carolan, or the Clan Bards of the middle ages. They use English as a weapon that is conquered, with care and watchfulness, but with great force and effect also.

In closing this hurried sketch of the Celtic Poetry and Poets of the Irish, the writer may, perhaps, be permitted to append a *resume* in rhyme, of some of the original characteristics of the race of men whose poetical genius he has endeavored to describe.

THE CELTS.

By T. D. McGee.

I.

Long, long ago, beyond the misty space
Of twice a thousand years,
In Erin old, there dwelt a mighty race,
Taller than Roman Spears;
Like oaks and towers they had a giant grace,
Were fleet as deers,
With winds and waves they made their biding place,
These western shepherd seers.

II.

Their Ocean-God was Manaman M'Lir,
Whose angry lips,
In their white foam, full often would inter
Whole fleets of ships;
Crom was their day God, and their Thunderer
Made morning and eclipse;
Bride was their Queen of Song, and unto her
They prayed with fire-touched lips.

III.

Great were their acts, their symbols and their sports;
With clay and stone
They piled on strath and shore those mystic forts,
Not yet undone;
On cairn-crown'd hills they held their council-courts,
While youths alone,
With giant dogs, explored the elk resorts,
And brought them down.

IV.

Of these was Fin, the father of the Bard,
Whose ancient song,
Over the clamor of all change, is heard,
Sweet-voiced and strong.
Fin, once o'ertook Graru, the Golden-hair'd,
The fleet and young,
From her the lovely, and from him the fear'd,
The primal poet sprung.

V.

Ossian! two thousand years of mist and change
Surround thy name—
Thy Finian heroes now no longer range
The hills of fame.
The very names of Fin and Gaul sound strange—
Yet thine the same—
By miscalled lake and desecrated grange—
Remains, and shall remain!

VI.

The Druid's altar and the Druid's creed,
We scarce can trace.

There is not left an undisputed deed
  Of all your race,
Save your majestic song, which hath their speed,
  And strength, and grace:
In that sole song, they live, and love, and bleed—
  It bears them on thro' space.

VII.

Oh, Inspir'd giant, shall we e'er behold,
  In our own time,
One fit to speak your spirit on the wold,
  Or seize your rhyme?
One pupil of the past, as mighty-soul'd
  As in the prime,
Were the fond, fair, and beautiful, and bold—
  They of your song sublime?

EVERSTONE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ANDERPORT RECORDS."

(Continued from page 63.)

CHAPTER XVI.

Mr. Astiville, when his son entered, sat down on a sofa.

"Father, I have just come from Everstone—Somers is there."

"Is he?—I am sorry for it; I wish the fellow had stayed away. I suppose he has made Everlyn hot against me. Well, I don't care, if he does me no more harm than that. Let Everlyn curse me as much as he pleases, I shall not feel incommoded by the infliction—and why should I? People who are rash and inconsiderate, must bear the responsibility themselves and not attempt to throw it on others."

"Father, what is this story about Cain? Do you know of the report that is abroad? They say—but it cannot be, surely!"

Mr. Astiville with much composure replied, "If you mean, Howard, that he is your uncle, nothing can be more true."

"My uncle?—and been living so many years in that wretched hut uncared for and unknown! How was he able so long to escape recognition. That others might be deceived I can understand—but that you should be—"

"Of course, Howard, I knew him from the first—but as he choose to live in this way, I would not balk his wish, and perhaps that retired life was, on the whole, best for him as well as for us."

"Does he know, sir, of the situation of the corner?"

"It is not impossible. Yet, when I have asked him, he never would tell me where it was."

"Somers says he has come out now and declared that the land between the Forks belongs to the Compton patent."

Mr. Astiville answered resignedly, "Well, if it be so, all we can do is to make the best of it. Henry has probably got into a furious passion, and is not unwilling to do me as much despite as he can. He blames me for allowing him to believe he had done what in reality he had not: yet he owes me gratitude instead of reproach, for I am convinced that no check less stringent than this remorse could have restrained him, with the violent temper he has by nature from running into continual excesses."

Howard appeared bewildered by this strain of observation—

"You have not heard the particulars of the matter then?—I thought from seeing you in his cabin the day he attempted to commit suicide that he had made a confidant of you."

"And did you see me there, sir?" inquired the son in great surprise. "The day when I took away the laudanum from him?"

"Yes—yes;" said Mr. Astiville impatiently, and then began to consider how much more it was expedient to communicate. Pretty soon he had made up his mind.

"You will be likely to get a distorted version from some other quarter if I do not give you the unexaggerated and true one. Howard, did you ever reflect upon the cause of the decline of so many of the old families around us? What has become of the fine, large, compact estates of the Compton's, the Seymours, the Ches-

leys, and many others? Have they not been dissipated by means of the repeated divisions and subdivisions which they have undergone? What has saved the Astiville property from the fate of the rest? Does it not owe this immunity to the good fortune which has transmitted it for several generations through the hands of single owners? Happily we have never been a prolific race; and although several children have more than once been growing towards manhood in this house, the life of the father has always been protracted sufficiently long for the inconvenient lists of heirs to be reduced to unity. In your grandfather's time there seemed a probability of a different disposition. There were three sons of us—all grown men, robust, hearty, and my father was old and infirm. Before he died, however, a fever took off Bryan—who was the most improvident of the whole set, and who certainly would have squandered any share of the estate that had fallen into his hands. Henry, who in age was next below me, was almost as bad as Bryan. If less inclined to flagrantly vicious courses, he was exceedingly thoughtless and wasteful. He, however, (having had a quarrel and an exchange of blows with Bryan, not a great while before our brother's death,) became possessed of the notion that he had killed him, and has remained under the delusion till very recently. Self-reproach and sorrow took away from him every desire to claim and occupy his part of the inheritance; so that the fortune, instead of being split up, as at one time seemed inevitable, into two parts, or into three, descended entire into the hands of the only one of my father's children who, so far from being a spendthrift, was disposed, on the contrary, to transmit it to his own heirs augmented and improved."

What Howard felt in listening to this statement may be imagined. His mind, however, was slow to receive conviction of the fullness of his father's iniquity. The conversation being continued, he bore, with almost preternatural stoicism, the pungent frankness of Mr. Astiville's answers to the interrogatories, which cleaved to his own tongue like impiety. Mr. Astiville, indeed, was very frank. Among other things he acknowledged that the suppositious survey which had brought such obloquy and danger upon Emma Newlove, had been sent to her by himself. Howard's fortitude now gave way. He uttered a sharp, almost agonized exclamation.

"Take notice," said Mr. Astiville in rejoinder, "I do not say *I wrote* that paper—nobody can accuse me of that."

Howard groaned—"How little does it matter," he said, "what hand drew the characters? The purpose—the purpose—the deceit—the mean, dastardly trickery of the act—there lies the infamy!"

Mr. Astiville attempted to expostulate with his son on the indecorum of his expressions.

The young man, without regarding him, added—"And how great a liar have you made of *me!* for I have sworn that my father's lips could only utter truth. I have avouched his *honor*, and heaped reproaches and abuse and violence on all who presumed to question it! I have struck at the innocent because they dared to call themselves innocent! and how can I now look the world in the face? Oh, your sin, sir, has begotten my shame!"

Mr. Astiville did not choose to make any reply to this outburst, and his son sank into moody silence.

After a few moments, Howard spoke, and in a more subdued tone. "Then you have known all this while, sir, that Cain—my uncle Henry, I mean,—was laboring under a mistake?"

Mr. Astiville nodded.

"You did nothing to rescue him from that delusion—when your little finger might have lifted off the weight of misery under which he was groaning, you did not move that finger."

"Henry was never strong-minded—if I had induced him to re-enter the world, the only consequence would have been fresh displays of folly."

"Father, do you mean to say he is *mad?*"

"Not mad in the common understanding of the word, I admit. But he is rash, lightheaded, reckless. Suppose I had shared the property with him—he must, ere this, have squandered it. Thus half the patrimony our father left would have been lost, annihilated. I could not do it in justice to the estate itself—in justice to my family—in justice, Howard, to you."

"And what is now to be done, sir?"

"This is a subject," answered Mr. As-

tiville, "for thoughtful consideration. As to the law suit, I am not disposed to contest it any further. My disposition is not litigious nor obstinate. The moment I am convinced that the North Fork is the line, I am ready to withdraw inside of it. 'Tis a pity to lose that thousand acres, yet I see not but we may as well resign ourselves to it."

"And the step next after that," said Howard, "is to restore Everlyn what he paid you. I hope the Northerners will not be so hard as to take advantage of his improvements. If they do not, but shall be content with receiving what he gave you in the first place, then the grievous injustice which has been done will in some measure be repaired—so far as *he* is concerned."

"You are little acquainted with business affairs, Howard. I do not conceive that I am under any obligation to refund that money. Everlyn will scarcely think of suing for it, and if he does, I imagine he will become sick of the attempt."

"You cannot think, sir," exclaimed the son—"surely, you cannot think of holding pay for what was never your own! What is it but plain robbery when a man receives compensation for which nothing is given?"

"But I did sell something. Do you imagine Everlyn bought the land—not at all,—he only bought *my title*. Both of us understood exactly the nature of the transaction. If the title which I sold, and he purchased, had proved perfect, he would have made a capital bargain, and I a proportionately bad one. However, it has turned out differently, and the loss in the speculation is his. This is all fair."

"Oh, father! father!—be ashamed of this knavish sophistry! That money must be repaid."

"Howard, you forget yourself strangely. I do not regulate my conduct by the crude notions of inexperience,—nor shall I submit to the censorship of my children."

"I am unwilling, sir, to be betrayed into disrespect,—but this would be really too gross a wrong. Sir, Everlyn would be reduced to poverty!"

"I cannot help that."

Howard argued and entreated, but Mr. Astiville was unshaken. The contest waxed warmer and fiercer. As the moments hurried past unnoticed, Howard's eye began to glare with almost maniacal intensity, while the other party in that unnatural wrestling nerved himself to a more dogged stubbornness. The son, trampling under foot all filial restraints, launched against the father every topic of invective which passion could suggest. Much there had been in Mr. Astiville's conduct which could not well bear observation—but no imagination can conceive how hideous those evil deeds appeared as the unsparing tormentor tore them out one by one and exhibited them, raw and palpitating, in the open blaze of day. Mr. Astiville, strong as he was in obstinacy and avarice, could not but grow red with shame at the spectacle of his own baseness.

Such a scene is too painful for contemplation, and no one—had he the power—would attempt to describe it. At length it was over.

Howard, having exhausted argument and passion, and strained every fibre in spasmodic effort, was compelled to abandon the field. Just before leaving the room, he said, in a voice which was now husky and low:—

"That money shall be restored.—Sir," he added, in a higher tone, "it shall—it shall!"

Mr. Astiville smiled.

"Sir—sir! do not grin like an ape!—But what words!—Have I lived to speak thus to *my father?*—Have I lived to know that he *deserves* contempt?—Oh, who can bear this!"

"He is gone," murmured Mr. Astiville, with a sensation of relief. He felt more than relief. The recent struggle had excited him: and the harder the fight the greater the comfort of victory. Now that the pressure was removed, his hopes bounded very high.

"I believe I shall save all—even the thousand acres. It is scarce probable Henry will be able to make the corner known—at any rate, so known as to be incapable of dispute.—I shall strive for everything, and to the last extremity. Not a jot shall be wrested from me but by sheer, irresistible force!"

In the afternoon of the day following, Mr. Astiville bethought himself that it was time he went to redeem his promise of visiting his brother.

We have seen that he is a man of nerve

and resolution, but it is a trying thing to have to bend over that sick man's couch, and tenderly clasp his hand, while the assurance of sympathy and fraternal affection is whispered in the dull, cold ear. Henry's countenance was very pale, too, and his half-parted lips were so rigid that the breath, as it passed and repassed, scarce left a sign.

Not many words were spoken. Mr. Astiville experienced a certain embarrassment which prevented voluble utterance, and his brother had no disposition to reply, except in monysyllables—perhaps had not the physical strength.

After some lapse of time there was a noise without, as of several voices sedulously subdued.

"Have they come?" said Henry Astiville, turning his face towards Joshua Evans, who was watching at the other side of the bed. "Then prepare the litter."

Mr. Astiville heard the remark without knowing what to make of it. Presently some half a dozen men, or more—respectable farmers of the neighborhood—entered the cabin, bringing with them a couple of slender poles, connected by a rude network of green withs. Acting under the direction of Evans, they raised the bed on which the invalid lay—it was a very narrow, straw bed—and placed it carefully on the litter. The extremities of the poles were then lifted upon the shoulders of two stout men.

"You will be taken to Greywood—will you not, dear brother?"

This was said by Mr. Astiville.

"No, John, but to a spot which it is more fit you and I both should visit."

They carried him out of the enclosure and down the steep hill-side, then they proceeded along the Run, till the sick man stretching forth his arm and pointing to a bed of gravel, said:—

"There! just half way between those sycamores."

A spade and shovel were immediately produced, and the gravel, which was the deposite of some former freshet, removed from a surface about three yards square. Mr. Astiville, who had followed in the rear of the party, watched the course of operations very intently.

The corner-stone appeared upright and perfect, and the deep-cut inscription was plainly visible:

R. C. 4.

There were marks of a *grave* also, and no man present entertained a doubt that a few feet beneath them the bones of the negro Giles were mouldering.

Henry, looking towards his brother, said, "You recognize and own the corner?"

"I do."

This duty performed, the party moved back to the cabin, notwithstanding Mr. Astiville's request to his brother, to suffer himself to be taken to more comfortable lodgings at the family seat.

The Northerners had won—but Mr. Astiville still trusted to receive partial solace for being discomfited by his enemies in getting the better of his friend. Nice management, however, was requisite. The physician who had been called in pronounced it scarce possible that his brother could get well. This loss might be borne, but would Henry make a will before his death? Mr. Astiville recollected the mood in which Howard had gone off the day previous, and trembled lest the young man should think to have recourse to his uncle and to entreat of him a provision for Everlyn.

Under these circumstances the elder brother kept faithful watch at the bedside of the younger all that evening. Howard did not burst into the apartment, but the matter seemed to occur of itself to the invalid.

"This Mr. Everlyn, John, that I hear of, ought not to be ejected by the Compton purchasers. At any rate, pay back to him what you have received."

"Depend upon me, Henry—of course I will do what is right."

Mr. Astiville really did mean what he said, although he was very far from meaning what his brother understood him to say. 'Right' is one of the most convenient of that long list of ambiguous terms which language affords.

Another incident occurred later in the evening to task Mr. Astiville's fortitude. A messenger came to the door, and calling him out in a whisper, informed him that he had something to say respecting his son Howard. The facts, as well as could be gathered from the man's account, were these: An hour or two before, that is about

the time of twilight, Mr. Newlove and his daughter, while taking a walk along the road in front of their dwelling, were met by Howard on horseback. The young man appeared very haggard and his horse showed signs of having been ridden long and hard. Instead of passing, he reined up suddenly, and commenced addressing Miss Newlove. His manner was very strange. At times he shed tears, and uttered broken sentences in a tone of maudlin sentimentality, as if intoxicated. Then, he would burst into a strain of high, wild, passionate declamation. He turned from them finally, and Miss Newlove believing, contrary to the opinion of her father, that his demeanor marked rather insanity than the effects of strong drink, sent Handsucker and Priam to follow after him, and, if possible, to prevent his falling into harm. The overseer and the negro, though on foot, had no difficulty in keeping within sight, until he commenced beating his horse furiously and urged him to leap a fence at the left of the road. The tired and tottering beast, having probably been ridden without intermission full thirty hours, was unable to clear the fence and fell in the effort. Howard, entangled by the stirrups, would probably have been unable to extricate himself, but for the assistance of the two men. In the fall he had received some injury of the ancle, as it seemed, and could not walk alone. Absalom and Priam carried him to the house, where he was with difficulty induced to recline on a couch till the arrival of the physician.

Astiville, on this report, proceeded at once to the house of Mr. Newlove. As he entered the room where his son lay, the latter rising up broke into the wildest raving. Every attempt the father made to pacify him only aggravated his malady. He upbraided Mr. Astiville for having committed the most heinous crimes—charged him with being destitute of natural affection, of common honesty—expressed intense loathing at his very sight and presence. Afterwards, the agony of his sprained limb compelling him to fall back upon the sofa, when his father approached softly and offered to lean over the arm of the seat, he screamed aloud and shook his clenched hands frantically.

This was not so pleasant a scene that Mr. Astiville was inclined to protract it. The medical gentlemen, who were subsequently consulted, agreeing in the opinion that it would be highly inexpedient to remove the young man for some time, Astiville was obliged, much against the grain, to accept Newlove's offer to continue in charge of him. Mrs. Astiville came over the next morning, and the patient, bearing her attentions and Emma's more quietly than those of any one else, the two ladies who had never before met were for some weeks associated together under circumstances which neither could have anticipated.

CHAPTER XVII.

Henry Astiville died, and was buried.

Several weeks had passed away. Nobody now pretended to doubt that the meeting of the Court would be followed by the recognition of the Northerner's title to the land which had been the subject of such contention. Everlyn as well persuaded of this as any one, yet refused all the liberal propositions which were tendered by Miss Newlove. He could not bear to accept as a favor the least portion of that which he had, with mistaken confidence, claimed as his right. And although greatly wounded by the partial discovery of John Astiville's bad faith, he resolutely adhered to his determination to bring no action against his grantor, but to abide without a murmur all the consequences of the disastrous bargain.

Somers, to whom it fell as a matter of business to convey these amicable propositions, had an opportunity of once more speaking to Sidney. The remembrance, however, of past treatment still dwelt upon his mind, and perhaps prevented his paying the consideration which was prudent and

just to the soreness of spirit so naturally the result of misfortune and disappointment. Feeling sensitively the wrong which had been done him, and believing that Sidney ought herself to be conscious of it, he failed to see the impossibility of one so proud humbling herself to proffer an unsought acknowledgment. Sidney, on the other hand, misinterpreted his unsettled demeanor, and was firmly convinced that he only waited a decent pretext to abandon her. That pretext, she was determined, he should not long have to seek, if coldness and disdain would suffice him.

It was not strange, therefore, that our lawyer became persuaded that all hope of happiness from this quarter was blasted. That he should then turn his mind in a different direction was certainly consistent enough with human nature, as it is manifested around us, however unpardonable such a course may appear to theorizing sentimentalists. A man of thirty is not easily satisfied that it is his bounden duty to make misery the companion of all the rest of his days.

Emma perceived — what woman could fail to perceive it?—the change which had come over his mind. The perception could not but be attended with a beam of exhilaration and joy. Every day that Somers made a visit, some fresh token fell from him—now a glance, now a word, now a moment of more expressive silence—to invigorate and expand that passion which had grown up unnoticed and unfostered. When he had left the house, she would withdraw into the darkened room, where she performed the offices of a faithful nurse to the disordered mind of Howard Astiville. There, after administering an opiate to the feverish patient, she could ponder upon the new aspect which the kaleidoscope of her life presented. In these quiet musings her spirit which had been quickened into unwonted excitement recovered its sedateness; and, true to her nature, she began to refer things to the standard of other persons' happiness rather than of her own. She considered how sad must be the lot of Sidney Everlyn, forced to carry a heart not only smitten by reverses of fortune, but subjected to the more bitter grief of torn and crushed affections. And the fact that this weight of sorrow was probably attributable in great measure to the fault of the Southern Beauty herself, only increased the sympathy of her generous rival. No object, indeed, more easily awakens interest and pity than a haughty spirit bowed down.

Yet Emma was far too sober-judging to be one of those enthusiasts who, in caring for others, forget to be just to themselves. If Somers really loved her, and had entirely severed that attachment which had bound him to Miss Everlyn, she felt that she might blamelessly encourage his advances. A close, impartial scrutiny enabled her to recognize that the lawyer was deceiving himself, and that his first love continued. The painful discovery made, what was now to be done? Should she at once cast off Somers? This course seemed to promise no benefit to any party. And if it were impossible that Somers should marry Sidney, what reason had she to believe that his misfortune would be aggravated by a marriage to herself? A woman, young, good-tempered, rich, well-educated, and of a person not uncomely, may be pardoned for finding it difficult to persuade herself that the man whose wife she should become would thereby be made to receive into his existence a new element of wretchedness. She considered, too, that, in the occurrence of the event the propriety of which she was now weighing, she should regard her husband somewhat in the light of a martyr to her welfare, and felt that gratitude, if other motives were inadequate, would enable her to make his domestic hours at least tranquil if not rapturously happy. But was it out of the question that Somers might be received again into Miss Everlyn's favor? This depended on that young lady's character. What this was, Emma was at a loss to understand. Her conduct, and especially her treatment of Somers, was such as she herself could not have been led into by any motives, or by any conceivable combination of circumstances. After thinking the matter over, Emma could fix upon no other solution of the problem than that Sidney was unaware of the sincerity and strength of Somers' attachment to her. But Emma knew this fact—why, then, should she not bear testimony to it? *She would.*

Putting on her straw bonnet, one day, with its simple but tasteful trimmings, she got into her carriage, and directed the alert and grey-whiskered Priam to drive to Mr.

Everlyn's. It was an unusual and delicate errand of hers, and when she was fairly on the way and began to cull out expressions to be used in the approaching interview, a trembling and hesitation came over her. Still the straight-forward simplicity of her character sustained her; and the measure she was about to go through, however embarrassing and painful it might be, would relieve conscience.

Sidney Everlyn was surprised when the name of the visitor was announced — nor was it strange she should be—yet the native courtesy of the Southern lady did not desert her, and entering the room she received Emma with ease and frankness. That parlor, by the way, was not the kitchen, where Somers and Howard had found her, but one of the lower apartments of the house, which, having been less injured by the fire than others, had since been converted into a tolerable reception-room for a summer guest.

Emma was even more embarrassed than she had anticipated, and but for Sidney's ready conversational tact would have found it difficult to recover any degree of self-possession. She began by alluding to the offers which had been made on her part to Mr. Everlyn, and declared her earnest hope that he would yet accept them.

"I know that you must be attached to this place," said she to Sidney.

"Ah, I am indeed!" replied the latter, "but my father feels that the struggle is too great for him. It would be a long while before he could pay you, since all the means at his disposal would be consumed in repairing the destruction which the fire has made."

"I have said, however," rejoined Emma, "that there would be no limitation of time, and the debt being burdened with no *interest*, though in ten years he should not discharge a dollar, he would be no worse off than now."

"We thank you for your generosity," said Sidney, "but it is impossible that we can avail ourselves of it. Once more we shall remove to the West—or rather we shall go to the far South West, for my father has an opportunity to obtain a grant of land in Texas."

"And will you go to Texas?"

"Certainly, my father's presence there will be indispensable, and of course where he goes I go. The Texas wilderness is not indeed a pleasant land as my imagination paints it."

"Oh why think of going there?" interrupted Emma. "Here you have everything to make your life pass agreeably! Here is the house moved, at great labor and cost, to this site so well worthy of it. Many old associations must endear it to you, and in its present position what is wanting to make it a delightful home?"

"I beseech you," replied Sidney, "to say no more on this point. It is one of my weaknesses to feel an excessive affection for this rough pile of stone and brick—sometimes I think I approach the sin of idolatry. By recounting what we must lose in departing from this place, you easily awaken in me sorrowful regret, but this regret can only give pain without accomplishing any other end, for my father's purpose is incapable of change—nor in truth, if the choice were mine, would I have him swerve from it in the least. I shall not leave Everstone without sadness—but I am conscious it is far better to go than to stay."

Emma now proceeded as well as she could to the main object of her visit. Whilst with great directness and plainness of speech she disclosed the knowledge she possessed respecting the state of Richard Somers' heart, it was Sidney's turn to be abashed and agitated. The concluding words—a sort of general summing up of the testimony—were,

"I am certain he loves you at this moment earnestly, devotedly."

Sidney, with natural and very feminine disingenuousness, attempted to disclaim all concern in Mr. Somers' sentiments of whatever nature they might be, striving to convey the impression that if any affection existed between them it was every whit on his side.

Emma held her peace for some moments while her mild blue eyes rested on the countenance of her hostess. Then shaking her head remarked—

"Ah, you *do* love him."

Sidney blushed and stammered, but could not deny that the penetrating examiner had reached the truth. She mustered spirit however to hint that it was hardly fair for one woman, taking advantage of her sex, thus to probe the heart of another.

"Think how I stand," said Emma, "and

see whether there is not a justification for me. A high sense of duty caused Mr. Somers to stand up in defence of a stranger whose rights of property were in jeopardy, whose very good name was threatened with a dreadful stigma. In consequence of that upright and generous course he has become subject himself to misconstruction. Can you wonder that she whom he rescued, is unwilling to see him suffer for it? You remember the fable of the lion and the mouse. I am feeble—I can do very little—and the service which Mr. Somers has rendered is great beyond compensation—but Miss Everlyn, it is in *your* power to give effect to my gratitude."

Emma went on, and in words whose glowing earnestness cannot be copied, pleaded for Somers with far more eloquence than the lawyer himself ever displayed, whether in his own cause or a clients.

Sidney, though not unmoved, still adhered to her purpose. With unflagging zealousness Emma made one more appeal.

"You love Somers," she said, "and he loves you. What then is your reason for rejecting him?"

"Because—because—" Sidney hesitated. "You must understand what I want to say. Could you bear to be humbled in the presence of any man? Could you be an Esther to kneel and tremblingly touch the tip of King Ahasuerus' sceptre?"

Emma looked as if she saw nothing so terrible in the fortune of the renowned Jewish maiden.

"*I* never could," said Sidney, with proud emphasis. "As circumstances now are I could not accept Richard Somers without a sense of mortification, and I'll die like a love-sick girl in a novel, rather than endure that!"

"But why should you be mortified?"

"On every account. In the first place, I used to think you were a very different person from what I now recognize you to be, and I supposed your claims to the land were illegal and not capable of being sustained. Somers obstinately held the contrary. It seems he was right on both heads, and so—especially as regards the first—I cheerfully confess before *you:*—but I say frankly that great as is the respect I am compelled to entertain for your character—if Somers were to come here and commence triumphing over my previous injustice, I verily believe I should take to hating you again."

"Perhaps," added Sidney quickly, "you think this very silly, if not wicked?"

Emma owned that she could not perceive how such views could be justified by any standard of Right.

Then Sidney rejoined, "We are differently constituted. I dare say your nature is greatly preferable, but such as mine is I must act in accordance with it. If now, instead of being the daughter of a poor man, I were mistress of Everstone, I could say to Richard—'Come, sir, you may take me—I am ready to be a good girl—and obedient wife.' As it is, and after what has passed between us, I never could bring my lips to utter such words."

"Yet," replied Emma, "his persistance in seeking your hand is surely proof of disinterestedness. Your loss of the estate would be—provided he were accepted—his loss also."

"So Mr. Somers once had the assurance to tell me himself; but what care I for that? What prodigious merit is it that he is not a mercenary wretch? I dare say he likes me all the better for my poverty, since such a condition is apt to prepare one to be a more submissive slave."

"Would you have your husband *your* slave?"

"No—equality is all I ask. Far be it from me to be mated to any tame, abject, lump of flesh! Let my husband be a man, and a stout-hearted man—let him make himself if he can, King, like the Persian, over a hundred and twenty-seven provinces, but he shall not be *my* King."

"It seems then," said Emma—"provided I understand you, of which I am not sure—that if Mr. Astiville were to do as he ought, and pay back to Mr. Everlyn the money which he unjustly retains—in that case, you would have no objection to listen favorably to Mr. Somers."

Sidney assented.

"Now look at the matter seriously, Miss Everlyn—ought you to allow Astiville's injustice to destroy the happiness of Mr. Somers—who, as you acknowledge has committed no real offence—and to destroy your own happiness equally?"

More she added in the same strain, but

Sidney refused to bend either to reason or entreaty.

Emma returned home and with a lighted heart. She had discharged a duty and now,—her eyes grew dim with tears (not of sorrow) as she contemplated the prospect—Sidney Everlyn had refused the offered happiness, and now nought forbade that her own hand should take it.

Look too, at the agency by which these results had been brought about. There was John Astiville's tenacious avarice clinging to its paltry prey at the sacrifice of brother, son, and conscience Against him had labored a single-minded girl. He had won in the struggle :—but (as who will not add ?) to his own loss : she had suffered defeat ;—but to her own great gain.

Emma left dizzy and faint by ebbing excitement, retired to rest. The first perception that dawned upon her when she awoke at morning—and how radiant that dawn !—was the realization that it was permitted her to lavish her affections without reserve or stint on that object which her heart would choose out of the whole world.

Some business letters, which had arrived during the present day, lay upon the table. She opened them and having gathered their contents filed them away methodically according to her custom. Something that she had read dwelt on her mind, and seemed to disturb her joy. As the morning hours passed, one after another, she began to reflect whether she had not that to say to Sidney which might induce a change of the conclusions of the late interview. Then the thought occured, suppose every obstruction to the marriage of Somers and Miss Everlyn removed, could he live happily with a person of such a character as had been exhibited yesterday ? It seemed to Emma that he could not. Furthermore, what did the letter she had perused communicate ?—A possibility—a glimmering chance, which one breath might extinguish. And how little likelihood that any consideration that it would occur to a rational mind to offer would effect a change in sentiments so whimsical and so preposterous as those by which Sidney Everlyn appeared to be actuated ? Then had she—Emma—done already more than any woman could be expected to do ? Was self-sacrifice the sole business of her life ?

All these thoughts and more of the same kind had their turn of dominion, but the end was that before the sun set, she made her second visit to Everstone.

Meanwhile, Sidney also had been going through a course of meditation. If it were true that Somers continued faithful and stedfast, was it so wise a measure to reject him ? Miss Everlyn enjoyed for some hours what is called a hearty crying spell.

" Since I saw you yesterday," said Emma at that second meeting, I have received a communication from Mr.———"

" Not Mr. Astiville ?" said Sidney, observing she was at a loss for the name.

" No : it is a person who writes on behalf of a well-known mining company. It seems that an agent of theirs, a geologist, having been invited by a certain Mr. Gibbs to make investigations on the lands of Alonzo Safety found nothing to warrant operations there but did see traces which induced an exploration of the surrounding country. They write me now that such discoveries have been made on the tract which has been in controversy between Mr. Everlyn and myself that understanding the title to be in me they are desirous of purchasing a few hundred acres, or, if it be deemed preferable, of working a mine on shares."

" You are fortunate," answered Sidney, rather coldly.

" Stay ;—you do not apprehend my object. The only difficulty that appears to have existed in the way of Mr. Everlyn's keeping this estate, now exists no longer. If he think proper, he can dispose of a small portion for nearly, or quite as much, as the whole will cost him — possibly, indeed, for more."

" But," said Sidney, " if the land is of higher value than was supposed, you are plainly entitled to the enhancement."

" Not so, my claim is limited to the sum which I paid to the executors of Mr. Compton. Your father has occupied and improved the estate—expended taste, labor and money upon it — and he has a clear right to any value it may have over and above the sum which I gave for the legal title."

After permitting Sidney to muse a while

over the statement which had been made, Emma added, with a heroic attempt at a smile :—

"So now there is no reason why you should not be reconciled to Mr. Somers."

Sidney's beaming countenance was a sufficient answer, and the words that next fell from her put the matter beyond doubt. The truth was, she would gladly have hailed any pretext for withdrawing from the position in which a proud and rash jealousy had placed her.

After the interchange of a few observations, Emma rose to take leave. As she did so, her utmost efforts could not keep back the tears that rushed to her eyes.

Sidney perceiving her emotion, and looking upon her intently, said :—

"Then, you also love Somers."

Emma became very pale, and answered not a word.

"I had no thought of this," continued Sidney. "Can you imagine the inference I drew from your first coming here ?—I'll tell you frankly, though I am half ashamed to own it. Howard Astiville has been at your father's house for two weeeks — nor could I be certain that you had not seen him before—I supposed—in short, I thought it natural that sympathy had grown into a stronger feeling."

"And that the purpose of my call was, to induce you to *relieve me of Somers?*" added Emma, in a quicker tone than was usual to her.

"No, not that exactly, but—" Sidney stopped, and blushed. In truth, she had suspected that Emma had contrived a little plot, the *denouement* of which should be that Howard finding his first mistress indissolubly bound to a rival, should, out of gratitude, transfer his affections to his sedulous and devoted nurse. This suspicion it was impossible for her to confess ; yet, something she must say.

"I did justice to your good nature, though not to your self-denial. Knowing that Somers was attached to me, and having no partiality for him yourself, you thought to promote our common welfare by bringing us together. This, I say, was my hypothesis—one very wide from the truth, I am now convinced. Yet, I never did you the wrong of supposing that in coming to see me you were actuated by a desire to get rid of a troublesome lover ; for I believe what you have said of Somers' fidelity. Indeed, if I but imagined the possibility of his offering addresses to another, no circumstances could prevail upon me ever again to think of him, except as an object of aversion. The man who could once falter, is no lover for me."

Emma's tongue burned to say — "But Somers *has* swerved from his path — has thought of paying addresses to another." The words, struggling for utterance, almost choked her ; but she did keep them down. What, though the opportunity were given at the very last moment to secure him whom she had twice resigned ? It was a temptation, and it was her duty to resist.

"I pity you—I pity you," said Sidney, taking her hand kindly.

Oh, to think that one whisper from her lips would reverse that relation, make Sidney herself the object to be pitied, and lift her up, that humble girl, into triumphant joy ! Hers was not an exacting and uncompromising love — *she* could be content to take Somers, though but a tithe of his heart came with him. One brief sentence ! But her lips should be sealed ere they uttered that sentence.

Sidney was going on with her sympathy—

"From my heart I pity you — and you deserve Richard Somers far more than I. How could you have fortitude to renew the sundered ties that bound him to a stranger ? What have I done to merit such martyrdom ?—and for Somers, while free, was there not hope that he might become yours ?"

Emma replied "What right had I to think of *my* interests ? Mr. Somers does not love me ; you he does love, and by leading him to you I believed I best consulted his welfare, and repaid, as far as in me lay, that which I owed him. I have done what I could—do *you* make his days pass happily and I shall have nothing to regret."

The lawyer and Miss Everlyn were married, and, so far as we know lived pleasantly together. The three thousand acres were taken, substantially on Emma's terms. Somers' out of his professional earnings has paid off a large proportion of the debt and doubtless will pay the resi-

due. Mining speculators have several times made proposals for the hill, which is thought to contain rich veins of a precious metal; but, somehow or other, Mr Everlyn, with his daughter's hearty concurrence, has as often refused to listen to them, under the persuasion, that the vicinity of a mining village would not add to the attractions of their residence. From this fact, and others, we may infer that Sidney, the matron, has given up certain notions, which Sidney, the maiden, thought fit to cherish.

Emma Newlove left the country where she had met such unworthy treatment, and although Redland has received, and retained, within her borders many children of a colder clime of whom she is proud, those who know Miss Newlove will doubt whether any visiter that had landed on a Southern shore, deserved more than she, a hospitable greeting. She has ever since lived in her native State—and it may be said of her, more confidently than we dare to say of most human beings, that she lived happily unmarried; she has employed her time and fortune in doing good—who can wonder that she should reap the reward which Providence allots to a stewardship thus discharged?

Howard Astiville recovered from the mental disorder which for a time threatened to be permanent. He refused to meet his father or to receive from him any further pecuniary supplies. He departed out of the country determined to earn his living till the day should come when on the descent of the inheritance, or a share of it, into his hands he should be able to do that act of justice to Mr. Everlyn which his father denied. The execution of the purpose to make his own support involved a patient application for which the young man's previous habits of mind had little fitted him. Though he would not receive a dollar from the hands of Mr. Astiville, he did not reject the sums which his mother from time to time—possibly not without the cognisance of her husband—transmitted to him. He travelled over the new world and the old. Subsequently being at Saratoga, he met Emma, who had accompanied her father there more than once, for the good gentleman fancied that the water was beneficial to a rheumatic complaint under which he labored Memory brought up old scenes, and Howard, tired of a wanderer's life, and associating Emma's presence with tranquil comfort, offered himself to her. Having received a gentle rejection, he went as a volunteer to Mexico.

Of Mr. Astiville, the elder, it remains to say a word. He still lives and his faculties both of body and mind seem to have suffered little decay. He was successful in the accomplishment of his purpose and has it to boast that so far as regards three-fourths of the space contained within the branches of the Hardwater, the result has been the same to him as if his ancestor's patent had extended over it. A less stubborn resoluteness of will than he displayed, might have given his name a place on the roll of the Historically Great, had it been applied to the acquisition or retention of a kingdom, instead of being wasted in the meaner wickedness of robbing a trusting friend of a few thousand miserable dollars.

Note.—An individual who felt some curiosity to learn what it was Absalom Handsucker saw, made inquiry of Somers. The latter answered that Absalom called on him once and explained that he had come to a sort of understanding with Mrs. Safety. It seems, however, the honest dame took his revelation in high dudgeon. His eyes, she affirmed, must have been greatly out of order when he imagined that he witnessed the spectacle he described. No such thing could really have occurred, and she added that if he dared to promulgate the tale he would be in danger of an action for slander. She hinted too the possibility of additional legal proceedings grounded on a Breach of Promise. The overseer was not a little frightened and had come to get counsel. He said he had had a colloquy with Arabella also, who, whilst denying that she had ever been guilty of the practice at which he expressed such horror, promised that whether she had or not she never would do the like hereafter. Absalom closed his communication with the announcement that he had determined, on the whole, to take the young lady for better and for worse,

and merely desired to know whether, in the lawyer's opinion, he had acted prudently or not.

"But what was it he saw?"

Somers, smiling, replied—"I must not tell secrets, lest Mr. Handsucker's ears should suffer. All I can say, is, that if the action of slander had been brought, I am aware of no case that would have been more in point than the famous one of Cook vs. Stokes and wife."

JOHN CALDWELL CALHOUN.

To the City of Charleston, which has recently exhibited a magnificent and impressive funeral pageant, in honor of the illustrious dead, this Memoir is respectfully dedicated.

MEMOIR.

The death of this illustrious citizen, long identified with the public service, and mourned with a depth of sorrow more general, more solemn, and more impressive, than has ever distinguished any statesman since the decease of Washington, renders the tribute of praise, at once an appropriate and first duty. The deference, which men of all classes pay to great abilities and incorruptible integrity, is a tribute due to a sense of the immortality of the soul and to the eminent superiority of virtue. When a life is found to be full of exhibitions of an exalted mind, and of devotion to principles of honor and morality, men, irrespective of mere difference of opinion, award it, involuntarily, the highest homage of their good opinion. Envy itself, which always accompanies the steps of the good man, and detracts from his fame and misconstrues his motives, worn out in the contest, perishes on his grave: and contemporaries, who are ever distrustful of success, and invidious in concessions to merit, are the first to hang willows over the bier of one, no longer capable of exciting jealousy, or of triumphing in the race of life.

It has been remarked, not unfrequently, with less of surprise than of disparagement, that Mr. Calhoun had a hold on the affections of the people of South Carolina, unequalled in the history of public men. This veneration for his person and opinions, has often been attributed to the predominence of a popular leader over the dependent, yielding mind of the public. This supposition is untrue. If asked to state the reason, which more than any other, caused the extraordinary popularity of this statesman, we would say, it was his stainless honor and incorruptible good faith. Out of these virtues, incomparable as they were, grew his self denial, amidst the promptings of ambition; his firmness in the cause of right!

We will not say that, in every instance, Mr. Calhoun saw the future with a perfectly true glance; or that the objects at which he looked, invariably sent back into his orb of vision, a reflection entirely correct, not sometimes broken by the media intervening—not occasionally obscured by rather hastily formed conjectures—But this we believe—He ever looked at things with honest intent—with an anxious wish to ascertain the truth, and to avoid evil; and he both honestly and boldly spoke out what he conceived of the mischiefs or advantages presented to his mind.

Mr. Calhoun was not ambitious in the sense in which that term has been used with reference to his motives and acts. He was desirous, ardently desirous, of being known as the advocate of the solid truths of politics. For the vanities of the position of a statesman he never longed; and, therefore, to obtain them, never conciliated or bargained. He fixed his mind on justice, on principle, on the essence of the mutual obligations arising between governments and the people; and to assert these he poured forth from the copious fountains of his intellect and his heart, the

most brilliant offerings, and most profound devotion. We are confident that for station and dignity, independently of the right and glory of the means by which attained, he cared nothing. "Sir," said he to the writer, while in Charleston, on the last journey he made to Washington, "The Presidency has not been in my thoughts for ten years. I would not take public office at the sacrifice of what is due to my own independence, or to my own opinions, still less by waving the most immaterial right to which my fellow-countrymen are entitled." Mr. Calhoun's whole life attests the sincerity and truth of this declaration. Like the great Halifax, so powerfully described by Macaulay, his public career shows the prominent fact, that, if ever he did vary his opinions, the change was never from the weaker to the stronger side. Public sentiment may, as is often said, be a fair indication of what is proper to be done in a majority of instances; but it is not always right; and certainly he who withstands it, if he furnishes no evidence of his superiority in judgment, gives incontestable proof of his candor and firmness. From the mass of politicians delineated by history, posterity delights to distinguish those, who amidst great imputed defects of character, and many errors of mind, have still preserved their sentiments inviolate—who, though mingled with all the slanders of the times in which they lived; and, notwithstanding, the temptations of place; the corruptions of party, and the persecutions of opponents, have nobly maintained the truth, and resolutely spoken for the right. On the contrary, however successful they may have been for the period of elevation, and during the exercise of the power of patronage, mankind with one accord, the impious seductions of the age removed, condemn the dishonorable acts of the Machiavels and Woolseys of every time and country. The world is constantly deploring, and yet, while the thing is passing before it, constantly sustaining, the weaknesses and illusions of politics. Every revolution is based on a necessity for checking the corruptions of the dynasty preceding; and yet, the succession falls into the debaucheries of the power existing before. A mild and virtuous leader, raised up for the occasion, possessed of faculties to command the public voice and concentrate its suffrage, scarcely finds himself successful, before he discovers that he must be unjust. All that is violent in partizanship must succeed to whatever is sacred in principle; ability and honesty must be sacrificed to expediency, and the fortunate politician must practice guilt as if it were public virtue, and condemn integrity as if it were depravity. The country in which we live presents, it is true, exceptions; but such have never been successful politicians. Public honors have fled from the statesman most worthy to wear them, and swelled the triumphs of those who have been dissolute in their public lives.

When we assert that Mr. Calhoun was not one of this latter class, we intend to raise no issue whatever with respect to the correctness of his views, considered as mere abstract political sentiment. Such a course would not only be disrespectful to those generous men who have entertained opposite opinions, and who have opened bosoms, long mailed in the armour of vigorous conflicts, and poured out from them magnanimous streams of eulogium and eloquence; but would be unsuited to the solemnity of the occasion of this memoir. As the evil he has done, if any, must be buried with him, so should all recollection of the violent controversies of his day be alike consigned to the tomb. The storms and agitations of the various political questions in which he engaged, have, we hope, passed away; and friends and enemies alike sorrowing—alike relieved of prejudices and disarmed of resentments, amidst the dedeparting rays of the sun of his last day, may stand in harmony around his grave, and multiply the records of his memorable devotion to the public service.

We do not intend to seek out for approbation or condemnation, any of those leading topics which, during Mr. Calhoun's public life, produced so much controversy, and in respect to which the people of the United States have been so divided. We seek to give a history of, rather than a criticism on, Mr. Calhoun's participation in public events. We will not hold a scale by which to determine his consistency or his fluctuations, if guilty of any. The Tariff, the Bank of the United States, State Rights—on all of these, whatever his views, they were invariably entertained in good faith and frankly expressed. His most in-

veterate enemy, and who has not such, however pure! will admit this. In political fame, it is not the character of the man's opinions which is to be considered; it is the honesty, the truthfulness of his conceptions and of his advocacy of them. We may not dwell too minutely on the nature of a measure proposed. The human mind is forced to view things through such various media, that we may well distrust its judgment. We are compelled as often to blush at following precedents, as at condemning sentiments. But, on questions involving clear principles, we may generally express ourselves without reserve. In measures embracing interests and holding in issue the highest obligations, moral and political, we can decide without inflicting pain or exciting animosities. Of this nature shall be the incidents of Mr. Calhoun's life, on which we shall hazard approbatory reflections.

The circumstance which first brought Mr. Calhoun's name before the country, was an Address and Resolution, made to the people of Abbeville District, South Carolina, on the occasion of the attack on the Chesapeake by the Leopard. That brutal violation of the laws of nations and of humanity kindled a flame in every part of the Union. His speech in support of war was a fearless exposition of the privileges of American seamen, and an indignant denunciation of the cowardly attack which had violated them. It placed him at once so high in public confidence that he was soon after voted into the State Legislature. There his brief service was distinguished by a masterly defence and sagacious arrangement of the affairs of the Republican party. He reviewed the prospects of the country, and predicted the difficulties in which Europe and the United States would soon be involved. He denounced the restrictive system proposed for the redress of our grievances, and pointed to a war with England as both expedient and inevitable. In order to prevent distraction in the Republican party, he proposed the name of Mr. John Langdon, of New Hampshire, for the Vice-Presidency, under Mr. Madison.

In 1810, Mr. Calhoun took his seat in the House of Representatives of the United States. The period was pregnant with portentous prospects. War raged over Europe. The Berlin and Milan decrees of France, and the British orders of council had divided the commerce of the world between these nations. The policy, so earnestly pressed on the consideration of the people of the Union, of Peace and Non-Interference, it was not possible for the government to pursue, without abandoning every right dear to the citizen, and forfeiting every claim to the respect of foreign states. The navy of Great Britain swept the ocean. Flushed with victories, and arrogant under the acknowledged title of mistress of the seas, she boldly boarded our vessels, and manned her ships from our crews. Apprehensions that our trade and commerce would sink under resistance, paralyzed for a time the resolution of our people. Embargoes and non-importation acts were the favorite measures of resistance. At this juncture, Mr. Calhoun entered the arena. He took a prominent part in the efforts to enforce the necessity of immediate preparations for war. The defence of a Report from the Committee on Foreign Relations devolved on him. He met John Randolph, and Philip Bonlin Key, in the discussion, and placed the question of the propriety of war beyond controversy. His speech wrung laudatory approval from the cautious and capable Mr. Ritchie. He was compared to Hercules with his club; he was likened in his moral sentiments to Fox; and when South Carolina was congratulated, it was said that Virginia, full as she was of glorious intellect, was not so rich but that she might wish him her son The following extract from Mr. Calhoun's speech on the occasion is valuable, as disclosing striking truths, clothed in apt phrase:—

"We are next told of the expenses of the war, and that the people will not pay taxes. Why not? Is it a want of means? What, with 1,000,000 tons of shipping; a commerce of $100,000,000 annually; manufactures yielding a yearly profit of $150,000,000, and agriculture thrice that amount; shall we, with such great resources, be told that the country wants ability to raise and support 10,000 or 15,000 additional regulars? No: it has the ability, that is admitted; but will it not have the disposition? Is not our course just and necessary? Shall we, then, utter this libel on the people? Where will proof be found of a fact so disgraceful? It is said, in the history of the country twelve or fifteen years ago. The case is not parallel. The ability of the

country is greatly increased since. The whiskey tax was unpopular. But, as well as my memory serves me, the objection was not so much to the tax or its amount as the mode of collecting it. The people were startled by the host of officers, and their love of liberty shocked with the multiplicity of regulations. We, in the spirit of imitation, copied from the most oppressive part of the European laws on the subject of taxes, and imposed on a young and virtuous people the severe provisions made necessary by corruption and the long practice of evasion. If taxes should become necessary, I do not hesitate to say the people will pay cheerfully. It is for their government and their cause, and it would be their interest and duty to pay. But it may be, and I believe was said, that the people will not pay taxes, because the rights violated are not worth defending, or that the defence will cost more than the gain. Sir, I here enter my solemn protest against this low and 'calculating avarice' entering this hall of legislation. It is only fit for shops and counting-houses, and ought not to disgrace the seat of power by its squalid aspect. Whenever it touches sovereign power, the nation is ruined. It is too short-sighted to defend itself. It is a compromising spirit, always ready to yield a part to save the residue. It is too timid to have in itself the laws of self-preservation. It is never safe but under the shield of honor. There is, sir, one principle necessary to make us a great people---to produce, not the form, but real spirit of union, and that is to protect every citizen in the lawful pursuit of his business. He will then feel that he is backed by the government, that its arm is his arm. He then will rejoice in its increased strength and prosperity. Protection and patriotism are reciprocal. This is the way which has led nations to greatness. Sir, I am not versed in this calculating policy, and will not, therefore, pretend to estimate in dollars and cents the value of national independence. I cannot measure in shillings and pence the misery, the stripes, and the slavery of our impressed seamen; nor even the value of our shipping, commercial, and agricultural losses, under the orders in council and the British system of blockade. In thus expressing myself, I do not intend to condemn any prudent estimate of the means of a country before it enters on a war. That is wisdom, the other folly. The gentleman from Virginia has not failed to touch on the calamity of war, that fruitful source of declamation, by which humanity is made the advocate of submission. If he desires to repress the gallant ardor of our countrymen by such topics, let me inform him that true courage regards only the cause; that it is just and necessary, and that it contemns the sufferings and dangers of war. If he really wishes well to the cause of humanity, let his eloquence be addressed to the British ministry, and not the American Congress. Tell them that, if they persist in such daring insult and outrages to a neutral nation, however inclined to peace, it will be bound by honor and safety to resist; that their patience and endurance, however great, will be exhausted; that the calamity of war will ensue, and that they, and not we, in the opinion of the world, will be answerable for all its devastation and misery. Let a regard to the interest of humanity stay the hand of injustice, and my life on it, the gentleman will not find it difficult to dissuade his countrymen from rushing into the bloody scenes of war."

Though the first tones of Mr. Calhoun's voice, in public life, were for war, yet they were justified, we humbly believe, in the eyes of the truest advocate of peace. They were spoken to rouse the country to a declaration of hostilities, for frightful outrages on humanity. The people of the United States have no resentment to indulge, no revenge to gratify. The judgment of Providence has given them the guardianship of that religion and those laws which have so often been the boast and admiration of England herself. Our government is a trustee for those rights, not for itself, not for our citizens alone; but for all nations, and for all objects dear to civilization and to man. War is the instrument of God, to punish nations. Communities, as such, cannot be avenged in their individuals, for crimes of their rulers. The crimes which might condemn the government, may exempt the citizen; and if war were not a means in the power of Heaven, the flame of public liberty might be extinguished, and the wrongs of men, as nations, remain forever unredressed. Inexorable tyrants might, with impunity, overrun the peaceful territories of freedom, and millions of suffering human beings be subjected to the most severe political oppressions. When the United States made war on England, these principles were at stake. Had our Government failed to vindicate the aggressions perpetrated, the injuries inflicted on us would have become perpetual exercises of power over the whole civilized world. The United States, in losing her sense of right, would have lost the respect of the world. What we cease to respect, we cease to fear. The nation, now the asylum of the oppressed of all the

earth, the centre of free commerce, and the locality of the altars of unrestrained religion, would have been, if not a feeble colony of Great Britain, at all events a miserable and weak Republic. Mr. Calhoun saw the consequences, and did not hesitate to give his powers to the justification of the principles involved. He sent forth, in trumpet tones, appeals which animated the patriotism of the American peeple, and stirred up the slumbering energies of a previous revolution. He dissipated the selfish views and doubting policy of the few who considered, or were alarmed by the probable results of a war with that powerful country; and substituted, for these thoughts, a patriotic regard for the honor, the rights, and glory of the Republic. In the crisis, he not only bore away victory from all his opponents, but achieved a triumph over himself, the greatest of all conquests. Had Mr. Calhoun been a mere time-serving politician, had his soul been capable of a selfish thought, now was the time for ascendancy. Full as he was of honors, crowded at every step with evidences of the approbation of the public, he might have secured any place in the gift of the people. But he had no self love inconsistent with the purity and integrity of his motives; and, having accomplished the high end for which he had labored, he looked about to see where his country might be next attacked. He saw the weak point in our internal arrangements. He saw a proclivity in the general government to concentrate power, at the expense of the authority of the States: and, from that time to the moment of his death, this danger absorbed his thoughts, and directed his course. It was in vain that men looked, and turned away contemptuously, because they did not see what he did. With eyes fixed on the future, he turned neither to the right nor the left. He pointed to the dim speck on the horizon, and foretold the coming storm. It was the sole image on his mind's eye. He anticipated terrible calamities; and, to avert them, determined on new, bold, and to many men, alarming preventives. He left the ranks of a well organized, prosperous and conquering party; a party, on whose eagles victory seemed to have perched with strength all powerful, to take an isolated position, where all said he was fighting with a phantom. He made all the sacrifices which are thought dear to the human breast. He forebore the pomp and advantage of a majority, to array himself, with little hope of success, or promise of reward, in the ranks of a small and unpopular minority. May we not, without either approving or condemning the opinions of this great man, yet give him the just award of possessing a resolute, a conscientious soul? One which justified right, and contested for truth, in the midst of every disadvantage, and upheld what seemed the right amid the severest opposition?

At the same session in which he defended the war, Mr. Calhoun, against the preconceived opinions of the body of the Republicans, gave his enthusiastic support to measures for the increase of the Navy. To him, to Mr. Lowndes, Mr. Cheves and Mr. Clay, are due all praise for fostering, in its infancy, a branch of the national defence, which has won immortal glory for the American name.

On the retirement of Mr. Perlor from the position of Chairman on the Committee on Foreign Relations, the duties of that committee, all exceedingly arduous, fell on Mr. Calhoun. He discharged them with an *ability* and *industry* which elicited universal approval.

At the session of Congress ensuing, Mr. Calhoun rendered a signal service to the commercial interests of the country. A forfeiture of millions of the capital of the country, vested abroad, and under the shape of merchandize, imported into the country, to avoid loss under the non-importation act, had been prayed to be remitted. This the Secretary of the Treasury had recommended to be done, on the condition that the amount were loaned to the government. Mr. Calhoun, with characteristic honesty, supported the prayer of the petition, but denounced the condition. His efforts relieved our merchants of this onerous penalty.

The advocacy of the Loan Bill as rendered necessary by the exigencies of the war, gave Mr. Calhoun an opportunity for new displays of eloquence and reasoning. His speech, on that occasion, is a brilliant effort; the power and effect of which, in rousing the mind to a just conception of the duty of sustaining the war, transcended the immediate occasion of its delivery.

On the great question of a Bank of the United States, in 1814, a measure of the Administration, Mr. Calhoun differed from his party. He opposed the bill which sought to carry out this measure, and rejected various propositions of his friends to adapt its provisions to his views.

It would be profitless, perhaps invidious, to survey the particulars of the contest on the Tariff of 1816. A denial of the charge that it was the origin of the Protective system, or the assertion that Mr. Calhoun's opinions, respecting it, have been misrepresented, would awaken sleeping feuds, in which party predilections would be substituted for arguments. While, on the one hand, Mr. Calhoun is said to be the author of the system, it is, on the other, asserted that circumstances connected with our foreign relations, and not the idea of home protection, justified the support he gave the measure. Both positions have able and honest advocates. Both are, however, under the influence of long favored attachments. These sensibly affect the judgment; and like prejudices, growing up with infancy, and long cherished in manhood, are not easily dissipated, even by the rays of reason.

Of the like character is the dispute on Mr. Calhoun's position with respect to setting apart the bonus of the United States Bank, for Internal Improvement. Mr. Calhoun is no longer here to defend his consistency, or to furnish the explanations so necessary to enable men to arrive at truth. Enemies and friends alike err—the former in making too little, the latter too much allowance. Let the contrast, so far as his memory is concerned, be withdrawn. The gallant Saladin, and the chivalrous Richard of the lion's heart, did not think it unworthy of their magnanimity or courage to decline a combat long maintained without success to either.

The conduct of the war department as Secretary under Mr. Monroe, gave Mr. Calhoun a very high character for close investigation and high administrative talent. The confused and long unsettled accounts of that office engaged his attention, with unremitted industry, for seven years. From an office difficult of management, it became one of ease for his successors. He reformed it in many particulars, cleared its affairs of all embarrassments, and literally brought order out of chaos.

In the contest for the Presidency, in which Mr. Adams, General Jackson, Mr. Crawford, and Mr. Clay were the rival candidates, Mr. Calhoun, with rare self-denial having withdrawn from the field, had the justice awarded him of being placed on nearly all the tickets for the Vice-Presidency. Having been elected to this office, he took his seat as President of the Senate in 1825, and, by the exercise of much dignity and firmness, brought the position into very great distinction. It was characteristic of Mr. Calhoun, that in all his public acts, he leaned against power. This was never more prominently displayed than in his decision of an important point arising in the debate on the celebrated Panama mission. Mr. Randolph had made on this question a most scathing attack on the administration. In reference to it, Mr. Calhoun, as presiding officer of the Senate, decided that he had no power to restrain a Senator in respect to words spoken in debate. Out of that decision arose a controversy engaging all the powers and prejudices of friends and opponents of the administration No one ever doubted Mr. Calhoun's honesty of purpose in this decision, or the superiority of his defence, under the signature of "Onslow."

Mingling in the conflicts arising on the Tariff of 1828, and in connection with the efforts to defeat Mr. Adams on a second election, Mr. Calhoun was placed in a position to display, in strong light, his extraordinary resistance to party ties in the performance of duty. The contest in respect to the Tariff had nearly equally divided the Senate. To avoid the consequences of a tie vote, Mr. Calhoun, who was on the ticket with General Jackson for the Vice-Presidency, was advised to withdraw from his seat. He indignantly refused—determined, as he declared, to risk all hope of advancement for himself, rather than shrink from his duty. In order to avoid, however, the possibility of injuring the prospects of General Jackson, he declared his willingness to take his name from the ticket.

We pass over various particulars in the history of Mr. Calhoun's distinguished services in the Cabinet of Mr. Monroe, in the Vice-Presidency and in the Senate, all ex-

hibiting the superiority of his judgment and the sincerity of his attachment to the Constitution and the Union. We will pause to consider that period, when, having done so much to elevate General Jackson, he was treacherously superseded in his confidence. We will not examine into the causes of that event — we will not gather up the nearly extinguished sparks from the ashes of that disgraceful and scandalous quarrel, in which the only decency and moderation were displayed by its victim.

Two acts of Mr. Calhoun in the sessions of 1814, 1815, and 1816, have been the subject of frequent animadversion and defence. It will be understood we refer to the bill reported by him to set apart and pledge the bonus of the United States Bank, as a fund for Internal Improvement, and his assent to the policy of the Bank, recommended by Mr. Madison. It is enough to say here, in regard to these measures, that, with respect to the first, Mr. Calhoun, as we understand, has never denied that it was his early impression that the constitutional power of Congress over Internal Improvement was comprehended under the money power. The error, as he believed, of this view, was soon developed, and the promptest confession of it made. In reference to the Bank, Mr. Calhoun has ever insisted that he yielded to the necessity for its establishment, in view of the peculiar position of the country and its finances at the time, and not of its general policy or constitutionality.

We come to the exciting topic of State Interposition. Out of the opposition of the South to the Tariff of 1828, this doctrine began to be developed. From the long fallow ground of the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions the seeds of this principle were gathered, and scattered in a new soil. They grew and flourished luxuriantly in the South, and received the early and warm encouragement of Mr. Calhoun. The "South Carolina Exposition and Protest on the Tariff," adopted by the Legislature of that State, was understood to have been proposed by Mr. Calhoun. The following extract from a document by Mr. Calhoun, embraces the leading features of this doctrine:—

"The great and leading principle is, that the General Government emanated from the several states, forming distinct political communities, and acting in their separate and sovereign capacity, and not from all of the people forming one aggregate political community; that the Constitution of the United States is, in fact, a compact, to which each state is a party, in the character already described; and that the several states or parties have a right to judge of its infractions, and, in case of a deliberate, palpable, and dangerous exercise of power not delegated, they have the right, in the last resort, to use the language of the Virginia resolutions, '*to interpose for arresting the progress of the evil, and for maintaining, within their respective limits, the authorities, rights, and liberties, appertaining to them.*' This right of interposition, thus solemnly asserted by the State of Virginia, be it called what it may, state-right, veto, nullification, or by any other name, I conceive to be the fundamental principle of our system, resting on facts historically as certain as our Revolution itself, and deductions as simple and demonstrative as that of any political or moral truth whatever; and I firmly believe, that on its recognition depends the stability and safety of our political institutions.

"I am not ignorant that those opposed to the doctrine have always, now and formerly, regarded it in a very different light, as anarchical and revolutionary. Could I believe such, in fact, to be its tendency, to me it would be no recommendation. I yield to none, I trust, in a deep and sincere attachment to our political institutions, and the union of these states. I never breathed an opposite sentiment; but, on the contrary, I have ever considered them the great instrument of preserving our liberty, and promoting the happiness of ourselves and our posterity; and, next to these, I have ever held them most dear. Nearly half my life has passed in the service of the Union, and whatever public reputation I have acquired is indissolubly identified with it. To be too national, has, indeed, been considered by many, even of my friends, to be my greatest political fault. With these strong feelings of attachment, I have examined, with the utmost care, the bearing of the doctrine in question; and so far from anarchical or revolutionary, I solemnly believe it to be the only solid foundation of our system, and of the Union itself, and that the opposite doctrine, which denies to the states the right of protecting their several powers, and which would vest in the General Government (it matters not through what department) the right of determining, exclusively and finally, the powers delegated to it, is incompatible with the sovereignty of the states and of the Constitution itself, considered as the basis of a Federal Union. As strong as this language is, it is not stronger than that used by the illustrious Jefferson, who said, to give the General Government the final and exclusive right to judge

of its powers, is to make '*its discretion,* and *not the Constitution, the measure of its powers;*' and that '*in all cases of compact between parties having no common judge for itself, as well of the infraction as of the mode and measure of redress.*' Language cannot be more explicit, nor can higher authority be adduced."

But how shall we treat this important period in Mr. Calhoun's life? How speak of his views, without giving offence? How shall we mention the arguments, and relate the incidents of Nullification, without awakening the prejudices and heart-burnings of the times? How shall we do justice to Mr. Calhoun's sentiments, without wronging the sentiments of others? The cause that produced this fearful controversy was removed. The quarrel which shook the faith of men in the stability of our government, was adjusted. Great God! bless the noble spirits who substituted peace for war! Immortal be the memory of the statesmen who looked beyond the animosities of a moment—who, in the midst of the excesses of the times, animated by holy emotions of patriotism, resolved, by honorable concession and compromise, to preserve and perpetuate the union of these States!

During the pendency of this question, the most momentous that ever agitated the country, Mr. Calhoun engaged into an intellectual conflict with Daniel Webster. Never had the world listened to finer exhibitions of mind. The rolling words of the great New Englander came like the swelling bosom of the great father of waters, exciting terrible apprehensions of danger to the Union. The keen logic, the clear conceptions of his opponent, filled the whole horizon with effulgence.

While the giants were contesting the field, victory now inclining to the one, now to the other, the issue uncertain—dreaded by all men, the great chieftian of compromises stepped into the arena, and threw up the weapons of the combatants. He, whose life was ever superior to the advantage of the moment. He, who revives, in our time, the most glorious conceptions of Cicero. He, who, when others strove for the triumphs of party, snatched from destiny the victories of conciliation; introduced his celebrated bill of Compromise, and dispelled the storm. Mr. Calhoun was not behind Henry Clay in magnanimity and love of country. If not the first to propose the compromise, he was the first to accept it. If, as most falsely charged, he was ambitious of a Southern Presidency, he would never have gone forth so readily to accept, on the part of the South, the proffered olive branch. He stood first in the Northern States. Never had the people of these States been so united in opposition, never so warm in their confidence in Mr. Calhoun Had their Union been dissolved, he would have been the first spirit in the South; and this he knew. But no one rejoiced more than he did, that the day of tranquility had returned. That the conflict was at an end, and the Union saved. In the most inclement season, he hurried to South Carolina, where resistance had assumed a most decided aspect, and, by his influence, induced the State to yield to peaceful interference. No man in the United States could have produced the result but Mr. Calhoun: and the anxiety with which he pressed this Compromise, attests, beyond question, his love for the Union. Dissimulation has never found a place in Mr. Calhoun's heart. Had he desired a dissolution of the confederacy, he would have avowed the wish fearlessly, and without equivocation. But he believed that the dangers of a consolidation were upon us; and if, out of his intense study of a means to avert them, he came to conclusions, and pressed abstractions, the truth of which did not strike other men, it does not follow that he was not entirely honest in his belief of their efficacy and veracity.

Shall we probe further the wounds of this controversy? Shall we draw aside the pall covering the relics of a strife, at rest, we trust, for all future time? Shall we, like opposing fanatics, as was done in the case of William, the Norman, engage in repeated exhumations, in order to indulge in the ostentation of repeated funeral services? Who would be benefitted, who convinced? Let the storm rest! The winds are still! The surface of the sea is calm and undisturbed. The clouds are receding from the overhanging canopy, and men breathe freely. Out of the east, a new sun, the successor of that which yesterday declined in clouds, is beginning to rise, and pour its healthful rays over the land. Brethren of the same household are rejoicing in its splendor. May it warm and

light them forever! May no dismal shadows intervene, and obscure its beams—but, full of luxuriance, may the land teem with life, all busy in the ark of peace, all faithful in devotion to the Union!

On the adjustment of the Tariff question, Mr. Calhoun gave himself, with great energy, to his labors as a Senator, in the more general measures in which the country was interested. Attached as he had been from principle to the party of General Jackson; desirable as it evidently was on the part of his friends to bring about a reconciliation, and to aid the administration with his talents and influence, he did no act, he said no word, indicating a desire to reconcile past differences, or to avail himself of support. He felt he had nothing to atone for, and, therefore, had none of the successes of compliance.

He displayed his independence of party ties prominently in the memorable debate on the Removal of the Deposites;—he condemned the dismissal of Mr. Duane, as an abuse of power; and, though he exposed such defects of a national banking system, he did not hesitate to deny the right of the Secretary to withhold the deposits, while the Bank performed its obligations faithfully. He predicted in a speech of extraordinary ability, various errors in the management of the currency. He denounced, with temperate but decided expression, the reception of the celebrated Protest of the President; and placed the powers of the several departments of the Government under the Constitution in a novel and satisfactory light. He raised by motion a Committee of Inquiry into the abuses of Executive patronage — the able report of which committee, prepared and submitted by himself, astounded the country as to the extent of that corrupt system; and produced a more powerful and just reaction against the administration than any effort of its avowed opponents. With a mind settled in its convictions as to the powers of a National Bank, and of State Banking institutions, as vehicles for the dispensing of the money patronage of the Government, he conceived and advocated the adopting the principle of that scheme, since carried into effect under the name of the Sub-Treasury. The Specie Circular next occupied his attention. He denied the authority of the President to issue the order on which it was based; but regarding the mischiefs of the step as beyond remedy, declined voting on the question of its revision.

It was at this juncture that the political sky began to overcast with the approaching Abolition storm. The immediate fears on this subject was removed by the firmness of Mr. Calhoun, who, forseeing the danger of receiving petitions on this topic, which began to overload the tables of Congress, by his arguments and influence, procured the settlement of a precedent against their reception. On the question of the admission of Michigan, the danger spread again. Mr. Calhoun, was opposed to admitting a State on the authority of a mere informal meeting of the people inhabiting a territory. His views are presented in the following brief extract:—

"My opinion was, and still is, that the movement of the people of Michigan, in forming for themselves a State constitution, without waiting for the assent of Congress, was revolutionary, as it threw off the authority of the United States over the territory; and that we were left at liberty to treat the proceedings as revolutionary, and to remand her to her territorial condition, or to waive the irregularity, and to recognize what was done as rightfully done, as our authority was alone concerned.

"A territory cannot be admitted till she becomes a State; and in this I stand on the authority of the Constitution itself, which expressly limits the power of Congress to admit new states into the Union. But, if the Constitution had been silent, he would indeed be ignorant of the character of our political system, who did not see that states, sovereign and independent communities, and not territories, can only be admitted. Ours is *a union of states, a Federal* Republic. States, and not territories, form its component parts, bound together by a solemn league, in the form of a constitutional compact. In coming into the Union, the state pledges its faith to this sacred compact: an act which none but a sovereign and independent community is competent to perform; and, of course, a territory must first be raised to that condition before she can take her stand among the confederated states of our Union. How can a territory pledge its faith to the Constitution? It has no will of its own. You give it all its powers, and you can at pleasure overrule all her actions. If she enters as a territory, the act *is yours, not hers. Her consent is nothing without your authority and sanction.* Can you, can Congress become a party to the constitutional compact? How absurd."

This view of the subject was novel then —it is novel now. The question has been since raised on the admission of California, but the grounds on which Mr. Calhoun placed it, have been entirely overruled.

Our limits will not permit us to follow Mr. Calhoun's brilliant career through the minor phases of his public life. We pass to two great and wonderful exhibitions of his mind and integrity. We leave out of view his able speeches on the McLoud matter; Mr. Crittenden's resolutions to permit the interference of executive officers in elections; the Veto power; the Bankrupt bill; and look to his services on the Oregon question. In this controversy Mr. Calhoun saw but the great interests of the nation, and the justice of her position. He became the great, the leading advocate of peace. He threw his influence into the scale at the very moment when that influence was most needed, and could be most powerfully felt. He performed an act which both God and man approved. He rose superior to the excitements of the occasion. He repelled from his breast the national feelings, which so frequently rule the judgment. He rejected the prejudices which grow up in the American heart against English power; and, in the act, anticipated the happiness of millions. Few can estimate the value of Mr. Calhoun's services in the adjustment of this international difficulty. Had Mr. Calhoun no other claim to the favor of his countrymen, that were enough to secure for his name immortality. We are disgusted with the idea of the crime and guilt which would have followed a war with Great Britain on the Oregon question; and in proportion to our detestation of an unjust war rises our respect for Mr. Calhoun's noble effort to avert it. We almost tremble when we survey the consequences which would have ensued. We blush to view the pretexts set up for a resort to arms. Is our nation —one boasting its foundation on principles of pacification and good order, to go to war, only for success? Are human beings, proud of their residence in a land of liberty and laws, to contest as wild beasts, vaunting of their strength and struggling only for spoils? Is the commerce of all civilized countries to be wrecked, the peaceful fields of agriculture to be rendered desolate; are men to be butchered, and widows and orphans to be left mourning, merely to gratify the ambition of party leaders, and to minister to the vain externals of politics? Who—what advocate of that war ever promised himself, or his country, or the cause of humanity, a single advantage which it were not a crime to boast? Who, in seeing that chivalrous spirit who interposed his magnanimous efforts to remove all cause of difficulty, did not feel honor, truth, justice, were all vindicated in their own temple, and the cause of universal peace among men subserved?

It is scarcely necessary for us to say that there are many things in the course of Great Britain we do not approve. But, we also declare, there are some things we venerate and respect. Our memory dwells with pleasure on the fact, that we have sprung from her; that we have been taught the purity of our language, amidst the glorious remains of her literature, and to appreciate the beauties of art and philosophy in her splendid monuments of genius. We take delight in the recollection that we were instructed by her in our Religion and Laws, and in our first rudiments of civil freedom. That her Magna Charta extends its rays to our institutions, and that the blood of Russell and Sydney sprinkled the door-posts of our dwellings, and exempted us from political death. To us, with these emotions, the settlement of the cause of this last dispute brought the noblest reflections. And to the memory of him, who, more than any patriot and statesman, was the instrument, nay, the conqueror, of peace, we would give the best and highest rewards which a grateful country can bestow.

Scarcely had this affair been settled, before another cloud rose on the horizon. The long agitated question of interference with slavery in the District of Columbia, and the new territories, was opened to wide and intemperate debate. Ever jealous of the slightest invasion of the constitution—ever believing the South, in respect to this institution, in peril, Mr. Calhoun, in feeble health, hurried to his post.

It were fruitless to open the book of this controversy over Mr. Calhoun's bier. The South knows the wrong done her in regard to this topic; she knows the moral and political influences that crowd around the question; but the whole world knows her arguments of right, and her means of re-

pelling attack. She will make no boast of her chivalry, and hesitate long to anticipate the judgment of posterity as to her patriotism. If these have not been attested in many well fought fields in the Revolutionary and late wars, she claims no privilege of being further heard. On the facts of her slave institutions she makes no explanation, and requires no apology. She will arbitrate mere differences of opinion with any power, but will yield no right in which the integrity of the Constitution and the principles of political liberty are at issue. For the protection of those, she places herself on the moral force of natural laws, and will never resort to physical means of defence, till all peaceful agencies are exhausted.

Will it be said — "This is Disunion?" Not so. Much as we revere the institutions of our State—far as we would commit ourselves for their preservation — we cannot doubt, we never have doubted, we never will doubt the virtue of loving the Union, and guarding its inviolability. It is true, as was said by Mr. Calhoun, declarations will not preserve it. But it is equally true that sentiments give direction to actions. Though the greatest security of it will be found in the most faithful observance of the obligations of the Constitution; this fact does not forbid our contemplating with alarm the consequences of a dissolution. This great confederacy of States, considered irrespective of a centralizing power, which might be used as a means of destruction to the authority of the States severally, viewed in connection with the history of its origin, with the characters of the immortal men who originated and have sustained the Union,—certainly is beyond all value. No speculation can be indulged as to its worth to posterity and to us, in these respects; no standard of appreciation can be formed to designate its relative price. It is a sacred heir-loom of a family, having higher claims to respect than its age or its parents; its value consists in the memory of the ancestry which first achieved it; in the honorable recollections of the triumphs amidst which it was won and worn. Its worth is at once moral and traditionary. It is full of past glory, of present respect, of future hope. It is the title, the dignity, the birth-record of freedom; the evidence of all that is noble in the history of her noblest contests. Adorning and enriching the story of our country, it comes to us fragrant with proofs of struggles and successes which were national at first, are national now, and should be national to the last. How can this relic be divided? Who shall take Bunkerhill, Eutaw, Saratoga, or the Palmetto Fort in the partition of these glories? How, when we come to make up the list of the sacrifices and the victims of the Revolution, shall we divide them? Long be the period removed, when posterity shall throng about the resting places of the illustrious dead, and prepare to divide the sacred inheritance!

We approach the close of Mr. Calhoun's life. The human mind must necessarily pass through a trial, when in great calamity it is called to recognise the superior wisdom of God's judgment, and to practice resignation amidst its griefs. The vivid intellect was declining at a time of great danger to the principles he had so long defended, and which had so long filled his thoughts. On one occasion he said, he desired to be heard as one asking nothing for himself, but whose only wish was to see his country free, prosperous and happy. The same sentiment was on his lips when he died. The man who conquers the cruel terrors of death—who looks in the trying moment of dissolution, not on his own immortality on earth, but to the immortality of his country—who, anxious for her liberty, overcomes the shock of disease, the spectacle of a mourning wife and children—whose last words attest his devotion to the perpetuity of the Constitution, — is surely a Patriot. The confessions of one whose whole life we have distrusted, force themselves on the belief, when they come forth in the instant of dissolution. How much more solemn and impressive the admonitions of one whose long life, exhibiting the utmost purity of private character, and the firmest displays of patriotic self-denial, dying with a prayer for his country on his lips! Such was the life, such the death of Mr. Calhoun. On his cenotaph let that be written, to which his life was a martyr—Sincerity. Long in his native State—long in the history of his nation—will his memory illustrate the character of the true statesman, and furnish uncommon inducements to a life of virtue. The implacable hatred which pursued him—the secret envy that misrepresented him — are dead! A

State, ever the rewarder of faithful services in the cause of public virtue, mourning her eldest son; a nation, lamenting the extinguishment of an intellect long enlightening her progress, stand about his grave, and record the uncontestable triumph of The Honest Man.

Few men can withstand the influence of that love of public approbation, which, for wise purposes, is planted in the human breast, Few have the firmness to reject honors for the sake of virtue;—few, in the moment of popular *favor*, can put back the rewards offered;—few can display, amidst temptation, the immutability of conscience. Lord Camden, in English history; Mr. Calhoun in American, are conspicuous in examples of these unusual gifts. Alike they were intellectual, alike unchangeably incorruptible. Always important to parties, always unaffected by their corruptions, they were alike victims to whatever was just. For them office had no allurement, and political power no terror. They declared belief of right as frankly as they denounced wrong; and, as was said by St. Jerome of religion, if in error, it was a glorious privilege to be deceived with such guides.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT TENNYSON.

The highest and most noble of the "Senses," is the perception of the Beautiful; the highest mental enjoyment of which we are capable, is, doubtless, in the contemplation of the Beautiful. We become less human, and approach nearer to Divinity, when we abandon the pursuit of that which is merely earthly and sensuous, and give ourselves up to the influence of Beauty, either of Nature or of Art.

It is, at least, one of the objects of poesy to beget this sense where it does not exist, and to refine and idealize it where it has once found an abiding place; and as there are numerous objects both in nature and art which have power to excite it, Poetry must, therefore, reflect them in its verse, and present them glowing in a more spiritual loveliness. But this mere imitative perception would not, by itself, constitute Poetry. To be a Poet, requires a higher qualification than the appreciation of mere earthly beauty, or the ability to present it, spiritualized in verse; there must be a certain discontent with things below,—an earnest effort to reach the unattained, the unattainable,—efforts which almost penetrate the hidden sources, the ever-dropping springs of Poesy. Whoever is possessed with these desires and emotions has true poetic fire, even though he or she may not be, what the world calls, a poet,—yet, because we can but stammer, as it were, in the glorious language of that beauty-world in which we have been uncertain dwellers, we must picture our divine ideals with the gross colors of the Actual,—we must embody the spiritual in the material. And he who best succeeds in this; he who best *renders* an idea of his profound communings with the spirit of Beauty, his own Egeria of the woods and fields,—he who can lift us—

> "Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot,
> Which men call earth—"

to a brighter world of loveliness and beauty,—he has the best claim to be considered a true poet.

From the time of Dryden, till Cowper appeared upon the stage of Poesy, the English language could boast of but few true poets; it was a long and dreary age of poetical dulness. Writers seemed to have entirely *neglected* the noble well of pure English undefiled, and to have been content with dipping up a few dull flippancies and far-fetched conceits, from the shallow pool of French literature. Poetry was then judged, not by its essence, but by its externals; it was measured by conventionalities, instead of reasonable rules, and he was more esteemed who manifested a mechanical fidelity to the artificial, than he who, although more pleasing, was less *correct*, in his devotion to the true and the natural.

If we assume as a verity, the old French maxim, "Rien de beau, que de vrai," there was hardly a poet, from the time of Dryden to Cowper's day. For, as we have admitted that beauty is the real poetical *thesis*, it is certain that the theme of *any* poem, in order to be true must possess the elements of beauty; but no didactic essays like Pope's 'Essay on Man,' no humorous versifications like 'Hudibras' constitute Poetry. They are not true to our Ideal of the poetical, they have no sympathy with our higher aspirations,—they do not satisfy those undefined longings, those searchings after "high Beauty," which it is the object of Poetry to realize. Even those poems which pictured mere sensuous Beauty and mere sensual Love were not true. All their nonsense about 'sparkling eyes,' and 'cherry lips' and 'luscious kisses,' and so forth,—is no more the utterance of Love, than is the froth which sparkles on the edge of the glass, the powerful wine itself. It is the mere external. To express the soul,—one must go farther, and pierce deep-

er. Compare such pretty stuff, (and nothing is more common among the writers of that age) with these lines of Keats.'

My Madeline, sweet dreamer, lovely bride,
Say, may I be for aye thy vassal blest?
Thy beauty's shield, heart-shaped, and vermeil-dyed. [St. Agnes' Eve.

Such imagery as that was not coined from the brain, it gushed forth *impromptu* from the full soul. The boy-enthusiast, wasting away even as he wrote, with a hopeless and unrequited passion, sang, as only those who have loved, and deeply loved, can sing.

"Who can paint another's passion,
Shall himself be loved, for aye."

"Puisquil a peint Didon
Virgile avait aime."

But the poets of this era if they possessed the passion did not write from it. Their poetry moved from their finger-tips and not from their souls, and instead of full gushing streams of Love and Beauty, the thirsting soul finds nothing but a stale Euphuism, dull, wearisome, antitheses and heavy metaphors. We can most truly say of them in the words of the French satirist:

"Leurs transports les plus doux ne sout que phrases vaines,
Ils ne savent jamais que se charger de chaines
Que venir luir martyre, adorer leur prison,
Et faire quereller fes sens, et la raison."
[Boiliau L' Art Poetique.

They thought more of turning and perfecting the filigree work of an epigram, or of pointing a couplet, than of hewing out a glorious image from the golden mine of thought. They did not go out into the woods, the fields, and the streets, and select there the highest beauty of nature, art, and man, as the themes for their poetical efforts —they drew their ideals from the contemplation of those who had immediately preceded them, and aspired not beyond the monotonous affectations of Pope, and the quaint didacticisms of Couley. The poets of the glorious Elizabethan age were almost forgotten. It is true they still saw dimly the noble edifice of Shakspeare's muse, and the sublime structure of Milton's verse, far away on the topmost heights of song; but there flowed a broad gulf between them, and the music which floated sweetly from the distance, seemed to them not of their world. Affection and monotony reached their climax. Men began to tire of them, and to sigh for nature, and strength, and truth. They began to cast aside the fetters and trammels of rhyme and measure, that so long had bound them, and to recognize the truth that poetry, or rather that which is the audible, visible, expression of poetry, was to be measured by the ear, and not by the fingers. But they were but gropers in the darkness, and they longed for light. They were not fated to wait long. The Persian proverb says, "The darkest hour in the twenty-four is that just before day"—that hour had past in the night of modern literature, and the indications of a coming dawn, were faintly seen in the east.

Cowper was the sweet morning-star of the coming dawn; and steadily advancing up the broad horizon of literature, one by one came the brilliant names of Coleridge and Wordsworth, Shelley, and Keats, to light up the full day. These were the originators of a new school of poetry, a school which immediately promulgated its novel ideas, and declared itself directly opposed to that which had preceded it. They despised conventionalities of expression, the formal monotony of rhyme and measure, the tiresome inversions and ridiculous figures of speech which had characterized the age that had preceded them. They spoke out according to the instinct of their nature, and the promptings of the passionate *afflatus*. They must not however be supposed to have wished to exclude from poetry one of its most essential qualities—*Melody;* on the contrary they were eager to introduce *true* melody into verse, in place of that monotonous jingle which had usurped its name. They also refused to be satisfied with any realization of beauty, for they could not endure that their ideals should be restrained by any *limit*. They would not admit that the Venus de Medici was the perfection of feminine grace, or that the Apollo Belvidere was the type of manly beauty; neither would they allow Pope's flowing numbers to be the model of verse, nor Johnson's criticisms the hand-book of poetical composition. They preferred to have an ideal of grace and beauty in their own souls, and to write only according to the dictates of Nature and of Truth. The rugged mountain was an infinitely more poetical object to them than the well-ordered

garden, and they wished to study nature in the woods and in the fields, and man in the streets, rather than to examine the one from a drawing-room window, and the other from a box at the theatre.

Of this school of poetry, Alfred Tennyson is the greatest living instance, if not indeed the greatest that has lived. As a late critic says of him, that while other poets produce effects which are sometimes produced otherwise than by what we call poems,—Tennyson gives that which a poem only *can* give. Even Wordsworth is often tedious, and feeble, and Coleridge dull and artificial—but we cannot take up a poem of Tennyson's without finding ourselves interested; and more than this—our sense and knowledge of the beautiful, increased and perfected. And it is not such rank heresy and *lize majeste*, as some would have us believe, to compare him with Wordsworth; for if he has not such a philosophical depth as that poet, he certainly surpasses him in choice of themes, in the ideality of his conceptions, and in the refined and rare melody of his versifications.

Tennyson has been compared both to Shelley and Keats, although he cannot be said to imitate either; he seems, instead of resembling either one of them, to possess a certain combination of the qualities of both. He has not the intense idealism of Shelley, nor the "exquisite sweet" sensuousness, the delicious intoxicating fancy of Keats. He does not, like Shelley, soar on too high a pinion always in the "pure empyrean," "still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim;" nor does he, as Keats sometimes does, bend his wing too near the earth, plucking, it is true, the fairest and the sweetest flowers, but singing his song "most musical, and melancholy" without the inspiration of the upper air.

The most prominent quality, we might almost call it a characteristic, an idiosyncrasy, of Tennyson, is his melody. Music hides itself in his thoughts, like a "nightingale in roses." He is master of all the "witcheries" of verse, that do

> "in pleasing slumber lull the sense,
> And in sweet madness rob it of itself."

With delicate skill he throws a veil of indefiniteness, a dreamy indistinctness, around his verse, which adds to its poetical effect. Indeed, it is well known to musical *dilettanti*, that music is most pleasing, when, instead of giving distinct ideas, it breaks gently upon the ear in liquid waves of sound, floating the mind softly away into a very heaven of delight, and dying insensibly into silence.

When I read, "Where Claribel low lieth,"—a piece which surpasses in pure, liquid, melody, every thing of the kind which has been written since Shakspeare and Milton—I experience precisely the same sensations as if I were hearing a concerto of flutes; the "Lady of Shalott" reminds me of all manner of beautiful sounds in nature—the wind sighing softly in the forest; the distant rush of water-falls, and the regular and sleepy plashings of a fountain; and when reading Aenone, I seem to hear a solitary bugle-horn resounding, mellow and soft, over the unruffled bosom of a mountain lake, waking the plaintive echoes from the cliffs, in strains "most soveraine and daintie deare."

But, although Tennyson has at his command all the secret powers of music, and can entice them from their fairy cells, he is not ignorant of that deeper art, that more lofty knowledge, which the true poet must be familiar with. He has a broad eye. He does not copy the tree, the brook, the objects which compose a landscape, coarsely into his book; but looks farther, and endeavors to gather from the scene new secrets of that subtil propriety of combination, which awakens the sense of beauty. He looks upon the world with a poet's eye; he idealizes with a poetic soul the impressions he has received, and as a natural consequence his pictures are deeply toned. To read some of his descriptive pieces, is like wandering through a sort of fairy land of enchantment and mystery; we are now in the fair Orient, among,

> "Embowered vaults of pillared palm,
> Imprisoning sweets, which as they climb
> Heavenward, are stayed within the dome
> Of hollow boughs."

Far away, through the fragrant vista, towers the great pavilion of the Caliphat, with its graceful minarets and pinnacles, imaged indistinctly against the faint blue. Flower-vases, and urns filled with

> "—eastern flowers large,
> Some dropping low their crimson bells
> Half-closed, and others studded wide
> With disks and tiaras,"

are crowded around in all the profusion of oriental magnificence, and load the languid air, "with many a perfume, rich and rare." Near us the delicate and sleepy melody of diamond rillets, musical, steals on the luxurious silence,

> "These little crystal arches low
> Down from the central fountain's flow,
> Fall'n silver-chiming."

Scarce has this spectacle faded from our bewildered vision, when by some strange and wizard glamoury, we are immediately transported into the very heart of English pastoral scenery. It is a lovely afternoon in May,

"All the land in flowry squares,
Beneath a broad and equal blowing wind,
Smells of the coming summer, as one large cloud
Draws downward, but all else of heaven is pure,
Up to the sun, and May from verge to verge."

We are in a fair cropped meadow, over which a well-worn path-way entices us,

"To one green wicket in a private hedge;
This, yielding, gives into a grassy walk,
Thro' crowded lilac-ambush, trimly pruned;
And one warm gust, full-fed with perfume, blows
Beyond us, as we enter in the cool;
The garden stretches southward.
* * * * * * *
News from the humming city comes to it,
In sound of funeral or of marriage bells;
And sitting muffled in dark leaves you hear,
The windy clanging of the minster clock,
Although between it and the garden lies
A league of grass, washed by a slow, broad, stream,
That, stirred with languid pulses of the oar,
Waves all its lazy lilies, and creeps on,
Barge-laden, to three arches of a bridge
Crowned with the minster towers."

Tennyson has not succeeded as well in his descriptions of men, but he has appreciated the beauty of female character, and imaged it in verse, better than almost any poet since Shakspeare. His women are alike in nothing but their essence, and that is—Beauty. They all possess that just admixture of spiritual and material loveliness which is most pleasing, because most feminine. But the Adelines and Madelines, and Isabels, and Lilians of the poet's *early* love are not women; they possess the spiritual, but they lack the material ingredients of Beauty. They are beautiful phantasms, lovely spirits; but our earthly nature longs for something more substantial, and we are almost tempted to say with the lady of Shalott, "We are half sick of shadows." In the second volume, however, published after the poet had gone out into the world, and had had an opportunity of studying woman's heart more deeply, we find a great improvement. He had in that brief interval gained a high step on the ladder of experience, and thus was able to take a wider and more penetrating view. He distinguished between appearance and reality; between the bright Dead-Sea-apples of outward form, and the golden fruitage of real beauty. Hence his Aenones and Gardener's Daughters, partake more of the true characteristics of Mother Eve; possess more genuine beauty, and come nearer to the *Ideal* of woman, than the more spiritual, and therefore less real, characters who were the early offspring of his imagination. His "airy-fairy" Lilian's dance before us, and flit round us, in all the immaterial grace of Puck or Ariel, and if they speak, their utterance is like the inarticulate melody of birds, beautiful, but meaningless; but as we hear the half-murmured, half sobbed, acknowledgement of love, which floats so sweetly from the blushing lips of the Gardiner's daughter, as we hear these three little words, "I am thine."

> "More musical than ever came in one,
> The silver fragments of a broken voice."

We see before us a real woman, with a true woman's confidence, giving up "that greatest good," a woman's heart.

Although I have said that Tennyson's power of melodious expression is the most prominent characteristic of his poetry, perhaps his imaginative faculty is his most rich and precious gift. And by "imaginative faculty" I mean that faculty which brings us to a nearer communion with nature and art, and enables us to discern and appreciate their hidden beauties; the faculty, which, with its subtle teachings, holds up to us all that is spiritual in humanity for our recognition and imitation; which envelops the wilderness of the unattained ideal, with the loveliest and most brilliant conceptions, casts a halo of romance around the half-faded remembrances of the grey old Past, and peoples the unseen Future "with the fair effects of future hopes."

Tennyson beholds in nature—through the vision of the imagination—something of the divine. He detects, faintly imaged

there, an inkling of the sublime beauty and lofty truths he is attempting to realize. To him the fountain 'sings a song of undying love,' he sees an image of humanity in the grass that waves odorously at his feet, and even the giant tree 'that lifts itself up, an embodied praise, to heaven, has plagiarized a heart and answered with a voice.'

His imagination refuses to dwell upon the fair and cold proportions of the Grecian Grace, as she appears expressed in some Hellenic temple amid the woods of Thessaly. It cares not to linger on the chaste proportions of architrave or column, nor does it even picture the quaint loveliness of fantastic fairy palaces, or sing of Ouphes and Elves dancing amid its gemmed recesses and its golden halls; it rather dwells with lowly truth, breathing a reverential hymn in the leafy temple of the forest.

But it is not only with the beauties of the present world that Tennyson invites us to commune. He not only gives us insight into the actual existent nature, but he goes farther, "he pierces through the cope of the half-attained futurity," and shadows forth the magic of the new "to-come." He stands upon the sunlighted present, with the graves of the past growing dim behind him, and gazes long and earnestly into the etherial future. Nor does he not gaze in vain. Like Banquo, he sees the coming years move before him in long shadowy procession, and fired by the inspiration of the moment, he grasps his harp and prophetically sings—

> "Of what the world will be
> When the years have gone away."

But, perhaps, his imagination produces the most effect when it weaves the past together with the present in one fair garland, and by the force of early associations excites unwonted feelings even in the breast of the sternest. The morose, and worldly, and toil-worn man, lets fall the burden of cares, and sighs when he remembers the days of his youth, thus vividly suggested to him. He thinks of the old fields and the wood where 'the solemn oak sigheth,' the trysting place, where, 'in happier days,' he met one dearly loved and now long-lost. He thinks of the little cot 'where once his sleep was broken by the shepherd's matin song'. The dear objects of childhood and youth come thronging upon him,

> "Pouring back into his empty soul and frame
> The times when he remembers to have been
> Joyful, and free from blame,"

and the strong man's soul is moved, even to tears.

We have now considered Tennyson in these three different aspects: 1. As to his power of melodious expression: 2. As to his descriptive talent, which two are the externals of his poetry; and 3. As to imagination, the soul and vital cause of all Poetry. If we add to these, a certain concentration and subjection of thought, a depth of tragic power, and a deep philosophy—which we should imagine to be foreign to such poetry—we shall have attained a tolerably correct idea of Tennyson's power as a poet. A power which owes its effects to its being fitted for the mind in its most imaginative state. Other poets may do for other times. If we long for the fascinations of sensuous beauty and voluptuous grace, we shall find satisfaction in the luxurious verse of Keats. When our passions are moved, and our whole frame stirred by strong passions; when our souls are quivering and shaking with that wild turbulence of thought which demands excitement, and even terror, for its stimulus, we can read Byron, and enjoy him. If we wish to have our sympathy with humanity increased, and those bonds which unite us with our fellows, strengthened and made firm, if we wish to look into the secrets of nature with a holy awe, to find a solemn beauty in the meanest flower that grows, Wordsworth will go with us. Milton 'hath ever at hand a solemn phrase,' and Shakspeare 'an army of good words' to incite us to high and noble *deeds*.

But when we are something more ideal, than human, when we experience those sublime longings which assimilate us to divinity; when we are earnestly searching for the high Ideal we hope to find on earth, and

> "That type of perfect in the mind
> In nature can we no where find';"

When we fancy too, we have heard a murmur of the exquisite music which floats eternally around the throne of the Almighty, and have caught a glimpse of the seraphic beauty which ever turns thither

in reverential praise; and we are panting for a more complete appreciation of that unearthly melody, and a more perfect view of those celestial shapes; in a word, when we are satisfied the lovliness of the world is nought, and long for higher beauty to satisfy us, then shall we appreciate the poetry of Tennyson. Then will his inspired songs to appease our longings, and satisfy our cravings. For he, better than any other poet, can penetrate the veil which hides that invisible world of beauty we so earnestly desire to look into, and disclose the unutterable loveliness within.

P.

THE NAMELESS.

Eternal Thought, Immortal One,
  In Thee great Nature rests, secure;
Union of Father, Spirit, Son,
  Sole Being, thou, sole Essence, pure.

From thee, from thee, informing Source!
  Self-moved!—all creatures rise and flow.
Forth issuing;—forms, existence, force,—
  Out shaping Nature's pictured show.

In thee all live, in thee all die;
  Thou makest each, sustainest all;
Unfathomed, and unnamed, for aye
  Thou dost send forth, thou dost recall.

J. D. W.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

PART II.

Having, in our first number, conducted the distinguished subject of these memoirs* to the threshold of his greatest political elevation, we now proceed to depicture and carefully analyze so much of the policy of his administration as may serve to develope the object of this essay, and to illustrate the *representative* features in the public character of the first Democratic President. We enter upon this important and delicate task after a most agreeable interval of mutual relaxation, and with a greatly enlarged stock of material. We have long since done, however, with all that can be justly called disinterested and admirable in the life and character of Jefferson. Over a space of more than twenty years, dating from 1790, we are forced to contemplate him in the character of a fierce and implacable partisan chief, whose efforts and influence were directed solely to the demolition of a hated sect, and the aggrandizement of one of which *he* was the idol and the head.

From the very moment that he detected the superior and predominating influence of Alexander Hamilton in the councils and policy of Washington, his besetting sin of jealousy prompted in him a spirit of opposition, whose rancor has been equalled only by the "bitter-endism" of our day. To the sedulous transmission of this spirit from the parent fountain, is to be attributed, we incline to think, that radical party*ism* which has since disfigured and marred the administration of government, and entailed upon the country a series of *principles* (so called) which, if such be our fate, will one day result in the disaster of secession or despotism.

* Memoirs of Thomas Jefferson. Edited by Thomas Jefferson Randolph.

Jefferson did not enter the White House in a way very complimentary to his public character, or that indicated much personal popularity. The Electoral Colleges gave him a meagre majority of eight votes, only, over his federal competitors; whilst his republican colleague obtained the same number with himself. This last was Aaron Burr, who, at a subsequent period, was made bitterly to expiate this equalization with the despotic tempered sage of Monticello, whose pride was sorely touched at being thus unexpectedly levelled with one who had hitherto attracted but little notice beyond the limits of his own state. From the hour when the vote was announced in the Senate Chamber, to the gloomy day when Burr returned from Europe, long years afterward, friendless, poverty-stricken, and broken-hearted, the envious eye of Jefferson was fixed upon him, and misfortune and persecution, thus powerfully directed, hunted him to a premature and unhonored obscurity. The unrelenting hatred of Jefferson can be accounted for in no other way, that history has so far developed. The good fortune of Burr was his only offence, in this instance; though, as regarded others, he had an awful crime to answer for. His murderous hand had laid low the most intimate friend and counsellor of Washington, the main author and expounder of the Constitution, whose profound mind and ready hand had aided more than any other's to carry into successful practice the project of our government. Of this, more anon.

Through this equality of votes betwixt the two democratic candidates the choice of a President devolved upon the House of Representatives. The balloting began on the morning of the 17th of February

1801, and continued, with few intervals, through a period of seven days, without a clear result. All Washington was in a ferment. The galleries and lobbies of the House were daily crowded to overflowing with anxious spectators, and Pennsylvania avenue was thronged with messengers passing alternately from the Capitol to the White House, bearing the news of each successive ballot to its nervous occupant—Jefferson was on the ground, presiding daily in the Senate Chamber, and watched the progress of the struggle with all the inquietude incident to a dubious state of mind, and with all the eager solicitude of an aspiring and ambitious spirit. Burr designedly absented himself, having first placed his political fortunes in the hands and at the discretion of a judicious personal friend. It had been resolved at the outset that the House should discard all other business during the pendency of the election, and that it should not adjourn until an election was effected. This body was composed of singular materials, in a political sense, for the business which had now devolved upon it. The vote of the colleges had shown clearly that there was a democratic majority of States. But of the one hundred and four members who then formed the House of Representatives, a majority were zealous federalists. The position in which they were thus placed was one of peculiar and painful delicacy. Both the candidates for Presidential honors were democrats, and one of them the founder and leader of that opposition party which, beginning stealthily during Washington's administration, had pursued federal men and federal principles with a rancor scarcely paralleled in the history of faction. For these reasons both were objectionable; but, as may be very well imagined, Jefferson was viewed, particularly, with strong feelings both of personal and political hostility by the majority in whose hands lay the issue of the election. During two or three days, therefore, Burr seemed to be decidedly the favorite of the federalists, and his prospects of success brightened in a manner that cast dismay and gloom over the ranks of the Jeffersonians. They grew outrageous in their course, and uttered threats which plainly indicated the anarchical and revolutionary tendency of their political principles. They insisted that the *people* intended Jefferson should be President, they even attempted to bully the refractory members, by declaring that, if the House did not chose him, an armed democratic force from the neighboring states would march upon the District to *compel* his election, or else, with Cromwellian intolerance, dissolve and break up the Congress, that "better men might occupy their places." The record of this fact is furnished in the third volume of the work before us, and its authenticity confirmed by Jefferson himself, in a letter to James Monroe, dated on the fifth day of the protracted and exciting contest. Nor is the annunciation of such resolves at all irreconcilable with the previous political manifestos of our distinguished subject, notwithstanding that the language of the Constitution conferring the power of choice, in such contigency, directly and solely on the House of Representatives, is clear, pointed, and unmistakable.

His known sympathy with the Shayites, the Whiskey Insurrectionists, and the Jacobin clubs of Philadelphia, and his connexion with the Nullification *Pronunciamientos* of the Virginia Legislature, as well as this threat of armed resistance, show clearly enough his contempt for the Constitution, and the disorganizing elements which lay at the root of his political opinions.

But this was only one among the exciting rumors which distracted the city of Washington during that stormy period. Various stories were afloat of bribes and accommodating offers, of Burr's open bids, and of Jefferson's private overtures. Among the rest it was currently whispered that the federal majority of the House being unable, after repeated trials, to make favorable terms with either of the candidates, and finding that the whole power was lodged with them, had resolved to prevent any choice, by prolonging the contest until after the fourth of March, or to pass a law vesting the Executive power in some other person. In the same letter referred to above, Jefferson declares his apprehensions of such a course, and goes on to deprecate and denounce it. "It is not improbable, says a distinguished writer, "that, from the abhorrence which some members may have felt at seeing Mr. Jefferson in the office of President, means were *spoken* of to pre-

vent such a national disaster. Doubtless the federalists would have done anything which they believed to be constitutional and dutiful to prevent it; but no such propositions are supposed to have been discussed." And, indeed, hard as the trial was to political opponents, forced thus to sign, as it were, the warrant for their own political annihilation, the records show that the federalists sought only the most favorable terms in their negotiations with the friends of the two democratic rival candidates. There was no avoiding the issue—no shrinking from the responsibility, and it is clear, on a review of the proceedings, that an election was determined on from the beginning.

The seventh day dawned on the contest, and thirty-five ballotings had been taken without an election. At length the struggle was terminated in a manner the most singular, and at the instance of a personage who might have been supposed to be the last man in the United States to interfere in a contest betwixt Aaron Burr and Thomas Jefferson. This was Alexander Hamilton. Hamilton regarded Burr with a species of horror that seems to have proceeded less from malign feeling, than from an innate consciousness of his utter want of principle, or the least moral susceptibility. Jefferson, too, had long been his political adversary and strong personal enemy, but when consulted by his friends as to the choice of evils, we are told that Hamilton unhesitatingly and most strenuously urged that the preference should be given to the latter. This, most probably, may have been the first link in that fatal chain of personal animosities which ended with the tragedy of Hoboken.

It soon transpired that the majority had been, by some means, sufficiently united to bring the election to a close, and on the seventh day, every member was in his seat. The House presented a remarkable spectacle, strongly illustrative of the intense excitement then prevading the whole circles of Washington society. Many of the members were aged and infirm, and many worn down with fatigue, were seriously indisposed, as the array of pale faces and languid eyes plainly showed. Some were accomodated, from pressing considerations of prudence, with huge easy chairs. Others, again, were reclining on beds or couches, almost in a state of bodily exhaustion, induced by mental anxiety and suffering. Indeed, we are told by a contemporaneous writer, that one member was so prostrated as to require the attention of his wife throughout the day's sitting. The Departments, also, and bureaus, and various offices attached, were deserted, that their incumbents might be present at the expected final of the great political drama which had created, during its enactment of nigh seven days, an interest of unprecedented intensity. Numbers of grave Senators left their seats in the Chamber to occupy the benches of the lobby, or to squeeze their way among privileged spectators who filled the body of the House: while the gallery teemed with countless faces, and groaned under the weight of a crowd, the like of which had never before pressed on the stately pillars that supported it. At length the tellers took their seats. The ballots were deposited slowly, one by one, and then amidst a breathless silence that seemed ominous in view of the vast numbers assembled, the counting began. The representatives for sixteen states had voted. The result showed that out of these sixteen ballots, there were ten for Jefferson, four for Burr, and two blank. Under these circumstances, after a struggle of seven days duration, and after thirty-six trials, was Thomas Jefferson elected President of the United States. It is more than probable that if Burr had exerted himself in the least, had made the least concession, or suffered his friends to pledge him to leniency as regarded the distribution of offices, he would have prevailed; and although it is unquestionable that Jefferson had been intended by the people for the first office, we cannot doubt that the choice of Burr by the House would have been acquiesced in and ratified as a strictly legitimate and constitutional proceeding. In long after years a similar contest occurred in the case of John Quincy Adams, who having been thrown before the House of Representatives with a far inferior electoral vote to Andrew Jackson, was, nevertheless, chosen President by that body on the first ballot; and the people unseduced by the dangerous theories which Jefferson had inculcated previously in his own case, did *not* "march an armed force from the neighboring states to *compel*" a different choice. This quiet

submission to the constituted authority would have been the same in 1801 as in 1825, the malevolent efforts of the Jeffersonians to the contrary notwithstanding.

The acme of political elevation did not, in one sense, operate to destroy in Jefferson that inclination to demagoguism which had hitherto characterized him. The hard struggle it had cost his friends to make him President rather whetted than abated his ambition, and his ardor for power increased in proportion as it had been difficult to secure it. His first acts after entering the White House showed that he was casting his net for easy re-election at the end of four years. He began by an emphatic repudiation of all the conventional customs and etiquette established by Washington and followed up by John Adams. The levees and drawing-rooms of Washington were given in a manner to impose the highest notions of official dignity, and were subjected to such rules of etiquette as seemed fit to govern receptions at the mansion of the chief officer of the government. Mr. Adams did not depart from these; but Jefferson, at once abolished all ceremony, and threw open his doors to every swaggerer who chose to intrude. He had no regular or stated hours for visiting. He was accessible at any hour, to any person. His personal deportment was ever cringing, and amounted to an excess of humility that inspired a feeling of disgust, because, among other things, it was seen that affectation was at the bottom of such unseemly deference. He maintained no equipage. He rode about the avenues of Washington on an ugly shambling hack of a horse, which, it is said, was hardly fitted to drag a tumbril. His whole address and manner, indicated this subserviency to the same species of affectation that prompts a backwoods Methodist exhorter to elongate his face, to solemnize his looks, and to converse and read in a sepulcnral tone. In fact, his receptions soon became a source of mortification to our own community, and furnished a subject of ridicule to European travellers. No President has copied his example since; though it is not hard to perceive that the levees at the White House smack yet of the leveling policy introduced by Jefferson. Nor did he stop here with what he doubtless deemed a system of democratic reform. It had been the habit of Washington and his successor to meet personally the two houses of Congress on the day of their assemblage and address them a speech explanatory of affairs, and recommending what course of policy might have suggested itself in the interval of their session. This was the mode long sanctioned by precedent and by parliamentary usage. It is the mode evidently suggested by respect as well as convenience, and which clothes so august an occasion with the awe and dignity suitable to a re-assemblage of the State's and people's representatives. But Jefferson chose to annul the ancient custom, and introduced the system of *messages*, since practised, and which, of late years, has been adopted by Presidents as a vehicle to set forth their own policy, to decry and calumniate their adversaries, and to bore the Congress with tedious disquisitions, better suited to penny lecturers or hired journalists than to the Chief Magistrate of a powerful nation. We are inclined to think, therefore, that Jefferson placed the seal of his displeasure on these customs more with a view to annihilate all traces of *federalism*, as represented by Washington and Adams, than from any conscientious suggestions of reform. The Mazzei letter had, moreover, fairly committed him to a *sans culotte* species of democracy, and, although he had labored to explain and palliate the offensive passages of that extraordinary document, he may yet have thought that consistency required that he should renounce those "British forms," which he had so bitterly condemned in George Washington's official etiquette.

The Inaugural Address of Jefferson breathed sentiments of political tolerance, and abounded with expressions of political harmony, totally unexpected, and which excited high hopes of his administrative clemency. We cannot find that he ever falsified these implied promises. The latter years of Adams's Presidency had been marked by a ferocious and virulent proscription of all who differed politically with the administration, and the last few months, especially when it was found that the federal party had been beaten in the elections, were disgraced by acts of intolerance and selfishness that made the man and his party odious to a majority of the

nation. Laws were passed by the Federal Congress which had the air of beneficiary decrees, and new offices created, it would seem, only that the President might fill them with his party and personal favorites, in time to exclude such as might otherwise be appointed by the incoming administration.

To have continued or acquiesced in this course of conduct, would have been the worst form of proscription. Jefferson, therefore, very properly began his administrative career by displacing numbers of office-holders who had been appointed mainly because of their federal principles, and filled the vacancies created with democrats. This course was called for by common fairness; and, although we must regard Jefferson as the author of the fierce party *issue* that yet darkens our political system, and has converted our Presidential elections into campaigns, and made the preparations for them a deceitful and despicable game, we cannot judge him hastily for conforming his conduct to that equality in the distribution of offices which the justice of the case required. He did not procrastinate or trifle in the discharge of this duty, but went to the work with promptness and determination; and this promptness shielded him from the annoyances and the influences of federal "bitter-endism." The wailings of the opposition prints were not over mere smoke or imaginary cases, as at the beginning of the present Whig administration. The heads of the highest in office fell first and fastest, and the axe of justice cut its way from the Executive Departments and from the diplomatic offices, to the humblest post-office at a county cross road, and to the most obscure light-house that lifted its beacon on our coasts. There was no soft hesitation, no mistimed caution, no misjudged forbearance. This is a policy, under such circumstances, as weak as it is ruinous to those who practise it. It contributes to strengthen and to quicken opposition, while it discourages friends. So far from conciliating political opponents, it is more apt to induce contempt, and serves eminently to fan the flame of a malignant "bitter-endism." The bold proceedings of Jefferson hushed while they defied rabid partisan clamor, and those who had been ostracised for opinion's sake were placed on a footing of full equality with the pampered favorites of the late administration. To this conduct may be traced the primary sources of that wonderful popularity to which the democratic administration soon attained, and which it preserved through a series of eight eventful years, marked by acts and measures that blighted the prosperity of the country, and threw gloom and distress over almost every household. Its energy and decision inspired confidence among friends, and drew the respect of enemies. Whatever, therefore, may have been the motive which induced these removals, the act was just, deserved by those who had indulged party asperities in their day of power, and strictly due to those who had labored to overthrow the reign of political intolerance and prescription.

The war which, on his accession, Jefferson waged against the Judiciary and Judicial authority and dignity, was a step very full of hazard as to the probable deleterious effects it may have produced on the public mind, and must be heartily condemned by all unbiased historiographers. It was a branch of the government which he had, from the first, unscrupulously denounced and opposed, and notwithstanding his professed horror at the appointment of the "midnight judges" by Adams' expiring administration, we are inclined to think that his hostility against the law establishing federal courts throughout the various states was superinduced mainly by his ancient prejudices and unconquerable jealousy. He evidently had little or no respect for the proceedings of courts of law, and never hesitated to oppose the power of the Executive as of higher moment than the Judiciary arm of the government. The best evidence of this is furnished by several letters contained in the fourth volume of the work before us, as well as by one among his first official acts. George Thompson Callender, the Scotch libeller and defamer of Washington, had published during the administration of John Adams, a scurrilous book, entitled, "The prospect before us," filled with the most inflammatory appeals, and calculated from its most atrocious inculcations to produce wide spread and dangerous discontent among the lower floating classes of people. He was arrested under the Sedition act, speedily brought to trial, convicted, and sentenced to fine and imprisonment. The tribunal before which he had been brought was the appointed exponent of the Constitution

and law, and was clothed with supreme jurisdiction in such cases. But Jefferson paid no regard to the facts, the law or the Court. He pardoned and released Callender, and ordered the U. S. Marshall for Virginia, to refund the amount of the fine to which he had been subjected. A letter to Mr. George Hay, the government attorney, who subsequently prosecuted Burr with such distinguished ability, unfolds Jefferson's opinion of the dignity of courts of law, and evinces in the most emphatic manner, the native despotic tendency of his temper and disposition. He therein says, "In the case of Callender, the judges determined the Sedition Act was valid, under the Constitution, and exercised their regular powers of sentencing to fine and imprisonment. But his Executive (Thomas Jefferson), determined that the Sedition Act was a nullity, under the Constitution, and exercised his regular power of prohibiting the execution of the sentence, or rather of executing the real law." We know of nothing in the civil administrations of Charles the First, of Cromwell, of Napoleon, or of Andrew Jackson, the dictators of modern times, more high-handed, in tone and sentiment, or more pernicious in principle, than such declaration and such conduct from this great model democratic Presid nt. The act of pardon was allowable, and belonged to his office. But a pardon under the circumstances, and with this declaration, was an insult to the Court, and an outrage on the supreme law of the land; while the order to refund the amount of fine, was a fragrant usurpation of undelegated power. By the same rule of construction he might just as well have directed that Callender should receive every dollar in the Treasury. It so happened, too, that, in the end, Jefferson was caught in his own trap. This low-minded Scotchman, like all other minions and parasites, had his price, and repaid all this official liberality by the basest ingratitude. He had scarcely been released, or purged of the dungeon's stench, before he applied to be made postmaster at Richmond. This Jefferson flatly refused to do, but, at the same time, tendered the hardy and beggarly applicant with a loan from his private purse. Callender accepted the loan, but, dead to all the decencies of life, and fretting with disappointment, (though complimented by his eminent patron as being "a man of science,") he no sooner pocketed the money, than in mean revenge, he published to the world, that Jefferson had been his adviser and patron in all his scurrilous attacks on the two preceding administrations, had furnished him the means of printing "The Prospect," and had encouraged him to all he had undertaken in his career of political piracies. This act of treachery, coming from a genuine nurseling of unadulterated democracy, startled even the "great Apostle" himself, and seemed to rouse and ruffle his boasted serenity of temper under personal attacks and vituperation. Jefferson was forced into the defensive, and wrote several letters in explanation of these charges, and in extenuation of his friendly conduct towards Callender.

"If there be anything," says a distinguished writer, "which is capable of sustaining popular government, and keeping their action within legitimate constitutional boundaries, it is a learned, self-inspecting, independent judiciary. To make the administration of justice, and all questions on the excess of power dependent on popular excitement, is to assume that mere human passion is the best arbiter of right and wrong." Widely different from this was the opinion of Thomas Jefferson. His doctrines and his example as respects judicial tribunals, are highly exceptionable, obnoxious to good government, and dangerous in the extreme. We have seen, in the case of Callender, that he assumed to declare null and void a law constitutionally enacted and approved, constitutionally adjudged, and constitutionally executed. Other acts strictly in unison with this may be easily cited. The case of Duane, another democratic libeller, affords an exact parallel. During the trial of Aaron Burr, in which *he* was the real, though not ostensible prosecutor, we find him proposing to violate personal liberty, by suggesting to his attorney that Luther Martin, who defended the prisoner with quite too much ability and boldness to suit the purposes of Jefferson, should be arrested as *particeps criminis*, and thus, as he says, "*put down this unprincipled and impudent federal bull dog.*" No more disorganizing proposition than this was ever made. But a

little subsequently to this, we find that, impelled by ungovernable vindictiveness in prosecuting a man who had contested with him the chair of the Presidency, he asked a suspension of that great landmark of freedom' the act of Habeas Corpus. For arrogance similar to this, and for attempting, among other offences, to violate this same sacred shield of personal right, James the the Second, more than an hundred years before, had been hurled from the throne of England, and expatriated for the remainder of his life. It will be thus seen, that the sufferance of democracies, when conducted by the *popular favorite*, who while writing spaciously of liberty, outstrips the most arrogant monarch in his stretches for dominion, affords, sometimes, an exemplification of passive obedience from which even despotisms might learn a lesson. But the climax of these inklings of anarchy, may be found in a letter from the model democratic President to the model democratic editor, who yet survives to perpetuate his "early lesson," and to favor the world with valuable reminiscences of the epoch of "'98," and the golden age of the Jefferson dominion. In a letter from Jefferson to Thomas Ritchie, found in the fourth of these volumes, we find the following: "The Judiciary of the United States, is a *subtle corps of sappers and miners*, constantly working underground to undermine the foundation of our confederated Republic. *We* shall see if they are bold enough to make the stride their five lawyers have taken. If they do, then with the editor of *our* book, *I* will say, that against this every man should raise his voice, and *more than that, should lift his arm.*" This completed the series of what may be properly termed the Jeffersonian threats. In 1798, he argued closely, in the celebrated Kentucky Resolutions, to prove that the *people* might resist the Executive Department. He had done this once before, in the time of Washington, by favoring the Whiskey insurrection. In 1801, we have seen that he menaced the Legislative Department with "an armed force," to "*compel*" a choice of himself as President. And now, in his old age, he winds up by instructing an apt disciple to "lift his arm" against the Judiciary, the only remaining branch of the government.

The figurative epethet here applied to the Supreme Court shows emphatically the abhorrence with which Jefferson regarded that august Tribunal. The political reader may chance to be reminded, in this connexion, of the high dudgeon, which a certain distinguished Senator manifested on a recent occasion, when, in his place, he denounced another distinguished personage, for having characterized modern Presidential candidates as "*prize fighters.*" It is barely probable that, notwithstanding their acknowledged erudition, neither of these eminent individuals knew of this illustrious precedent example in the vocabulary of political billingsgate, else the first, a model professor of genuine Jeffersonism, might have refrained from the assault, and the last, a mild and equable member of the body thus reviled, would have been able effectually to shelter himself with a lawyer's most valued plea, though he flatly disclaimed the construction applied to his apt figure.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE DEAD CHILD.

When autumn airs are chilly,
And clouds are dark with storm,
Comes forth the kindly sun-beam
And all is light and warm.

But lonelier lies the landscape,
And gloomier than before,
When, sliding back to Heaven,
The sun-beam smiles no more!

When, on my spirit weary,
The weight of sorrow lay,
A young bird came to cheer me
And sing my grief away.

But scarce my hand, so fondly,
Had bound her fluttering wing,
When back to Heaven upspringing,
She burst the silken string!

My heart, that seemed a desert,
And no fresh verdure bore—
One little flower appearing,
A desert seemed no more.

My flower! my half-blown daisy,
Soft opening to the day,
I thought not ere the blooming
To see it fade away!

The "early dew" has vanished,
That trembled on the thorn,—
The morning breeze—where is it?
The fleeting breeze of morn!

My bird! my beam of sunshine!
My flower, all flowers above!
Sweet passing breath of Heaven!
Sweet Life! sweet loan of love!

As thus, all tearful, hopeless,
My heart bewailed its woes,
A rushing sound of soft wings
And silvery warblings rose.

I heard my lost bird singing,
With a deeper, richer tone,
And this was still the burthen:
"Mother, I am not gone."

"E'er since that hour of anguish,
When first my child-soul strove
To burst its earthly bondage,
Made stronger by thy love,

"More near to thee than ever
In spirit I have been,
And thou hast felt my presence
Consoling though unseen.

"Of love and gentle patience
A firm repose is born,
While these possess thy bosom,
Mother, I am not gone."

Thus all around me floating,
And o'er my troubled soul
The balm of comfort pouring,
The Heavenly music stole.

In hours of rest and silence,
My wandering thoughts called home,
When the world and I are parted,
'Tis then such visions come.

And then, no beam of sunshine,
But, in its light I see,
A glorious infant floating,
That ever smiles on me.

In every tone of music
Her silvery voice I hear;
In every form of beauty,
Her form is still more near.

The starry skies of evening,
The dewy smiles of morn,
All lovely objects tell me,
My Mary is not gone! A. M. W.

MORELL'S ARGUMENT AGAINST PHRENOLOGY.

Twenty years ago, it was a bold man that would crook his finger at this new-born science. A howl of rage and contumely from its partizans would drown his presumptuous voice, and his bumps would be pronounced of the lowest order—"conscience" and "judgment" both deficient. But now, to throw down the gauntlet in its defence needs much heroism and a little effrontery. Persecuted and reviled of men, waxing faint under popular applause and its sure result of popular indifference, burlesqued by a barbarous and uncouth nomenclature, this unfortunate science has passed through fiery ordeals; but "still it moves." Notwithstanding that its defenders are ranked among venders of patent medicines, itinerant mesmerisers, and organ-grinders, its principles have become unconsciously adopted, and the vague, confused terms ordinarily used to mark mental and moral differences, have been driven off by the more accurate, but still imperfect, phrenological distinctions.

The stumbling-block in the path of this science, has been the temptations it presented for quackery. Originating with a few earnest and simple-minded men, on landing on our shores, it was forced to yield to the genius of the almighty dollar. It must earn its bread if it would get on in the world. Instead of dealing in nice but general delineations of character, it was forced to the humble office of portraying the actual characters of individuals.

In thus serving the purposes of personal curiosity and vanity, like all sycophants it became contemptible in the eyes of those it worshipped. Its personal sketches were necessarily civil and rose-tinted, for unpalatable truths would never charm coy dimes out of jealous pockets. From the necessity of making *hits*, these historiettes were graphic and positive, where they should have been always burdened by the contingencies of moral and intellectual training. Men were amazed to find Bayards and admirable Crichtons, Pamelas and Lucretias, where they had only known common men and women with their full share of the weaknesses of humanity. The quack fattened on personal vanity, but the science withered beneath incredulity and derision.

The disciple of Gall, who thus degrades his beautiful science to a catch-penny, is forced to borrow from the rival doctrines of Lavater. Putting aside the influence of circumstance in developing mental traits, there are physical obstacles in the way of anything like mathematical accuracy in phrenological calculations. The varying thickness of the skull in different individuals and of the integuments that cover the surface of the skull, the frontal sinus, the sutures, present cumulative impediments to those who trust implicitely in mere manipulation. For instance, the lambdoidal suture passes over the organ of Concentrativeness. Where that organ is large, it presents no difficulty, but where its size is moderate or absolutely small, the utmost mechanical skill cannot pronounce with certainty upon its development. In the phrenological division of the brain, the absolute size of concentrativeness is comparatively small, but from its peculiar action, it exercises in all its degrees a remarkable influence on the whole character, so much so, that of two individuals where the size of the rest of the brain, temperament and outward circumstances are alike, the difference between moderate fullness and actual deficiency of concentrativeness would make their mental and moral traits widely dissimilar.

This is true in a measure, and obviously so, of all the organs. A single quantity wanting in this greatest of all problems, must vitiate the whole calculation, where that calculation aspires to the certainty of

a positive science. The human soul may be reduced to a few elements, but those elements are spiritual, and in their shadings must be infinitely more microscopic than the steps by which material substances melt into each other. Myriads of human beings have trodden this earth, and no two alike. No man has yet encountered his double. The primary numbers then that form these countless combinations should be well ascertained and defined in their immediate bearings. This can be done psychologically but not physiologically, and hence the presumption of those that would unfold in this way alone, the manner of a man's mind.

Another hindrance in manipulation is the temperament. This presents a field for observation but slightly investigated by phrenologists. Their distinctions in temperament have hitherto been vague, unsatisfactory, and by no means in accordance with the ordinary views of medical science on the same subject. It is not settled whether it is not in some degree the source of power, or whether power is not due to size of brain alone, and length of fibre. And if temperament influences solely the activity, the modes and degrees of activity are still but loosely defined. From want of space we cannot go fully into this subject, but will mention two instances in which the usual phrenological views in regard to the effect of size are most fallacious.

To meet the constantly recurring cases of men of small heads showing great ability and force of character, as in the case of Byron, they are said to be wanting in power, but to possess a *fineness* of perception, arising from their peculiar *fineness* of brain. Here the coincidence of terms has suggested the explanation. But fineness in material objects indicates the accuracy and beauty of minuteness, in immaterial thought it represents dim far-reaching subtlety. This is an undoubted form of power. In the instance of Byron it was not logical acumen, for his ratiocination was faulty even to puerility; and the logical faculty was comparatively and palpably deficient. But in the radiance of ideality, in the lurid glow of destructiveness, and in his brooding pride, there was force verging on coarseness.

Another error is in regard to the increased stimulus to the same organ, given by education. The supposition of phrenologists is, that exercise of the faculties enables them to manifest themselves with the greatest degree of energy which the size of the organs will permit, and that size fixes a limit which education cannot surpass. But if size alone gives power, then the slightest movement of such a brain should be marked by depth and intensity, and education would be only increased activity. We do not deny that there is activity without power, and power without activity, but the various phases of these phenomena are not met by the distinctions of temperament and size.

The exact position of phrenologists is that size, *ceteris paribus* is the guage of power. This equation is innocent enough, for strictly it only assumes that size is *one of the elements* of power, which no one will deny; the other elements equal, power and size are necessarily commensurate. But they consider it as establishing their hypothesis that size is the only criterion of power, a false conclusion, and at war with all observation. We consider that the fineness of brain to which they vaguely attribute a peculiar fineness of manifestation is a real source not merely of activity, but of actual reach of thought and depth of emotion. This vigor of function may proceed from the bilious and acute nervous temperaments, while the vigor of activity flows from the degree in which the lymphatic is vivified by the sanguine.

Another consideration that should cast a doubt on the statements of professional phrenologists, is the different forms the organs assume according to the development of the rest of the brain. This difficulty no experience or manual skill can altogether overcome, for from this irreuglarity of shape, the ordinary superficial measurements of the skull are not exact tests of its internal capacity. A longitudinal brain has less bulk than a square one, and a square head less than one of a spherical form. A bullet-shaped head consequently, which is usually considered as manifesting force of character, has this vigor not only from its peculiar combination of qualities, but from its actually possessing *ceteris paribus*, the largest amount of brain.

But the greatest obstacles arise from the

influence that the moral training of circumstances has in giving a direction to the elements of mind and emotion. Although if these circumstances were accurately ascertained, a tolerably close calculation could be made of the probable results, without this, the guess and the truth might be wide as the poles asunder. The very trait that makes the old man a miser makes the son a spendthrift. The very absence of this trait will sometimes conduce to a reckless expenditure, and sometimes form the most niggardly spirit of economy The characteristics that will restrain men from gross sensuality, may but serve to plunge them into the more withering hell of the voluptuary. The qualities that, under the right conditions, will create a feeling of charity and forbearance and justice to all men, at other times will fester into the severity of censoriousness. It is true, there are characters in which, from their want of balance, the tendencies in a particular direction are so strong, the leaning towards particular manifestations so decided, the steady pull so invincible, that circumstances and social and moral influence, and even motives, are all thrust aside, and through all obstacles the man proceeds on his course, whether for good or ill.

But these are few. There is a class, and it comprises the great majority of mankind, who, not meeting any great obstructions, submit, in the sea of influences in which we all float, to those most congenial to them, and thus, under most conditions, follow with equal certainty their natural bias. But all those of evenly developed characters, all those whose hearts thrill at every sound of human feeling, all those who are vividly alive to every human relation that God has opened to man out of the emotional infinity that lies behind time, men of broad, full natures, to whom the truth is full of beauty, and the evil not devoid of fascination, all such, if we would read their souls, present mysteries that require more than the phrenological imposition of hands to unfold.

But, it is asked, what assistance, then, does phrenology bring to psychological science, if it abandons the field of external observation, and is forced to the old ground of the metaphysicians, of reflection operating on consciousness? Phrenology does not abandon observation, but with due caution would bring it into the assistance of introspection. Between a large and a small development of the organs of the sentiments and propensities, there is often the difference of an inch. The differences in the intellectual organs are less striking, but in *marked cases* are sufficiently plain to overcome the difficulties attending manipulation, and to establish landmarks in mental science. By way of elucidating the subject more fully, we will consider some of the objections raised on this point by J. D. Morell, in his Treatise on the History of Philosophy.

"As a basis for a new system of intellectual philosophy," says this author, "phrenology may be considered as a total failure. A system of intellectual philosophy must contain an analysis and classification both of our faculties and feelings; it must give a complete enumeration of the elements of human knowledge, and it must trace them all to their real origin. The idea that all this can be accomplished by physiological observations, however valid and indubitable, can only arise from a total misunderstanding of the whole question. I will suppose for a moment that we know nothing whatever *reflectively* of our own mental operations; that the study of the human mind had not yet been commenced; that none of its phenomena had been classified; and that we were to *begin* our investigation of them upon the phrenological system, some of which had previously been communicated to us; we might in this case proceed in our operations with the greatest ardor, and examine skull after skull for a century; but this would not give us the least notion of any peculiar mental faculty, or aid us in the smallest degree in classifying mental phenomena. We could never know that the organs of the reasoning powers were in front, and those of the moral feelings upon the top of the head, unless we had first made those powers and feelings *independently* the objects of our examination. The whole march of phrenology goes upon the supposition that there is a system of intellectual philosophy already in the mind, and its whole aim is to show, where the seat, materially speaking, of the faculties we have *already* observed, really is to be found. Either our various powers and susceptibilities are *known* and *classified* before we begin any outward observations, or they are not. If they are

already known and classified, then phrenology has nothing to do with the discovery; if they are not, then assuredly we can never find them out by mere external observation upon the skull; we can never turn them up to view by the scalpel of the anatomist, nor find them impressed upon the outward form of the brain. If every organ had its name and nature inscribed upon it by the Creator, then we should have a system of psychology at once; but so long as this is not the case, we must observe and classify our mental phenomena by reflection, before we can begin to map out the locality in which they are to be found. Strictly speaking, phrenology cannot reveal a single intellectual fact which was not known before; it cannot trace any any points of human knowledge to their primary elements; it cannot perform in any case a single analysis of our complex notions; in a word, it can do nothing, allowing its facts to be all true, but point out a certain connection between two parallel series of mental and physical phenomena, the former of which have been already investigated. If any one should be inclined to urge, that the very circumstance of different feelings or faculties operating in connection with certain portions of the brain, is a clue to a correct classification, it must be remembered that they are already classified as mental facts before any connection with the brain can be predicated of them."

"In the details of phrenology, we find so much indefiniteness, that it is absolutely impossible to rely upon its indications as philosophically correct. When we attempt to classify the facts of our consciousness by reflection, we have no very great difficulty in forming a general outline of them. Sensation, perception, memory, judgment, as also the different passions, all possess certain indubitable marks by which they are distinguished from each other; but when we come to consider the various organs which phrenology assumes, we find such a complete commingling of all our mental phenomena as to render a close analysis of them impossible. Take for example such organs as concentrativeness or adhesiveness, and say what peculiarity they contain which can have an independent existence subjectively, or which may not be resolved into other elements. Patriotism, attachment to friends, concentration of mind upon an object, power of sustained attention, all are given as representing the functions of these peculiar lobes. Assuredly there does not appear to be much psychological light afforded by *such* an analysis. Take, again, the organ of philo-progenitiveness, and say why there should be a natural propensity and a particular lobe of brain, which excites love to a child, and none by which we are induced to love a parent, a brother, a wife, a friend, a sovereign, or anything else with which we stand in close relation. Every one of these affections has an element of similarity, and an element of diversity in it. In all it is *love;* but it is love modified by varying circumstances; the analysis of which in each case, far from being aided is greatly hindered by the phrenological hypothesis. In psychology the main question is as to the *method*, by which the multiplicity of complex phenomena, passing through the consciousness, is to be analyzed and arranged. Now, the only proper method to do this is to separate the *matter* of our mental processes from the *form*, to lay aside all consideration respecting the intensity of the action, or the diversity of object to which they may be directed, and to seize simply upon the *fundamental character* which they severally present. Here it is we see that phrenology has gone completely astray, that it has followed a method of classification altogether fallacious, and that it has given results totally worthless in a philosophical point of view. It has made its classification turn mainly upon the *objects* of our mental faculties, and almost entirely neglected their mental characteristics. On the one hand it assigns different organs for the same faculty or feeling, because they apply to *different objects;* and then, on the other hand, it will turn a complex operation into a simple one, and appropriate it to a single organ, just because the whole process is to be directed to *one particular object.* Thus memory is distributed between three different organs, according as it applies to persons or places or things; love, as a propensity, is divided into two or three more; judgment and imagination are mutilated in the same way. In brief, the form of our mental operations is utterly lost in the contemplation of their objects, and a classification results, which has all

the bad qualities which can possibly attach to what is called in logic, a cross division. But, reiterates the phrenologist, nobody can deny that these seperate tendencies, such as love to wife, love to children, love to humanity, *really exist*, and that therefore they demand a separate allocation in our mental analysis We reply that love to a hundred other things really exist, and by parity of reasoning, ought to have distinct organs."

We are fully disposed to admit the validity of some of the above objections, and with the more readiness, from the belief that a candid spirit of enquiry into the real limits of phrenology, will only seat it the more firmly in its true position, and, by clearing its skirts of the partisan warfare so long maintained around it, eventually open a new era in the study of the human soul.

Phrenology claims to be essentially the science of the human soul; and it assumes as its method, equally with the metaphysicians, that of reflection operating on consciousness. It does not, however, disdain the light of outward observation; but uses it as a guide and support, as it gropes its way through the dim recesses of thought and emotion. It extends the bounds of experience, but does not reject the assistance of speculation. So far as the objections of its opponents rest upon the too exclusive observation of the contour and external appearances of the cranium, we are willing to acquiesce in some degree in their correctness, for it is in that direction that the chief impediments to its progress lie. But it is not necessarily the mere attempt to run two parrallel lines of physiological phenomena and *prediscovered* psychological facts. Starting from the numberless appearances and involved manifestations of the soul and mind of man as displayed in actual life, it runs up to meet the slow advances of the metaphysician as he works down from the springs of thought and feeling. It begins where the others end. What have previous systems done towards unfolding the volitions and motives of men? What towards the comprehension of those phases of the soul which immediately precede action? What help do they give us to deal intelligently with our own hearts and with those of our fellow-men? Century after century passes away, and system after system has risen and fallen, and still the very foundations of knowledge, as sought after by the psychologist, are unbuilt. Not a single principle has it given to us in the most needed of all wisdom, the most universal of all sciences. And yet no human being ever existed that has not toiled to gain some portion of this knowledge; not a child or a savage but has pondered on its mysteries. All men seek it, and every man in reality gains some insight into it. What then, does phrenology propose?

It offers a system which will gather up this universal experience; which brings about immediate and practical results where abstruse philosophy wastes cycles in preparation; and establishes landmarks by which every advance is chronicled and fixed. This, among other means, it seeks to accomplish by the clearness and simplicity of its terms, that source of endless confusion among the metaphysicians. These terms are not the mere phrenological distinctions, which are temporary and liable to be changed, as closer analysis tears off from the supposed functions of each organ whatever is extraneous and accidental, but the *actual outward appearances* of the brain, stamping and locally establishing each fact gained from expérience. It uses as a *method* too, and this indeed, is the chief objection that the above quoted writer brings against it, the classification of our mental phenomena by the *objects* to which they are applied. But this, as a stepping stone to truth, is one of the most practical and progressive features of the science. It is the means of bringing clearly and fully before the attention, certain combinations of mental processes. It arrests and gathers around a nucleus the fleeting and shadowy moods of the soul. It presents for renewed reflection, an exact, though complex feeling, and gives certain fixed facts for dissection, in a science where the materials for thought are vague and uncertain. For instance, if we speak of *respect*, *deference*, *awe*, we indicate states of feeling which vary in our own breasts, and the notion of which may be totally different in those of others. But, if we speak of *veneration for God*, we bring up the perception of an accurate and well-defined combination of emotions, and thus acquire definite materials for analysis.

In this way, by means of the fixation of phases of the mind in their objective aspects, we gain the knowledge of their subjective elements. Properly speaking, the whole process is a subjective one. As the properties and qualities of matter are received by sensation and handed thence to the intellectual powers to arrange in their various bearings, proper and relative, so does emotional perception intuitively distinguish in these, those modifications that emotion itself has impressed upon matter. According to the clearness of this inward vision, are represented on the mirror of our own consciousness, the impulses accompanying volition in the breasts of those around us. By these means, instead of merely our own moods, faulty, ill-balanced, rendered of false proportions by strong habit, dwindled in one direction by the tyranny of circumstance, and of ill-growth in another by false culture, we gain for observation, the common nature of man.

Making this its field of action, in place of the solitary thought of the psychologist, phrenology sends its votaries into the highways and by-ways of life, and lays bare the throbbing heart of humanity It thus secures a multitudinous array of facts, and builds thereon a solid foundation of induction, before it ventures into the audacity of hypothesis, by which alone the higher flights in mental philosophy can be sustained.

With regard to the objection raised by the writer we have quoted, that the phrenological distinctions are confused commingling or rash mutilations of the elements of thought and feeling, such as memory, perception, judgment, imagination, &c., we answer that this is assuming for the metaphysician what he has ever yet failed to prove. What are the elements of the mind? is the grand question to be solved. How many a weary battle has been fought over these so-called elements? To how many divisions, sub-divisions, and cross-divisions have they been subjected by the metaphysician himself? "Take," says the writer, "the organ of philo-progenitiveness, and say why there should be a natural propensity which excites love to a child, and none by which we are induced to love a parent, a brother, a wife, a friend, or a sovereign. Every one of these affections has an element of similarity and an element of dissimilarity. In all it is *love*, but it is love modified, &c." Phrenology assumes to prove that love to a child is totally distinct in its essence from any other feeling to which the term love is attached. The statement of the writer is evidently a *petitio principii*, and the *cross-divisions* to which he alludes are the necessary consequences of warring systems. The similarity of appearances running through all the affections, and denoted by the word *love*, may be explained as their *objective manifestation*, colored by the frequent, though not necessarily constant, presence of some one feeling, for instance, adhesiveness.

In illustration of the philosophical nature of the method used by the phrenologists as a means of progress, of classifying mental phenomena by their objects, we will consider the organ of *Imitation*.

This development was first observed in the heads of actors, and of all who possessed more than ordinary power of mimicry. In children who quickly and unconsciously adopted the air and manner of those around them; in individuals fond of, and skilful in, private theatricals; in the professional Thespian, and in all those who easily assume a carriage, language, tones and gestures not native to themselves, the superior-anterior portion of the skull, on either side of the organ of benevolence, was found to assume a swelling and symmetrically rounded appearance. Here, then, was a large portion of that important section of the brain, which joins emotion to thought, and gives guidance to one and warmth to the other, allotted to a function of limited scope. Based on causalty and comparison, the seat of judgment, this organ diverges among the sentiments, holding pity in its arms, the reflection in the breast of man of divine love and kindness, and uniting itself to faith, hope and veneration. The locality and extent of the organ, and its apparent function, were evidently incongruous. The deeper in the abyss of the soul that we find each element, the greater will be the space that its angle covers. A quality that is useful only to the buffoon, could hardly perform more than a small share in filling out those diversities of character which constitute mankind. Subsequent observation shows that a similar developement of cranium occurs in individuals much characterized by suavity; in poets and artists; in authors of su-

perior dramatic ability; and in all men who *act* a part on the stage of real life. Where shall we find the subtle spirit that runs through these by no means similar manifestations?

The act of imitation is obviously in its origin, a *reproduction* upon our own consciousness of certain external images, intellectual or emotional. In this sense, it would seem only reiterated perception,—memory, which, in fact, it is, so far as mere intellectuality is concerned. Images of this sort need no essential faculty of imitation, and the extension of its action in this direction would seem unphilosophical. But perception is of its own kind, and the intellectual powers can no more distinguish the impress of the soul in outward forms than emotion can of itself cull from among the mass of ideas whatever is *sui generis*. There would then seem need of an *inner sense*, a vehicle of communication, by which the soul of man can escape from what would otherwise be its prison, and hold discourse with his fellow-creatures. This link in the chain that binds the inward with the outward world is found in the semi-intellectual faculty we are now considering.

Imitation is the true organ of language —of that universal language which is common, not only to all races of men, but in some degree, to every created being on the face of the earth. The accents of this mysterious tongue are the *varying appearances of form and countenance and modulations of tone*, which every feeling pictures forth, however ephemeral and shadowy it may be. This spirit printing, like all of Nature's workmanship, is accurate in its most microscopic detail. The material receiving the impression may be dull, phlegmatic, earthly, but the work is there —dim it may be, but complete in its delicate tracery. The lying soul may wish to send forth a false voice; but nature is true to itself, and paints on the lineaments of the face, in the eye, in the voice down to its faintest whisper, in every movement of every muscle, the whole complex mood resulting from the mixture of the actual feeling with the one called up to supplant it. It is here that we find arises the intuitive knowledge that all men possess, in a greater or less degree, of human nature; for what knowledge of human nature can there be that does not arise either from intuition, or correct theory? No complete system has ever yet been offered that gives the key to the actions of men, and although phrenology proposes to do this, phrenology itself is avowedly founded on this very knowledge.

Apart from the blinding of self-deceit, and the inducements presented by the imperfections and deformity of our own breasts for insincerity and false representation of feeling, for "where's that palace whereinto foul things sometimes intrude not?"—apart from that distortion of nature which renders it an utter impossibility in some to render a fair account of themselves, and where the attempt to make a clean breast results only in plausibilities and more involved deception, if even the soul can be found so pure as not to fear the light of day, and the intention so fearless as to be ready to read its secrets to the world, even then we would be strangers to its operations without the medium of an inner sense similar to what we are now endeavoring to describe. Ordinary speech is slow to supply the necessary means of communication; and does it in an indirect manner. What is intellectual in language can never reach emotion. It may play around it, and indicate it by defining its conditions, but it is only by the skillful use of the *sensuous* element in words that the frost and fire in the mind and soul of man can commingle. In this sense, the poet is the true ally of the metaphysician. But this very element, so far as it is founded on *intonation*, forms a great portion of the natural language of *imitation*.

Hence, we find that this organ, whose throne in the brain seemed at first given to it for sordid purposes, plays a most important part in the necessities of our nature. In reality there is not a single relation or phase of life, on which it does not exert a most powerful influence. To view mankind from any one stand-point, to take any single element of mind, and divide men into two great classes according to the influence of such an element, there is no other trait that creates such striking similarities and dissimilarities of character.

If we look around among men, we constantly find individuals, without genius, without talent, without even energy of impulse, irresolute of will, weak to withstand the influences of those around them, despised, sometimes loathed, but who having this

one gift in perfection, exert an otherwise unaccountable influence on all that approach them. Such men have a readiness of *assimilation*, a sudden appreciation of the moods of others resulting from the quickness with which they receive the infection of those moods. Such are their soft and plastic natures that men of decision and energy of purpose love to gather them around them, to break the shocks which jar and fret their own harsher tempers. They are the jackals of social life, and win their prey by urging on nobler but obtuser natures who are at once their tyrants and their tools. From among them come the ancient and honorable family of toadies. They swarm at every corner and are ever busy plotting, undermining, sapping. In all rash deeds where men seem to brave the world from mad and ungovernable passions, in all quarrels, from the pot-house brawl up to the duello, in intrigues, in friendship, where your friend strangely changes from warm cordiality to sudden and unnaccountable aversion, in every movement of individuals where the clue is not easily found, look for the crawling sycophant behind the curtain. Their strongest passion is envy, for they can appreciate but not rival, their kindest feeling is a momentary and superficial sympathy.

There is another class, men that have all that the first lack, and want the one power that the others possess—men perhaps of broad searching intellect, of vigorous natures, practical ability, having every quality that would argue success, and who show power and conscious authority in every movement, but who still impress us with an appearance of weakness, an indescribable imperfection to which the ordinary distinctions of character can never give the key. They are deficient in this single attribute. They want the unconscious tact it gives to call up transient and superficial moods to conceal the deeper and more serious purposes of their lives. Whether for good or ill they are men of the most transparent simplicity. Not a child but can read their thoughts, while they in return see nothing but motiveless action. Eyes have they but they see not, they have ears and hear not. But from this very weakness often comes their strength, for such men soon learn that their safety is not in crooked paths, but in the open grounds of truth and sincerity of purpose. Here they are no longer weak; for when the eaves-dropper looks into the open windows of the soul, he finds a frankness he may smile at, but must always respect, while their unimpressibility gives rise to a self-dependence and originality which impresses and sometimes even fascinates.

But where the evil in their nature prevails over the good, they present vice in its most odious, because in its least disguised, forms. The veil is lifted from the hell that ever accompanies evil thoughts and desires, and as we look into their festering soul, we shudder at its foul shapes and monstrous creations. Their concealment is as palpable as their candor, for secretiveness, which is merely *suppression*, may keep down a state of the mind, but it can never call up another in its stead, while its own manifestations are as perspicuous as those of any other phase of the soul. Men of this stamp carry hypocrite written on their fronts. They glide along like cats; their tones are soft and low; they come suddenly upon you; their eyes have a villainous gleam of low cunning; they open doors noiselessly; and instead of the flexibility of manner and voice, of *Imitation*, they have a peculiar rigidity of countenance and motion. Where their object is less to lead astray, than to conceal, you can see the haze steal slowly over their face, the cloud obscuring and deadening the soul, till hardly enough of life is left to carry on the vital processes. It is then utter stupefaction. Yet these men think, like the ostrich that hides its head in the sand, that because they stultify themselves, they are invisible to the rest of the world.

These are two extremes of character, resulting from the great preponderence or deficiency of the organ of *Imitation;* but between these lie, in a thousand shades, groups of qualities that make man the image of his Maker, or lower him beneath the level of the brute, but all receiving their stamp for success or failure, and often their bias for good or evil, in a great measure from this one trait.

This organ gives men a fondness for active life, while the absence of it is conducive to the seclusion of thought. But this is only in its general tendencies, for in all that thought which relates to the intercourse of

mankind, in the department of the poet and dramatist, it is the main and indispensable element. *Imitation* is, in fact, dramatic power—the power to throw our own consciousness into the peculiar and changing moods we would represent. Hence the knowledge which the philosopher would get at analytically, the poet accomplishes instantaneously by intuitive power alone. He catches quickly, by force of this faculty, the shifting moods of those around him, and by the multiplicity of the data sees the more readily each element in its various manifestations. He does it unconsciously, but, according to his genius, with accuracy. He names it too, not in the dim and indirect phraseology of philosophy, but in the action, tone and cadence, in which each feeling expresses itself. When this organ is deficient, men of thought are forced into the regions of metaphysical subtleties, or of the positive sciences.

On the other hand, there is a peculiar class of men of action, who with little of this faculty, nevertheless achieve success by dint of intellectual attributes. They too operate on the motives of men, but only from a distance, and not face to face, mesmerically as *Imitation* does. From the limited data of their own motives, they work down hypothetically to the probable motives of others in given situations. It is an intellectual process, very different from the direct and instinctive perception of motive possessed by those in whom the organ of *Imitation* is largely developed.

The first effect their purposes by acting on the objects of men's wishes, the latter by direct guidance of those wishes. The first may be skilful in perception, but only the latter can be perfect in execution. One class become leaders among men by compelling them through the force of circumstances to follow, the other by falling into the humors of those around, and leading them on their own ground. The first act by cold and mechanical means, repelling love through the iciness and self-absorption of intellect, and when they fall, fall like the tyrant, without friends, without sympathy, overwhelmed by triumphant hatred; while the latter, uniting intellect and force with the winning qualities that *Imitation* gives, soothe by dissimulation and fascinate into enthusiasm those on whose shoulders they rise. The former class can be traced through every step of their career by the means they have adopted to bring about results, and, consequently, are handed down through history to be wondered at, commented on, and understood perhaps better by future ages than the one in which they live; while the latter are only known by what they accomplish, and their reputation passes away with the generation that knew them and witnessed their wonderful power and the splendor of their personal attributes. There is a vagueness about their whole life; no deeds or exploits to fasten the attention; their glory seems wholly illusory, and we feel disposed to consider it as only the din of worship that each age sets up about its idols.

There is the same indistinctness about individuals of this class in private life, but from a different cause; they fill so many parts, they fall in so completely with the spirit of the occasion, never set out in relief but always in keeping with the rest of the scene, they revolve so quickly from one phase of character to its antipodes, that we can never establish their true proportions. Rapid movement seems to confuse the inner as well as the outer vision. By this means, and by their well worked sympathy, they mask the secret antagonism that exists whenever man meets man.

But where *Imitation* is wanting, character, in beauty or repulsiveness, stands clear and definitely marked in every delicate shade before the mind's eye. Such men please those of their own sort, and the regard is lasting; they may even extort the respect of their opposites, but it is compulsory and will soon change into the retaliation of wounded self-esteem.

After all, there is no real power or dignity or grandeur, but what arises from the strong soul, skillfully directed by the tact of *Imitation*. Intellect is cold—neither men nor women care for it. It is sordid and works by low means; it grovels in the earth, and if it brings about illustrious results, does it by the vilest tools. Its ministers are the vices of mankind. Every man has his price, was Bonaparte's maxim, and where his clumsy system failed he eked it out with hard blows. But there is virtue and weakness as well as vice, and Mirabeau, who knew this, by appealing directly to their hearts, walked without effort a king among men.

Bonaparte and Mirebeau are exemplars of these two classes. In the studious habits of the youth of the former, in his drudgery in the cabinet, in his ceaseless questioning on his campaigns of guides and of every one around him, we find the manifestations of the mental processes by which he sought and gained success. Nothing was too humble or of too slight importance to escape his attention, nothing forgotten.—Nor was his observation a mere store-house of useless lumber, for his capacious intellect seized facts only for their spirit, and instantly systematized them in all their relations and bearings. Machiavellism he showed no lack of, but it was the astuteness of the closet and the cabinet, and required the co-operation of humbler spirits possessing the shrewdness of *Imitation*, to carry it out successfully. So well aware was he of this want of personal power, that after his Italian campaigns, and until his authority was well established, he avoided showing himself in public; and in spite of the popular ecstacies at the early victories of the young hero, the new divinity of the French nation was for a long time an unknown God. The distance and reserve with which he treated his officers in his first campaigns, though most of them were older in years and experience than himself, may have been owing to his knowledge of this one weakness, for arrogance never seemed in any peculiar degree a fault in his disposition.

But Mirabeau sought men; in his adversity he had been the slave of their humors, and the knowledge and *adaptability* he thus gained made him in prosperity their master. Together with his vivacious genius and vast energies, it gave him almost a supernatural influence over crowds and individuals, and mesmerically men were dazzled, weakened, prostrated. There was safety only in Scythian warfare—his enemies fought and fled.

In their vices as well as in public conduct, each of these men showed the tendency given by this faculty. Amativeness is regarded by phrenologists as primarily not the brute instinct, but as a simple feeling, akin in its nature to philo-progenitiveness. It is not "lust through some pleasing strainers well refined," but it is a pure element, distorted and discolored by the earthy medium through which it passes. It is originally love for the object, woman, or man, as philo-progenitiveness is love for the object, children. But men and women and children are known to us only as moral and intellectual beings. The outward form is only the veil concealing the real existence. Hence the faculty making known to us these moral and intellectual attributes forming the individual, is necessary for the true action of amativeness. This faculty is *Imitation*, and according to its development, is the love of the sexes pure or earth-born. This explains the indifference and even contempt that Bonaparte always evinced for women. They never gained the slightest control over him. His kindly and affectionate feelings were enlisted for Josephine, but even she had no personal influence with him, but what she could gain by indirect means and by working, unknown to himself, upon his motives. His love was the coldest, most soulless sensuality.

But love, with Mirabeau, though wild and undirected by principle or moderation, often soared to the dignity of romantic passion. For Sophie he gladly sought toil and seclusion—for Sophie he moaned away the months at Vincennes. But this very trait, giving him a nobility and a happiness which the obtuser nature of Napoleon never rose to, by the fascination it imparted to vice when pressed into its service, became, in the end, a material cause of his ruin, and while Bonaparte always kept his passions in check, Mirabeau was, at last, lost in boundless sensuality.

Wherever *Imitation* is unaccompanied by strong reflective powers, and what are called the perceptive faculties are comparatively larger, its presence is indicated by a receding but expansive forehead. Should benevolence and wonder be also well developed, the forehead assumes a beautifully swelling and rounded appearance. In this conformation, (reflection being deficient,) we find an unconscious tact, a delicate sense of propriety and grace of mood; but the thought being wanting that takes cognisance intelligently of the relations, bearings and conditions of emotional states, we see none of the power of *duplicity* that such a conjunction would manifest. Where reflection and *Imitation* are both developed, the forehead does not run so far back, but assumes above the organ of comparison, a peculiar uprightness of appearance. From

this combination flows accurate perception of the motives of others, skill in accommodating ourselves to these motives, and power to *review them understandingly.* Here then we have shrewdness, plausibility and dissimulation. Duplicity, in the literal and customary acceptation of the term, conveys the spirit of this manifestation. It is true that a well-balanced character, with vigorous moral attributes, may restrain this tendency, but the power is there, and there are few who will not both use and abuse power.

Where this conformation of the brain is accompanied by indolent impulses or a feeble will, there is a great susceptibility to the influence of others, amounting in extreme cases to weakness; but this influence must be open and personal, and not the result of diplomacy, for such persons, reading motive quickly, break loose from their chains the instant they find they are made use of. It is very different from the infatuation of the man with resolute energies and will, who, from small *Imitation*, is proof against all direct influence, but whose ear once gained, becomes the most perfect slave to management. Truth and sincerity are powerless before him, for in his obtuseness he sees them not, and only hears the whisperings of the familiar fiend at his elbow. The only recourse is by a like art to dislodge the foe from the citadel.

It is difficult to give the analysis and modes of manifestation of any single organ without taking into consideration the operation upon it of the rest of the brain. For instance, stability of character proceeds from concentrativeness and firmness, and levity and caprice are a consequence of their feeble action. But there is also a peculiar levity arising from the presence of *Imitation*, and a different one again arising from its absence. In the former case it springs, as we have seen, from impressibility, and such persons constantly feel annoyance and compunction for the ease with which they take their hue from circumstances and people who, in reality, are odious to their habitual moods. On the other hand, there is a caprice where *Imitation* is small, which proceeds from this very unimpressibility, the same circumstances and people making at different times the most varying degree of impression. From this arises a *moodiness* of disposition, which is short or long-lived accordingly as concentrativeness is developed.

These views meet the objection often raised against phrenology, as respects the organ of secretiveness, that persons in whom this organ is only moderately marked, are nevertheless often characterized by the utmost secresy and insincerity. This we have seen to arise from a combination of reflection and Imitation with moderate conscientiousness. But there is another class of people who along with the most conscientious ingenuousness about actions and conduct, show a great backwardness in manifesting feeling by language even to their nearest and dearest friends. At the same time they have the most intense desire to make it apparent by conduct, or tones, or manner. This results from the tact of Imitation which perceives intuitively the only legitimate means of communication of feeling. *Sentimentalism* arises from the absence of this faculty, and is the endeavor to express by intellectual distinctions what the intellect can never reach in its essence.

This faculty is the source of good breeding. The gentleman is born, not made. Where this organ is large, the spirit of the forms of social life is instantly seized, and their general reasonableness consequently admitted. But where it is deficient, there is always at first an indifference and contempt for the amenities of society, which the individual calls independence or oddity, but the world knows to be brutish stupidity. When sharp lessons teach him that these graceful restraints are, in reality, inexorable laws, he becomes a trembling and abject slave of these very forms; for, not comprehending the spirit of the law, he must necessarily go by the letter. Vulgarity of manner then, (the vulgarity of feeling lies deeper,) when seen in uncultured men, is manifested as brutality and harshness; when found in polished life, it assumes the form of fastidiousness, punctilio and a blind stickling for conventional distinctions.

Imitation along with Comparison and Causality though producing attractive qualities in social intercourse, is not manifested by mere copiousness of conversation. It is silent, though intensely observant. The silent man, exclaims the man of conversational parts, hides by his brevity his scantiness of ideas. Why, thou talking

fellow, he is your master! Whilst you are expatiating, lost in the mazes of thought or intellectual disquisition, he is quietly taking the length and breadth of your very soul. He is watching yourself, not the muddy flow of your ideas. Your thoughts pass unheeded by, while the feeling that prompts them and your habitual moods are shadowed forth on his counsciousness, as on a mirror.

These views of the functions of *Imitation* may suggest an explanation of some of the phenomena of Wit. Mirthfulness has been claimed as an intellectual faculty, and its functions supposed to be the perception of differences, as the function of comparison is the perception of analogies. The shrewdness generally observed in humorous people has probably assisted in forming this opinion. Such an hypothesis accounts for the smiles and laughter of mirthfulness as nothing more than the natural language by which many other of the emotions manifest themselves when pleasurably excited. But the sense of analogy would seem to be merely a result of the operation of a peculiar element of the reasoning faculty, which takes cognizance of certain states or conditions of things upon different sets of objects. Analogy then is not a primary power of perception, and in this view would need no corresponding perception of differences, more than is afforded by the non-action of the element from which analogy itself flows. The laughter too of mirthfulness, we think observation will show to differ as much from the manifestations of the other emotions, as the sardonic smile of mingled destructiveness and self-esteem does from the Cupid's bow set on the lips by the placidity of approbativeness.

Sheer wit, we would consider as the manifestation of the various intellectual powers. It produces no mirth or merriment, but only a sense of satisfaction, such as is felt at any well demonstrated proposition or lucid train of reasoning. Of this nature were the conceits of the early English poets and dramatists, which were in bad taste, since they were merely intellectual, and could give no assistance in the dramatic representation of feeling. But when *Imitation* brings up the manifestations of the emotions as objects or facts, then from their congruity starts out the flame of ideality, and from their incongruity proceeds galvanically the lambent fire of mirth. This is *humor*, having all the warmth and life of feeling. But mirthfulness may be largely developed when *Imitation* is not equally active to furnish the conditions, or the conditions may be there when mirthfulness is not in a corresponding degree excited. From this arises two varieties of humorous manifestation. In one the humor is ever ready, easily reproduced for the purposes of narration, and accompanied by great shrewdness (the off-spring of *Imitation*) but the mirth is less intense; in the other there is a comparative dullness in receiving humorous impressions, and an incapability of conveying them to others, but the most acute enjoyment when once the perception is aroused.

These distinctions are well illustrated in the national English and Irish characteristics. Irish drollery has in it more of readiness and shrewdness than of merriment. It is perennial—not kept only for companionship, but as inseparable from the Irishman as his shillelah. It is his fashion of thought, and is as constant to him in depression and sorrow and sickness, as in festivity and the joyousness of health. *Imitation* is a striking trait in the Irish character; it shows itself in the national *blarney*, in their quick and hearty sympathy, in their quick assimilation with all circumstances and people, and in their tendency to dissimulation. The Englishman on the other hand, is slow to comprehend the conditions of humor, but when once perceived, his mirth and enjoyment are obstreperous. He consequently delights in broad farce, and in all humorous literature in which these conditions are most palpable. "His wit's an oyster knife that hacks and hews," and he can never attain the quizzing drollery (although he affects it) of the sister isle, nor the well-hidden sarcasm of the Frenchman. Mirthfulness is largely developed in the English, and *Imitation* correspondingly deficient. Its want is manifested in the brutality of the manners of the lower classes in spite of the sterling national qualities, in their solitary habits, in the insolation of character observed in individuals, in their coldness of address where there is really no coldness of heart, and by a shrinking from the display of anything like feeling to a degree that would simulate the absence of

cordiality; unlike the Irishman, who feels instinctively the degree to which friendliness and good-feeling may be made apparent, and is gracefully and naturally *hearty*.

This organ is deficient in all the Anglo-Saxon race; their habits of patient drudgery and secluded thought are checks to its developement But wherever climate or the easy means of subsistence create aversion to mental or bodily occupation, men congregate, not for conversation but for intercourse. As the dreamy hours float by, each mood of the soul as it is aroused in the breast of one is communicated to the others, and thus cloud after cloud rises and passes away, covering with the same lights and shadows the whole moral horizon. Hence the nations of the South of Europe have this power in a marked degree. The negro has it; he gained it beneath his native palms, as he idled through the sultry day or danced and sang away the night. On our shores it gives him his pliant supple nature—his docility, bending to the harsher vigor of his white master. It is manifested in his mimicry, his fondness for caricature, and in the constant allusions in the songs and melodies of his race to the natural language and habits of the brute creation.

The North American Indian has it; the long periods of idleness between the labors of the chase, and the absence of intellectual pre-occupation afford room for its growth. He, too, like the African, finds acute enjoyment in the caricature that the natural language of animals present to the same feelings in men. From this faculty together with his native dignity arises the good breeding of the red man.

In the white inhabitants of the Southern States it is strongly marked, and produces in conjunction with their other sectional characteristics, their suave and winning cordiality. North of Mason and Dixon's line, though there is less leisure, there is more collision, and we accordingly find the marks of this trait in the universal good humor and consideration of the American character.

In young children this faculty assumes the appearance of roguishness. In the brute creation it becomes the gregarious instinct. By its mysterious power, myriads of wild animals on prairies and pampas and South African plains are moved at once, electrically and by a common impulse. It swells in the notes of songsters and beams in the serene eyes of grazing kine.

As we write this, a group of children beneath the window are romping with a dog. He has a stick in his mouth which the children try to take from him. He waits till the little crowd come close to him and almost seize the stick, then twists out of their clutches, and amid shouts and laughter, tears over the grass. Now he awaits their onset, his eyes starting out of his head with delight. There is Imitation and Mirthfulness for you! What mute merriment! There is nothing cynical in his laugh at any rate. He understands the fun, and the children understand him, and together they converse in the heartiest and freshest and oldest of tongues.

If you would witness these colloquies of the humbler creation, seek the fields and crawl through thicket and hazel to the foot of some tree where a flock of crows are holding ther noon-day caucus! How they peck and flout and claw each other! What gratulations! What chattering and clattering on everyside! What nods and becks and wreathed smiles! Here sits a grave circle of seniors in debate on the prospects of the commonwealth, and every man talking at once. Here is a group of youngsters, gibing, tumbling, sparring; on that branch is an incipient flirtation—yonder another plainly progressing to its fruition; above us is an orator addressing the meeting—a sly looking fellow pulls him by the tail, he loses his balance and turns a somerset among the twigs. Then what a hoarse cackle bursts forth! what shouts and cawings! even the elders join in the joke and croak grimly.

While *imitation* is in this way necessary for the action of mirthfulness, it is in the same manner conducive to a frame of mind of a very different cast. Punishment in a future world has been thought to consist in a complete unfolding to the memory, of the thoughts, scenes, transactions, secret wishes and open transgressions of a lifetime. This chaos of contending passions, the good torn with remorse for the evil it has permitted, and sighing over the truth it has neglected, the evil regretting the good it unwillingly allowed and still gnaw-

ing over each malign purpose left unaccomplished, would be a Pandemonium in the breast of every man to which physical tortures could add no sting. A similar state of mind is produced, not with regard to time past but time present, by the faculty we are discussing. This very pliability brings up at the same moment the most opposite and distracting moods. The same incongruity that creates mirth, produces along with it, a jar and clash of pain, resulting not from mirthfulness itself, but from the contrariety of feeling which is its condition. We believe that, universally, humor cannot exist without the sense of repulsiveness—the skeleton at the feast. To be able to soar into the region of truth and honor and ideal beauty, and with equal facility, and almost at the same moment to wallow in the sty of the sensualist, to rise with Plato in worship of the good and beautiful, and in the very instant to sneer with the ribald and the debauched, now with heroes looking boldly at death and laughing, now viewing with pale lips the narrow grave and its skeleton, such heart music as this is the moaning of threatening ruin, confusion, madness.

Such was Swift. Each impulse of good was met by a taunt from the fiend within him, each malign and unholy thought was sighed over by the lingering good, each jest that set the table in a roar was a wail of agony from his diseased heart. The tree could never live with such hurricanes howling through its branches, but withered at the top.

Humorous men are always subject to terrible fits of depression, which is not reaction, for the gayety of mirthfulness is very different from the gayety of health and animal spirits. It is the workings of this faculty. To this also may be ascribed the gloom and waywardness of the *irritabile genus*—the miserable desponding lives of men of genius.

Reader, knowest thou the hum that the labor of men sends echoing through nature? the dim unsyllabled sounds traversing the fields of air, rising frem busy handcrafts around us? Even on western plains, where each man's home is an island in the grassy wilderness, where the nearest ploughman seems a crawling speck, even there the fine vibrations quiver, although our careless apprehension may notice nothing but the most absolute quiet; for when the Sabbath lifts the curse of toil from weary shoulders, the murmur ceases. The stillness becomes brooding and solemn—it is the thanks of resting millions.

This silence, the hush of the Sabbath morn, resembles the lives of one of the two great classes we have been describing. Few sounds reach them in their seclusion, but, shut out from the living and breathing world, they are hermits in the midst of crowds. They see action, wrong-doing, suffering, the strivings and wrestlings of men, but the clue of all this movement, the spirit that moves the whole is never revealed to their clouded apprehension. In loneliness they live, in equal solitude they die.

But often circumstances have hidden the native talent, and opportunity alone is wanting for development. Habits of abstraction, forced seclusion, a youth of books will not wholly extinguish the fire—it still smoulders on. After years may remove the incubus, and then what a young and infinite world becomes visible! What new regions—what inviting explorations! How the eager lips drink of the sparkling life! But there are dregs in the cup. T. C. C.

CONGRESSIONAL SUMMARY.

It is our melancholy duty to record the death of General Zachary Taylor, President of the United States. At thirty-five minutes past ten of the evening of July 9, in the sixty-sixth year of his age, President Taylor expired after a brief illness, occasioned by exposure on the fourth of July.

This event, so totally unexpected from the well known vigor of health always enjoyed by the President, has been met by the most unequivocal and sincere regret from all parts of the country, and from men of all parties. None were prepared to see the veteran who had passed through severe military duties in the swamps of Florida, and on the plains of Mexico, unharmed by bullet or pestilence, struck down in the midst of his friends, and in the high station to which his country had raised him.

The sincerity of purpose, and unbending rectitude of President Taylor, had drawn out not only the attachment of those of his own political principles, but the respect and confidence of his warmest opponents. The unaffected symplicity of his character, and his republican plainness of manners, contrasted with the greatness of his military achievements, had inspired in all hearts a pride in him as being the man of the times. We fully believe that the grandeur of his public career, and the unpretending integrity of his private life, though acknowledged now, will only meet with due appreciation from posterity. His virtues are now partially concealed by the rush of events into which the latter portion of his life was thrown. But when the present becomes history, what is now love for an eminent fellow-citizen, will become enthusiasm for the republican chief.

His last words were:—"I am prepared; I have endeavored to do my duty."

In the elevation of General Zachary Taylor to the Presidency, we see not only the virtues of the man, but the presence of similar characteristics in the people whose votes raised him into power. We see not only the admiration for military deeds, which proceeds from the element of ardor and enterprise, that the votes of the youth of our country give to our national institutions, but the straight-forward views, and the home-loving habits of the great body of our fellow-citizens. The quiet parlor at the White House was the home, not only of President Taylor, but of the genius of the American people. Few men rise into power except by embodying in their own persons, the thoughts, opinion, or wishes of those with whom the power rests. Here lies the source of the universal sorrow that chilled the whole country on the death of our late President. Zachary Taylor, with all his military renown, would have been out of place at the head of the French republic; with all his plainness and freedom from ostentation, he would never have suited the earlier revolutionists of the same nation. As much as the sober, law-abiding, conservative liberty of our people differs from the revelry and license of that period, does President Taylor differ from their *sans cullottes* chiefs; and for like reasons, the republican simplicity at Washington could never degenerate into the splendor of the Court of Versailles.

The same stern virtues and simple dignity that early Rome demanded in her generals and civic leaders, mitigated in this age by a higher civilization, have raised to the presidency the mild and kind-hearted, but resolute man that a nation now mourns.

The following judicious observations, taken from the Literary World of July 20, show the singular degree in which the feelings of the country had become enlisted in the welfare of its first citizen:

"One of the most affecting incidents we have heard connected with the death of General Taylor, that great event which has, more than any similar incident of many years, touched the heart of the American community, is the circumstance of crowds of the country people flocking to the railway stations to ascertain if this sudden report could be true. This individualizes to our minds the interest in the late President felt by the masses, which seems vague and indefinite, abstract and remote, when spoken of simply as felt by the country. The nation collectively does feel this calamity, but in this incident we have a glimpse of the people who compose the community. We see the men coming from their houses and from their labors, seeking news of a personal friend, and we may imagine some

among them grieving as if a part of their own life had been taken from them. To each, President Taylor had appeared a revival of the great first incumbent of the office. They saw in him, and the thought at least did honor to their hopes and wishes, the inheritor of the virtues of George Washington. They had loved to couple the names together and trace the parallel in their lives and fortunes. There were grounds for the suggestion of resemblance. Both were remarkable, not merely for their military and civic worth, but for the same modesty and sincerity in its manifestation. Talking with neither at Washington would you have been likely to to be reminded of the soldier. They did not carry the military man out of the camp or battle field. Members of a profession, the military, the most prone to public display and the exercise of personal vanity, — a profession living on the breath of popular admiration in proportion as it is essentially unsupported by the healthy natural instincts of society—neither bore about him that atmosphere of egotism apt to invest great popular commanders. People heard no trumpetings from Washington of Trenton, or from Taylor of Buena Vista. The latter can afford to throw discredit on the horrors of war —as he did. A consequence of this moderation regarding his military calling is seen in the notices written of him since his death. His friends seem to have forgotten his brilliant Mexican victories in their consideration of him as a man, a lover of justice, of moderation, of simple habits, the firm patriot and Protector of the Union,—the President of the whole American People. His memory, it is felt, does not need the tinsel glorification of ordinary military fame.

"The public view of President Taylor of late was blended with the consideration of the peculiar state questions in which his office was connected. It will now return to the man as he first became known to the people in the half-forgotten epithet, "Old Zack." His doughty resolution, his courage, his honesty, his plain sincerity, his simple "rough and ready" manners, come back to us as we recall the time when the whole nation hung in suspense upon his movements in a foreign land, with his isolated band of our countrymen in Mexico; when he was in danger and in peril, and the perplexities of statesmanship at home would have been aggravated by his defeat,— but that defeat was never heard of. Still he fought on and fought it out, repaired all the errors of the campaign by victory, and still remained the placid, calm Zachary Taylor, with not a trace of egotism or vanity about him. It was felt that enough of the man lay under the soldier to support the civilian, and that such virtues were useful to any station. They were fast proving so in the capital, amidst the most important trials of the State. When familiarity with public business had ripened his self-confidence, he would, we may be assured, have stood more prominently forward in the State, and have held no indistinct position, whatever the cost, in the maintenance of every sound principle of morals and right, before the public eye."

At a meeting of the Historical Society, in New York, President Charles King, of Columbia College, made the following eloquent remarks:

The fact that such a man presided over the country—when Disunion raised its hideous head, was of itself a guarantee—slaveholder as he was, that he would not permit the Republic to receive any detriment, and although men, the most eminent among the statesmen of our country, took other views—not to say conflicting views—the confidence, that having thoroughly deliberated upon the policy adopted by him, the President would adhere to it, relieved the question of much embarrassment, and the public mind of much anxiety. Reposing with entire faith in this conviction, I was startled, as by the voice of an earthquake, and almost with the earthquakes' ominous portent, at the annunciation of General Taylor's death.

It would be unseasonable wholly on this occasion, and to such an audience quite superfluous, to dwell upon the military career of Gen. Taylor. It is too brilliant, as well as too recent, to require anything more than this partial allusion to it, as developing the virtues, the moderation, and the humanity of high Christian civilization and morality, not less signally than the martial qualities of valor and enterprise in battle, and of fortitude and self-reliance in all privation and difficulties.

Returning laurel-crowned and victorious from a foreign war, he was hailed, from his first landing on his native strand, as the future President. With what unaffected modesty he received these new honors—how scrupulously he abstained from any and every step that might look like seeking this high office—how calmly and how simply, when installed as President, he bore his honors—how resolutely he has encountered the urgent claims of the station upon all his faculties—and with what truly national views he had inaugurated his administration—I need not attempt to recite. But when contrasting the universal trust in him, to carry the country triumphantly through its difficulties—with the suddenness and the completeness of his overthrow from the summit of earthly power—we reflect upon our shivered hopes and frail human reliances—we may exclaim with the eloquent French preacher, "God alone is great;" and although, in the presumption of human success, we be too lit-

tle mindful of this truth, it is most irresistibly brought home to every heart by one such signal demonstration as that we are now called to mourn.

I confess myself, sir, to have been, and still to be deeply moved by this most unexpected and most lamented death. With no other interest now in political men and political events than such as belongs to every citizen of a Republic—and, albeit, withdrawn, most happily for myself, from the public arena, where for so many years I was an earnest combatant, I yet had not been unmindful of the scenes passing at Washington. What American, loving his country, could be? But I had been little excited by them, and not at all by the hot breath of Disunion, sent forth by turbulent agitators at the seat of Government—living in their own little circle, heating each other by reciprocal action—and uttering the cries of their crazy fanaticism as though it were the great voice of the people. I knew that the masses were sound—and that, however politicians might rave, they could not and would not be permitted to shake the glorious fabric of our Union.

I trusted in these masses—and I trusted, too, in that single-hearted patriotic brave old soldier, whom the unerring instinct of those masses had called from the field to the Executive chair. Other men there were of all parties, better known and more eminent than he, as trained and practised statesmen—but none of those in so great a degree as he, took hold of the popular heart, and inspired it with the confidence, that in the Presidential chair, as at Palo Alto, Resaca, Monterey, and Buena Vista, he would be master of himself, and, therefore, probably master of events.

In presence of the two Houses of Congress, Mr. Webster spoke in eulogy of President Taylor, to the following effect:

At a time when remarkable health and happiness is enjoyed throughout the whole country, it has pleased Divine Providence to visit the Houses of Congress with repeated occasions of mourning and lamentation. Since the commencement of the Session, we have followed two of our members to their last home; and we are now called upon to take a part in the solemnities of the funeral of the President of the United States. Truly has a great man fallen among us. The late President, a soldier by profession, after a splendid career of military service, had, at the close of the war with Mexico, inspired the people of the United States with such a regard and confidence, that, without solicitation, or devious policy, without turning a hair's breadth from the path of duty, the popular vote and voice conferred upon him the highest civil authority in the nation. We cannot forget that the public feeling was carried away in a degree by the *eclat* of military renown. A high respect for noble feats of arms has ever been found in the hearts of the members of a popular government. But it was not to this alone that President Taylor owed his acceptability with the people and his advancement to high civil trust. "I believe," said Mr. Webster, "that, associated with these qualities, there was spread throughout the community a high degree of confidence and faith in the integrity and honor and uprightness of the man. I believe he was especially regarded as both a firm and mild man, in the exercise of authority. And I have observed more than once in this, and in other popular governments, that the prevalent motives with the masses of mankind, for conferring high power on individuals, is a confidence in their mildness. Their parental protection is regarded as a sure and safe character. The people naturally feel safe where they feel themselves to be under the control and protection of sober council—men of impartial minds, and a general paternal superintendence. I suppose, sir, that no case ever happened in the very best days of the Roman Republic, where any man found himself clothed with the highest authority in the State, under circumstances more repelling all suspicion of personal application, all suspicion of pursuing any crooked path in politics, or all suspicion of having been actuated by sinister views and purposes, than in the case of the worthy, and eminent, and distinguished, and good man, whose death we now deplore."

Mr. Seward's speech in Senate, July 2, 1850. The Compromise Bill being under consideration, Mr. Seward having the floor, spoke to the following effect:

If an alien in our land were to enter here during these debates, he would ask whether California was a stranger and an enemy, or an unwelcome intruder, or a fugitive, powerless, and importunate, or a dangerous oppressor. California is none of this. She has yielded to persuasion, and not to conquest; she has delivered to us the treasures of the eastern world; but she refuses to allow us to buy and sell each other within her domain. This is the head and front of her offending.

The President of the United States recommends that California shall be admitted unconditionally, while a committee of the Senate insists on conditions.

I prefer, said Mr. Seward, the President's suggestion, not merely because it is the President's, though he fully trusted in his patriotism and wisdom, nor out of disrespect to the statesmen by whom it was opposed, but because the proposed conditions were unreasonable and oppressive in regard to California. These conditions are the establishment of a territorial government in New

Mexico, silent concerning slavery; the establishment of a like government at Washington; a compromise of a border dispute between New Mexico and Texas; and some collateral conditions respecting slavery in the District of Columbia, the recapture of fugitives, etc. It is not contended that California needs the aid of those measures; but she is avowedly taxed to carry in safety into port, what would be utterly lost without such assistance.

And why should California be subjected to this embarrassment? She does not come to us without right; for she has a treaty which is neither denied nor questioned. Her necessities are great, for her anomalous condition touches not only our sense of justice, but our compassion. She is not the cause of these difficulties, for she neither brought the states into confederation, nor framed the constitution; she neither planted slavery in the slave states, nor uprooted it in the free states; she neither invades New Mexico with Texas, nor resists Texas with New Mexico; she neither buys, sells, holds, emancipates, reclaims, or harbors slaves; she has neither speech nor vote in this angry strife; she has cut loose from the slight political connection she had with Utah and New Mexico. The slave states indeed insist on a right to colonize new territory with a caste, but do not deny that the community in such territory may establish a constitution without a caste; and this, California, already colonized and mature, has done for herself.

We have been told that California would save time by yielding to this most unjust combination, and the error of this hope has been fully demonstrated. We have been told that a minority in another part of the legislature might prevent her admission, and even arrest the action of the general government. But it must work in its own democratic and constitutional way, or must cease to work at all; for surely no one or more of the states can assume the responsibility of bringing the government to a dead stand by faction.

These conditions are equally unreasonable in regard to Texas, New Mexico, Utah, and the District of Columbia, for each of these parties asks only a just award, and Congress is to be deemed ready to make a just one and no other. The incongruous combination of these claims seems adapted to enable senators to speak on one side and vote for the other; to promote the Wilmot proviso, and yet defeat its application to the only territories open to its introduction.

While I leave, said Mr. Seward, the interests of Texas in the care of her honorable and excellent senators, I must be allowed to think that their consent to this bill betrays a want of confidence in her claims or in the justice of Congress. A just claim ought not to need an unjust combination. Those who assume that Texas has a valid title to all of New Mexico east of the Rio Grande, as high as the 42d parallel, will necessarily regard that state as surrendering, for a pecuniary equivalent, an extensive region effectively secured to slavery, to the equivocations of this compromise. Those, on the contrary, who regard the pretensions of Texas in New Mexico as groundless, will as certainly protest against the surrender of 70,000 square miles of soil pregnant with liberty to the hazards of this adjustment. Both of these parties, I think, must agree that the United States ought not to pay Texas the equivalent unless her title is good, and that if her title is good, then the United States have no constitutional power to buy her territory. If they may buy a part of Texas for purposes not defined in the constitution, they may buy the whole. If they may buy the territory of a slave state to make it free, they may equally buy the soil of a free state to sterilize with slavery. If it be replied that the title is in dispute, then the transaction changes character. The equivalent is paid for peace, and Texas is not yet lifted up so high, nor the United States brought down so low, as to obtain my consent to so humiliating a traffic.

He could vote, the senator continued, to pay the debt of Texas, on the ground that the repudiation in the agreement of annexation was fraudulent. But Texas prefers that we should buy domain and dominion from her rather than pay her debts. She must satisfy us then concerning the cardinal points in the bargain, viz: First, *The reasonableness of the amount to be paid.* Second, *The value of the equivalent.* Third, *The title of the vendor.* Fourth, *The use to which the territory is to be applied.*

The amount to be paid in the bill of compromise is set down in blank, and the blank kept open. We are obliged to assume that Texas is to be paid more than her claim is worth, since she will not trust to a distinct and independent negociation. The payment is a condition of the admission of California; and thus we see California the desire of the nation and the envy of the world, chaffering with money-changers and stock-jobbers to obtain her admission into the Union.

The extent and value of the acquisition are equally unsatisfactory. When the question is on the sum to be paid, Texas owns nearly all New Mexico, but when it comes on the domain to be obtained, it turns out that we are to cede to Texas a part of that province to save the rest. Surely if we concede to Texas the admiration her representatives require, they must admit that she knows how to coin our admiration into gold.

Concerning the title, it is beyond dispute that the territory which Texas offers, was from time immemorial, an integral part of New Mexico; that not an acre of it was ever in the possession of Texas, either by bargain, by conquest, or by treaty concession; and that the United States found it in the possession of New Mexico, conquered, bought it, and holds it by treaty solemnly executed. Texas, it is true, asserted in 1826, by a law on her statute-book, that her boundary should be the 42d parallel; that is, she declared her purpose to conquer so much of New Mexico. But this purpose she never executed, she came into the Union without it, and her statute was, therefore, mere *brutem fulmen*. The United States, in the articles of annexation, refused to commit themselves to the claim of Texas. Subsequently the United States waged war against Mexico, not for the claim of Texas, but for other causes, and being thus engaged, accepted New Mexico and California as indemnities for the expenses of the contest, after paying fifteen millions of dollars for their excess in value. Thus the United States, free from obligation to Texas, acquired the territory of New Mexico, making the conquest and paying the whole consideration alone. The claim of Texas is as groundless in equity, as by the strict rules of law; it is as good to the whole of California as to New Mexico.

With regard to the purposes to which the territory is to be applied, the proposition is equally unsatisfactory. New Mexico is free soil now by the operation of unrepealed Mexican laws; the bill might raise a doubt upon that subject. I prefer, said Mr. SEWARD, to leave New Mexico as it is.

Every phase of this compromise exhibits injustice to New Mexico, and a dismemberment of her territory, for which she receives no equivalent. Texas already possessing a vast and fertile domain, is to be still further enriched at the expense of New Mexico, less extensive and comparatively sterile. This perversion of right proceeds upon the ground that either New Mexico has no certain title, or that she has no political government to defend it. But this province was a distinct colony of Spain. She was a State in the Republic of Mexico, and afterwards a political territory in that Republic. She has domain, population, resources and qualified dominion, arts, customs, laws, and religion. She has all of the elements of greatness, subordinate to the United States, but nevertheless distinctly apart from other communities. Pressed by the encroachments of Texas, and by the jealousy of the slave States, she implores from us the protection of her territory and of her constitution. Her ancient charter contains the glowing words established by the consent of mankind, and which Jefferson has made our own:

'All men naturally were born free, and were by privilege above all the creatures, born to command and not to obey earthly authority, not derived from their own consent.'

That charter is in our own hands. If we erase this principle, and give it back to New Mexico, a mutilated and lifeless thing, we shall have repeated the crime of the partition of Poland, the crime of the subversion of the recent Republic of Italy, the crime of the Stuart who seized the charters of the free corporations of England, and lost a throne, and of the Guelph who interpolated taxation without representation into the constitution of Britain, and lost a continent. It would be an act so unjust and tyrannical, that upon the principles of our separation from Great Britain, it would forfeit our title altogether.

But it is said the ordinance of '87 is unnecessary in New Mexico, and therefore is an abstraction, and that it gives offence. I cannot, said Mr. SEWARD, yield implicit faith to those who assure me that the peculiarities of soil and climate in New Mexico exclude slavery. They are combined with other statesmen who deny that point; while this bill itself expressly concedes it, by covenanting to admit New Mexico as a slave State should she come in that character. There are slaves at this moment in Utah, and a benevolent purpose cannot be conceded to arguments which knit contradictions as closely as words can lie together. All promulgations of rights are necessarily abstractions. Our Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States are full of such abstractions; the constitutions of some of the slave States contain them, hopefully looking to future realization. The abstraction now in question is the right of all the members of a State to equal political freedom. That is the Wilmot proviso—the proviso of freedom. It can be renounced safely nowhere, certainly not in New Mexico, which is the very field of contest. It is the vantage ground of freedom, and if we surrender here, where else shall we make resistance?

We have taken a breathing spell from Annexation of Territory, to divide the gains. This division once made, no matter how, the national instinct—an instinct fostered by democratic sentiments and sympathies, and invigorated by martial ambition, will hurry us on in a career that presents scarce formidable obstructions. Whatever seemed attractive to the Slave States in Louisiana, in Florida, in Texas, in New Mexico and in California, is surpassed in the Valley of Mexico, in Yucatan, in Cuba, in Nicaragua, in Guatemala and in other States of Central America. There are fields native to the Tobacco plant, to the Rice plant, to the Cotton plant, and to the sugar cane and the tropical fruits; and there are even mines of silver and of gold. There the climate disposes to indolence, indolence to luxu-

ry, and luxury to Slavery. There, those who can read the Wilmot Proviso only in the rigors of perpetual winter, or in arid sands, will fail to discern its inhibition. Our pioneers are already abroad in these inviting regions. Our capital is making passages through them from ocean to ocean; and within ten years these passages will be environed by American communities, surpassing in power and wealth, if not in numbers, the unsettled and unenterprising States now existing there. You will say that National moderation will prevent further Annexation. But National moderation did not hold us back from the Mississippi, nor from the Nueces, nor from the Rio Grande, nor from the coast of the Pacific ocean. The virtue grows weaker always as the nation grows stronger.

"The demand of the Slave States for a division line of 36° 30', or elsewhere across the continent, between Slavery in the South and Freedom in the North, betrays the near expectation of these conquests. The domestic production and commerce in slaves will supplant the African slave trade, and new Slave States will surround the Gulf of Mexico and cover its islands. These new States, combined with Slave States already existing, will constitute a Slave Empire, whose seat of commerce on the Crescent Levee will domineer not only over the Southern portion of the continent, but through the Mississippi and its far-reaching tributaries, over the valley between the Alleghanies and the Rocky Mountains. This, Sir, is the dream of the slaveholder, and this is the interpretation thereof. I know full well that it is woven of the stuff which all 'dreams are made of:' I know how hopeless would be the attempt to establish and to maintain such States, and an Empire composed of such States. But I know that nothing seems to Slavery impossible, after advantages already won, and that calamities distant, and therefore divided, will not deter it from the prosecution of its purpose, or extinguish the hope of success."

Cherishing these opinions, said Mr. SEWARD, I have struggled hard to extend the ordinance of '87 over New Mexico. Failing in that, he should fall back, as in the case of California, and leave New Mexico to the protection of her ancient laws, deeming her more safe than in the suspicious security of the compromise. This is non-intervention, but it is compulsory, and not the non-intervention of treachery. This is the plan proposed by the President, who anticipated the present failure from the known discordance of the two Houses of Congress, as we all might well have anticipated it.

Another condition in the bill of compromise, relates to slavery in the District of Columbia. This District, the offspring of the Republic, is cherished equally by all the States; but it lacks, in the high position that the destinies of the nation will give it, one element of prosperity, the freedom of labor, and one element of greatness, the dignity of labor. Are these great interests of the Capital to be kept down by the weight of California—not California by herself, for she would need no assistance, but California loaded with the weight of your gratuity to Texas, and of the suppression of freedom in Utah and New Mexico?

The scheme of compromise has engrossed the Senate six months to the exclusion of every other measure. We have been driven and harrassed into its consideration by alarms of danger to the Republic. The Commonwealth labored with wounds that threatened its safety. Let us then apply the probe to these wounds, the first of which is the alleged neglect to surrender fugitive slaves.

It has not been proved that three fugitives a year are withheld against lawful demand. Nay, said Mr. SEWARD, I think it is not proved that even one is so withheld. The value of slave property has not been impaired one dollar. Where then is the evil? The people of the free States hesitate at the execution of the act of 1793 among them, without an adequate provision for distinguishing between the real fugitive and the free citizen. The remedy proposed is to allow, after surrender, a trial to the alleged fugitive in the State to which he is conveyed; a remedy which will only serve to aggravate the evil. Are we then prepared to confess that this proud Republic approaches its downfall because a slave sometimes finds refuge under it in spite of its laws?

The next of these evils is the agitation of slavery in the District of Columbia. There are only a thousand slaves here, all told. The people of the free States remonstrate against this bondage, but wait patiently until the mind of the nation can be moved to abolish it. The bill proposes to stop the traffic in slaves, and in lieu thereof, to exact a guarantee for the continuance of slavery. This is healing the wound by plunging the knife more deeply in.

The next evil is the encroachment of Texas upon new Mexico. Well, we will leave the territory of New Mexico in the keeping of the President, and her free institutions to the care of her own people, until she can come here as a State, and demand admission into the Union.

The fourth of these disasters is the solitude of 10,000 Mormons in the basin of the Salt Lake. But this solitude is of their own choosing; and when they have gathered a population adequate to sustain a State Government, they can establish one; and, in the meantime, they are living under the protection of our laws and arms.

The only real wound, then, upon the body politic is, the suspension of California, and

this the President proposes to us to heal immediately, and by itself alone.

Still, it is said that the country is irritated and distracted. The country is neither irritated nor excited, but worried and become impatient by our own delays.

But it is replied, the slavery question must be settled. The slavery question never can be settled, at least by this bill. Slavery and Freedom are conflicting systems, brought together by the union of the States, but not harmonized nor neutralized. Their antagonism is radical, and therefore perpetual. In entering the career of conquest, you have kindled to a fierce heat the fire you seek to extinguish, by throwing into them the fuel of Propagandism—the propagandism of slavery, and the propagandism of freedom—and on neither side can it be arrested. The sea is covered with exiles, and they swarm over the land. Emigration from all quarters of the globe goes on, and must go on, in obedience to laws higher than the Constitution. They form continuous, unbroken processions of colonists, founders of States, builders of nations; and wherever colonies, states, or nations are founded, labor is always there, and commences its strife for freedom and power. "You may slay the Wilmot proviso in the Senate Chamber, and bury it beneath the capitol to-day, the corse in complete steel will haunt your legislative halls to-morrow.

When the strife is ended in the territories you now possess, it will be renewed on new fields; for both of the parties know, there is 'yet the word hereafter.'"

We subjoin the following Resolutions, as unanimously adopted on the 10th of June, by the Convention at Nashville. They seem to present two alternatives for the settlement of the controversy, viz.:

The early enactment by Congress of such laws as may be necessary and expedient to secure to the slaveholder wishing to emigrate to the territories with his slaves, his rights of ownership in them; or a partition of the territories between the sections of the country upon the basis of the Missouri Compromise line.

THE RESOLUTIONS.

1. *Resolved,* That the Territories of the United States belong to the people of the several States of this Union as their common property; that the citizens of the several States have equal rights to migrate with their property to these Territories, and are equally entitled to the protection of the Federal Government in the enjoyment of that property so long as the Territories remain under the charge of that Government.

2. *Resolved,* That Congress has no power to exclude from the territory of the United States any property lawfully held in the States of the Union, and any acts which may be passed by Congress to affect this result is a plain violation of the Constitution of the United States.

3. *Resolved,* That it is the duty of Congress to provide governments for the Territories, since the spirit of American institutions forbids the maintenance of military governments in time of peace; and as all laws heretofore existing in Territories once belonging to foreign powers which interfere with the full enjoyment of religion, the freedom of the press, the trial by jury, and all other rights of persons and property as secured or recognized in the Constitution of the United States, are necessarily void so soon as such territories become American Territories, it is the duty of the Federal Government to make early provision for the enactment of those laws which may be expedient and necessary to secure to the inhabitants of and emigrants to such Territories the full benefit of the constitutional rights we assert.

4. *Resolved,* That to protect property existing in the several States of the Union, the people of these States invested the Federal Government with the powers of war and negotiation, and of sustaining armies and navies, and prohibited to State authorities the exercise of the same powers. They made no discrimination in the protection to be afforded or the description of the property to be defended, nor was it allowed to the Federal Government to determine what should be held as property. Whatever the States deal with as property the Federal Government is bound to recognise and defend as such. Therefore it is the sense of this convention that all acts of the Federal Government which tend to denationalize property of any description recognized in the constitution and laws of the States, or that discriminate in the degree and efficiency of the protection to be afforded to it, or which weaken or destroy the title of any citizen upon American Territories, are plain and palpable violations of the fundamental law under which it exists.

5. *Resolved,* That the slaveholding States cannot and will not submit to the enactment by Congress of any law imposing onerous conditions or restraints upon the rights of masters to remove with their property into the Territories of the United States, or to any law making discriminations in favor of the proprietors of other property against them.

6. *Resolved,* That it is the duty of the Federal Government plainly to recognize and firmly to maintain the equal rights of the citizens of the several States in the Territories of the United States, and to repudiate the power to make a discrimination between the proprietors of different species of property in the Federal legislation. The fulfilment of this duty by the Federal Government would greatly tend to restore the peace of the country and to allay the exasperation and excitement which now exists between the different sections of the Union. For it is the deliberate opinion of this Convention that the tolerance Congress has given to the notion that Federal authority might be employed incidentally and indirectly or to subvert or weaken the institutions existing in the States confessedly beyond Federal jurisdiction and control, is a main cause of the discord which menaces the existence of the Union, and which has well nigh

destroyed the efficient action of the Federal Government itself.

7. *Resolved,* That the performance of this duty is required by the fundamental law of the Union. The equality of the people of the several States composing the Union cannot be disturbed without disturbing the frame of the American institutions. This principle is violated in the denial to the citizens of the slaveholding States of power to enter into the Territories with the property lawfully acquired in the States. The warfare against this right is a war upon the Constitution. The defenders of this right are defenders of the Constitution. Those who deny or impair its exercise, are unfaithful to the Constitution, and if disunion follows the destruction of the right, they are the disunionists.

8. *Resolved,* That the performance of its duties, upon the principle we declare, would enable Congress to remove the embarrassments in which the country is now involved. The vacant territories of the United States, no longer regarded as prizes for sectional rapacity and ambition, would be gradually occupied by inhabitants drawn to them by their interests and feelings. The institutions fitted to them would be naturally applied by governments formed on American ideas, and approved by the deliberate choice of their constituents. The community would be educated and disciplined under a republican administration in habits of self-government, and fitted for an association as a State, and to the enjoyment of a place in the Confederacy. A community so formed and organized might well claim admission to the Union, and none would dispute the validity of the claim.

9. *Resolved,* That a recognition of this principle would deprive the questions between Texas and the United States of their sectional character, and would leave them for adjustment without disturbance from sectional prejudices and passions, upon considerations of magnanimity and justice.

10. *Resolved,* That a recognition of this principle would infuse a spirit of conciliation in the discussion and adjustment of all the subjects of sectional dispute, which would afford a guaranty of an early and satisfactory determination.

11. *Resolved,* That in the event a dominant majority shall refuse to recognize the great constitutional rights we assert, and shall continue to deny the obligations of the Federal Government to maintain them, it is the sense of this convention that the Territories should be treated as property, and divided between the sections of the Union, so that the rights of both sections be adequately secured in their respective shares. That we are aware this course is open to grave objections, but we are ready to acquiesce in the adoption of the line of 36° 30′ north latitude, extending to the Pacific ocean, as an extreme concession, upon considerations of what is due to the stability of our institutions.

12. *Resolved,* That it is the opinion of this convention that this controversy should be ended, either by a recognition of the constitutional rights of the southern people, or by an equitable partition of the Territories. That the spectacle of a confederacy of States, involved in quarrels over the fruits of a war in which the American arms were crowned with glory, is humiliating. That the incorporation of the Wilmot proviso, in the offer of settlement—a proposition which fourteen States regard as disparaging and dishonorable—is degrading to the country. A termination to this controversy by the disruption of the Confederacy, or by the abandonment of the Territories to prevent such a result, would be a climax to the shame which attaches to the controversy which it is the paramount duty of Congress to avoid.

13. *Resolved,* That this convention will not conclude that Congress will adjourn without making an adjustment of this controversy; and in the condition in which the convention finds the questions before Congress, it does not feel at liberty to discuss the methods suitable for a resistance to measures not yet adopted, which might involve a dishonor to the Southern States.

The convention adjourned June 12, to meet again in six weeks after the adjournment of the present Congress. On the last day of their session, the convention adopted an address to the following effect to the people of Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Tennessee, Kentucky, Lousiana, Texas, Missouri, and Arkansas.

They had met together, they stated, in obedience to the commands of those they represented, to confer with each other concerning the relation of the people of the Southern States towards the general government, and the non-slaveholding states of the Union, on the subject of slavery.

It is sixteen years since this question and the Southern rights connected with it, began to be assailed in Congress. The agitation was commenced by claiming the right to petition Congress on any subject whatever; among the rest, those interdicted to the general government by the constitution. But it was clear that the right to petition a legislative body must be limited by its powers of legislation, for a petition is only the first step in legislation. No one can have a right to ask of another to do what he has no moral or legal right to do. Nor can any tribunal have the power to receive and consider any matter beyond its jurisdiction. The claim, therefore, to present petitions on this subject, was considered as an attempt indirectly to assume jurisdiction over slavery throughout the Union. The ultimate object of their assailants was the overthrow of slave institutions, but their attacks were aimed chiefly at its existence in the District of Columbia, and at the internal slave-trade. Conscious of the fatal tendency of this agitation in Congress, to destroy the peace and stability of the Union, an effort was made, supported by a large portion of the Northern members, to suppress it by a rule in the House of Representatives, which provided that all petitions of this kind should be neither considered, printed, nor referred. This rule

was assailed by the North as an infringement on the right of petition, and finally fell before their almost unanimous voice, and thus the unlimited power of introducing and considering the subject of slavery in Congress was asserted. But this was only one of the means of agitation set on foot by the people of the Northern States. Newspapers were set up, and lecturers sent through the country to excite it against the institutions of the South, organizations were started to carry off slaves, and to protect them by forcible means. Though the Constitution of the United States requires that fugitive slaves, like fugitives from justice, should be rendered up by the States to which they may have fled, the legislatures of every Northern State passed laws with the expressed purpose of defeating this provision. The agitation was even introduced into the religious associations throughout the Union, and produced a separation in the Baptist and Methodist churches. Thus was an institution exclusively belonging to the South, wrested from its control, and instead of receiving the protection due to it from the general government, became the object of its unceasing attack. On the breaking out of the Mexican war, instead of the hearty co-operation of all sections of the country, the North manifested their intention of keeping up the agitation by endeavoring to thrust the question of slavery into the very first appropriation bill for carrying on operations. On the close of the war, an immense territory was added to the United States. The previous threats were realized, and the non-slaveholding States immediately claimed to exclude the people of the Southern States from all territory acquired, and to appropriate it to themselves. This pretension, arising not merely from a lust of power, but from a settled purpose of abolishing slavery by the multiplication of non-slaveholding States in the Union, is as alarming as it is insulting. The Southern States have consequently set forth with great unanimity, in their several legislatures, their rights in the territories of the United States, and have declared their determination to maintain these rights, and the more effectually to effect that purpose the present convention has assembled.

These transactions now force upon our attention the degraded position occupied by the South in the councils of the country. Their representatives daily insulted by the most opprobious epithets directed to the institutions which they represent, slavery dragged into every debate, and Congress become little else than a grand instrument in the hands of the abolitionists to degrade and ruin the South. As States, the South has from its sister States denunciation and contumely; as a part of the Union, it has from the rest of the Union aggression and robbery. They are not to extend on account of their institutions, while the North are to increase and multiply, that the shame of slavery by their philanthropic efforts may be extinguished from among you. But were the South to yield everything the North now requires, would their demands stop here? These are all means aiming at one great end—the abolition of slavery in the States. In fifty years, twenty new non-slaveholding States may be added, whilst many more which are now slaveholding, may be joined to the list. Then there will be no need to put aside the Constitution to effect their grand purpose. The non-slaveholding States will then have the power by two-thirds in Congress, and three-fourths of the States, to amend the constitution, and thus have its express sanction to consummate their policy.

But while Northern aggressions have been thus advancing, the South has adopted a suicidal course of action. They have been passive, whilst their supporters and the defenders of the constitution, in the Northern States, in their efforts to protect them from the agitations of slavery in Congress have been politically annihilated, or have turned their foes. They have tamely acquiesced, until to hate and persecute the South has become a high passport to honor and power in the Union. They have waited until the Constitution of the United States has been virtually abolished—or, what is worse, has become what the majority in Congress think fit to make it. That great principle which leaves to the general government only what is general in its nature, and reserves for the local governments whatever is local and sectional, is uprooted from the Constitution, and Congress has become a sectional despotism, totally irresponsible to the people of the South, at the same time that it is ignorant of its feelings, condition and institutions.

If we look into the nature of things, such results will not seem to be either new or strange. There is but one condition in which one people can be safe under the dominion of another people, and that is when their interests are entirely identical. Then the dominant cannot oppress the subject people without oppressing themselves. The identity of interest between them is the security of right government. But, as this identity can scarcely ever exist between any two people, history bears but one testimony as to the fate of the subject people. They have always been compelled to minister to the prosperity and aggrandizement of their masters. If this has always been the case under the ordinary difference of interests and feelings which exist between States, how much more certainly must the experience of history be realized between the

People of the Northern and Southern States. Here is a difference of climate and productions throughout a territory stretching along the whole belt of the temperate zone, affecting the pursuits and character of the people inhabiting it. But the great difference—the one great difference—the greatest which can exist among a people—is the institution of slavery. This alone sets apart the Southern States as a peculiar people, with whom independence, as to their internal policy, is the condition of their existence. They must rule themselves or perish. Every colony in the world, where African slavery existed, with one exception, has been destroyed; and if this has been the case under the old and effete governments of Europe, will it not prevail under the dominion of the restless people of the Northern States? They do not practically recognize the inferiority of the African to the Caucasian race. They do not realize, because the circumstances of their condition do not compel them to realize, the impossibility of an amalgamation between the races. Exempt from the institution of slavery, it is not surprising that their sympathies should be against us, whilst the dogma on which they profess to build their system of free government — the absolute rule of the majority — leaves no barrier to their power in the affairs of the general government, and leads them to its consolidation. Religion, too, false or real, fires their enthusiasm against an institution which many of its professors believe to be inconsistent with its principles and precepts. To expect forbearance from such a people, under such circumstances, toward the institution of slavery, is manifestly vain. If they have been false to the compact made with us in the constitution, and have allowed passion and prejudice to master reason, they have only exemplified that frailty and infallibility of our nature, which has produced the necessity of all governments, and which, if unchecked, ever produces wrong. The institution of slavery having once entered the popular mind of the non-slaveholding States, for action and control, the rest is inevitable. If unrestrained by us, they will go on, until African slavery will be swept from the broad and fertile South. The nature of things, therefore, independent of experience, teaches us that there can be no safety in submission.

The limitations of the constitution are designed for the protection of minorities, and with the minority it rests to defend it when assailed. The constitution does not protect the majority, for they have all the powers of government in their own hands, and can protect themselves. The South, by submission, would as much betray their duty, as the North by aggression.

In what way, then, shall they preserve the constitution and secure their own safety?

As a general rule, it is undoubtedly true that when, in a government like ours, a constitution is violated by a majority—who alone can violate it in matters of legislation, it cannot be restored to its integrity through the ordinary means of government, for those means being under the control of the majority are not available to the minority. For this reason, frequent elections of our rulers take place, that the people, by their direct intervention, may change the majority. But this is no longer a resource to us, for our representatives have been true to the trust confided to them, and have done all that men can do to preserve the constitution from assaults, while such is the state of public sentiment at the North, that every new election only serves to increase the preponderance of the majority. The ballot-box is at last powerless for the protection of Southern interests. The present Congress has been six months in session, and during that time slavery has been the absorbing topic of discussion. Yet nothing has been done to heal the discontents which so justly exist at the South. Its attention is now occupied by the measures proposed in a report made by a Committee of thirteen members. As these measures have been pressed on the South as worthy her acceptance, a brief consideration of the matters they treat of is deemed proper.

This report embraces four distinct measures:—1st, the admission of California as a State, with the exclusion of slavery in her constitution. 2d, territorial governments to be erected over the territories of Utah and New Mexico, with nearly one half of Texas to be added to the latter. 3d, the prohibition of the slave trade in the District of Columbia. 4th, provisions for the recapture of fugitive slaves in the non-slaveholding States.

The bill excludes the South from the whole of that part of California lying on the Pacific, including one hundred and fifty thousand square miles of territory. This exclusion of slavery is essentially the consequence of the legislation of Congress, whether by direct action or by confirming and carrying out the pretensions of the individuals in that territory who have appropriated the soil to themselves and erected a government over it. The constitution of California becomes the act of Congress, and the Wilmot proviso it contains is the Wilmot proviso passed and enforced by the legislation of Congress. Had this constitution, thus proposed by California, been silent on the subject of slavery, would the North have consented to her admission? The territorial bills brought forward for California at the last Congress were of this nature, but they were rejected, because the South was not excluded from this territory in express terms. The people of California have in this way been exposed to the inconveniences of

being left without a civil government, in consequence of the determination of the South to defend their own rights. Due allowance has been made for these hardships, and in the resolutions submitted by the Convention of the people of the Southern States, it is recommended that California be admitted as a State on certain conditions.

The next measure reported by the Committee of thirteen, relates to the boundary of Texas and New Mexico. It takes from Texas territory sufficient to form two large States, and adds them to New Mexico. This province is intended in another year to follow the example of California, and to be admitted into the Union with a constitution prohibiting slavery. Thus will territory, over which slavery now exists, be snatched from the South and be handed over to the non-slaveholding States. The pretext for this is, that there is some doubt as to the boundaries of Texas. But Texas, by her laws when she was admitted into the Union, had but one boundary, and that was the Rio Grande. Congress, in the resolutions of annexation, recognized the boundary by laying down a line of limitation between the slaveholding and non-slaveholding States (the Missouri compromise line), through that very part of her territory, the right to which is now questioned. To vindicate this boundary, the Mexican war took place, and in the treaty of Guadalope Hidalgo, it was finally settled beyond all doubt, by a clause designating the Rio Grande as the boundary between Mexico and the United States. Texas should, undoubtedly, be quieted as to her boundaries, but it should be by a law plainly acknowledging them. If, after such acknowledgment, the general government should think proper to purchase any territory from Texas, the arrangement would be unobjectionable. But any settlement of these difficulties which would leave a shade of doubt as to the right of the South to enter any portion of these territories, neither Texas nor the general government have any right to make.

The country proposed to be surrendered by Texas lies along the western frontier of the Indian territory. This is now a slaveholding section and properly is a part of the South. Place alongside of this, two non-slaveholding States, and slavery here will have the same influence to encounter as in the Southern States, with far less ability on the part of the Indian to withstand them.

Another concession there is, which the South is called upon to make, and not even to the interest, but to the mere prejudices of the North. Slavery existed in the District of Columbia, when Congress accepted the cession of the territory composing it, from the States of Maryland and Virginia. No one can suppose that these States could ever have designed to give Congress any power over the institution of slavery in this district, for independently of the wrong done to the inhabitants, it would be an intolerable evil to have a portion of territory between them where emancipation prevails by the authority of Congress. Nevertheless, the bill of Compromise proposes that Congress should begin the work of emancipation, by declaring free every slave that is brought into the district for the purposes of sale.

For all these concessions to the North, the South is to receive a return in the fugitive slave bill. This bill, as it is proposed to amend it, is quite inadequate to restore the fugitive to his owner; and in the second place, is no concession on the part of the North, as it gives the South no more than she is entitled to. More than this, under pretext of a benefit, it perpetrates a usurpation on the reserved rights of the States. It provides that a slave may arraign his master before the courts of the State, and the United States, to try his right to his freedom. This is virtually extending the jurisdiction of Congress over slavery in the States.

The only compromise that the South could accept without dishonor, was one that has been already twice sanctioned. If the North offers the Missouri compromise line to extend to the Pacific Ocean, though they thereby gain more than three-fourths of the vacant territory of the United States, they will have renounced the insufferable pretension of restricting and preventing the extension of the South, whilst they themselves should extend indefinitely. The South should take this line as a partition line between the two sections of the Union, and, besides this, nothing but what the Constitution bestows.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

The Past, Present and Future of the Republic. Translated from the French of Alphonse de Lamartine. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1850.

This is a work written for the people of France: for every person in France who can read the French language; explaining the system of the Republic, explaining communism, taxation, suffrage; in short, giving the citizen a correct idea of his position as a republican and a voter, and instructing him what he should do to maintain his liberties. The principle of the book seems to be expressed in the following, which we quote from the 109th page.

"He who establishes order, multiplies money for the people. He who foments disorder helps to famish the people. As soon as this truth shall be comprehended by the multitude, the wealth of the people will be rediscovered. That day is not far off."

This work is a powerful defence of Government, founded on the fact of its necessity. We commend it to every voter and tax-payer in America, especially those who incline to socialistic doctrines.

Hume's History of England. New York: Harper & Brothers.

A new and elegant edition of Hume's unequalled History, serial with Gibbon's Rome and the small edition of Macaulay.

To understand the distinction between simplicity of style and rude affectation, compare a passage in one of Carlyle's late pamphlets, with Hume's eulogy upon King Alfred, in the first volume of this History.

Hand Book of Medieval Geography and History. By Wilhelm Putz. Translated from the German by the Rev. R. B. Paul, M. D. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

This work is a rapid sketch or skeleton of the history of the middle ages, with a body of questions annexed.

Mohammed, the Arabian Prophet; a Tragedy in five acts, by George H. Miles. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

This is the famous tragedy for which Mr. Edwin Forest gave one thousand dollars. It was selected as the best out of an hundred. As a natural consequence, on its appearance in print it is attacked by the press, and condemned almost without a hearing. For our own part, notwithstanding the author has received one thousand dollars for his work, we desire he may receive another thousand, if that be possible, by the sale of it; for we are compelled to rank this tragedy above many that have attained a great celebrity. Mr. Miles' versification is very perfect. In the management of the tragic blank verse, he has not his superior in modern times. Since Coleridge, it is the best. The structure of his tragedy is regular, and he follows the best models in the composition of his plot. He shows not only the complete scholar in the substance of his work, but the true artist in its construction. To all these excellencies we have only to add, that this tragedy of Mohammed is *interesting*. Although the work of a young author, it is full of genuine fire. The author comprehends the character of the ambitious and fanatical hero, and paints it with remarkable force. For those critics who can see nothing good in a work of art produced on this side the Atlantic, Mohammed will have no interest. We recommend the reading of it, not to them, but to the readers of fiction, properly speaking. Those who truly enjoy poetry and the Drama;—to them we are sure the book will prove an acceptable present. We take some credit to ourselves for having had the courage to speak well of a book which has been condemned in Boston, and the condemnation echoed in New York—which has the misfortune to have exactly ninety-nine implacable enemies, fathers of the ninety-nine competitors rejected by Mr. Forest, and worse than all, a circumstance which seals its fate, received commendation in the shape of a thousand dollar prize.

Remarks on tho Colonization of the Western Coast of Africa by the Free Negroes af the United States, and the consequent civilization of Africa, and suppression of the Slave Trade. New York: W. L. Burroughs, 113 Fulton st.

The Farmer's Guide to Scientific and Practical Agriculture. By Henry Stevens, F. R. S. E., author of the "Book of the Farm." Assisted by John P. Norton, M. A., Professor of Scientific Agriculture in Yale College, New Haven. New York: Leonard Scott & Co. 1850.

This periodical, of which the fourth number is before us, price 25 cents per number, contains, or

will contain, every thing necessary to be known by farmers for the most economical and successful cultivation of their land. The present number is beautifully illustrated. It has the appearance of being an English work re-printed in America. As the directions in it are intended chiefly for English farmers, and for the most expensive styles of farming, we know not how far it may be valuable to the American husbandman.

There is nothing on the cover of this work to indicate that it is English. To discover that, one has to read the prospectus. We learn, by examining the prospectus, that it is a re-print; but the fact that it is a re-print ought to have been honestly stamped upon the title page. In the prospectus it is said, "The contributions by Professor Norton will add greatly to the value of the book by adapting it to the soil, climate, growth, &c. of our own country." The labor undertaken by Professor Norton, of adapting this work to the soil, climate, growth, &c. of the various sections of our own country, cannot but be enormous. Professor Norton's knwledge of agriculture, and of the various modes of cultivating lands in all parts of the United States, we presume, must have qualified him for the important duty which he has undertaken, of instructing the American agriculturalist in the right methods of producing the staff of life, and the substance of food and clothing. Without such knowledge, no man can adapt an English work of agriculture to the uses of the American farmer.

The Life and Correspondence of Robert Southey. Edited by his son, the Rev. Charles Cuthbert Southey. In six parts, 25 cts. each. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1850.

Railway Ecomomy: a Treatise on the new art of Transport. With an exposition of the Practical Results of Railways in all parts of the world. Reprint. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1850.

Dr. Lardner's experience as a writer, and his remarkable skill in purloining valuable materials from other writers, will doubtless ensure that this work shall be one of the best of its kind. We have here a thick volume of 420 pages, filled with matter of extreme value and interest, without a single reference to any other author or authority, and yet we have not the least doubt that two-thirds of it is appropriated. The laws of honor and honesty seem to be gradually ceasing out of existence among publishers and miscellaneous authors. To steal literary matter has become a conventional dishonesty, against which there seems to be no protection, since editors gave up being gentlemen. At the present rate at which things are proceeding, it will soon become impossible for either editors or publishers to acquire property, unless it be under the protection of an enormous capital: and this the editors and publishers have brought upon themselves by falling into the vile habit of using other men's labor without acknowledgement. Honesty is the sole protector of regular business; dishonesty makes numbers poor, and a very few immensely rich.

Six Months in the Gold Mines. From a Journal of a three year's residence in Upper and Lower California. By E. Gould Buffum, Lieut. First Regiment New York Volunteers. Philadelphia: Lee & Blanchard.

The Green Hand: a "short" yarn. New York: Harper & Brothers.

A re-print from Blackwood of an unfinished tale, written—as two New York Magazines inform us—by the author of "Tom Cringle's Log." If this be the case, the book before us is a very posthumous work indeed; the aforesaid author having departed this world in quest of a better, some years since. And *if* composed by him, the *copy* is, in all human — or spiritual — probability, communicated to a coterie of transatlantic "knockers," after only "calling for the alphabet."

Be this as it may, the story is an interesting one, but sadly mutilated by so dense a sea-fog, as to be almost as unintelligible to the ordinary reader, as is the *pons asinorum* to a dull-headed Frenchman. In fact, the tale, with all its improbabilities and freaks of unfettered imagination, would not do at all to relate to "marines." Old salts could only properly appreciate it.

The author informs us that "a short yarn" implies—*nautice*—an unfinished one, and as this yarn has been reeled off for something over two years, we have no idea of calling the propriety of the title in question.

We have once heard a humorous tale—although at the time doubting of its veracity—of a respectable lady, of the olden time,—one who wore short gowns, and made her own short-cake with her own fair hand—having put the shortening into one of the said comestibles the wrong way, and in consequence that *par consequence*, the cake could not be broken. Perchance a similar misfortune may have befallen the book under our consideration.

How any critic could have mistaken its style for that of "Tom Cringle," &c. we cannot imagine. The only point approaching resemblance between the two, being a peculiar "jerking," a sort of plumal choreus, occasioning the reader to turn back, re-peruse the sentence, where these "fits" occur, and ultimately give up in despair all hope of understanding the author.

Hylton Harn and its Inmates. By the author of the "Hen-pecked Husband," &c. New York: Long & Brother. 1850.

Hylton Harn is the residence of one Sir Roger Verney, a particularly crabbed and disagreeable old gentleman, and the guardian of three spirited girls. In endeavoring to tame their wills and bend them in obedience to his own, Sir Roger finds ample occupation, and is ultimately entirely defeated. The book is interesting.

Woman's Friendship; a story of domestic life. By GRACE ANGUILAR, author of "Home Influence," &c. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1850.

The Vale of Cedars, or the Martyr. By GRACE ANGUILAR, author, &c. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1850.

In the space to which our remarks are necessarily limited, it would be impossible to do justice to these charming works, were we to attempt to sketch their plots, or to convey to our reader's mind an adequate idea of their real merit.

The hand that traced them is now, also, cold in death, and there remains to us a fitting remnant of a pure, gentle, and gifted spirit.

The Very Age; a comedy, by EDWARD S. GOULD. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

A very palpable satire upon a certain clique of would-be exclusives in our city, who require no other passport than the rattle of an empty head. Moustache-adorned, a bad imitation of foreign bad manners and a dubious reputation for morality.

Composed mostly of descendants of tradesmen and mechanics, tailors and coblers, green grocers, provision dealers and butchers, they regard with an air of infinite disdain any and every one, unpossessed of the greasy dollar, to which they have fallen heirs. They make a capital preserve for the adventurer. As one of the dramatic personæ says:

"It is very easy to play the Count in New York. One has but to assume a title, walk in his ties, and talk broken English—not one of the fashionables will question his nobility, especially if his moustaches are greased to a point."

Mr. Gould has used the scamp unsparingly, yet without indulging in the slightest exaggeration.

Frank Fairlegh; a scene in the life of a private pupil. By the author of Lewis Arundel, a Railroad of Life. New York: Long & Brother. 1850.

One of the best books of the kind that we ever remember to have read. Free from the gross improbabilities, and somewhat loose morality of Mr. Levers' novels, it yet possesses all their boisterous form and dashing adventure. Every page is amusing, reminding one of Albert Smith's happiest efforts, and yet without any of his imitation of Dickens. The plot is well conceived and becomes extremely exciting as we approach the crisis. In fine, to any and all who are wont to indulge in hearty laughter, or are in the least afflicted with *ennui*, we recommend Frank Fairlegh.

Heloise, or the Unrevealed Secret; a Tale, by TALVI. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1850.

A charming tale by a lady of New York. Heloise, the heroine, is the daughter of a German Princess, by a private marriage. Educated by her father's sister, she looks upon her as her mother; nor is it until the death of the former that the secret is revealed to her.

Her aunt, upon her death bed, begs Heloise to marry her cousin, whom she had hitherto considered as a brother, and to whom she was warmly attached.

She seeks him, but finds him entrapped in the toils of a coquette, and upon the eve of marriage with her.

In despair Heloise seeks the camp of her father, a General in the Russian service, and at the time in Circassia. Her cousin finally discovers the worthlessness of the woman whom he has chosen, hastens to seek our heroine, and thus the much to be desired happy conclusion, is attained. The tale is, in fact, the history of a pure and true-hearted woman, contrasted with that of a silly coquette.

The authoress gives proof of an intimate knowledge of the countries in which the scenes are laid, a knowledge, it is said, obtained from personal observation.

A New and Improved System of Notation, by ERNEST VAN HEERINGER. New York: Huntington & Savage. 1850.

The Andante of Thalberg; arranged for the Piano Forte, by ERNEST VAN HEERINGER. New York: Huntington & Savage. 1850.

The new method of musical notation, patented by Mr. Van Heeringer, is at once simple and ingenious. It dispenses with many of the difficulties hitherto encountered by the pupil, is a decided improvement upon the old system, and entitled to the thanks of all persons commencing the study and practice of music.

The various signatures of flats and sharps incident to the chromatic scale, and presenting so formidable an obstacle to the advance of the musical tyro, are, by the new notation, entirely dispensed with, simply by making the printed notes correspond in color with the key-board of the Piano Forte, the natural notes being all printed open loops or heads, and the sharps or flats, with dark or solid ones. Thus, a *white* note on G, implies G natural, while a *dark* note upon the same line signifies G sharp. Thus the learner can perceive at a glance, which is the proper key to touch, and is relieved of the necessity of constantly having in mind the various chromatic signatures so perplexing to all beginners.

The Prompter, No. 3. Edited by CORNELIUS MATHEWS. New York: W. Taylor & Co.

The Prompter, No. 3, contains an article upon "Social Distinctions;" Mrs. M. Gould's new Comedy; a capital biography of Jacob Hays; Life and Portrait of J. C. Murdock; the Ghost of John Fisher, an amusing sketch; something about dramatic law; Mr. Cooper's new comedy; the Sea Serpent again; the theatres, musical notices, &c.; and is in fact a great improvement upon the two preceding numbers. From the piquant sketches, and well timed articles, which fill this and the previous numbers, we think it will

be safe to predict a popularity and longevity to the new literary enterprise, which is seldom the fortune of similar attempts in our day and city.

The Old Oak Chest, a Romance, by G. P. R. James. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1850.

Although sufficiently interesting to repay the reader for the time spent in perusing it, the "Old Oak Chest" possesses less of originality than any of *even Mr. James' novels,* that we have read. It is, in fact, a literary twin to the "Gentleman of the Old School," and the more prominent characters are almost identical. The only difference between Sir John Haldimond and Sir Andrew Stalbrooke, between the elder Forest and William Haldimond, is in names, and throughout the book, passages continually occur which are perfectly familiar to any reader of Mr. James.

Speaking of the book *per se,* we like it, but in connection with his other works, it is but a repast of what has already been too often brought upon the table.

Gibbons' Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The occasional reading of this elegant Historian seems to be necessary to correct the harsh and bad styles created by Carlyle and his imitators. There is no finer quality of a style than fullness and ease of diction. Our Carlyleists fall into the error of mistaking an unhewn rudeness for strength and efficacy of expression.

This edition of Gibbon's delightful history has a complete index of the whole work attached to it. The work is in six volumes, small octavo, in a good style.

The present volume forms the sixth, and concluding one, of Milman's Gibbon's History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, *unabridged.* It contains a very carefully prepared Index to the work; and is now complete in six volumes.

Uniform in style with the above, are also published, *Hume's History of England,* from the Invasion of Julius Cæsar to the Abdication of James the Second,—complete in six volumes,—and continued from that time by T. Babington Macaulay.

Of the latter work only two volumes are yet published. The future volumes will appear nearly simultaneous with their issue in London.

The plan of the above series of Historical Works was originally projected by the present publishers, and are known as the "*Boston Library Editions.*" The prices at which they are now sold, places them within the means of all; and their size and mechanical execution considered, they are believed to be the cheapest series of standard works ever offered to the American public. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1850.

The Steward; a Romance of Real Life. By Henry Cockton, author of Sylvester Sound, &c. New York: Long & Brother. 1850.

We do not admire the production of Mr. Cockton's pen, but a hasty examination of "The Steward" has convinced us that it is equal, if not superior, to any of his previous efforts in the field of *very* light literature.



Winfield Scott.

THE

AMERICAN WHIG REVIEW,

No. XXXIII.

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1850

TO THE POLITICAL READER.

The Danish Question.

THE article on the Danish Question, which occupies the space usually devoted to critical notices, on the last pages of the number, was written in Europe, and sent to us late in the month, by a distinguished member of the U. S. Senate. In the number of this journal for November 1848, the reader will find an article from a Danish writer, defending the claims of Denmark.

The Danish quarrel has been made a test question in European politics; it will be fortunate for the Germanic party, if their side proves on examination to be the side of true liberty and justice. It is hardly necessary to caution the reader, who is not already versed in European politics, that truth and justice are not always to be found exclusively on one side, in a diplomatic war, such as we believe this one to be between Denmark and the Duchies. The sympathies of an American will of necessity incline him to the side of popular freedom. Could we discover the true inclinations of the *people* of the Duchies, a decision might be soon arrived at.

Southern Politics.

In the number of the Review for August we presented certain grounds of conciliation between the Northern and Southern extremes of the Party.

To most of our readers they will appear neither new nor inadmissible, as they have been already separately recognized, and in many quarters accepted, as constitutional and binding.

It is to their collective force and efficacy, as applicable to the present, and to all future controversy, that we wish to call the serious attention of our political readers. Accepted, and *acted upon*, they would silence controversy, and ensure the safety of the Union, as far as it is endangered by pro-slavery or anti-slavery agitation.

It cannot have escaped the attention of our Southern readers, at least, that advantage has been taken of the patriotic feelings of Southern Whigs, to draw them away from their allegiance to Whig principles, and as far as possible to confound all distinctions of party under pretext of a common interest and a common danger. Under this broad shield of "patriotism," which has two sides and two colors, the Locofocos, pretending to give up all distinctions, are re-organizing their own forces, while the attention of the people is diverted from their movements by the pending agitation.

Divided from the Northern Locofocos by the insuperable barrier of abolitionism, which has infected almost the entire body of that portion, Southern agitators have spared no efforts to produce a similar breach between Northern and Southern Whigs.

The revolt of the ultras of the North from the ranks of the Whig party, whose nationality and conservatism were too heavy a restraint upon them, is a sufficient evidence of the real condition and intentions of the Whigs, and ought, in honor, to satisfy those who have suspected them, that their suspicions have been unjust.

That they have advised the suppression of the slave-trade in the district of Columbia, a measure regarded, by many, as absolutely necessary to the peace of the Union; that they have desired to restrain the acquisition of new territories; that they have exercised the right of regulating and suppressing slavery, and other institutions, deemed by them injurious to liberty, in their *own* states; these are movements to which no objections can be raised. They have exercised, in so doing, rights, which they hold in common with all the States.

We are informed, that the leaders of the so-called "Free-soil" party are endeavoring to form an union with the Locofocos. They have given abundant evidence of their intentions, and true political affinities. The Locofoco party in the North lean strongly toward them, and there is every prospect of a complete contamination of that party with the extreme and violent doctrines of the Provisoists.

At this crisis, nothing can be more surprising to Northern Whigs, than the signs of disaffection, which have appeared in some quarters, in the South. They relied upon their Southern friends to pursue a moderate and constitutional course, and to maintain the spirit and organization of the party. Instead of which, we hear, now and then, of Whigs infected with the traitorous spirit of the Nashville convention, a body, every active and organic member of which has earned for himself political damnation.

Respectable members of that convention listened seriously to propositions for a Southern confederacy, to be supported by an alliance with England, or by monopolizing treaties with that subtle and overreaching Power.

The influence of Downing Street was apparent, at second hand, in the Nashville Scandal. The head of the serpent has appeared; through what base and ordinary channels he crept thither, it is not now necessary to inquire.

Let Southern Whigs wash their hands of this iniquity. The nation looks to them to uphold the Union and the Constitution. From their fellow-citizens of the ultra portion, the prestige of their ancestral honor has departed. The older Toryism is replaced by a new creature, inheriting its parent's form and feature, and with the parental leaning toward England; but in ugliness it is more dreadful, and in dimension more formidable.

Let every true lover of his country fortify his heart and his mind against the seductive influence of England, which is at this moment operating in a thousand ways to spread discontent and traitorous suspicion among all classes of our people. Her recent literature infects even our universities, with doctrines destructive to our commerce and industry. Her wily and unscrupulous agents infect our sea-ports with opinions hostile to liberty and independance. The present government of England intrigues without scruple for its own interests. "The English lord is a retired shop-keeper." His manœuvres in Nicaragua, and elsewhere, have sufficiently developed the spirit and system of his diplomacy.

In their grand struggle for the markets of the world, the trading manufacturers of England find themselves embarrassed by a two-fold contradictory relation with the United States;—namely, a relation of rivalry with the Northern manufacturers, and of dependance upon Southern planters. Their great purpose is, of course, to have the entire continent, North and South, thrown open to them as a market for their wares. All the influence they use, upon America, is directed to the accomplishment of that end, in pursuit of which, it is necessary for them to prevent, by every possible means, the further establishment of manufactories in the Southern and Northern states.

Dependent upon the South for the great staple of their manufactures, they desire to conciliate that portion of our people, and to infuse into them a spirit of confidence and dependence. Could a separation be effected, of that portion of the confederacy, without detriment to their own commerce, the manufacturers of England would believe that they had effected at least one-half of their purpose. Every inducement would be held out to the planters of cotton to open their ports, and offer a free market in exchange for their indispensable staple. The Southern market would be deluged with the cheap commodities of England, and the relations of the South to that power would be those of an agricultural dependency;—relations, which of all others it deprecates and scorns; and the fear of which, when they look towards the North, has driven many to the verge of disunion. They wish to exchange dependence upon their own brothers and fellow-citizens of the North, a legitimate and natural relationship, and which they have it in their power to temper and subdue by a rival industry, for dependence upon a foreign and encroaching power, the ancient and perpetual ememy of their liberties. That brothers should mutually aid each other, is the law of nature, and the bond of society; but an alliance of the South with England, must be more than alliance,—it must, by an inevitable necessity, become a relationship of *greater and less*, which no jealousy of the inferior power could modify; and the course of such relationships, between the monied aristocracy of England and inferior powers, is well illustrated by the fable of the lion and the eagle, when at a banquet those royal friends took soup together from the same shallow dish. Free trade is the shallow dish, from which the Lion of England invites the Southern Eagle to *lap* with him.

"Put not your trust in England," should be the caution to American economists and politicians. Beware her advice, despise her taunts, ask no questions of her, and repel disapproval with equal disapproval. Our own system is *ours* and the best, we wish no interested advice from our neighbors.

WHAT CONSTITUTES REAL FREEDOM OF TRADE?*

CHAPTER II.

The reader has seen that the modern English political economy is founded on a basis directly the opposite of that upon which rests the system of Adam Smith, and that the tendency of the two is in a precisely opposite direction. Nevertheless, both profess to teach the advantage of perfect freedom of trade. Thus, Mr. McCulloch says of the author of *the Wealth of Nations*, that he showed "in opposition to the commonly received opinions of the merchants, politicians, and statesmen of his time, that wealth does not consist in the abundance of gold and silver, but in the abundance of the various necessaries, conveniences, and enjoyments of human life; that it is in every case sound policy to leave individuals to pursue their own interest in their own way; that in prosecuting branches of industry advantageous to themselves, they necessarily prosecute such as are, at the same time, advantageous to the public; and that every regulation intended to force industry into particular channels, or to determine the species of commercial intercourse between different parts of the same country, or between distant and independent countries, is impolitic and pernicious—injurious to the rights of individuals—and adverse to the progress of *real* opulence and lasting prosperity."† Nevertheless, while thus agreeing with Dr. Smith as to the advantage of perfect freedom of trade, Mr. McCulloch thought that his

† Principles of Political Economy. Introduction.

* The following additional extracts from Smith's Wealth of Nations, are necessary to complete the sense of page 137, of article entitled "What Constitutes Real Freedom of Trade?" in the last number (August):

"The monopoly of the colony trade, besides, by forcing towards it a much greater proportion of the capital of Great Britain than what would naturally have gone to it, seems to have broken altogether that natural balance which would otherwise have taken place among all the different branches of British industry. The industry of Great Britain, instead of being accommodated to a great number of small markets, has been principally suited to one great market. Her commerce, instead of running in a great number of small channels, has been taught to run principally in one great channel. But the whole system of her industry and commerce has thereby been rendered less secure; the whole state of her body politic less healthful than it otherwise would have been. In her present condition, Great Britain resembles one of those unwholesome bodies in which some of the vital parts are overgrown, and which, upon that account, are liable to many dangerous disorders, scarce incident to those in which all the parts are more properly proportioned. A small stop in that great blood-vessel, which has been artificially swelled beyond its natural dimensions, and through which an unnatural proportion of the industry and commerce of the country has been forced to circulate, is very likely to bring on the most dangerous disorders upon the whole body politic. The expectation of a rupture with the colonies, accordingly, has struck the people of Great Britain with more terror than they ever felt for a Spanish armada, or a French invasion. It was this terror, whether well or ill grounded, which rendered the repeal of the stamp act, among the merchants at least, a popular measure. In the total exclusion from the colony market, was it to last only for a few years, the greater part of our merchants used to fancy that they foresaw an entire stop to their trade; the greater part of our master manufacturers, the entire ruin of their business; and the greater part of our workmen, an end of their employment. A rupture with any of our neighbors upon the continent, though likely, too, to occasion some stop or interruption in the employments of some of all these different orders of people, is foreseen, however, without any such general emotion. The blood, of which the circulation is stopt in some of the smaller vessels, easily disgorges itself into the greater,

work, "however excellent in many respects," still contained "many errors," and those of "no slight importance."

"Dr. Smith," he continues, "does not say that in prosecuting such branches of industry as are *most advantageous* to themselves, individuals necessarily prosecute such as are, at the same time, MOST *advantageous to the public.* His leaning to the system of M. Quesnay—a leaning perceptible in every part of his work—made him swerve from the sounder principles of his own system, so as to admit that the preference shown by individuals in favor of particular employments is not always a *true test* of their public advantageousness. He considered agriculture, though not the only productive employment, as the most productive of any; the home trade as more productive than a direct foreign trade; and the latter than the carrying trade. It is clear, however, that these distinctions are all fundamentally erroneous."—*Ibid.*

Unhappily for the followers of Dr. Smith, of the modern English school, this "*fundamental error*" is the base on which rests his whole free-trade system, and in the effort to substitute another they totally lose sight of *real* freedom of trade. The author of the *Wealth of Nations* sought to discover what was the mode of employing labor and capital that tended most to facilitate the acquisition of "the necessaries, conveniences and enjoyments of life," enabling the laborer most rapidly to improve his own condition, and to provide for the farther improvement of that of his children, and the result of his inquiries was to satisfy him that the natural tendency of man was towards agriculture, which could be improved only by bringing the mechanic and manufacturer to its aid, the place of exchange being thus brought to the neighborhood of the place of production. He saw clearly that when employed at home the same capital might perform many more exchanges than when employed at a distance, and that when the farmer and the mechanic exchanged on the spot there was a great economy of labor, and therefore that what was needed for the improvement of the condition of man was that he should be allowed to follow the bent of his "natural inclination," which led inevitably to making manufactures and commerce the mere handmaids of agriculture—the transporter, the converter, and the exchanger, being the aids, and not the masters, of the producers. In his school, Commerce was *not* King.

Comparing this natural system with that of England, he saw that the whole tendency of British policy was that of making agriculture "subsidiary" to commerce and manufactures, driving labor and capital from the profitable employment of *producing commodities to be exchanged*, to the

---

without occasioning any dangerous disorder; but, when it is stopt in any of the greater vessels, convulsions, apoplexy, or death, are the immediate and unavoidable consequences. If but one of those overgrown manufactures, which, by means either of bounties or of the monopoly of the home and colony markets, have been artificially raised up to any unnatural height, finds some small stop or interruption in its employment, it frequently occasions a mutiny and disorder alarming to government, and embarrassing even to the deliberations of the legislature. How great, therefore, would be the disorder and confusion, it was thought, which must necessarily be occasioned by a sudden and entire stop in the employment of so great a proportion of our principal manufacturers?

"Some moderate and gradual relaxation of the laws which give to Great Britain the exclusive trade to the colonies, till it is rendered in a great measure free, seems to be the only expedient which can, in all future times, deliver her from this danger: which can enable her, or even force her, to withdraw some part of her capital from this overgrown employment, and to turn it, though with less profit, towards other employments; and which, by gradually diminishing one branch of her industry, and gradually increasing all the rest, can, by degrees, restore all the different branches of it to that natural, healthful, and proper proportion, which perfect liberty necessarily establishes, and which perfect liberty can alone preserve. To open the colony trade all at once to all nations, might not only occasion some transitory inconveniency, but a great permanent loss, to the greater part of those whose industry or capital is at present engaged in it. The sudden loss of the employment, even of the ships which import the eighty-two thousand hogsheads of tobacco, which are over and above the consumption of Great Britain, might alone be felt very sensibly. Such are the unfortunate effects of all the regulations of the mercantile system. They not only introduce very dangerous disorders into the state of the body politic, but disorders which it is often difficult to remedy, without occasioning, for a time at least, still greater disorders. In what manner, therefore, the colony trade ought gradually to be opened; what are the restraints which ought first, and what are those which ought last, to be taken away; or in what manner the natural system of perfect liberty and justice ought gradually to be restored, we must leave to the wisdom of future statesmen and legislators to determine."

far less profitable one of *transporting and exchanging those produced in other lands*, the great domestic trade being valued as merely "subsidiary" to a comparatively trivial foreign one, and that in the effort to carry into effect this erroneous system of policy his countrymen had been led to the commission of acts of great injustice. Their fellow subjects of Ireland, and of the colonies, had been deprived of the exercise of "the right of employing their stock and industry in the way they might judge most advantageous for themselves," in "manifest violation of the most sacred rights of mankind," with "great discouragement" to their agriculture, and to the diminution of their power of producing commodities with which to trade. Fellow subjects at home had also been heavily taxed for the payment of bounties on the importation of various articles of raw produce, to "the great discouragement" of British agriculture, upon the improvement of which depended the power to increase the production of commodities to be given in exchange for those foreign ones required for the maintenance and improvement of their own condition. He saw clearly that this system was in opposition to man's "*natural inclination*," and that its direct effect was to produce an unnatural distribution of population, both at home and abroad, and a diminution every where of the productive power of labor and capital. He therefore urged a change of system tending to permit the return of both to the great and profitable home market, regarding that as being the mode in which production might be increased, and the acquisition of the necessaries and comforts of life facilitated—and also as the mode in which the people of Great Britain would be rendered less liable to be affected by convulsions in other portions of the world. He thought the farm more productive of commodities than the ship. This it is that is denounced by Mr. McCulloch and the whole of the school he represents, as "fundamentally erroneous," and they advocate what they call freedom of trade, with the express view of carrying out the system which Dr. Smith denounced as being "fit only for a nation of shopkeepers," because calculated to make Great Britain "the workshop of the world," thereby rendering her dependent on the movements of foreign nations to an extent that is inconsistent with the secure employment of the rights of property, while preventing the natural increase in the number of artizans in other countries, to the discouragement of their agriculture, the diminution of their productive power, and consequent diminution of their power to maintain trade.

Dr. Smith was right or he was not. If the former, then was Great Britain bound to abolish the system which he denounced, as tending to prevent improvement in the condition of both laborer and capitalist, and in case of her failure so to do, her colonies and the independent nations of the world owed it to themselves to resist the further continuance of such a system.—Colonists, bound by English laws, might, in perfect accordance with his views, associate for the purpose of refusing to purchase the commodities thus attempted to be forced upon them, and ultimately even take up arms with a view to throw off their dependence on the mother country, and thus place themselves in a position to assert "the most sacred right of mankind," that of exchanging their labor and its products at home instead of submitting to be *compelled* to seek a market abroad. Such in fact, *were* the measures adopted by these colonies, and to their adoption is due the fact that they have prospered while all the other dependencies of Great Britain have been ruined. Non-importation agreements long preceded resort to arms, and when at length independence was established, some of the measures first adopted had special reference to this question. Laws for the protection of manufactures against the power of Great Britain, were then regarded as essentially necessary to the improvement of agriculture and the prosperity of the agricultural interest, and were especially favored by the middle, and most agricultural, states. It was believed that they tended to increase the power to produce, and consequently to increase the power to trade, by bringing the consumer to the side of the producer, and thus emancipating the great internal trade from English interferences, such as had been denounced by Dr. Smith. If he was right, so must have been the men by whom such measures were advocated.

If Dr. Smith was *not* right, and he certainly was not if there is any truth in the theory

upon which rests the modern English system, then the interests of the colonists should have led them to devote themselves to agriculture, to the entire exclusion of all other pursuits. So far, indeed, were English laws from being "a violation of the rights of mankind," that their only effect would have been that of compelling them to do that which, had those laws never existed, their own interests would have led them voluntarily to do. The land of England was to be regarded as a machine of constantly decreasing power, while from the abundance of rich soils and the scarcity of population in the colonies, there could there exist no necessity for cultivating any but those which were most fertile, for which reason the most profitable course for the colonists would be to apply themselves exclusively to cultivation, remaining all producers on one side of the ocean, and thus aiding to bring about the conversion of the whole people of the other side into artizans, consumers of their products. They would, as do now the people of Canada and of India, use the ships of England for transporting their food and their wool, to feed the men and supply the looms of England. The more perfectly her prohibitory laws were enforced, and the more exclusively they could be *compelled* to devote themselves to agriculture the larger would be the return to labor.

We have thus two systems, the antipodes of each other in every respect. The course of policy which they would dictate is directly opposite, and cannot by any possibility produce the same results. To determine which is right, we must see the foundations on which they rest, and follow them upwards, step by step. That done, we may be qualified to determine what constitutes real freedom of trade, and why it is that the advocates of the system now known as "free trade," are so generally obliged to depend upon their memories for their arguments, and their imaginations for their facts.

The modern system is based upon the theory of Mr. Ricardo in relation to the occupation of land, which may be stated as follows:

First: That in the commencement of cultivation, when population is small and land consequently abundant, the best soils, those capable of yielding the largest return, say one hundred quarters, to a given quantity of labor, alone are cultivated.

Second: That with the progress of population, land becomes less abundant, and there arises a necessity for cultivating that yielding a smaller return; and that resort is then had to a second, and afterwards to a third and a fourth class of soils, yielding respectively ninety, eighty and seventy quarters to the same quantity of labor.

Third: That with the necessity for applying labor less productively, which thus accompanies the growth of population, rent arises; the owner of land No. 1 being enabled to demand and to obtain, in return for its use, ten quarters, when resort is had to that of second quality: twenty when No. 3 is brought into use, and thirty when it becomes necessary to cultivate No. 4.

Fourth: That the *proportion* of the landlord tends thus steadily to increase as the productiveness of labor decreases, the division being as follows, to wit:—

	Total Product.	Labor.	Rent.
At the first period, when No. 1 alone is cultivated,	100	100	00
" second period, " No. 1 and 2 are cultivated,	190	180	10
" third period, " No. 1, 2 and 3, "	270	240	30
" fourth period, " No. 1, 2, 3 and 4, "	340	280	60
" fifth period, " No. 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5, "	400	300	100
" sixth period, " No. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6, "	450	300	150
" seventh period, " No. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 and 7, "	490	280	210

and that there is thus a tendency to the ultimate absorption of the whole produce by the owner of the land, and to a steadily increasing inequality of condition; the power of the laborer to consume the commodities which he produces steadily diminishing, while that of the landowner to claim them, as rent, is steadily increasing.

Fifth: That this tendency towards a diminution in the return to labor, and towards an increase of the landlord's proportion, always exists where population increases, and most exists where population increases most rapidly; but is in a certain degree counteracted by increase of wealth, producing improvement of cultivation.

Sixth: That every such improvement tends to retard the growth of rent, while every obstacle to improvement tends to increase that growth; and that, therefore, the interests of the landowner and laborer are always opposed to each other, rent rising as labor falls, and *vice versa*.

The necessary consequence of all this is that while the landlord is enriched, the laborer is supposed to experience constantly increasing difficulty in obtaining the necessaries and comforts of life, and the greater the tendency to association, the less must be the power of production, and the less the power to maintain trade. Population becomes daily more and more superabundant, and men are more and more compelled to fly from each other, seeking abroad the subsistence that is denied to them at home, and the greater the tendency to fly from each other, the greater must be the power to produce and the power to trade. Arrived abroad, they are supposed to commence the work of cultivation on fertile soils, and to be enabled to obtain large wages, while those who remain at home are forced to waste their labor upon poor soils, yielding small returns, for which reason it is deemed highly advantangeous that the latter should employ themselves at the loom and the anvil while the former confine themselves to the plough, the former becoming all consumers, and the latter remaining all producers. Thus it has been that the political economists of England have been enabled to satisfy themselves that the fundamental doctrines of Adam Smith were "erroneous," and that free trade instead of indicating the adoption of measures tending to the *localization* of manufactures in the various countries of the world, looks to the adoption of measures tending to promote the *centralization* and *monopoly* of *machinery* in the island of Great Britain, a course of policy regarded by Dr. Smith as tending to diminution in the productiveness of labor and capital, abroad and at home.

"To arrive at a well-founded conclusion in this science," says Mr. McCulloch, "it is not enough to observe results in particular cases, or as they affect particular individuals; we must further inquire whether these results are *constant* and *universally applicable*—whether the same circumstances which have given rise to them in one instance, would in every instance, and in every state of society, be productive of similar results. A theory which is inconsistent with a uniform and constant fact must be erroneous."

The "uniform and constant fact" is directly opposed to the theory upon which is built his whole system, while it is in perfect accordance with the views of Dr. Smith. The first poor cultivator invariably begins with poor machinery, and as invariably does it improve with every step in the progress of wealth and population. The man who has no cup takes up water in his hand, and little is obtained in exchange for much labor. Next he obtains a cup, and water becomes less costly. The arrival of the carpenter enables him to obtain a pump. Population grows again, and he and his neighbors carry through their houses a great river, from which each draws as much as is needed for himself, his house, his bath, and his water-closet, and the labor required to be given in exchange for all this water is not as great as in the outset was needed for obtaining the little that he drank himself. So with air and light. He begins with the wind-mill and the sail, and ultimately obtains the steam-engine and the steam-ship, and then it is that power becomes cheap. The gas works furnish light at a cost of labor that is infinitely small compared with that which was needed for the maintenance of the "little farthing rush light." The poor man, widely separated from his fellow-man, uses wood, and heat is dear. With growing wealth and population coal is mined, and the furnace heats the house at less cost of labor than had before been required for a single room. The first poor occupant of the land makes traps in which to take the wild animals by whom he is surrounded, and food is dear. He obtains a rifle and food becomes cheaper. The first clothes himself in skins, and clothing is dear. The second obtains cloth, and clothing becomes cheaper. The "constant and uniform fact" is, that in everything else than land man begins with the poorest machinery, and that with the growth of wealth and population, he proceeds onward towards the best, and we should be therefore warranted in supposing that such would be the case with land. Mr. Ricardo, Mr. Malthus, and Mr. McCulloch however, assure us that such is not the case, and that, on the contrary, he commences, necessarily, the

work of cultivation on the best soils, leaving the poorer ones to his successors, whose powers of production diminish, therefore, with the growth of wealth and population. It is singular, that the fact that this supposed "observation of a particular result was at variance with our customary experience," in regard to all other results connected with the appropriation of the powers of nature, had not induced Mr. Ricardo and his followers to hesitate before undertaking to "modify or reject" the principles laid down by Dr. Smith, which "account satisfactorily for the great number of appearances," the test to which Mr. McCulloch deemed it necessary to subject all theories. We, however, go further. We say that theories, to be received as true, must account for *all* the facts, and that any theory at variance with *a single well-observed fact*, is not true. To natural laws there are no exceptions. Mr. Ricardo and Mr. Malthus contented themselves with an effort to account for "the greater number of appearances," and their successors have followed carefully in their footsteps, in establishing a theory in relation to land that is at variance with laws that *we know* to govern man in relation to fire, water, air, light, clothing, transportation, and every other of the things needed for the maintenance and improvement of his condition, the consequence of which is, that they have experienced a perpetual necessity for providing places of escape for the facts that would not range themselves in accordance with the theory.

The reason of all this is that the theory itself is in opposition to the universal fact as our readers may satisfy themselves on any farm in the land. Let them inquire, and they will find that the occupant *did not* commence in the flats, or on the heavily timbered land, but that he *did* commence on the higher land where the timber was lighter, and the place for his house was dry. With increasing ability, he is found draining the swamps, clearing the heavy timber, turning up the marl, or burning the lime, and thus acquiring control over more fertile soils, yielding a constant increase in the return to labor. Let them then trace the course of early settlement, and they will find it to have followed, and that invariably, the course of the streams, but keeping away from the swamps and river bottoms. The earliest settlements of the Union were on the poorest lands of the Union—those of New England. In South Carolina it has been made the subject of remark, in a recent discourse, that their predecessors did not select the rich lands, and that millions of acres of the finest meadow land in that State still remain untouched. The settler in the prairies commences on the outer and poorer land, making his way, by slow degrees, to the richer and heavier soils of the centre. The lands below the mouth of the Ohio are among the richest in the world, yet they are unoccupied and will continue so to be until wealth and population shall have greatly increased. So is it now with the rich lands of Mexico. So was it in South America, the early occupation of which was upon the poor lands of the Western slope, Peru and Chili, while the rich lands of the Amazon and the La Plata remained, as most of them still remain, a wilderness. In the West Indies, the small dry islands were early occupied, while Porto Rico and Trinidad, abounding in rich soils remained untouched. The early occupants of England were found on the poorer lands of the centre and south of the Kingdom, as were those of Scotland in the Highlands, or on the little rocky islands of the channel. Mona's Isle was celebrated while the rich soil of the Lothians remained a mass of timber, and the morasses of Lancashire were the terror of travellers long after Hampshire had been cleared and cultivated.—Cæsar found the Gauls occupying the high lands surrounding the Alps, while the rich Venetia remained a marsh. The occupation of the Campagna followed long after that of the Samnite hills, and that of the poor soils of Attica long preceded the cultivation of the fat ones of the rich Bœotia. The occupation of the country round Thebes long preceded that of the lower lands surrounding Memphis, or the still lower and richer ones near Alexandria. The negro is found in the higher portions of Africa, while the rich lands along the river courses are unoccupied. The little islands of Australia, poor and dry, are occupied by a race far surpassing in civilization those of the neighboring continent, who have rich soils at command. The poor Persia is cultivated, while the richer soils of the ancient Babylonia are only ridden over by straggling hordes of robbers. Layard had to seek the hills

when he desired to find a people at home. The higher lands of Asia are peopled, while the deltas of the Ganges and the Indus are in a state of wilderness. Look where we may, it is the same. The land obeys the same great and universal law that governs light, air and heat. The man who works alone and has poor machinery must cultivate poor land, and content himself with little light, little power, and little heat, and those, like his food, obtained in exchange for much labor; while he who works in combination with his fellow-men may have good machinery, enabling him to clear and cultivate rich land, giving him much food and enabling him to obtain much light, much heat, and much power in exchange for little labor. The first is a creature of *necessity*, and as such is man universally regarded by Mr. Ricardo, and all his followers, down even to the very latest, Mr. J. Stuart Mill, who, like his predecessors in this school, teaches that the necessities of man increase and his powers diminish with every increase of population. The second is a being of *power*, and as such is man regarded by Adam Smith, who taught that the more men worked in combination with each other the greater would be the facility of obtaining food and all other of the necessaries and comforts of life—and the more widely they were separated the less would be the return to labor and capital, and the smaller the power of production, as common sense teaches every man must necessarily be the case.

The first poor cultivator commences, as we have seen, his operations on the hill-side. Below him are lands upon which have been carried by force of water, the richer portions of those above, as well as the leaves of trees, and the fallen trees themselves, all of which have from time immemorial rotted and become incorporated with the earth, and thus have been produced soils fitted to yield the largest returns to labor; yet for this reason are they inaccessible. Their character exhibits itself in the enormous trees with which they are covered, and in their power of retaining the water necessary to aid the process of decomposition; but the poor settler wants the power either to clear them of their timber, or to drain them of the superfluous moisture. He begins on the hill-side, but at the next step we find him descending the hill, and obtaining larger returns to labor. He has more food for himself, and he has now the means of feeding a horse or an ox. Aided by the manure that is thus yielded to him by the better lands, we see him next retracing his steps, improving the hill-side, and compelling it to yield a return double that which he at first obtained. With each step down the hill, he obtains still larger reward for his labor, and at each he returns, with increased power, to the cultivation of the original poor soil. He has now horses and oxen, and while by their aid he extracts from the new soils the manure that had accumulated for ages, he has also carts and wagons to carry it up the hill; and at each step his reward is increased, while his labors are lessened. He goes back to the sand and raises the marl, with which he covers the surface; or he returns to the clay and sinks into the limestone, by aid of which he doubles its product. He is all the time making a machine which feeds him while he makes it, and which increases in its powers the more he takes from it. At first it was worthless. It has fed and clothed him for years, and now it has a large value, and those who might desire to use it would pay him a large rent for permission so to do.

The earth is a great machine given to man to be fashioned to his purpose. The more he fashions it, the better it feeds him, because each step is but preparatory to a new one more productive than the last; requiring less labor and yielding larger return. The labor of clearing is great, yet the return is small. The earth is covered with stumps, and filled with roots. With each year the roots decay, and the ground becomes enriched, while the labor of ploughing is diminished. At length, the stumps disappear, and the return is doubled, while the labor is less by one-half than at first. To forward this process the owner has done nothing but crop the ground, nature having done the rest. The aid he thus obtains from her yields him as much food as in the outset was obtained by the labor of felling and destroying the trees. This, however, is not all. The surplus thus yielded has given him means of improving the poorer lands, by furnishing manure with which to enrich them, and thus he has trebled his original return without further labor; for that which he saves in

working the new soils suffices to carry the manure to the older ones. He is obtaining a daily increased power over the various treasures of the earth

With every operation connected with the fashioning of the earth, the result is the same. The first step is, invariably, the most costly one, and the least productive. The first drain commences near the stream, where the labor is heaviest. It frees from water but a few acres. A little higher, the same quantity of labor, profiting by what has been already done, frees twice the number. Again the number is doubled, and now the most perfect system of thorough drainage may be established with less labor than was at first required for one of the most imperfect kind. To bring the lime into connection with the clay, upon fifty acres, is lighter labor than was the clearing of a single one, yet the process doubles the return for each acre of the fifty. The man who wants a little fuel for his own use, expends much labor in opening the neighboring vein of coal. To enlarge this, so as to double the product, is a work of comparatively small labor; as is the next enlargement, by which he is enabled to use a drift-wagon, giving him a return fifty times greater than was obtained when he used only his arms, or a wheel-barrow. To sink a shaft to the first vein below the surface, and erect a steam-engine, are expensive operations; but these once accomplished, every future step becomes more productive, while less costly. To sink to the next vein below, and to tunnel to another, are trifles in comparison with the first, yet each furnishes a return equally large. The first line of railroad runs by houses and towns occupied by two or three hundred thousand persons. Half a dozen little branches, costing together far less labor than the first, bring into connection with it half a million, or perhaps a million. The trade increases, and a second track, a third, or a fourth, may be required. The original one facilitates the passage of the materials and the removal of the obstructions, and three new ones may now be made with less labor than was required for the first.

All labor thus expended in fashioning the great machine is but the prelude to the application of further labor, with still increased returns. With each such application, wages rise, and hence it is that portions of the machine, as it exists, invariably exchange, when brought to market, for far less labor than they have cost. The man who cultivated the thin soils was happy to obtain a hundred bushels for his year's work. With the progress of himself and his neighbor down the hill into the more fertile soils, wages have risen, and two hundred bushels are now required. His farm will yield a thousand bushels; but it requires the labor of four men, who must have two hundred bushels each, and the surplus is but two hundred bushels. At twenty year's purchase this gives a capital of four thousand bushels, or the equivalent of twenty year's wages; whereas it has cost, in the labor of himself, his sons, and his assistants, the equivalent of a hundred years of labor, or perhaps far more. During all this time, however, it has fed and clothed them all, and the farm has been produced by the insensible contributions made from year to year, unthought of and unfelt.

It is now worth twenty years' wages, because its owner has for years taken from it a thousand bushels annually, but when it had lain for centuries accumulating wealth it was worth nothing. Such is the case with the earth everywhere. The more that is taken from it the more there is left. When the coal mines of England were untouched, they were valueless. Now their value is almost countless; yet the land contains abundant supplies for thousands of years. Iron ore, a century since, was a drug, and leases were granted at almost nominal rents. Now, such leases are deemed equivalent to the possession of large fortunes, notwithstanding the great quantities that have been removed, although the amount of ore now known to exist is probably fifty times greater than it was then.

The earth is the sole producer. Man fashions and exchanges. A part of his labor is applied to the fashioning of the great machine, and this produces changes that are permanent. The drain, once cut, remains a drain; and the limestone, once reduced to lime, never again becomes limestone. It passes into the food of man and animals, and ever after takes its part in the same round with the clay with which it has been incorporated. The iron rusts and

gradually passes into soil, to take its part with the clay and the lime. That portion of his labor gives him wages while preparing the machine for greater future production. That other portion which he expends on fashioning and exchanging *the products* of the machine, produces temporary results and gives him wages alone. Whatever tends to diminish the quantity of labor necessary for the fashioning and exchanging of the products, tends to augment the quantity that may be given to increasing the amount of products, and to preparing the great machine; and thus, while increasing the present return to labor, preparing for a future further increase.

Widely different is this view of the progress of the occupation of the land from that which is taught in the politico-economical school of England, which professes to follow in the footsteps of Adam Smith, yet the doctrine of *the Wealth of Nations*, is in precise accordance with it. Dr. Smith taught that "no equal quantity of labor or capital employed in manufactures can ever occasion so great a reproduction as if it were employed in agriculture. So employed," he adds, "it not only puts into motion a greater quantity of productive labor than any equal capital employed in manufactures, but in proportion, too, to the quantity of productive labor which it employs, it adds a much greater value to the annual produce of the land and labor of the country, and to the real wealth and revenue of its inhabitants." This is denied by those who profess to be his followers, and Mr. McCulloch insists that while increase of capital applied to land *must* be attended with "a constantly diminishing rate of profit" no such diminution follows from any increase in the number of steam-engines, each in succession of which may be as perfect as its predecessor, while the new soils taken into cultivation must, of necessity, be poorer than those previously cultivated. To determine this question we may now inquire in what manner machinery tends to augment production.

The first poor cultivator obtains a hundred bushels for his year's wages. To pound this between two stones requires thirty days of labor, and the work is not half done. Had he a mill in the neighborhood he would have better flour, and he would have almost his whole thirty days to bestow upon his land. He pulls up his grain. Had he a scythe, he would have more time for the preparation of the machine of production. He loses his axe, and it requires days of himself and his horse on the road, to obtain another. His machine loses the time and the manure, both of which would have been saved had the axe-maker been at hand. The real advantage derived from the mill and the scythe, and from the proximity of the axe-maker, consists simply in the power which they afford him to devote his labor more and more to the preparation of the great machine of production, and such is the case with all the machinery of preparation and exchange. The plough enables him to do as much in one day as with a spade he could do in five. He saves four days for drainage. The steam-engine drains as much as without it could be drained by thousands of days of labor. He has more leisure to marl or lime his land. The more he can extract from his machine the greater is its value, because every thing he takes is, by the very act of taking it, fashioned to aid further production. The machine, therefore, improves by use, whereas spades, and ploughs, and steam-engines, and all other of the machines used by man, are but the various forms into which he fashions parts of the great original machine, to disappear in the act of being used; as much so as food, though not so rapidly. The earth is the great labor savings' bank, and the value to man of all other machines is in the direct ratio of their tendency to aid him in increasing his deposits in that only bank whose dividends are perpetually increasing, while its capital is perpetually doubling. That it may continue forever so to do, all that it asks is that it shall receive back the refuse of its produce, the manure; and that it may do so, the consumer and the producer must take their places by each other. That done, every change that is effected becomes permanent, and tends to facilitate other and greater changes. The whole business of the farmer consists in making and improving soils, and the earth rewards him for his kindness by giving him more and more food the more attention he bestows upon her.

Every saving in the labor required to be applied to the work of conversion or transportation increase the quantity that

may be given to that of production, and therein is to be found the sole advantage resulting from such saving. That being admitted, we may now see what is the cause of the difficulties resulting in England from the introduction of machinery. The system tends to expel labor and capital from the machine of production, and to drive them into manufactures, and next by additional machinery to expel it from the work of manufacture itself; the consequence of which is that labor is rendered superabundant and has to seek the almshouse, there to be supported by aid of forced contributions of food, taken from the producers, in support of the system called "free trade." Such is not the doctrine of Adam Smith, the tendency of whose whole book is that of bringing the consumer to take his place by the side of the producer, and thus increasing the power of combination and of production.

The solitary settler has to occupy the spots that, with his rude machinery, he *can* cultivate. Having neither horse nor cart, he carries home his crop upon his shoulders, as is now done in many parts of India. He carries a hide to the place of exchange, distant, perhaps, fifty miles, to obtain for it leather, or shoes. Population increases, and roads are made. More fertile soils are cultivated. The store and the mill come nearer to him, and he obtains shoes and flour with the use of less machinery of exchange. He has more leisure for the preparation of his great machine, and the returns to labor increase. More people now obtain food from the same surface, and new places of exchange appear. The wool is, on the spot, converted into cloth, and he exchanges directly with the clothier. The saw-mill is at hand, and he exchanges with the sawyer. The tanner gives him leather for his hides, and the paper-maker gives him paper for his rags. With each of these changes he has more and more of both time and manure to devote to the preparation of the great food-making machine, and with each year the returns are larger. His *power to command* the use of the machinery of exchange increases, but his *necessity* therefor diminishes, for with each year there is an increasing tendency towards having the consumer placed side by side with the producer, and with each he can devote more and more of his time and mind to the business of fashioning the great instrument; and thus the increase of consuming population is essential to the progress of production.

The loss from the use of machinery of exchange is in the ratio of the bulk of the article to be exchanged. Food stands first; fuel, next; stone for building, third; iron, fourth; cotton, fifth; and so on; diminishing until we come to laces and nutmegs. The raw material is that in the production of which the earth has most cooperated, and by the production of which the land is most improved, and the nearer the place of exchange or conversion can be brought to the place of production, the less is the loss in the process, and the greater the power of accumulating wealth to aid in the production of further wealth.

The man who raises food on his own land is building up the machine for doing so to more advantage in the following year. His neighbor, to whom it is *given*, on condition of sitting still, loses a year's work on his machine, and all he has gained is the pleasure of doing nothing. If he has employed himself and his horses and wagon in bringing it home, the same number of days that would have been required for raising it, he has misemployed his time, for his farm is unimproved. He has wasted labor and manure. As nobody, however, gives, it is obvious that the man who has a farm and obtains his food elsewhere, must pay for raising it, and pay also for transporting it; and that although he may have obtained as good wages in some other pursuit, his farm, instead of being improved by a year's cultivation, is worse by a year's neglect; and that he is a poorer man than he would have been had he raised his own food.

The article of next greatest bulk is fuel. While warming his house, he is clearing his land. He would lose by sitting idle, if his neighbor brought his fuel to him, and still more if he had to spend the same time in hauling it, because he would be wearing out his wagon and losing the manure. Were he to hire himself and his wagon to another for the same quantity of fuel he could have cut on his own property, he would be a loser, for his farm would be uncleared.

If he take the stone from his own fields to build his house, he gains doubly. His house is built, and his land is cleared. If

he sit still, and let his neighbor bring him stone, he loses, for his fields remain unfit for cultivation. If he work equally hard for a neighbor, and receive the same apparent wages, he is a loser by the fact that he has yet to remove the stones, and until they shall be removed he cannot cultivate his land.

With every improvement in the machinery of exchange, there is a diminution in the proportion which that machinery bears to the mass of production, because of the extraordinary increase of product consequent upon the increased power of applying labor to building up the great machine. It is a matter of daily observation that the demand for horses and men increases as railroads drive them from the turnpikes, and the reason is, that the farmer's means of improving his land increase more rapidly than men and horses for his work. The man who has, thus far, sent to market his half-fed cattle, accompanied by horses and men to drive them, and wagons and horses loaded with hay or turnips with which to feed them on the road, and to fatten them when at market; now fattens them on the ground, and sends them by railroad ready for the slaughter-house. His use of the machinery of exchange is diminished nine-tenths. He keeps his men, his horses, and his wagons, and the refuse of his hay or turnips, at home. The former are employed in ditching and draining, while the latter fertilizes the soil heretofore cultivated. His production doubles, and he accumulates rapidly, while the people around him have more to eat, more to spend in clothing, and accumulate more themselves. He wants laborers in the field, and they want clothes and houses. The shoemaker and the carpenter, finding that there exists a demand for their labor, now join the community, eating the food on the ground on which it is produced; and thus the machinery of exchange is improved, while the quantity required is diminished. The quantity of flour consumed on the spot induces the miller to come and eat his share, while preparing that of others.—The labor of exchanging is diminished, and more is given to the land, and the lime is now turned up. *Tons* of turnips are obtained from the same surface that before gave *bushels* of rye. The quantity to be consumed increases faster than the population, and more mouths are needed on the spot, and next the woollen-mill comes. The wool no longer requires wagons and horses which now are turned to transporting coal, to enable the farmer to dispense with his woods, and to reduce to cultivation the fine soil that has, for centuries, produced nothing but timber. Production again increases, and the new wealth now takes the form of the cotton-mill, and with every step in the progress, the farmer finds new demands on the great machine he has constructed, accompanied with increased power on his part to build it up higher and stronger, and to sink its foundation deeper. He now supplies beef and mutton, wheat, butter, eggs, poultry, cheese, and every other of the comforts and luxuries of life, for which the climate is suited; and from the same land which afforded, when his father or grandfather first commenced cultivation on the light soil of the hills, scarcely sufficient rye or barley to support life.

In the natural course of things, there is a strong tendency towards placing the consumer by the side of the producer, and thus diminishing the quantity required of the machinery of exchange; and wherever that tendency does not grow in the ratio of the growth of population, it is a consequence of some of those weak inventions by which man so often disturbs the harmony of nature. Wherever her laws have most prevailed, such has been the tendency, and there have wealth and the power of man over the great machine, most rapidly increased. Rent is the price paid for the use of that power, and it increases with every diminution in the quantity required of the machinery of exchange.

The course of things here described is in accordance with the facts that may be observed in every improving community, and equally in accordance with the views of Dr. Smith, who saw that "human institutions" had every where "thwarted the natural inclinations of man" in building up large cities to be maintained at the cost of both producer and consumer. It is precisely that which he would every where desired to see, and that which would every where have been seen to exist had the natural course of things remained undisturbed. He saw that inland countries produced large quantities of food, and of other

raw materials too bulky for transportation, and that the most profitable application of labor and capital was to appropriate a portion of them to the work of converting those materials into forms fitting them for use at home, or for cheap transportation to distant countries, and that by so doing the acquisition of the necessaries and comforts of life would be facilitated. The more perfectly this view was carried out, the larger, as he saw, would be the quantity of labor that could be given to cultivation, and he denounced every interference with progress in this direction as being not only "a discouragement of agriculture," but a violation of man's "most sacred rights."

Dr. Smith had no faith in the productive power of ships or wagons He knew that the barrel of flour, or the bale of cotton, put into the ship came out a barrel of flour or a bale of cotton, the weight of neither having been increased by the labor employed in transporting it from the place of production to that of consumption. He saw clearly that to place the consumer by the side of the producer was to economize labor and aid production, and therefore to increase the power to trade. He was therefore, in favor of the local application of labor and capital, by aid of which towns should grow up in the midst of producers of food, and he believed that if "human institutions" had not been at war with the best interests of man, those towns would "nowhere have increased beyond what the improvement and cultivation of the territory in which they were situated could support." How widely different is all this from the system which builds up London, Liverpool, Manchester, and Birmingham, to be the manufacturing centres of the world, and urges upon all nations "free trade," with a view to their maintenance and increase!

Directly opposed in this respect to Dr. Smith, Mr. McCulloch has unbounded faith in the productive power of ships and wagons. To him, "it is plain that the capital and labor employed in carrying commodities from where they are to be produced to where they are to be consumed, and in dividing them into minute portions so as to fit the wants of consumers, is really as productive as if they were employed in agriculture or in manufactures." The man who carries the food adds, he thinks, as much to the quantity to be consumed as did the one who ploughed the ground and sowed the seed—and he who stands at the counter measuring cloth adds as much to the quantity of cloth as did he who produced it. No benefit, in his view, results from any saving of the labor of transportation or exchange. He has, therefore, no faith in the advantage to be derived from the local application of labor or capital. He believes that it matters nothing to the farmer of Ireland whether his food be consumed on the farm or at a distance from it —whether his grass be fed on the land or carried to market — whether the manure be returned to the land or wasted on the road—whether, of course, the land be impoverished or enriched. He is even disposed to believe that it is frequently more to the advantage of the people of that country that the food there produced should be divided among the laborers of France or Italy than among themselves.* He believes in the advantage of large manufacturing towns at a distance from those who produce the food and raw materials of manufacture, and that perfect freedom of trade consists in the quiet submission of the farmers and planters of the world to the working of a system which Smith regarded as tending so greatly to "the discouragement of agriculture," that it was the main object of his work to teach the people of Britain that it was not more unjust to others than injurious to themselves.

He taught that the workman should go to the place where, food being abundant, moderate labor would command much food. His successors teach that the food should come to the place where, men being abundant and food scarce, much labor will command little food, and that when population has thus been rendered superabundant, the

---

* "It may be doubted, considering the circumstances under which most Irish landlords acquired their estates, the difference between their religious tenets and those of their tenants, the peculiar tenures under which the latter hold their lands, and the political condition of the country, whether their residence would have been of any considerable advantage. * * * The question really at issue refers merely to the *spending* of revenue, and has nothing to do with the improvement of estates; and notwithstanding all that has been said to the contrary, I am not yet convinced that absenteeism is, in this respect, at all injurious."—*Principles, p.* 157.

surplus should go abroad to raise more food for the supply of those they left behind. The one teaches the concentration of man and the *local* division of labor. The other, the dispersion of man, and the *territorial* division of labor. They differ thus in every thing, except that they both use the *word* free trade—but with reference to totally distinct ideas. With the one, COMMERCE has that enlarged signification which embraces every description of intercourse resulting from the exercise of "man's natural inclination" for association, while with the other TRADE has reference to no idea beyond that of the mere pedlar who buys in the cheapest market and sells in the dearest one. The system of the one is perfectly harmonious, and tends towards peace among men. The other is a mass of discords, tending towards war among the men and the nations of the earth.

THE GENIUS OF SLEEP;

A STATUE BY CANOVA.

A SONNET—IMITATED FROM THE ITALIAN OF MISSORINI.

AH! see, where purer than the alpine snows,
Born of the chisel of creative art,
The angel beauties of the creature start
To being,—couch'd in delicate repose!
A peace celestial wraps his flowing hair,
As if consenting heaven and nature there,
Had both wrought gladly on the form divine,
To bless the Sculptor in his dream of grace!
Such, and so fair, was Adam, when he first
Sate in the lap of innocence;—so pure
The joy that on his countenance lay sure;
Thus full of love the smile upon his face,
When, from his shadowing side, fair Eva burst,
And her first accents told him—"I AM THINE!"

W. G. S.

RODOLPH OF HAPSBURG.

History, which has for its object to teach the lessons of life by recounting the progress and destinies of nations, borrows much of its brilliancy and interest from the mention of great names. No matter how flourishing may be the condition of any state, if it produce not illustrious and marked characters, it is passed by with slight notice from cotemporaneous or succeeding annalists. The Germanic Empire has ever been and will ever be, an object of great interest to those who search into the philosophy of the past, while the Low countries, for centuries better organized, more peaceful, and more wealthy, excite little attention, except perhaps in regard to their commercial relations abroad. It seems to be the peculiar function of the storms and commotions of kingdoms to call forth great men—not necessarily great inventors—nor great philosophers—but reformers, warriors, statesmen. Over the records of these the mind lingers with romantic attachment; with them it associates whatever is noble in conception and splendid in result, and often forgetting the higher purpose of the historic record, it ascribes the glory and the progress of the popular mass exclusively to the individual ruler. That we are in danger of committing this error no one can doubt. Historians generally have left the affairs of the common people to tradition, while engaged in recording battles, conquests and the exploits of kings. The favor too, with which histories of this kind are received may be regarded as an index of public taste. If we wished to study the domestic manners of the English of a past age, if we would be taken into the family, the halls of business and the manufacturing establishment, if we would follow up, step by step, the results of invention and industry, we should find the Pictorial History of England a vastly better guide than Hume; yet the former sleeps on the library shelves, and the latter is constantly open on our tables. We are curious in the manners of other nations, but in their wars and conquests, in their great reformers and generals, we have more than curiosity, we have an interest amounting at times to enthusiasm. The error we have mentioned is one to which we would be especially lenient, for it serves to stimulate inquiry and fix attention on what we might otherwise neglect or overlook,—the records of the past. In studying the character or tracing the destiny of a prince or a dynasty, we inevitably learn much of character and manners of the nation over which they reigned. Without some such stimulus to research, the knowledge of those who have gone before us would be infinitely less than at present, would scarcely go beyond antiquaries and historical societies.*

It is not our intention to attempt more than a sketch of the life and times of Rodolph, the architect of the fortunes of the House of Hapsburg; but in order to do this, a preliminary notice of the Germanic confederation is absolutely necessary.

Previous to the reign of Charlemagne, the history of Germany is but the annals of perpetual vicissitude and war. Indeed, what is called the Germanic Confederation

*If heroes and sages are truly the "representative men" of their nation, being in person an abstract, or microcosm of their race and age, the study of their biographies is a department of literature as important at least, as those more general and confused records that pass under the name of History. A more powerful incentive to virtue, cannot be imagined, than the study of the actions and sayings of the great and wise of former ages. It is this part of history to which we would assign the especial attribute of *utility*. Philosophical studies upon the manners and usages of a people far removed from us in time or space, seem to be rather an intellectual and scholarly luxury—an occupation for philosophers, much more than for the masses.—*Commentator.*

was nothing more than an assemblage of hostile nations, between which, alliances were continually made and broken. The conquering tribe offered to the vanquished, alliance or extinction. The former alternative was of course chosen, until by inevitable changes, the order was reversed, and the victors in their turn sued for life. Still, the general boundaries of nations remained for centuries without great changes. On the sea-coast between the mouths of the Elbe and Meuse, extending south to the Rhine, were the Franks, certainly the most remarkable member of the confederation. The Allemanni, a similar association of tribes, occupied what now forms the kingdom of Bavaria and the duchy of Baden. North of the Elbe, and crowded in between what are now Prussia and Denmark, were the Saxons, at that time a people of small consequence, yet continually progressing until in after years we find them become one of the most influential states of the empire. Most of modern Prussia was occupied by the Vandals and the Suevi. Eastward of these were the Goths, the parent stock of the Burgundians, the Lombards and the Gepidæ, the two former of which so long continued to influence the destinies of Europe. Inhabiting the centre of Germany and circumscribed by the tribes whom we have mentioned, were a great number of wandering nations, tributary to Rome, and of no importance whatever.

Such was Germany at the time of the breaking up of the Roman Empire, during the fifth and sixth centuries. Immediately subsequent to this event, there ensued a remarkable change in nearly all the German states. The Lombards passed into Italy. The Vandals, accompanied by the Suevi and one or two minor tribes, traversed the entire length of Europe, and settled in Spain. The Burgundians moved over to the western bank of the Rhine. The Franks pressed out their boundaries to the right and left. The Saxons pushed farther into the interior, and laid the foundations of the present kingdoms of Saxony and Hanover. The Allemanni encroached on the Helvetians. The Goths advanced slowly southward, and were steadily pushed on by the Sclavonic nations. Much of this change was owing to the great extent of alluring country opened by the dissolution of the Roman power, and much also must be attributed to the measures of the warlike Clovis, king of the Salian Franks, who had already begun to display that ambition and native courage which made his people so dangerous, for centuries after, to their less martial neighbors.

From this time until the middle of the eighth century, we hear of little else than the progress of the Franks, under their Merovingian kings. To the bold and adventurous spirit of this nation, we conceive that Europe owes much. It served to keep the continent in comparative quiet. It overawed the encroaching hordes of barbarians who only sought opportunity to pour down from their northern wastes upon the more temperate parts of Europe, scarcely less barbarous. It rolled back the wave of Mohammedan power, just when it seemed ready to overwhelm Christendom. Its supremacy culminated under Charles Martel and Charlemagne, and after the death of the latter, it played only an ordinary part in the affairs of the Germanic Empire.

Amid so much of overturning and change, it could not have been expected that society would assume a sound and healthy organization.

Religion was regarded as fit only for priests and women. Laws were capricious, partial and feebly enforced. Military service was the great source of honor and profit. Kings rewarded their favorite knights with titles and lands, the latter of which could be at any time wrested from the peaceful proprietor and transferred to the rapacious soldier. Where other means of raising money failed, the revenues of monasteries and cathedrals were summarily appropriated to the use of royalty. The check upon the governing power was almost entirely nominal. Assemblies of the people were rarely and with great difficulty called. The spirit of Roman Jurisprudence in supplanting that of the German, had well nigh destroyed itself. But though the authority of the sovereign was excessive over the religious and the inferior portions of society, the nobles held themselves independent and secure. In their castles they too were sovereigns; armed men sat at their tables; the neighboring peasants looked to them for protection, and in return gladly supplied them with the pro-

ductions of a rude and misdirected labor. If it suited the convenience of a noble, or was necessary to his safety, he took the field under his superior; otherwise he remained quietly at home and defied his threats. The life of a peasant was considered of little value, that of a slave was reckoned next to nothing. A *middle class* was wanting; and Society, consisting of two distinct and separate elements, an imperious aristocracy and a slavish peasantry, reaped a perpetual harvest of conflict, violence, and revolution.

Towards the close of the ninth century the Germanic Confederation began to organize a government distinct from that of France. Charlemagne, who governed as a conquest, nearly the whole of Central Europe, in accordance with the policy of the times in which he lived, divided his immense possessions, at his death, into nearly equal shares between his sons. Whether this policy was not the best that he could have adopted, is somewhat uncertain, for it may well be doubted if any one of his heirs could have ruled his empire for a single week. His kingdom must either fall to pieces from its vastness, or be peacefully dismembered—and Charlemagne took the latter alternative. In seventy years his house became extinct in Germany, and Arnulf of Bavaria was elected Emperor. Henceforth the Germans recognised the rule of her native princes. There began to be an imperative necessity at this epoch, for a government of vigor, energy and home growth. Anarchy had been gradually sapping the strength of the Empire, and the moving tribes of the North, ever on the watch for opportunities, were pressing eagerly across the Vistula. Arnulf proved himself equal to the task that awaited him. He formed powerful alliances, he defeated the Huns in several engagements and kept them from further encroachments, although to drive them back to their original boundaries was impossible. He is believed to have been the first continental prince who conquered the Normans, at that time the terror and the scourge of Europe. He demanded and obtained from the Pope the imperial crown; for although elected by the unanimous voice of the Confederation, he dared not call himself Emperor except with the papal sanction. With the death of Arnulf expired the hopes of his house. His son survived him but a few years, and elected to fill the throne, lived just long enough to see the empire endangered by the incursions of the barbarians, and plunged into an anarchy seemingly more dark and gloomy than that from which it had been so painfully rescued a few years before.

The events, however, of the last two centuries had not been without permanent results. Society had become more equalized; the rights of its different portions better understood. The Third Estate was still wanting, but the ranks approached continually nearer to one another. We may reckon at this time four great classes; the Nobles, as before; the freemen, the freedmen and the serfs. Of the first and last we have spoken above. The remaining two demand a brief notice.

The freedmen were such as had purchased their own emancipation from bondage, or had been enfranchised by their masters. They formed a numerous portion of the state, and were made the objects of special legislation. Their condition varied according to the terms of manumission, or the peculiar ideas of the age. Generally they were subject to the immediate control of their patrons, who no longer dignified themselves by the appellation of masters. They were required to work so many days in the week, or to pay stipulated sums, at certain intervals. Their dependence, galling as it may appear to us, was really a great improvement on former modes of servitude, and proved amply satisfactory to patron and freedman. The former stood ready at all times to defend the latter from harm, to shield him from the demands of others, and to take care of him when unable to labor. The attachment of the freedman to his patron, often surpassed that of a favorite slave to a Southern planter. He was willing to sacrifice everything for the honor or the safety of the family to which he was attached, to labor to the best of his ability, and to follow his protector to the field.

The freemen, on the other hand, formed a class entirely different from any that have been mentioned. They were rarely proprietors. Still more rarely were they of ignoble extraction.—Their chief profession seems to have been that of arms, and the name of knight the

loftiest distinction to which they aspired. They generally accompanied the nobles to the wars, more as equals and companions than as inferiors. They would have scorned the name of hirelings, and yet their swords were found upon the side of those who were freest with their broad gold pieces, and in whose castles the revelings were loudest and the feast most plentiful. Sometimes they took part in the government, and if, perchance, they survived the wine cup and the battleaxe, in their elder years, they might be found upon the judge's seat, or in the rude provincial council. In latter ages they often obtained high offices in the Empire, and before nobility became a strictly hereditary distinction, were frequently ennobled, either by the royal mandate, or by personal usurpation. They were disposed for the most part to abandon commerce to the freedmen. They enforced severe penalties upon any of their rank who married into a lower grade. They reckoned no honors equal to those gained in war. They were a grade intermediate between the chivalric knight and the military adventurer,—between the chevalier Bayards and Dugald Dalgettys of after years; half nobles, half hirelings; brave, enthusiastic, impulsive; yet virtually dependents upon the less turbulent aristocracy. In spite of their manifold misdemeanors, Europe could have illy spared them, for in addition to forming the chief barrier to the tyrannical spirit of the nobles, they contributed largely to swell the ranks of the crusaders, and of those terrible armies which in later days forever destroyed the Mussulman power on the plains of Poland.

It remains to notice briefly the codes of laws by which the various tribes of the Germanic Confederation were governed. The most ancient of these was the *Lex Salica*, or the code of the Salian Franks. The origin of this collection has defied the most skilful investigators. However it came into existence, it is enough to know that it was recognized by Clovis, and amended by Charlemagne and his immediate successors. Against theft it was peculiarly severe. It inflicted the penalty of death or an immense fine upon the murderer whose victim was a Frank, but a comparatively small fine if the murdered man was a Roman. To the protection of the weaker sex it was strangely indifferent. What is even more wonderful, it disclaimed all interference with the duties of hospitality. But, in spite of these faults, it was the most universally acknowledged of all the Germanic codes, and its duration was not at all inferior to its extension.

There were many other collections of laws besides the Salic. Most of these were the productions of the wise men to whom the immediate successors of Charlemagne assigned the difficult task of preparing laws for partially christianized barbarians. If any comparison were to be made between these, as an aggregate, and the first mentioned code, our favor would incline towards the latter, although the result solely of barbaric justice. With the latter, the protection of female chastity is a matter of the highest importance; with the former, it shrinks into a mere item. The old Franks had not yet lost that superstitious veneration for woman, so glowingly eulogized by Tacitus. The Christian lawgivers had already more than begun to degrade her to that level from which the spirit of chivalry centuries after scarcely sufficed to raise her. In other respects, there is little difference between the Salian system of laws and the codes of the Bavarians, Lombards, Thuringians, or Saxons. The Trisians, however, carried their gradation of penalties to a nicety unparalleled in ancient or modern times.

If a man struck another on the head, so as to make him deaf, the fine was twenty-four solidi; if dumb, eighteen; if blood merely flowed, one; if the skull appeared, two; if an ear were cut off, twelve; if the nose, twenty-four; if one of the inward teeth were knocked out, two; if an angular tooth, three; if a grinder, four; if the hand were cut off by the wrist, forty-five; if the thumb, thirteen and a half; if the index finger, seven; if the middle finger, six and a half; if the ring finger, eight; if the little finger, six; if the whole five fingers, forty-one: and so on of the rest of the person. Could the minutiæ of law go farther? And can any one in our day, with any justice, complain of legal pedantry or technicality?*

Thus far we have made no mention of the power of the church. Nor indeed did she begin to manifest much of her power

* Dunham's Germanic Empire, vol. I., p. 94.

in Germany until the beginning of the twelfth century, during the reign of the House of Franconia. From that time till the accession of Rodolph the leading feature of Germanic history is the constant struggle maintained between the Emperors and the Popes, by the former to extend their sway over the ecclesiastical affairs of the German church, as well as over the temporal concerns of Italy; by the latter, to prevent this increase of power. We can conceive that this struggle *must* have taken place, sooner or later. The characteristic of the Emperors was their boundless ambition, an ambition that received a check whenever it directed its gaze towards Rome. It was not the spiritual power of Rome however, that stood in the way; for this the Cæsars had little concern. But at this time the Popes ruled all Italy, and Italy was then as ever, the goal of German ambition. The Popes, on the other hand, dreaded nothing so much as the extension of the imperial sway. To prevent what they feared, they encouraged rebellion in the Empire, and called in the aid of the Normans, and subsequently of the French, to found a kingdom in Italy that should effectually resist the encroachments of the Northern power. The struggle reached its culmination during the reign of Henry the Fifth, the last of the Franconian House. The Pope prohibited all ecclesiastics of whatever grade from doing homage to the Emperor, the latter raised an army and marched upon Rome to compel a submission which was not granted at home. A battle ensued between the Roman and imperial forces. The Pope was taken captive and driven by threats into a full recognition of the imperial sway and into a solemn oath that he would never excommunicate the Emperor. The latter on his part promised to respect the dignity and the immunities of the church, but how well he kept his word may be inferred from the fact, that he soon after marched again upon Rome, with the resolution to proceed to extremities against the Pope and those of his subjects who had displeased him by yielding to the general council. Pope Pascal fled and died an exile. The excommunication of the Emperor was renewed, until in 1122 a final compromise was instituted between the Empire and the Papacy. The Emperor renounced the right of nominating to benefices, and of influencing canonical elections, but was invested with the power of conferring a sceptre on whoever was elected. This pacification would probably have been of as short duration as the other, but for the death of Henry. With him ended the male line of the House of Franconia and much of the disaffection between the church and the Empire. The state of society however was but slowly improving. Nobles were often freebooters, churchmen, warriors; the common people grossly ignorant. The obligations of law and the sacred dignity of religion met alike with universal disregard. Yet the history of the times shows everywhere the signs of a better future slowly rising upon Europe. The spirit of chivalry was dawning. Examples of generosity and sincerity were becoming more frequent, and the appearance of a new dynasty gave hopes that the German Empire would gain fresh strength to emerge from darkness.

We have lingered so long over the earlier chronicles of the Germanic Confederation, we must pass quickly over the destinies of the Hohenstauffen family. During their reign, of nearly a century and a half, the Empire progressed steadily in point of civilization and popular freedom. The imperial authority lost something of its former absoluteness. The power of deciding in ecclesiastical litigations passed from the crown to the Holy See. The imperial revenues were diminished. A college of princes was called into existence, and became a formidable check upon the Emperor and a salutary aid in establishing the independence of individual States. The municipalities assumed a character hitherto unknown. At first, each city consisted of three distinct classes; the nobles who defended the walls and drew their revenues immediately from the working population; the burgesses who transacted all business, and maintained the nobility from the proceeds of an industry and intelligence which the latter despised; and the serfs, who served both equally. But as time elapsed constant familiarity tended to break down invidious distinctions; a gradual assimilation commenced, until marriages between the offspring of nobles and burgesses, and of burgesses and their inferiors, were no longer felt to be disgraceful or unequal. The number of imperial cities was increased, and their emancipation from feu-

dal authority rapidly consummated. Confederations ensued; at first, the alliance of the Rhine; next, the famous Hauseatic League. The latter confederation, which finally embraced eighty of the most considerable towns in Germany, constituted at first to protect its members against the ravages of the pirates who infested the Baltic, had soon for its chief object the establishment of a commercial monopoly, to its own advantage and the detriment of the rest of Europe. The association founded four chief factories, at London, Bruges, Novogorod, and Bergen, and the direction of affairs was entrusted to managers resident in Lubeck, Cologne, Dantzic, and Brunswick. The League reached a height of commercial power and prosperity before unknown; its merchants were princes, its traffickers the honorable of the earth. It raised and equipped armies, and openly defied the power of kings. Although, as just intimated, its influence was to a certain extent injurious to other portions of Europe, and its growth of too artificial a nature to continue long, it was, nevertheless, productive of one good which cannot be overlooked. It served to raise the aristocracy of wealth to a level with that of birth, and to do away with many injurious divisions of society.

An interregnum of twenty years after the extinction of the Hohenstauffen House once more rendered the imperial throne an object of ambitious desire, and its possession was eagerly sought by three principal candidates, Ottocar and Otho of Bohemia and Alfonso of Castile, the latter of whom had little sympathy with any of the electors. But an unlooked for Providence appeared signally to interfere. The sufferage fell on Rodolph, Count of Hapsburg, a prince of inferior dignity and possessed of but small territories. His early history, however, is remarkable as displaying the policy and the courage of the man who was to unite the discordant elements of the Germanic Confederation, and organize from confusion and anarchy a splendid magnificent imperial power. His paternal dominions, originally hostile to each other, —(the type of the greater states in whose pacification he was afterward to display such uncommon powers)—he brought into harmony at an early period. His ambitious and restless spirit thus urged him to fresh exertions. He made war on his neighbors on the slightest pretexts, and by conquest or treaty generally succeeded in gaining possession of their territories. Nor did he disdain the less honorable occupation of a freebooter—an occupation so common among the German princes. We can hardly conceive of a state in which the profession of a robber could be embraced by the nobility, yet it will be necessary to form this idea, if we would form a right estimate of the times in which the greatest events of the middle ages were transacted.

A noble, weary of following his sovereign to the wars, and who sought upon his own domains an independence and lawlessness that could not be found even in the license of a court generally fixed his seat near a great road, or oftener by the junction of four highways. Here he called about him a numerous retinue of knights and freedmen attached to him by ties of blood or mercenary obligations, ready on the instant to obey his commands and thoroughly unscrupulous as to the means of fulfilling them. A strongly fortified castle enabled him to bid defiance to the threats of royalty or the attacks of his aggrieved neighbors. No one who passed by his stronghold was free from his depredations. Companies of merchants; bands of pilgrims journeying to the Holy Land or to the shrine of some sainted hermit; monks leisurely conveying to the monastry the fat produce of superstitious proprietors were pounced upon without scruple, and compelled to yield up whatever the rapacity of the noble might demand Often these transfers were not made without sanguinary conflicts. It was not an uncommon thing for traders to maintain troops of soldiers for their especial defence, and these latter sometimes proved more than a match for the confident and reckless followers of the noble freebooter. Often too, the holy fathers displayed a skill in the use of weapons marvellous to those who had not imagined that monks did anything more than fast and pray in the cloister, or occasionally venture out on a begging visit to the neighboring farmers. Frequent crosses by the way-side attested the result of these engagements, and the exhortations to the pious traveller to supplicate mercy for the souls of those who had fallen, suggested mournful reflections as to the fate of the dead.

Nor were the ravages of these noble robbers confined to the highways. If merchants and pilgrims failed, the distance was not great to some other den of marauders, and the spoil not less plentiful than in the former case, though the victory might not be so easily gained. And one source of revenue always remained if the highways were deserted, and the castles of the neighboring nobles unassailable, or level with the ground. The wealth of the monasteries seemed inexhaustible. In truth, the worthy anchorites of the mediæval age ever showed a much better knowledge of the human heart, and of the avenues to the pocket, than did the grasping and untaught noble. The former flattered and cajoled, and went away with a whole skin and plentifully filled bags; the latter threatened, fought, and bought whatever he obtained only at the price of severe conflict and sometimes at life itself. In times of scarcity therefore, his gains were small and hardly earned, while the monk revelled in ease and abundance. Aggression on the monastery became inevitable. The monks at first attempted to buy a precarious safety by giving; afterwards by taking up arms and covering their battlements with bristling pikes. But even their weapons and their strong walls did not avail them. The rapacious freebooter was not accustomed to allow scruples of religion to interfere with his demands or those of his followers. The sacred retreats of piety were indiscriminately pillaged, and often converted into heaps of smoking ruins. But more often they were robbed judiciously. Each visitation left the trembling recluse in hopes that the attacks of the marauder had ceased, and each attack proved but the precursor to a dozen more. As the prudent husbandman who leaves a portion of honey in the hive, and carefully refrains from molesting its inhabitants, finds in it a perpetual source of income, so the skillful noble who plundered the monastery occasionally and in part, and protected it from the ravages of others, drew from it a constant and lasting revenue. And often too, in declining years he compelled the fearful monks at the point of the sword to canonize him as their benefactor and patron saint.

Before he was called to the throne Rodolph was but a little in advance of the marauding nobility we have described. He was less of a bandit, but more of a conqueror. He abandoned the occupation of robbing the packages of merchants and the wallets of travellers for the more profitable trade of seizing estates. Neither the bonds of relationship nor the sanctities of religion stood in his way toward the increase of power and territory. He was at one time excommunicated for burning a monastry. He ravaged the lands of a wealthy uncle, and ultimately succeeded by inheritance to what he had virtually obtained by conquest. He routed numerous banditti whose only crime appeared to him to be that they were weaker than himself. But among these more unworthy exploits he often appeared in the character of a true hero. His lenience to those whom he had subdued was remarkable. His generosity is recorded in a multitude of legends, more in number than generally falls to the lot of the great men of a past age. Still, notwithstanding his courage, his ambition, and his generous traits, he would in all probability have remained a prince of the second order, Count only of Hapsburg and the domains inherited from his uncle, had not an unlooked for circumstance introduced him to the notice of the powerful Archbishop of Mentz. This prelate on his way to Rome passed by his territories, and applied to him for an escort as a protection against the banditti who infested the country as far as the Italian frontier. Rodolph cheerfully equipped a large force which accompanied the archbishop to the Eternal city and returned with him in safety to his home, a signal service which the prelate assured him he should not soon forget and in the end more than repaid.

Just at this time, Gregory the Tenth harrassed by the continual complaints of the German princes, and fearful lest the confusion of the Empire should result in anarchy and the complete estrangement of the imperial power from Rome, announced to the confederated States that if they delayed longer to choose a sovereign, he would be obliged to provide one for them. The elector of Mentz was the first to convoke the Diet, and the archbishop with the remembrance of the favor he had so recently received fresh in his mind, set himself earnestly to work to procure the nomination of Rodolph. The claims of Alphonso and Otho were summarily disposed

of; but the contest between the partizans of Rodolph and Ottocar was not so easily terminated.

The election although tumultuous and stormy presented no parallel to that which took place immediately subsequent to the fall of the House of Saxony, when deputations from every Germanic nation conveyed to the vast plains of the Rhine between Mentz and Worms; when whole tribes clad in uncouth attire and chaunting the rude songs of their native forests emerged from the remotest districts of the empire, and poured down upon the cultivated fields of the West; when dukes, and princes, and nobles, and freemen mingling promiscuously together asserted their respective claims to a hearing, and proclaimed themselves ready to support their candidates by trial of arms; and when the popular tumult was stilled only after many days of the most strenuous exertion on the part of the dignitaries of the Empire. Policy had taken the place of lawlessness and impulse, and the body of the people were content to stay at home, satisfied that their individual electors could make a better choice than themselves. The Archbishop of Mentz, remarkable alike for his influence and political sagacity, lost no time in furthering the cause of his favorite Rodolph among the electors. To those who instanced the comparatively humble birth of his candidate, and demanded a prince of higher rank, greater power and more extensive dominions, he represented that their desires would be better satisfied by a wise, able, and courageous ruler such as Rodolph had shown himself to be, than by one whose birth and riches were his only recommendations; and so well did he urge these arguments that he gained over his brethren of the church without further hesitation on their part. It seemed a more difficult task however, to obtain the votes of the secular electors, most of whom were strongly inclined to the side of Ottocar king of Bohemia.

But what in a majority of cases men would look upon as anything but advantageous, here resulted directly in favor of the Count of Hapsburg. He had six unmarried daughters and several of the electors were bachelors. If chosen Emperor he would be enabled to dower his daughters with rich fiefs, of which the above mentioned electors stood in great need. The Archbishop without scruple promised their choice among Rodolph's daughters to the electors of Bavaria, Saxony, and Brandenburg; and the election of Rodolph was secured. The news was carried to him while besieging Basle, the bishop of which had murdered some member of his family. So chagrined was the bishop at the success of his enemy that he is said to have exclaimed, "*Sede fortiter Domine Deus, alias, Rodolphus locum occupabit tenem!*" The elevation of the fortunate Count was instantly and universally hailed with joy by the citizens who hastened to swear allegiance to their new sovereign. He lost no time in proceeding to Aix la Chapelle, where in 1273 he was crowned King of the Romans by his friend and patron the faithful Archbishop of Mentz.

But the throne upon which Rodolph was called to sit was beset by imminent and formidable dangers. Robberies and murders were of daily occurrence throughout the empire, and the public roads unsafe to the last degree. It is interesting to see with what energy and zeal the late marauder and well nigh highway freebooter, waged the war of extermination against all banditti and robbers of whatever degree. In an astonishingly short space of time he had destroyed in Thuringia alone, sixty castles. On one day he ordered ninety-nine highwaymen to be hanged in Erfurth. Throughout the whole of his wide dominions he stationed vigilant officers, whose duty it was to mention all instances of fraud and violence happening under their observation. The former experience of the Emperor was of great aid in ferreting out the rapacious and the villainous of his empire. Jonathan Wild would never have been the eminent thief-taker had he not once served an apprenticeship in the trade of lightening the pockets of elderly gentlemen, and breaking into the houses of the fat and sleepy burghers of London. In all times the men who have been most successful in detecting criminals have themselves passed through at least the initiatory experiences of crime. "*Qui vit sans folie, n'est pas si sage qu'il croit,*" said the wittiest of moralists in the most dissolute of courts. If Rochefoucauld had substituted *crime* for *folie* we think the maxim might have lost nothing in truth by the alteration.

But Rodolph had other matters forced upon him much more difficult in adjustment, and important in result, than razing bandit castles and sending their inmates to the gallows. The Papal See was yet far from being at peace with the Germanic nation or its ruler. The spirit of revolt and jealousy had been but partially laid. Oil had indeed been poured on the troubled waters, but the ground swell still murmured hoarsely to the very threshold of the palace of the Cæsars. During the late reigns the animosity between the Popes and their councils and the Emperors, had led to results alike disgraceful and ruinous to both parties. With the successive extinctions of dynasties many of the old causes of grievances had died away, but others of a national character still survived and seemed only to gain fresh strength by age. To the concessions he was about to propose, and to the articles of peace he was about to arrange, Rodolph brought all the moderation and art of which he was capable, and happily for Germany, the Pope to whom overtures were made was equally moderate, equally skillful, and equally fond of peace with the Emperor.

Whatever may have been the merits and whatever the faults of the mediæval Roman church, we cannot deny her the praise of consummate craft in her dealings with temporal powers. She has ever possessed the wisdom of the serpent if not the harmlessness of the dove. For centuries while the kingdoms of Europe were clashing in terrible discord, while the mighty fabrics of human policy were rocking to their bases and often falling, only to give place to others not more lasting, the spiritual despotism of the papacy gathered constantly about itself the elements of perpetuity. If monarchs quarreled, the only arbiter was the Holy See, and the judge was seldom the loser by the decision. And we may well believe that in the dark and stormy years of the middle ages the presence of a steady conservative force exerting an influence upon a whole continent was eminently productive of good, and that its extinction would have been followed by nothing other than general anarchy and confusion. Rome had her legates in every court, her teachers in every village. She awed the tyrannical monarch and the impetuous noble, she gave courage and manly resolution to the peasant. There was little fear of her temporal power going too far. Human nature will rarely yield beyond a certain point and for one instance in which the Popes forced an abject submission to their authority, they met with hundreds where it was necessary to use their power indirectly and cautiously. To the credit of Rome also it must be said that she oftenest lent her aid to the weaker party, and that her interference in cases of unjust spoilation or aggression was not of rare occurrence. The church was the minister of much evil but of vastly more good. For centuries it was the balance wheel of Europe, and it lost its mighty influence only when the complex machine of government could move on smoothly without it. Rome of the nineteenth century has lost many of the traits which characterized and ennobled Rome of the twelfth and thirteenth. Now, in her dotage, she seeks the smallest grains of power by tortuous windings and unworthy fraud, then, in vigorous youth, she came boldly forward and claimed with perfect confidence what she was sure of gaining and what was rightfully her own. She flattered too, and used artifice, but the artifice and the flattery were the weapons of skillful astuteness, not the sole refuge of impotent weakness.

As the conditions of amity between the Vatican and the Empire, the subtle Gregory proposed to Rodolph that he should renounce all claim to jurisdiction over Rome, all authority over the kingdom of Naples, and all interference in ecclesiastical elections; that he should confirm the privilege of appeal to the supreme pontiff, and grant the independence of the Germanic church. Nor was the magnitude of these demands so great as might at first have been supposed. Previous monarchs had allowed them in theory, though they had failed to concede them in practice. Rodolph was called upon to act sincerely where his predecessors had acted with duplicity. To deny these demands was impolitic and impossible, to do as others had done before him would have been to tear open anew the wounds of the Empire, and confirm all former contention and anarchy. The great experiment of concession, in form and reality, was yet to be made; and Rodolph, earnestly desirous, we may believe, to secure the happiness of his subjects

at a sacrifice of merely nominal rights, the loss of which would never be perceived by the nation, consented to the conditions proffered by Gregory. The result was one of unmixed good. Henceforth the Pope was a fine ally to him and the empire.—The Holy See and the council refused longer to listen to the complaints of his former rival Alphonso, whom for some time previous they had kept in suspense, and announced to all who might be disposed to contend against the authority of the Emperor that he was the rightful ruler of Germany, confirmed by God and his vicegerent, and that whoever questioned his authority was guilty of rebellion against the mother church.

But the persuasions of Rome did not instantly calm the internal dissensions of the empire. The sturdy Ottocar, who it will be remembered, was at one time a competitor with Rodolph, and who seemed to have yet lingering in his breast a considerable remnant of what has been not unaptly termed "Teutonic Pluck" ventured in defiance of the authority of Gregory to raise the standard of revolt against his successful rival. Those parts of Austria over which he was sovereign were held only by a feeble tenure, and had he consulted his own interest wisely he would have suffered Rodolph to remain at a distance and in peace. The Emperor convoked a Diet, but the Bohemian refused to appear; openly avowing his independence, and calling on the German princes to take up arms against the new Emperor. A few of them responded to the call; a larger number declared their intention of siding with Rodolph; the remainder, however, kept passively neutral, ready to espouse the cause of the victor. The Emperor taking the initiative marched directly on Vienna, and nothing daunted by the sight of the ruins of the bridge which had recently spanned the Danube, and which had been broken down by the retreating soldiers of Ottocar, threw a chain of boats across the stream and poured his troops into the streets of the astonished city.

Resistance was hopeless. The Bohemian was out-numbered and out-generaled, and an unconditional submission was exacted by the conqueror. The famous annalist Æneas Sylvius, whose love of truth sometimes yields to his love of the marvellous, has related a circumstance connected with the surrender which has excited the curiosity of critical readers. According to him, a magnificent pavilion was erected, on the island of Camberg, in the Danube, in which the ceremony of investiture was to be performed. The sides of the tent were closed that the unfortunate Ottocar might not be exposed to the gaze of his subjects. Rodolph, seated on a splendid throne, surrounded by the principal nobles of his court and the officers of his army, was receiving the keys of the city and the royal sword from the kneeling Ottocar, when by accident or design the tent was unfolded, and the humbled Austrian was seen in his unworthy position by the vast concourse of spectators which lined the banks of the river. Ottocar indignantly started to his feet, charged the Emperor with treachery, and rejoining his nobles and people urged them to immediate renewal of war. The treaty was renounced. A series of sanguinary battles ensued, until the death of Ottocar completed the subjugation of his provinces. For the truth of this narration historians generally are not willing to vouch. But that Ottocar chafed under the lenient rule to which he was obliged to submit, and that in a subsequent rebellion he was slain, is not doubted. For ourselves, we confess a certain leaning to the brilliant legends and stories with which the mediæval writers were wont to adorn their pages. That many of them are as fabulous as the exploits of Curtius and Decius, upon which Livy has lavished such gorgeous coloring, we cannot but suppose. To believe them altogether would be too easy a credulity, to reject them altogether too harsh a scepticism. Events as romantic and marvellous as many of those recorded in the annals of a past age are daily happening in our own times. We record what we see for the benefit of posterity, and can give them no security for our veracity but our word.—Antiquity has transmitted its experiences to us, and it depends solely on ourselves whether we will receive them or not. The incident above mentioned bears no absurdity within itself, and if admitted affords a satisfactory and sufficient reason for the rebellion of the humbled king. As we have said, the death of Ottocar was the termination of the war. His son married a daughter of Rodolph—in accordance

with the peculiar and favorite policy of the latter—and became one of the strongest allies of his father-in-law.

Delivered at length from the outward difficulties which had so long harassed him, the Emperor began to develope more clearly the character of a wise and politic ruler. For it is not the mere conqueror who builds up a state, nor will a thousand victories do more than cripple the resources of a nation, if to the valor of its generals there is not added foresight, calculation, and skill in political economy. Subjugation is but the first step towards consolidation. The chafing asperities of sectional manners, the inevitable jealousies between separate states require time and the most skillful management ever to lose their harsh individualities and become harmoniously blended. Amid all of Alexander's conquests he never founded a state. The Orientals whom he subdued were Orientals still; they cherished nothing but hatred to their conqueror, and waited only a favorable opportunity to throw off the yoke he had imposed.—Between the Macedonian and the Indian there was no assimilation. No mediating agent had acted on them, and to imagine that an empire so rudely and hastily constructed would long outlast its author, was as it were, to believe that a column could be left to stand after the pedestal had been knocked away. History is full of examples of the futility of military success, unaided by civil sagacity. The present age has seen a memorable instance in the mighty and perishable fabric reared by the Corsican conqueror, nor will men soon forget the sudden and startling crash of the falling ruin. Of all nations of antiquity the Romans best understood the art of reconciling those whom they subjugated, to their masters. The great secret of their success and of the long duration of the empire, lay in the system of colonization which they adopted from the very first.—The Roman who was sent from the parent city to rule the distant and lawless province early identified his fortunes with the fortunes of the state. He civilized, he taught the arts of life, and those who had been his barbarian enemies, soon became his enlightened allies and subjects. The Romish church has not been behind her great prototype. Wherever she has extended her sway she has commenced by assimilating herself to society as she found it, and by taking the initiative in all social melioration and reform, till she made all ranks her willing auxiliaries and defenders.

Rodolph proceeded in his plans of internal progress with great wisdom and caution. He purified and ennobled the great body of the clergy by raising their social importance to a much higher grade than heretofore, and thus taking away the necessity under which they had labored of acquiring influence by underhand and surreptitious means. Teachers of religion will ever mould the opinions of society especially of its lower classes—to a great extent; it remains for rulers to choose whether the minds of their subjects shall be guided by men whom they sanction and protect or whom they despise and degrade. In the former case, they can at all times feel perfect safety in the good will of their people; in the latter they are constantly insecure, and know not but they are treading directly over the smothered volcano which may at any moment open the earth under their feet and engulf them for ever.

Another measure of public policy was the gradual retrenchment of the expenses of the Empire. These had been lavish and prodigal during the administrations of former rulers and had in a corresponding degree excited the discontent of the subjects. The taxes necessary to support the wasteful excess of the court had been enormous. Their collection had been attended with great difficulty and danger, had often provoked civil wars, and had been the cause of much of the popular animosity against the throne. To remedy this grievance which seriously threatened the internal peace of the Empire, Rodolph zealously set himself to work. He reformed the manners of the court. He abolished all needless offices. He diminished the salaries of such as were continued, as far as was consistent with the proper discharge of their duties. He promulgated to the people the reasons for the various acts, which they were called upon to sustain, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing them reconciled to his public measures, prompt to answer the demands of government, and satisfied with the wisdom of the ministers of justice. As a proof of the favor with which they regarded their sovereign, they unanimously demanded the nomination of a prince

of the royal house. In this request the nobility united. A Diet was convoked, and Rodolph's eldest son Albert was invested with the government of Austria, Styria and Carinthia. His second son Rodolph received Suabia which had recently come within the limits of the Confederation. It seemed as if the destinies of the House of Hapsburg were now involved with those of the Empire. The succession of Albert appeared inevitable, and the future acts of the Emperor were such as to confirm the general satisfaction with which his administration had hitherto been received.

About this period, Innocent Fifth, the successor of Gregory, endeavored to arouse Europe to another of those spasmodic efforts that had so long convulsed the continent—the crusades. The late disastrous expedition under the spiritual sanction of Clement the Fourth, in which the King of France and his immense army had miserably perished, did not at all tend to shake the confidence or diminish the ardor of the Holy See. Since the eleventh century, when Peter the Hermit led the warriors of Europe to the restoration of the liberties of Palestine, through eight crusades of almost unbroken failure and disgrace, the Popes had not once slackened from their original zeal. Military forces had been exhausted only to spring forth into fresher and more vigorous life. Still, an apathy, an unconcern, a gradual indifference to the warlike monitions of Rome was settling down over the Catholic States. To Rodolph, as the warm friend of the church, and strenuous supporter of the papal authority,—as a fearless captain, and, more than all, as an ambitious prince,—Innocent turned as a last and sure resort. He pictured to the Emperor the glory that must follow to himself and his house from the successful issue of the expedition, the power that would be added to the German States, and the reward he would find in his own conscience. He represented that one more effort must destroy the Ottoman power, already brought down to the verge of ruin by the repeated blows it had received from the Christian Powers. In fine, he left no means untried of personal solicitation, of friendly and skillful embassy, and of the exhortation of the national clergy.

Notwithstanding all his influence and exhortation, however, no result was effected other than that a lesson was taught to Europe that the crusading spirit was buried beyond hope of a resurrection. For a concise account of the causes of its decline, we refer without hesitation to M. Guizot.

"A great deal was said in Europe about crusades, and they were even preached with ardor. The Popes excited the sovereigns and the people; councils were held to recommend the conquest of the Holy Land, but no expeditions of any importance were now undertaken for this purpose, and it was regarded with general indifference. Something had entered into the spirit of European society which put an end to the crusades. * * The general movement was evidently arrested. * * * Nothing could revive the spirit of the crusades. It is evident that the two great forces of society—the sovereigns on the one hand and the people on the other—no longer desired their continuance."

"It has often been said that Europe was weary of these constant inroads upon Asia. We must come to an understanding as to the meaning of the word 'weariness,' frequently used on such occasions. It is exceedingly incorrect. It is not true that generations of men can be weary of what has not been done by themselves, that they can be wearied by the fatigues of their fathers. Weariness is personal, it cannot be transmitted like an inheritance. The people of the thirteenth century were not weary of the crusades of the twelfth, they were influenced by a different cause. A great change had taken place in opinions, sentiments, and social relations. There were no longer the same wants or the same desires, the people no longer believed or wished to believe in the same things. It is by these moral or political changes and not by weariness that the differences in the conduct of successive generations can be explained. The pretended weariness ascribed to them is a metaphor destitute of truth."*

Among the changes alluded to by the eminent Frenchman, must be reckoned the greater permenency of all civil institutions. At the time of the first crusades the surface of the continent seemed like the surface of a sea shattered by winds and overstrewn by wrecks. Society was a floating, semi-organized, mass. Portions of it had no other home than the tent and the field. Rights of personal property and security were commonly disregarded. The holders of estates were at any time liable

* History of Civilization in Modern Europe, Volume 1, Lecture 8th.

to be driven from their possessions and thrust into vagabondism and the life of banditti. To all such, to serfs, to the freedmen, to many of the nobility who panted for a wider field for their prowess or their rapaciousness, the crusades had offered signal advantages. And of such were the ranks of those composed who conquered at Acre, and chanted the praises of the Virgin inside the walls of Jerusalem. But with the recognition of civil rights, with security of persons and property, with the settled demarcation of national limits and the establishment of hereditary governments, there at once entered into men's hearts a desire for the repose of peace. The lower classes emancipated in a great degree from that degrading servitude under which they had so long groaned, had no further reasons for leaving their native soil, and gaining a bloody and doubtful freedom on the plains of Syria. The freedmen rapidly rising to greater dignities and wealth were too much intoxicated with their new importance to seek a change of condition. The nobles were busy in improving their estates, in strengthening their titles, and in laying the foundations of future greatness. The time was past when a call for a new crusade could collect an hundred thousand warriors from the fields of Europe. The lack of religious enthusiasm pervaded all classes simultaneously. The day of mere adventure was over. The age of cautiousness, of worldly policy, of bargain and sale had commenced.

Possibly had the Pope made his final appeal a few years later or a few years earlier it might have been partially answered. But at the time in which it was promulgated, he could have expected nothing other than indifference. The Emperor was wholly engrossed in measures for the establishment of his power and the aggrandizement of his family. Castile was convulsed by a civil war originating between the claimants for the throne after the death of Alphonso. The struggle between the Genoese and Pisans distracted Italy. The authority of the Holy See could scarcely restrain the Romans and the inhabitants of the ecclesiastical States within decent bounds of moderation. The Cumani, a savage people who occupied the provinces north-west of Hungary, were pouring in by thousands on that devoted country, ravaging the fields, consuming the harvests of the industrious peasants and threatening universal famine. In short, the circumstances of Europe were entirely adverse to a crusade. The Christian possessions on the eastern shores of the Mediterranean, gained by incredible expenditure of treasure and human life, held only by the most watchful exertion, were successively abandoned. Acre, the most glorious of conquests, was the last to yield. It was entered by the Saracens, in 1291, a day made ever after memorable by the extinction of the Christian power in Syria. The various orders of religious knights sworn to the deliverance of the Holy Land at first withdrew to the island of Cyprus. After that, the Hospitallers established themselves at Rhodes. The Teutonic knights transferred the seat of their order to Courland, where, says Des Michels, "they laid the foundation of a dominion that existed for a long period." The decay of the Templars was rapid and final. Their licentious manners, their contempt of religion, and above all, their accumulated riches were strongly against them. No means were left unexercised for their extinction. The anathemas of the church were heaped upon them. False witnesses were suborned who testified to their having committed the most atrocious and unheard of crimes. Those who were arrested were thrown into the foulest dungeons of the cities and provinces. Many were taken from confinement only to be burnt at the stake. Others to save their lives, abjured the sanctities of the order; others were frightened into a partial confession of the iniquities which had been charged upon them. Their chiefs were universally executed. The councils of the Rhone, and the prelates of Spain, Germany, England, Scotland, and Ireland, interceded for them in vain. The Pope declared the order abolished, and their property confiscated to the Knights of the Hospital. The former part of the declaration became history; the latter was never realized. The Suzerains, everywhere, seized whatever of their property remained, and turned it entirely to their own aggrandizement. Thus ended the career of the Knights Templars, famous alike for their military prowess, their crimes, and their misfortunes; and with them ended the enthusiasm of European sovereigns for the

establishment of Christianity in the East.

Another no less destinctive feature of the era over which we have been lingering, was the breaking up of the feudal system. Of the origin of this system it is not our purpose to speak, more than that it dates back to a period previous to the reign of Charlemagne. Its full development is generally reckoned from the tenth century. But before this time a great step had been taken by the conversion of benefices, (by which we mean grants of land made by kings to subjects as a return for military service,) into hereditary fiefs. The act of Charles the Bold in 879, by which he made the government of counties hereditary, went far in addition to render the dukes and great proprietors independent of the crown on the one hand, and despotic masters of the people on the other.

The rise of feudalism was the decay of barbarism—the former an universal, if not an inevitable, result of the latter. Some system of government was absolutely necessary as soon as men began to be dependent on one another for the conveniences or the amenities of society. The politics of ancient civilization had been long forgotten and the few records that remained mouldered within the walls of the monasteries. Learning was unknown. The equality of all men before the law was a condition as yet undreamed of. The stronger prevailed and became feudal lords; the weaker yielded and became vassals or serfs. The individual separation of society seemed complete, the general chaos permanent. We are told that, to certain of the reflective minds of that day, the end of all things appeared near; that among poets and historians some believed and wrote that the dissolution of the world must follow this wide spread anarchy. Still year after year rolled by, and the demarcations of the social state became more obvious and durable, different classes became more harmonious in their reflex action, and the feudal system was generally and tacitly confessed to be the only system fitted to the times. The church yielded to its influence and assumed many of its forms. Royalty made little opposition to it, since opposition would only have resulted in defeat and loss of power. The grasp of feudalism was upon all things even to the minutest forms of common life.

Still although men yielded to the outward feudal system, we must not suppose that they were to an equal degree in love with its principles. These grand principles pervaded all society, and their recognition was necessary to the settled peace of politics and morals, as morals and politics then existed. But behind feudalism, as behind some popular disguise, were monarchy and the church, distinct, active, and individual, as ever before. And whether the church claimed to preserve neutrality, or owned alliance with feudalism, she was continually though secretly endeavouring to destroy it. To effect her purpose she joined hands with the lowest phases of radicalism at one time, was with the most ultra manifestations of high monarchy at another. It is to these efforts of the church, at different times allying herself with different principles, and thus rubbing away the asperities and irreconcileable features of each, that we must attribute the early decline of the system of which we are speaking. Nor were the cities at all behindhand in making war against a system that tended directly to diminish their influence and importance. In a conflict between commerce and feudalism the issue could not long be doubtful. The former must triumph over the latter, by as much as the love of trade and social equality is stronger than the love of servitude. Isolated nobles, however much they might retard the progress of mind, each on his own domains, could not long resist the tide of knowledge and free inquiry that poured inward from the trading cities. The principles of democracy once established, their progressive march could not be checked by the stiff and lifeless forms of a despotic society.

It is not to be wondered at that Rome was an active opponent of feudalism. If the church for sixteen hundred years has desired anything, it has been that rulers should recognise her authority and be submissive to her precepts. And just here was the cause of her dissatisfaction. The feudal barons and lords disowned her as a guide, a mistress, or even a help. They claimed to exercise power by their own right. In the times of the Roman Emperors, and indeed throughout almost all historic periods, we find that magistrates and rulers have acknowledged the suprem-

acy of religion. They have ascribed their power to a higher source than themselves. They have admitted the priests of their divinities, whether Dagon, or Baal, or Jupiter, or Vishmu, to their councils, and have openly commanded the people to obey them. But the feudal chief had no idea of such a course of action. That stern *individualism* so peculiar to the northern nations, he had grafted into his own nobility, and the fruit of the tree was an utter and fierce contempt for the authority of religious teachers. The comparative seclusion in which he lived, the despotic control which he was accustomed to exercise over his family and retainers, and the complete submission he received in return, combined to induce forgetfulness of any superior power. If he recognized any supremacy, it was the supremacy of force, and this latter was the only means by which his pride could be at all humbled. The priest was allowed an unnoticeable seat at the lower end of the table. He was permitted to converse with the women of the family, and to teach the children a few rudiments of learning—to be forgotten as soon as the boy could grasp a spear, or the girl assist at the banqueting board. He was permitted to preach docility and obedience to the vassals and serfs, and was called in to the sick chamber to prepare with breviary and holy oil the dying man for heaven. Throughout, his position was that of an inferior,—*not a connecting link between the different ranks of society* as he has been sometimes styled, by writers on this period, but a certain something which every one might abuse, an object of contempt to the lord, and certainly not an object of envy to the vassal. And it was for this disregard of the church and its ministers that Rome so bitterly hated the feudal system,—not because it induced tyranny, not because it suppressed education and free inquiry, not because it fostered slavery; all these the church could endure, but solely because it left her out of sight, or if it interfered at all, interfered only to aggress and to destroy.

By degrees, as men became more enlightened—and the process of enlightenment appears inexplicably slow if we fail to remember that the means of disseminating knowledge were almost unknown, and that the human intellect was undergoing the pains and labors of a second birth,—the feudal system seemed more and more unnecessary and oppressive, and its abolition more practicable. It had never engrafted itself on the affections of the people. Although men are generally willing to be governed, they rarely endure governors who claim power as their own right, without election, without recognition of a superior authority human or divine. And feudal lords were of this class of rulers. They were the incarnations of despotism; in that they acknowledged no appeal from their commands. Their domination was that of unrestrained, capricious, individual will. To this species of domination men can never for a long time submit. So long as personal authority shelters itself behind the mask of divine appointment, and utters its mandates as the Delphic priests their oracles, it may obtain obedience. But let *mere human will* * manifest itself without disguise, and it inevitably moves hatred and provokes resistance. The spirit of insubordination is sure to appear, sooner or later. For years the hatred against feudal power had been growing more universal and deep-rooted.

The extinction of the feudal system was much hastened by the wise and politic measures of Rodolph. We have mentioned a few of his more important and beneficial public acts, his suppression of the titled banditti; in his time the worst type of feudal proprietors; the reconciliation he effected between Rome and the empire; his ennobling of the clergy and the consequent impulse given to education; and his refusal to waste the strength and the resources of the confederation upon a fruitless and untimely crusade. He had succeeded in uniting the nobles of Germany in a remarkable degree. He had greatly protected the interests of commerce, and had raised the rank of freedmen and merchants to respectability and honor. So much indeed had he encouraged trade that

* Our Southern readers will perhaps be reminded here, that the violent opposition of the North is *naturally and unavoidably* excited only by the absence of all *form of law* in a certain department of their municipal system. A *legal* amelioration would soon reconcile the world to them and their system, beside tending to their own infinite benefit, and the salvation of the system itself.—Ed.

it was made a cause of complaint against him by certain of the sovereigns of Europe.—They lamented that he lowered his dignity as an Emperor to any interference with the petty affairs of business; that the throne of Germany should be occupied by a friend of burgesses and hucksters; little dreaming that this course of action was laying the foundations of permanent empire, and was helping to do away with that monstrous system which, however well fitted for the days of Charlemagne and his immediate successors, was utterly repugnant to the spirit of the thirteenth century. The dividing lines of society were thus drawn with less rigor. The fusion of its different portions became more complete. At the death of Rodolph, feudalism was a ruling principle extinct. Traces of it long survived, and are even now to be discovered wrought into certain of the monarchical governments of Europe; but its vitality, its vigor, its power have departed forever. It had lived its day; its mission was accomplished. It now forms a subject of contemplation rich in philosophy and conjecture; and we conceive that at least a partial knowledge of its workings is needful, if we would arrive at an intimacy with the causes of those terrible revolutions which have not ceased for centuries to rage among the continental nations.

Rodolph had often been invited to Rome to receive the imperial crown with becoming state, but he persisted in refusing it to the end of his life. He is said to have compared Rome to the cave of the sick lion, into which many animals were known to go, but from which none were ever seen to return; since many of his predecessors had gone into Italy for the same purposes for which he was invited, and had seldom returned without the loss of some portion of their rights or authority. To a profound respect for the Holy See he often joined a certain impatience of its interference. He disliked, in particular, the ancient forms to which the Church has always clung with so much of superstitious veneration. The universal custom of issuing laws in the Latin language, he reprobated and refused to follow. He caused the edicts of the German Empire to be written out in the German tongue, and accommodated to the popular use. He also caused a complete constitution to be drawn up in the same language, which remained for many years the basis of government.

To the time of his death, which took place eighteen years after the commencement of his reign, Rodolph continued his career of national aggrandizement and improvement. He subdued the refractory princes of the outer provinces; succeeded in exterminating the banditti, so that little more was heard of them till the terror of his name had passed away; appointed judges in every part of his vast dominions; and replenished the coffers of the empire. At length the exhaustion of a constitution, worn by age and labor, warned him to resign the sceptre to other hands. He convoked a Diet at Frankfort, and having informed the princes and electors of his intentions, demanded that the imperial crown should be secured to his eldest son, Albert, by creating the latter king of the Romans. The Diet opposed this measure, giving as their reason that it was against the spirit of the Confederacy to support two Emperors at once. Surprised and vexed at this unlooked-for refusal, he dismissed the elective body, and endeavored to dissipate his anxieties by travelling through his dominions. The untimely death of his second son, Rodolph, went far in company with his political cares to dispirit and weaken his mental and physical frame. His last journey was from Strasburg to Spire, to which place he was going to visit the tomb of the deceased Empress. "This," says an early historian, "he actually accomplished, sooner, perhaps, than he expected; for being taken ill at Gernersheim, he died, in the seventy-third year of his age, and his body being carried to Spire, was interred in the great church, together with the rest of the Emperors."

No great man ever passes away without leaving behind him much staple for *ana* and anecdote. His personal peculiarities are noticed curiously, and carefully remembered. His sayings, important and unimportant, are invested with an interest not derived wholly from themselves. His form and features become matters of history, thenceforth inseparable from the records of his achievements. No hero of the middle ages has, if we except Charlemagne, been so adorned by tradition as Rodolph, and certainly this is no cause of wonder, if we consider his rapid rise from mediocrity to

empire, his constant activity and success, his attachment to the common people, and his open and magnanimous character. We have no space to comment on the mass of anecdote which we find heaped about the name of the illustrious Emperor. Perhaps a single incident, taken from a veracious chronicle, will serve as a specimen of his judicial pleasantry :—

"A merchant having once complained to him of an innkeeper at Nuremberg, who refused to refund a sum of money which he had deposited in his hands, the Emperor, though the defendant could not be convicted, took an opportunity some days after, when he came with some other deputies of the city upon business, to praise his hat, and propose an exchange; accordingly, he no sooner received the innkeeper's hat, than he sent it as a token to his wife, with a message in her husband's name, desiring she would deliver to the bearer the money which the merchant had left in his hands. The stratagem succeeded; the wife sent the purse, which was restored to the right owner, and the innkeeper was condemned to pay a heavy fine."

In figure, Rodolph was tall and thin. His head was comparatively small, his complexion pale, his nose remarkably long, and his hair scanty. His dress was plain to a fault—resembling that of an ordinary subject. It is related that when the conquered Ottocar surrendered his insignia of authority to the victor, the former, in gorgeous apparel, knelt to the latter in a garment of coarse grey cloth. His manners were always frank and obliging. He was at all times accessible to even the meanest of his subjects who came to ask counsel or demand justice. He was emphatically a man of the people, and had his type of character been more frequent during the middle ages, Europe would, doubtless, have emerged much sooner from the night in which she was enveloped.

The period immediately succeeding the death of Rodolph was confused and stormy. An interregnum of nine months again disposed the people to demand an Emperor. A Diet was assembled, at which, (by the art of a principal elector, who persuaded each elector separately to vote for the candidate of his nomination,) Adolphus, the Count of Nassau, was chosen, and the hereditary claim of Albert set aside. It is needless to say that the latter possessed the sympathy of the princes, who were indignant at the fraud practised upon them. During seven years he waited his opportunity for ascending the throne, to which he felt himself entitled. Nor was the career of the present Emperor at all unfavorable to his designs. Adolphus soon rendered himself unpopular both to the nobles and the people by his extravagance, corrupt manners, and ostentatious pride. His cruel and unworthy massacre of the Jews provoked universal execration. He was deposed and soon after slain in battle by the victorious Albert, who immediately assumed the sovereignty, and thus restored the fortunes of the House of Hapsburg.

Of the subsequent destinies of this family we do not propose to speak. We have delayed sufficiently on its founder and its proudest ornament. We have seen how, by the efforts of one man, the "disjecta membra" of a mighty empire were brought into a harmony of union most wonderful, when we consider the spirit of the age; we have seen how long-continued feuds between temporal and spiritual power were removed; how the peace-loving disposition of a nation was encouraged; and how a system, hoary with age and rank with abuse, was dismissed far on its way to a deserved extinction. We are conscious of having gone over the ground imperfectly. We have left unspoken much that was suggested, as political example, by the life of the hero of the thirteenth century. This we leave to abler hands. We have omitted to notice many of his acts, military and civil; but perhaps these fall within the limits of the historian rather than the essayist. Our desire was, only to linger reverently for a time over the tomb of a "Hero of History." C. B.

MEMOIRS OF THE HOUSE OF ORLEANS.*

"WHERE any one quality" says Lord Mahon, "stands forth very prominently from a character either for good or for evil, posterity in general confine their attention to that alone, and merge every other in it." This may be in part the fault of the historian, and it is as a counterbalance to such a tendency of regular history and biography, that books like the one before us are valuable, entering into minute details, each illustrative of some other, by means of which, while the stronger traits of character lose not their prominence, the lesser obtain also a due consideration.

The "Memoirs of the House of Orleans" are from the birth of Louis Fourteenth to the revolution of 1848, relating not only to individuals of that family, but to the most distinguished characters connected with them, in public and private life; illustrating the reign of despotism, of constitutional monarchy, and of free republicanism, and the advantages and evils resulting from each. These details as well as all that has since occurred, leaving it yet to be proved whether the French people do not lack some indispensable requisite for a prosperous and permanent self-government.

The professed object of these volumes is to throw some light upon the "great secret" bequeathed by Louis Fourteenth, as an inheritance to his race. The author supposes this "secret" to have been founded in part at least, on the necessity of watching the ambitious designs of the younger branch of the Bourbons; and he is thought to have alluded to it, in the phrase "Orleans and Orange."

Some of the most remarkable events of his reign, tending to illustrate this mysterious problem, are the suspicious circumstances attending the sudden death of the Duchess of Orleans, first wife of the Regent, and of her daughter the queen of Spain; and also the vile character attributed generally to the Regent Orleans, and that borne by Philip Egalité, in connection with the French Revolution of 1830.

The investigation is made in a spirit of impartial justice, not previously exhibited to the House of Orleans, and denotes an honest, candid, and industrious writer.

Always forestalled by prejudice, the actions of this remarkable family were never fairly judged by their cotemporaries; and the public mind was never fully satisfied in regard either to their virtues or their vices. In retracing their career we have an advantage. Neither dazzled by their splendor nor in dread of their power, neither our public nor our private interests affected by them, we can contemplate more calmly and judge more clearly between the various representations of contradictory historians. If we are shocked by their vices we are withheld from a rancorous and violent indignation by the knowledge of the terrible retribution that followed; and we cannot be led into extravagant admiration of virtues of which we know the motive, the admixture, and the limit.

The obloquy of the proverb which, with the title descended from Gaston, Duke of Orleans, to his nephew Philip, that "*an Orleans would betray the hand that raised him to power*," has continued to attach, like a curse, to this unfortunate race; producing in some a hardened indifference, or daring recklessness of opinion, in others a cowardly weakness and wavering of purpose, alike derogatory to their

---

* *Memoirs of the House of Orleans.* By W. COOK TAYLOR, L. L. D. Philadelphia; A. Hart, late Carey & Hart. 1850.

Woman in France. By JULIA KAVANAGH. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. 1850.

characters as men, and to their political interests. While their vices have been condemned, it has not been considered what might be urged in extenuation.—Even virtue in an Orleans has excited surprise, rather than pleasure—admiration rather than sympathy; and the fullest acknowledgment has never been unmingled with distrust.

We have faith in the opinion held by many, that virtuous and vicious propensities often descend from father to son, and even through remote generations, but not that it is necessarily so. In every-day life we constantly see examples of the evil arising out of such prepossessions. It is hard to rise above the depressing consciousness of being misconstrued. The knowledge that a strong bias to condemn exists in the mind of those who surround us;—a predisposition to discredit our virtuous aspirations, and to look with suspicion upon whatever course we pursue, is paralyzing. Man needs the sympathy and the approbation of his fellow-men, and he must possess a strong will indeed, and an exalted energy of purpose, whose moral course is not retrograde under such circumstances of discouragement.

There appear to have been periods when different members of the House of Orleans enjoyed a short lived and even excessive popularity, and the two dukes, Louis and Louis Philippe, the son and grandson of the Regent, were, in Paris, regarded with favor; but there never has ceased to exist, in one party or another, a rancorous hatred of the Regent and his descendants, especially in the province of Brittany.

The memoirs abound in notes, for which the author apologizes, but which, to us, are peculiarly attractive. They supply minute particulars and important facts not generally known. It is through the variety of contemporaneous writers alone, however contradictory their versions, that we can approach the truth. A collection of remarkable incidents and observations thus obtained, counterbalance the partiality of historians, and the bias of popular traditions. Frequent reference is made to the "Paris Gazette," to La Porte, Madame de la Fayette, the "Memoirs of Montpensier," Madame de Sevignes' letters, and those of Madame de Maintenon; also to Fenelon, Lefevre, De Choisi, and others; but the chief authorities quoted are St. Simon and the "Memoirs de Madame, the Duchess of Orleans." Mr. Taylor laments the scantiness of material for the private history of the seventeenth century;—the garrulous and minute St. Simon leaving no successor, and the ponderous collections of Soulavié being far less reliable.

The first volume opens with an account of the circumstances which led to the insinuations, propagated by French refugees in Holland, against the legitimacy of Louis Fourteenth, which, after being consigned to merited oblivion for about a century, were revived by the partizans who sought to place the House of Orleans on the throne to the exclusion of the elder branch of the Bourbons. Our author rejects the supposition that the "Great Secret" was in any way connected with these doubts, and from close examination of the subject concludes it to have been, in part at least, a certain policy bequeathed to the elder branch of the Bourbons to counteract the ambitious views of the younger.

The vices by which through some of its members, the House of Orleans has been disgraced, are not sought to be disguised but only to be cleared from exaggeration; and the weight of those crimes removed which became affixed to them through a system of premeditated vilification. We are presented as in a picture gallery with a succession of family portraits; Monsieur, the Regent; Philip the Deformed; the King of Paris; Philip Egalité, and Louis Philippe, and others, less conspicuous in feature and costume, all bearing a family resemblance, yet with strong individual characteristics.

These are interspersed with numerous graphic sketches, and some richly finished portraits of Kings, Queens, and Statesmen, and of the most beautiful and remarkable women of the two last centuries.

Here, side by side, are two portraits widely different: In form, color, and expression they are a perfect contrast; "Hyperion to the Satyr." The one represents a monarch in the height of his glory; joyous and triumphant; his figure erect and noble, his complexion fair, his physiognomy imposing. It is the Grand Monarque, "the Magnificent Lord of Versailles,"

> "C'est Jupiter en personne
> Ou c'est le vainqueur de Mons!"

It is Louis the Fourteenth.

The other represents a feeble, querulous, despotic old man, shrunken in stature, sitting in sadness and gloomy austerity, his countenance thinned by care and darkened by bigotry and suspicion,—this too is Louis Fourteenth,—in his old age.

Adorned with flowing locks, patches and rouge, we perceive the portrait of his brother, the diminutive and dainty MONSIEUR, and near by, the lovely face and graceful form of Henrietta of England, and the square thick figure, and broad homely features of Elizabeth of Bavaria. In the close costume of a devotee appears the subtle and hypocritical De Maintenon ; and sparkling with wit and intelligence, and impressed with the proud dignity of the race of Condé, the dark, irregular features of "the little wasp of Sceaux," the first patroness of Voltaire, the active and ambitious Duchess de Maine.

A little farther on, the fine intellectual outlines distorted by sensuality and vice, we come to the REGENT in his robes of State ; and adorned with more than queenly splendor appears the lascivious beauty of his daughter, the violent and unprincipled Duchess de Berri.

The next portrait represents a child of five years, of a pale and delicate yet beautiful countenance. He wears a close fitting dress of violet, and his curling ringlets are partially concealed by a round and broad-brimmed hat with floating plumes ; a white scarf girds his waist and hangs down to his satin shoes which are adorned with rosettes of diamonds. This is Louis Fifteenth in his childhood. Behold him in another phase of his long and eventful reign. A sardonic smile has displaced the sweet expression of his features, and the innocent and amiable child appears transformed to the malicious and hard-hearted man,—the indolent and frivolous voluptuary,—the weak and tyrannical King.

Filling the niches between these royal portraits, we find the sattelites of their court and the literati and statesmen of their day. Cornets and mortar caps,—councillors in scarlet robes,—and dukes and peers in gorgeous mantles, laced gauntlets and enormous periwigs. Prominent among these are the President de Mesmes, Voltaire, Dubois, and Bishop Fleury. Farther on we come to Philip Egalité and the Courts of Louis Sixteenth, Charles Tenth, and Louis Philippe.

Louis Fourteenth, was throughout life, jealous and suspicious of his brother ; and Philip of Orleans repaid these feelings with dislike and fear. From earliest childhood their characters varied in almost every particular, and equally remarkable was their dissimilarity of person. The King's taste for the chase, for war, for magnificence, literature, and the fine arts, contrasted strongly the effeminacy and timidity of MONSEIUR, who "loved only gaming, formal circles, dress, and good-eating," and to whom no music was pleasing except the sound of bells, which were so delightful to him, that one feels it a pity they should not always have been dangling about his ears. "He danced well," says Madame, "but it was in the style of a lady ; he could not dance like a man because (to conceal his deficiency in stature) he wore high-heeled shoes. He could never be induced to mount a horse except in time of war, and when he was in the army, the soldiers said of him, that he was more afraid of being bronzed by the sun or blackened by powder than of either ball or bayonet."

The education of MONSIEUR was systematically neglected. His preceptor, M. Le Mothe Vayer, was admonished by Mazarin not to make "a clever man of the King's brother." Philip had consequently no taste for art, literature, or science, nor indeed for anything but effeminate luxury, and was incapable of application, of serious reading, or sober reflection. If in anything the brothers sympathized it was in excessive regard of etiquette and in the family vice of gluttony. Madame says, "I have seen the King eat four plates of different soups, a whole pheasant, a partridge, a huge plate of salad, mutton with garlick, two good slices of ham, a plate of pastry, and sweetmeats after all." Of the Duke of Orleans we are told, that after dining with the King, and "eating very heartily from almost every dish on the table," he supped with still greater relish and died next day, of apoplexy. Thus did they assimilate in the pleasures of the table. With regard to etiquette, it was the great feature of the age ; the outward gloss of its licentiousness. The court etiquettes of that day remind one of the hoop petticoats and long black cloaks tied on by the daughters of Louis

the Fifteenth to conceal their undress when summoned to the formalities of the King's *debotter*.

So little fraternal affection existed between the brothers, that the very morning after the death of Monsieur, the King was overheard rehearsing the overture of an Opera with Madame de Maintenon.

The first wife of Philip of Orleans, was Henrietta Anne, daughter of the unfortunate Charles 1st of England. Witty and beautiful, she produced an unparalled sensation at the French Court, and was the most brilliant ornament of that brilliant circle. She was a favorite with the King and he "rode by her carriage, and was at her side when she took an airing on horseback. All the parties of pleasure and diversions were submitted to her arrangement." The superiority of her beauty was acknowledged by all, with one exception, Pepys, who declares in his "Diary," that his own wife "with two or three black patches on, did seem much handsomer than she." Henrietta was fond of gallantry, and much notoriety attended her intrigues with the Count de Guiche; some scandal arose also out of the passion conceived for her by the Duke of Monmouth, but this last afforded little ground for any imputation on her character. In her last moments, and in the agonies of her fearful death, when Monsieur knelt at her bed-side "she threw her arms around his neck and declared with passionate protestations that she had never wronged him." The belief that Henrietta had been poisoned was universal; and many persons, and even the King himself, suspected Monsieur; but Louis' doubts were speedily cleared, and there appears from all the accounts now collected in relation to that sad catastrophe, almost a certainty of his innocence.

More interesting in character than her mother, and of equal beauty, was Henrietta's daughter, Maria Louisa of Orleans, afterwards Queen of Spain. "It is recorded," says our author, "that Henrietta never embraced her child, and that it was on her hand she received the ardent kisses of the affectionate Maria Louisa." She was nevertheless so proud of her beauty that she wished her portrait to be sent to Charles 2nd, and the picture which was half-finished when Henrietta died, is now in the collection of Historical portraits at Versailles. The young princess, we are told, regarded her mother rather "as an idol to be worshipped than as a parent to be loved." Though only eight years old, she was greatly affected by the suddenness of her death, and when the physician prescribed a potion for her, she refused it, declaring that she also was to be poisoned; a prophecy too faithfully fulfilled. Her marriage with the Spanish Monarch repulsive to her own wishes, and most unhappy during its continuance, was terminated by a strange and sudden death. "This poor Queen of Spain," says Madame de Sévigné, "when she died, only a year older than her mother at her death, died like her mother in a strange manner. Nothing is said of poison; the word is prohibited at Versailles; still the Queen is dead, and in the present state of affairs she is a sad loss."

The second Duchess of Orleans, Elizabeth of Bavaria, was the extreme opposite of her predecessor. In her education at the Court of Hanover, little attention was paid to the cultivation of the graces, and she acquired masculine habits of thought and action. She was even more wedded to etiquette than Monsieur, and was shocked at the idea of the courtiers being permitted to sit when in the drawing-room at Marly. Truthful herself, she despised the duplicity of the court of France. She thus describes her own personal appearance:—

"I must be very ugly: I have no features, small eyes, a snub nose, long and flat lips—poor elements wherewi h to compound a physiognomy. I have large pendant cheeks, and a broad face. My stature is short, and my person large; both my body and legs are short; altogether, I am a fright. If I had not a good heart, I should be insupportable. It would be necessary to examine my eyes with a microscope to discover whether they announce intelligence; otherwise, it is impossible to form any judgment of them. It would probably be impossible to find on earth more hideous hands than mine. The king (Louis XIV.) often remarked them, and made me laugh heartily; for, not being able to flatter myself conscientiously with the possession of a single pretty feature, I adopted the resolution of being the first to laugh at my own ugliness: the plan succeeded very well, and it must be confessed that I found abundant materials for mirth."

"On my first appearance at St. Ger-

mains," she informs us, "I seemed as if I had fallen from the clouds. I put as good a face on the matter as I could, but I saw clearly that I did not please my husband; and, in truth, I was not surprised at this, on account of my ugliness." She also was a favorite with the king, and she relates that when he conducted her to be introduced to the Queen, he whispered encouragement in her ear, saying, "Keep up your spirits, madame; she is more likely to be afraid of you than you of her." "The king had so much pity for my position," she says, "that he did not wish to leave me; but sat down next me, and every time I ought to rise, that is, whenever a duke or a prince came into the room, he gave me a slight push in the side without being perceived."

The passions of Madame were strong, and united with her German hauteur to render her sometimes ridiculous. Her ancestral pride was greatly offended at the marriage of her son, (afterwards the celebrated Regent Orleans,) to Mademoiselle Blois, natural daughter of Louis Fourteenth and Madame de Montespan. This is said to have been the great affliction of her life. "If the shedding of my blood," she says, "could have prevented the marriage, I would have given it freely." St. Simon describes her promenading the galleries with her favorite confidante, Madame de Château-Thiers:

"She walked rapidly, taking large strides, waving the handkerchief she held in her hand, weeping without restraint, speaking loudly, gesticulating violently, and looking for all the world like Ceres when deprived of Proserpine, seeking her furiously and demanding her from Jupiter. Every one out of respect made way for her, and only passed her to enter the saloon."

"Her conduct at theroyal supper-table was even more outrageous. The king appeared there as usual. Monsieur de Chartres sat near his mother, who never loked either at him or her husband. Her eyes were filled with tears, which overflowed from time to time, and which she wiped away, looking earnestly at everybody as if anxious to read their thoughts in their countenances. Her son's eyes were also red, and neither of them touched scarcely anything. It was remarked that the king offered madame almost every dish which was set before him, but she refused him with a stern harshness, which, however, had not the effect of repressing the king's kindness and attention towards her.

"The next morning, the usual levee of the council was held by the king in the gallery after mass: Madame attended. Her son came up to her, as was his custom every day, to kiss her hand. At this moment Madame gave him a slap in the face, so loud that it was heard at the distance of several paces, and which, administered in the presence of the whole court, covered the poor prince with confusion, and filled the spectators with amazement."

After the death of Louis Fourteenth, during the period of the regency, and, indeed, throughout his life, (for he survived her only one year,) Madame maintained a quiet but very considerable influence over her son; never, however, directed politically, except in a single unsuccessful instance, (her urgent entreaty for the dismissal of Dubois.) She knew too well the Regent's invincible aversion to the interference of women in affairs of State. His haughty Duchess, and even his favorite daughter, the Duchess de Berri, vainly attempted it, and his courtly and sarcastic rebuff to Madame de Sabran is notorious. Equally unsuccessful, and with more mortifying results, was the attempt of the clever and intrigueing Madame de Tencin, of whose life we have so interesting a sketch by our author, that we are tempted to give it in abstract:

"Among the many mistresses of the Regent, there was none whose career was so extraordinary, and the incidents of whose life were so characteristic of the age, as those of Claudine de Tencin.

"In the last years of Louis XIV., when the hypocritical piety of Madame de Maintenon had rendered devotion fashionable, and had restored to the *Tartuffes* the influence of which they had been deprived by the satire of Molière, there resided in a dilapidated chateau near Grenoble, a family named Guerin, which, in spite of straitened circumstances, maintained all its pretensions to gentility, and took the title of De Tencin, from the moderate estate on which they vegetated rather than lived. The family consisted of a widowed mother, two sons, and four daughters, two of whom were marriageable. The eldest son obtained a diplomatic situation; the eldest daughter married a rich financier; the second son, called the Abbé de Tincen, was destined to enter church; and the second daughter, Claudine de Tencin, was warned by her mother to procure a husband within twelve months or to prepare herself for a convent.

"Claudine, though pretty, was poor, and dowries were as great objects of consideration

in Grenoble as in Paris: moreover, she had a decided taste for contradiction and repartee, so that she was called Mademoiselle *Nenni* throughout the country, from her habit of always replying in the negative.

"The alternative presented by the mother alarmed Claudine: she represented its injustice, if she was to remain in the country, where no eligible partner was likely to appear. Madame yielded to this reasoning, and removed for a season to Grenoble, where Claudine was presented to fashionable society, in a robe made from her mother's well-preserved wedding-gown. At her first ball, she captivated M. de Chandennier, a young man of good family and tolerable fortune. He at first meditated nothing more than a little flirtation with the rustic beauty, whom he hoped to dazzle and overawe by his superior knowledge of the world; but he soon found that he was beaten at his own weapons. Long before the ball had concluded, Chandennier had abandoned all his plans of a wealthy marriage, for love and a cottage with the beauty of Grenoble.

"Five or six days after the ball, it was announced that a brilliant band of cavaliers was approaching the dilapidated castle of the Tencins; and all the preparations usually adopted by pride to hide poverty were hastily made for their reception. A ploughboy, in an old livery, enacted the part of porter, and the farm-servants, unprepared by previous drill, were suddenly transformed into grooms, ushers, footmen, and feudal retainers. Several amusing blunders were made: the porter, dazzled by the dresses of the guests, exhausted himself in mute salutations; the groom was so charmed with M. de Chandennier's horse, that he compelled the gentleman to tell him the price of the animal before he assisted him to dismount; and the footmen, instead of marshalling the way, ran against each other, and knocked their heads together, so that Chandennier in the end entered the saloon without being previously announced.

"Claudine and her mother had too much tact to notice the confusion which the polite Chandennier affected not to perceive.

"After some time, it was proposed that the gentleman should visit the gardens, accompanied by Claudine and her two sisters, the elder of whom was only ten years of age. In this promenade, the conquest was completed: the mother, who watched from the windows, though she could not hear the conversation, easily learned from the cavalier's animated gestures that his heart was won.

"Chandennier was an ardent lover, but could not be induced to make a formal proposal of marriage. Evil tongues soon began to propagate scandal. At a later period, such attentions might have passed unnoticed; but at this period the piety and prudery of Madame de Maintenon reigned supreme. The ladies of the provinces, aping the manners of Versailles, had three confessors apiece, read homilies and were convinced that society was threatened with total ruin by the profane levity of rising generations. It was speedily decided that Claudine had fallen a victim to vanity and temptation.

"The abbess of Montfleury, a distant relation of the Tencins came to the castle and informed Claudine and her mother of the calumnies which had been propogated.

"Claudine overwhelmed Chandennier with reproaches till he offered to silence the scandal by making her his wife. Though this had been the great object of her acts and hopes, she could not resist the waywardness of her temper. She declared that the lover should endure the penance of three months' delay which she would spend in a convent; and she insisted that the abbess should convey her off to Mont fleury within an hour.t

Chandemier's self love was wounded by such caprice; his friends in Grenoble jested him on having been the dupe of a village coquette. His ambitious hopes returned, he remembered his resolution to seek for a wealthy wife, and finally wrote Claudine a letter in which he showed that he clearly understood the nature of the farce she was playing, declared himself no longer her dupe and bade her farewell in cold and cutting terms.

"This rupture grievously disappointed Claudine: she dreaded to face the reproaches of her mother, and the laughter of the world.—To escape both, she loudly proclaimed that she had refused Chandennier, in order to devote herself to heaven. All the pious people in the province declared that they were edified by such a sacrifice. The news reached Paris, and was the theme of conversation in the saloons of Madame de Maintenon; and her profession was made in the presence of all the clergy and nobles of the south of France.

"The beautiful nun became the rage; the parlor of the convent was the centre of attraction for all the pious and fashionable in Grenoble and its vicinity; the devout and the dissipated flocked hither together. The nuns were delighted, and the abbess, who was rather short-sighted, believed that her convent was about to sanctify the whole kingdom.

"There were, however, some envious people who thought such scenes not consistent with conventual propriety. They represented the state of the convent to Lecamus, the Archbishop of the diocese. One day, when mirth and gallantry were at their highest in the parlor, the door was suddenly thrown open, and the grave prelate stood in the midst of the astonished assembly. The crowd dispersed in an instant, Claudine comprehended

the crisis, and stood her ground beside the abbess.

"Lecamus was a better theologian than logician. He quoted the rules of his order and several long passages from St. Agustine, to all of which Claudine replied by clever appeals to his feelings. Lecamus was quite won over. He left the convent without pronouncing a word of censure, and when his more austere brethren remonstrated, he replied "we must leave the poor young ladies a little liberty. There is one amongst them a youthful model of innocence and virtue, who has pledged herself for the conduct of the rest.

"The worthy archbishop thenceforward visited Montfleury more frequently than any other convent in his diocese; and showed a marked preference for the sparkling conversation of Claudine; he sanctioned the amusements she patronized and lightened the penances for slight breaches of conventual discipline at her solicitation. This influence with the archbishop rendered Claudine all powerful with the sisterhood; she was, in fact, allowed the entire direction of the convent.

"At this period "Fontenelle's Eclogues" had spread a passion for the imaginative sentimentalism of pastoral life throughout France. In every rank of life, persons were anxious to become shepherds and sheperdesses; to discuss the mysteries of love when they led their flocks to pasture, and recite pastoral odes under the shade of the wide-spreading beech.

"Fontenelle with the sanction of the archbishop presented a copy of his *pastorals* to the innocent nuns of Montfleury. The delicious poetry turned their brains, and they bought a pet sheep which they soon crammed to death with sweet-meats.

"M. Destouches, a young landed proprietor in the neighborhood, was seized with the pastoral mania. He roamed the fields dressed as a shepherd, reading or reciting favorite passages from Fontenelle; and sometimes his voice penetrated into the convent, and brought a poetical response from the amiable Claudine. M. Destouches was introduced at Montfleury and became the most favored visitor of the parlor.

"At this time Louis Fourteenth died, and the profligate follies of the regency commenced. The relaxation of morals was felt throughout France, and M. Destouches was permitted to give a pastoral fête to the nuns of Montfleury. Claudine was the heroine of the entertainment; she and Destouches discussed the mysteries of pastoral and Platonic love until sunset, when the fireworks, having engaged general attention, they turned into a shady walk, to indulge their interchange of sentiment more freely. Sentiment soon gave place to warmer emotions; Claudine forgot her habits of negation at the moment they would have been most useful to her—she and M. Destouches became more than poetic lovers, and vowed eternal attachment to each other.

"The natural consequences followed—Claudine felt that she was about to become a mother, and she resolved to confide to Archbishop Lecamus the secret of her situation. It is easier to conceive than describe the surprise and horror of the worthy prelate. But Claudine retained her influence over him. She induced him to inform Fontenelle of the consequences produced by the influence of his poetry, and to exert himself to procure a dispensation from the pope. Clement XI. was an admirer of Fontenelle; he was also anxious to gain literary support in France, where the controversy respecting the bull *Unigenitus* was then raging. Claudine was named a canoness in the Chapter of Neuville. After having taken possession of her prebend, Claudine retired to a small village near Grenoble, where she gave birth to a son, who received the name of D'Alembert. It is scarcely necessary to add that this boy subsequently attained European celebrity as the great mathematician D'Alembert, one of the most eminent of the Encyclopedist philosophers, and Fontenelle's successor as perpetual secretary to the French Academy. After a short time, she received evidence that M. Destouches was a faithless lover, and this, united to some maternal advice which her mother is said to have given shortly before her death, induced the pastoral canoness to set out for Paris, with the determined purpose of captivating the heart of the Regent.

"At the time when the Canoness de Tencin set out for Paris, the extravagance of the regency was at its height. A fever of dissipation had turned every brain. The Regent to secure leisure for his criminal indulgences had intrusted the entire administration to Cardinal Dubois. The sun rose on the unextinguished tapers in the Palais Royal. The Regent's daughter maintained the state of a queen, and the habits of a courtesan in the Luxembourg. Songs, suppers, and assignations made the entire sum of life.

"Claudine was soon invited to the brilliant assemblies at the Palais Royal, and after several failures succeeded in attracting the attention of the Regent.

"Fontenelle, who half persuaded himself that he was in love with Claudine, visited her one morning; her carriage was at the door and the lady dressed in the most alluring style. He spoke of love, and was ridiculed, as she had shown him some attention the day before he was surprised, but the mystery was explained when he heard her direct the coach-

man to drive to the Palais Royal, and set her down at the private entrance. She believed that her fortune was fixed, when Orleans publicly installed her as his mistress, and she hoped to acquire the same influence in the state as a Montespan or a Maintenon. She did not know the Regent: as inconstant as he was profligate, he parted from a mistress with as little scruple as he changed his coat.

"One day when he visited her at her toilette, she reproached him with indolence, his disregard for glory, and his neglect of the duties of his station. Orleans in vain endeavored to turn her from the subject by witty replies; but at length worn out, he ordered his servants to throw open the doors, and to admit the entire circle of his profligate companions. Claudine, half-dressed, hid herself behind a screen; but the Regent threw down the screen, and sarcastically introduced her to his companions as "a female Plato, peculiarly suited to become a professor in the university, or the tutor of any ambitious youth who wished to combine love with politics and sentimentality with statistics, adding, that he had already received enough of her lessons, and would recommend her to seek another pupil.

"Claudine, though bitterly mortified, lost neither her wit nor her presence of mind.—Assuming a high tone, she sternly reproved the Regent for the gross insult he had offered her, and then, having made a formal reverence to the company, she retired with as much composure as if she had been a spectator, not an actor, in the scene. On the stairs she met Dubois, the regent's powerful favorite, to whom she briefly related what had just happened. Dubois at once proposed to her to take revenge by becoming his mistress, assuring her that he would enable her to govern France in spite of the Regent. The bargain was soon concluded; Claudine placed herself under the protection of Dubois, and was permitted to enjoy a large share of the ministerial authority.

"After the death of Dubois, her first care was for the promotion of her brother, and she sought for an ally in a new lover: She fixed her choice on the celebrated Duc de Richelieu.

"Richelieu was attracted to Claudine more by her political abilities than by her personal charms. Ambition was with them a more powerful bond of union than love, and their intrigues against the successive ministers of Louis XV. would furnish materials for a volume. More than ten times power eluded their grasp when success seemed most certain, until at length Claudine resolved to abandon political life, which she did with the same suddenness of decision and inflexible firmness which she displayed in entering and quitting the convent, and in breaking off her connexion with the Regent.

"Great was the astonishment of Paris when Madame de Tencin appeared before the world as an authoress. From the moment of her first appearence in print, Madame de Tencin's saloons became the rendezvous of the leading philosophers and writers of the age.—Montesquieu, Fontenelle, Marian, Astruc, Helvetius, and many others, were her daily guests; she applied all her energies to extend their fame and the circulation of their works, with the same ardent boldness which she had previously displayed in more questionable pursuits. Several other ladies followed her example, and for some time the patronage of literature became almost the rage in Paris; but no saloons ever rivalled those of Madame de Tencin, because no where else was so much discrimination shown in the selection of guests.

An invitation to Madame de Tencin's suppers soon became an object of ambition in Paris. Literary merit was the only passport to these assemblies; rank and fortune were of no avail when this great requisite was wanting. She called the wits gathered round her "the beasts of her managerie," and compelled them to submit to her whims and caprices. One of these was very singular. She presented each of her favorites annually with a breeches of black velvet, and insisted that it should be worn as her livery in the evening assemblies. Proud as M. de Montesquieu was, he had to receive this strange boon like the rest. The "Gazette de France" avers that more than eight thousand yards of velvet had been thus used by the amiable canoness.

"She was the first who introduced Marmontel into public life, and her patronage was of great service to him in his early struggles.

"Claudine de Tencin died in 1749, unjustly calumniated by the Parisian public. It was her fate to be believed innocent during the period of her pastoral intrigues, to be accused of excessive gallantry when she was exclusively devoted to politics, and to be censured for ambition when she had abandoned all other pursuits for the enjoyment of a literary life. She was deeply regretted in her own circle; she left legacies to her chief favorites, all of whom went into mourning as for a near relation. Even Fontenelle grieved for her, and thus characteristically expressed his sorrow.

"The loss is irreparable: she knew my taste and always provided for me the dishes I preferred. I shall never find such delicate attention paid me at the dinner table of Madame Geoffrin."

From infancy the Regent Orleans displayed the most ardent passion for knowl-

edge. He is said to have been an excellent linguist, a sound historian, a mathematician, a naturalist, and, unfortunately for himself in that age of superstition, a chemist; but his precocity in sensuality and profligacy was equal to his knowledge. His mother compared him to Madame de Longueville, who of all things professed to dislike "innocent amusements." He possessed, naturally, great courage,—so much that his governor, the Marquis D'Arcy, thought proper to suppress it. Through the incapacity of Marchin and Marshal Feuillade, his first campaign was unsuccessful, but the Duke's bravery and skill were manifest, and on his return, the King, as a mark of respect for his services, appointed him to the command of the army in Spain. While there, a plan was concocted to remove Philip the Fifth from the Spanish throne, and set up the Duke of Orleans in his stead. Great confusion was produced in France when this was discovered; the dauphin and princes of the blood demanded that a criminal process should be issued against the Duke, and even the King treated him coolly, but either influenced by his daughter, the Duchess of Orleans, or, as some suppose, having been secretly cognizant of, and not averse to the plot, forbore to follow up the facts. The daring defiance, however, with which his nephew plunged deeper than ever into debauchery and impiety, completely alienated from him the regard of his sovereign, and no longer a frequent visitor at Versailles, the Duke thenceforward lived in suspicious privacy at the Palais Royal, devoting himself to chemistry and "the more questionable pursuits of astrology, alchemy, and the magical arts of devination." Night and day his furnaces and alembics were at work, and it was readily believed that he was employed in preparing poison.

Our author describes Paris at the time full of sinister adventurers, by means of whom whole families suddenly and inexplicably disappeared from the world. "Assassinations," he says, "were stories of every day, and the study of poisons introduced by the Medicis, had been carried to such perfection, that a glove, an embroidered perfume-bag, a scarf or a shawl, were often the means of conveying it. Fashion and death moved in concert. The fable of the tunic of Nessus was transferred to those robes of gauze and silk which adorn joyous halls and sumptuous festivities. Even at the domestic hearth, people trembled when the silver cup was offered to the ruby lips of infancy, or when a jewel of more than ordinary brilliancy was seen to sparkle on the breast of a young lady at some country spectacle." This was undoubtedly the superstition and ignorance of the age, for no such poisons are now believed ever to have been known.

The successive deaths of the Dauphin, the Duke and Duchess of Burgundy, and their eldest son, and the Duke of Berri, attended with such singular circumstances, impressed the whole nation with the idea that poisons had been administered. The Duke of Orleans was believed to be skilled in them, and, as between him and the succession these deaths left only Philip of Spain, who had renounced his pretensions, and a feeble and sickly child, suspicions and whispers soon took the form of direct charges against him. St. Simon asserts, that these reports were disseminated by hired agents of the Duke de Maine and Madame de Maintenon.

The long and imperious reign of Louis Fourteenth drew at length to its close. "That sun," says Lord Mahon, "so bright in its meridian, so dim and clouded at its setting, was now to disappear." At his death, the whole aspect of society became changed; a totally different political course was adopted, and great and sudden alterations were effected in the foreign relations of France. Philip of Orleans, at the period of his accession to the regency, was in his forty-second year; his manners, we are told, were gentle, his conversation was attractive, and he was skilled in music and painting. He now gave full scope to his debaucheries, and made a bravado of his impiety. On being complimented before a large company by one of the ladies of his mother's household, upon the apparent devotion with which she had seen him poring over his book at mass, he replied, "You are a great fool, Madame Limbert,—do you know what I was reading? It was a volume of Rabelais which I took with me to prevent my being wearied." When it was believed, after the death of Louis Fourteenth, that the Regent would favor the Jansenists, and act in concert with the parliament, the tide of opinion turned in his favor and he became popular, but the first

illness of the young king revived suspicion. The accusations of his plotting the death of Louis Fifteenth were doubtless groundless. "With all his failings in private life," says Lord Mahon, "the Regent was certainly a man of honor in public, and nothing could be more pure and above reproach than his care of his infant sovereign."

The rapid decline of the Duke's short-lived popularity was hastened by the terrible philippics of Le Grange Chancel and others of the Duchess de Maine's party, who collected every scandal that had ever been invented; and it was at this time that Voltaire gave to the world that pointed allegory of the court and its morals, his Tragedy of "Œdipus."

The Duchess de Maine's conspiracy, by which she hoped to overthrow the whole political system of Europe, brought about a war with Spain, and an insurrection in the provinces. But the firmness and energy of the Regent and his able minister, together with the unexampled facilities of credit afforded by Law's Bank, ensured to them a complete triumph and success. In no instance was the united political skill of the Regent and Dubois more remarkable than in their discovery and suppression of the insurrection in Brittany, and the plot laid by Philip of Spain for the aggrandizement of the Duke de Maine, and the deposition of the Regent. It was easy, comparatively, to crush, in Paris, this movement in favor of constitutional freedom, but the provincial nobles and gentry had taken the case seriously to heart.

"The connection between France and Brittany had," says our author, "some striking points of similitude to that between England and Ireland. The term 'Frank' was used in Brittany, as that of 'Saxon' in Ireland, to express hatred to an alien race. The Barons of Brittany preferred a rude independence in their own castles, to the splendid servility of the court. Their dislike to the Franks and their monarch was nurtured by numerous ballads, describing the treachery to which every noble Breton was exposed who ventured to seek his fortune at the court of Paris." One of these legends is described by our author. It is entitled "A Page of Louis XI."

"The ballad opens with a description of the young page's sufferings in the prison into which he had been thrown by the King. A vassel of his house comes to the grating, and the page sends him to inform his sister of his danger, and to beg that she would come to embrace him before his death.

"The second 'fytte' describes the speed with which the vassal performed his task, and the distress which his intelligence produced in the page's family. It ends with the sister's departure from Paris.

"The third 'fytte' we shall translate literally. The King's young page said, as he mounted the first step of the scaffold: 'Death would have no terror were it not far from my country, and without sympathizing attendance; were it not far from my country, were it not without friends, were it not for my sister in Brittany. She will ask for her brother every night; she will ask for her little brother every hour.' The young page said, as he mounted the second step of the scaffold, 'I would wish before I die to have news of my country; to have news of my sister, of my dear little sister. Does she know it?' The young page said, as he mounted the third step of the scaffold, 'I hear the tramp of horses in the street: my sister and her suite are coming! My sister is coming to see me! In the name of God wait a little!' The provost, when he heard him, replied: 'Before she arrives your head will be severed from your body.' At this moment, the dame De Bodinio asked of the Parisians: 'Why is there such a crowd of men and women?' 'Louis XI., Louis, the traitor, is going to behead a poor page.' As these words were spoken she beheld her brother. She perceived her brother kneeling with his head on the block. She urged her horse to full speed, and cried: 'My brother, my brother! spare him to me! Spare him, archers, and I will give you a hundred golden crowns!' As she reached the scaffold the severed head of her brother fell, and the blood spurted on her veil, so that it was crimsoned from top to bottom.

"In the fourth 'fytte' the lady seeks an audience of the King, to demand why her brother was put to death. Louis, after some shuffling, informs her that the page had killed one of his favorites. 'Hand to hand and sword to sword, because he heard the old proverb; the old and true proverb: There are no men in Brittany, but savage hogs.' The lady then defies the King, and quits his presence vowing vengeance.

"The fifth and last 'fytte' shows how this vow was kept. The enraged Bretons invade Normandy, and slay ten thousand Franks to avenge the murdered page. There is probably some historical foundation for the ballad, as the Bretons did revolt and invade Normandy during the reign of Louis XI. in 1467."

The insurrection of 1719 was quelled by the Regent with terrible severity. In many

respects it resembled the Irish rebellion of 1798; especially in the betrayal of the leaders. "It is scarcely necessary," says our author, "to point out the resemblance between the conduct of the Bretons to their insurgent chiefs, and that of 'Young Ireland' in the recent case of John Mitchell." After the trial of Pontcalec, Montlouis, and the rest, the Judicial Chamber at Nantes became the terror of Brittany. When Pontcalec was asked by his judges, "Lord Marquis, what have you done?" his answer was that of Talmont to the Revolutionary tribunal, "My duty; do you do yours." We refer our readers to Mr. Taylor's volume for a very beautiful and characteristic ballad, entitled, "The Death of Pontcalec," illustrative of the hostility manifested ever since by the peasantry of Brittany to the House of Orleans;—a hostility said to have been keenly felt both by Egalité and Louis Philippe.

The Regent's first acquaintance with Law was at a gambling table. He offered his services in rëestablishing the finances, and was empowered by a royal edict to establish a bank, the notes of which should be received in payment of taxes. The enormous excitement, the wonderful success, and the final ruin produced by this and by the Mississippi scheme are described at length, but our limits forbid quotations. Bancroft's History and others have made the affair familiar to most readers. Law made the mistake of extending his issues beyond all possibility of convertibility, but his system rested originally on a sound basis, and the French had to blame themselves for the insanity of their speculations in Mississippi stock. In this, as in more recent delusions, the people were too ready to believe in an El Dorado. Stories of gold mines in Canada, and precious spices growing without cultivation on the alluvial plains of Louisiana, gained too easy credit, and the speculations they produced brought only disappointment, ruin, and death.

It was greatly to the credit of the Regent that he rejected Dubois's advice to put Law under arrest; he felt too keenly that he had been himself equally to blame with the unfortunate financier; he assisted him in escaping from France, and kept up a correspondence with him for many years. Such noble traits appear not unfrequently among the many vices of the Regent. His character has never been fully understood. His apparent carelessness threw the people off their guard; but under an appearance of inattentive simplicity, he disguised a vigilance which nothing could escape. Political courage, patient perseverance, and secret vigilance were the qualities that enabled him to control the destinies of Europe. He knew the great value of the services of Dubois, and he owed much to the sagacious counsels of this unprincipled but most skillful and far-seeing statesman, whose vigorous intellect, "unnerved either by poverty in youth, or by pleasure in old age," grasped at once the foreign relations and the domestic administration of France, and created a system as powerful and definite as that which he overthrew. It was not until late in life, however, that the Regent, exhausted by dissipation, resigned to Dubois the fatiguing details of business; and not then, without requiring all the state affairs to be submitted to him, so simplified and arranged as to produce the least possible fatigue to himself. This great addition of labor finally undermined the health of the Cardinal.

Soon after the shocking death-bed scene, which closed the life of Dubois, the Regent, who had become more deep in his potations and more extravagant in his licentiousness, died of apoplexy in the apartment of the young and beautiful Duchess of Phalaria, —the only one of his mistresses who had ever truly loved him. The scene is thus described:

"On entering the apartment, he found the duchess preparing for a ball, her curling locks hanging loose on her shoulders, and her dressing-gown not laid aside. He sat down upon a sofa, and she, taking a low stool, placed herself at his feet, her head reposing upon his knees. After a short pause he said to her, "My fair friend, I am quite worn out with fatigue this evening, and have a stupefying headache; tell me one of those lively stories which you relate so well." The young lady, looking up into his face with childish coquetry, and assuming a mocking smile, began with, "There was once upon a time a king and a queen." She had scarcely uttered the words when the Duke's head sank suddenly on his breast, and he fell sideways on her shoulder. As he was sometimes accustomed to take a brief nap in this position, the lady for a second or two felt no alarm; but when she saw his limbs grow stiff, after quivering with convulsions, she sprang to the bell, and rang it vio-

lently. No one replied. She rushed into the outer apartments; they were deserted; and it was not until she reached the court-yard that her cries attracted the attention of a few domestics. Chance had so arranged that the accident occurred at a time when every body was either occupied or out visiting. It was more than half an hour before any medical man made his appearance, and by that time the Duke was quite dead."

The female members of the Duke's family were his Duchess, the arrogant and apathetic daughter of Louis Fourteenth and Madame de Montespan. The Duchess de Berri, his favorite daughter, ambitious and dissolute,—the eccentric Mademoiselle de Chartes, who possessed, like her father, great versatility of talent, and became Abbess of the Convent of Challes—and the fascinating but indolent Mademoiselle de Valois, called by her admirers "the princess with the golden locks." The Regent's estimation of his son, the young Duke de Chartes, may be judged by the anecdote of his pointing to Louis Fifteenth and then to his son, saying, "Can any man suppose that I would remove so fine a young prince to make room for such a dullard as this?"

This Duke de Chartes, afterward Louis Philip of Orleans, though he surpassed the other princes of his house in moral character, was proud and reserved, dull in intellect and deformed in person. Educated by the Abbé Manguin in the most gloomy ideas of religion, he took no interest in politics and was absorbed in his favorite doctrine of the metempoychosis, in which was strangely jumbled the system of Pythagoras and the doctrines of Christianity. At the death of his father he was heir presumptive to the throne. The disappointment of his hopes in regard to Mary Leezinska, the charming and virtuous daughter of Stanislaus, probably contributed to the gloomy tendency of his disposition. Mary Leezinska became the wife of Louis Fifteenth. Her character was not unlike that of the Duke, and at a subsequent period, when suffering under the studied neglect, and open infidelties of her husband, she lamented that she had not been simple Duchess of Orleans instead of Queen of France. D'Argenson gives the following anecdote of the pious Duke:

"One day, after he had talked for an immense length of time with the queen, while no one was permitted to overhear the subject of their conversation, he suddenly threw himself on his knees and spent several minutes in prayer, earnestly supplicating God to pardon the thoughts which had presented themselves to his imagination."

Our author says of him:

"No one of the Orleans family kept a more vigilant watch over the chances which might open the succession to the crown of France to his own branch of the Bourbons: to him, indeed, may be attributed the tenacity with which three successive Dukes of Orleans clung to this hope, until the last finally grasped the prize; and in less than twenty years had the mortifi cation of finding it wrested from his hands."

The distaste of the Duke for state affairs occasioned the Bishop Frejus—afterwards better known as Cardinal Fleury to assume at the advanced age of 78, the office of Premier, and thus began the best administration France was under through the whole course of the eighteenth century. After marrying his son, the Duke de Chartes, to the Princess Conti, the devout Duke passed the remainder of his life with the erudite fathers of St. Genevieve.

Louis Philippe, the next Duke of Orleans, resided always at the Palais Royal, and acquired thence the appellation of "King of Paris." The attempted assassination of Louis Fifteenth, Jan. 6th, 1757, revived the old suspicion against the Orleans family. Royal favor, however, as in the case of his grandfather fifty years previous, supported the Duke against these unjust accusations.

In selecting a wife for his son, the Duke de Chartes, (afterwards the notorious Philip Egalité,) his chief consideration was a large dowry, and he sought accordingly the hand of Mademoiselle de Pentthievre, the richest heiress in France, on whom descended all the enormous estates and pensions which Louis Fourteenth had heaped upon his natural children the Duc de Maine and the Count de Toulouse. The Prince of Conde sought also the hand of Mademoiselle de Pentthievre for his son, the Duc de Bourbon. While the scales were in balance between the rival claims, the violent passion conceived by the young lady at her first acquaintance with the Duke de Chartes, decided the case in his favor, and the marriage was celebrated at Versailles in May, 1768, with a splendor rarely exhi-

bited save at the marriages of crowned heads.

The Duke of Orleans, notwithstanding the alleged weakness of his character, was the first, after reading Condamine's famous memoir, then just published, on the subject of inoculation, to make the trial of its efficacy in his own family; his courageous example thus greatly influencing its general adoption.

On the 28th of April, 1774, died Louis Fifteenth, and France rejoiced at being delivered from a sovereign who had degraded the monarchy and almost ruined the country.

An affecting scene is described by Madame Campan:

"The Dauphin was with the Dauphiness. They were expecting together the intelligence of the death of Louis Fifteenth. A dreadful noise, absolutely like thunder, was heard in the outer apartment; it was the crowd of courtiers who were deserting the dead sovereign's anti-chamber to come and bow to the new power of Louis Sixteenth. This extraordinary tumult informed Maria Antoinette and her husband that they were to reign, and by a spontaneous movement which deeply affected those around them, they threw themselves on their knees and both pouring forth a flood of tears, exclaimed "*O God! guide us, protect us, we are too young to govern.*"

Louis Philip Joseph of Orleans, better known as Philip Egalité resembled in many particulars his great grandfather the Regent. Like him, he professed a singular suavity and even fascination of manner; like him he seems to have prided himself on the shock his extravagances gave to sober minded people, and even to have boasted of vicious actions, which he never committed; like him too, he was tracked by the calumnies he wantonly provoked. He was the patron of literary men. Buffon was his intimate friend, and when Voltaire in 1778 arrived in Paris and was denied admittance as the champion of infidelity, to the presence of the King, he was received with distinction at the Palais Royal. It was through the influence of the learned men of Paris whom Franklin met there daily, that he was able to diffuse that sympathy for the Revolution of America which by rendering republicanism popular, made that of France inevitable.

By the way, we observe, that the ridiculous excess to which hospitality has sometimes been carried in our country, had certainly a precedent in the case of Dr. Franklin in Paris.

"Franklin, in fact, became the rage; and those who are acquainted with French society can easily understand the import of that phrase. He was followed and hailed in the streets as an apostle of liberty. In an assembly of three hundred ladies, the fairest was chosen to crown his silvery hairs with a laurel garland, and to kiss his withered cheeks; his portrait was painted on ladies' fans, and a medal was struck with his effigy, and the motto—

"Eripuit cœlo fulmen sceptrumque tyrannis."

During the period that Philip Joseph of Orleans filled the office of Grand Admiral, he constantly evinced good sense, a kindly and considerate feeling for the sailors, and a proper regard for the respect due to his veteran commander. The volumes before us contain several letters of the Duke never before published, which go far to disprove many calumnies.

The ambition of Egalité was that of a man who seeks to profit by circumstances rather than to direct them. Infirm of purpose he was generally guided by those about him, and yet there were instances in which his conduct appeared the reverse of this, as, when La Fayette, knowing the Duke's popularity in Paris, and aware of some intrigues for investing him with the chief authority, induced the King to send him as Ambassador Extraordinary to England, the Duke, in spite of the opposition of his friends, readily accepted the mission. Had he been plotting against his sovereign he would not have thrown away such an opportunity of success. He was certainly spurned and neglected at court before he openly raised the standard of rebellion; his offers to serve the King and his country by land or by sea, were harshly repulsed; and the countenance given by the Queen to unjust slanders respecting him, was a natural cause of resentment. Stung by a sense of wrong, intoxicated by popular applause, he was fitted to become an instrument in the hands of designing men. His acts of public humanity, and they were many—were all attributed at court to an insiduous desire of popularity.

When exiled by the King to Villers-

Cotterets on account of his opposition to the project for a gradual loan, he was at the height of his popularity. Would he have so readily submitted to this exile, had he really entertained the criminal views attributed to him? We must be pardoned for quoting at least one document proving that the Duke was not ready to take an unjust advantage of his popularity. A letter addressed by him to a newspaper, which had proposed the deposition of Louis Sixteenth and the appointment of the Duke of Orleans as Regent.

"Sir—Having read, in your journal, your opinion as to the measures that should be taken on the return of the King, and that, also, which your justice and impartiality have dictated on my account, I beg to repeat, through the same medium, what I have publicly declared since the 21st and 22d of this month to many members of the National Assembly, that I am ready to serve my country on land, on sea, in a diplomatic capacity, in every office which shall demand only zeal and an unlimited devotedness to the public good; but, should the question of a regency arise, I renounce, at this moment and for ever, the rights which the Constitution gives me. I shall protest that, after having made such sacrifices for the happiness of the people and the cause of liberty, I am no longer permitted to have the class of a simple citizen, in which I have placed myself, with the firm determination to remain in that order during life, and that ambition would be in me inexcusable inconsistency. It is not to impose silence on my calumniators that I make this declaration. I am well aware that my zeal for the national liberty, for that equality which is its foundation, will always feed the flame of personal animosity. I despise their calumnies: my public life will refute and expose their blackness and absurdity; but it is my bounden duty to declare upon this occasion my irrevocable sentiments and my fixed resolution, that public opinion may not rest on a false foundation in its calculations as to the measures it may be found necessary to adopt.

(Signed) "Louis Philippe d'Orleans."

Our author represents the manner in which the name of Egalité was acquired, differently from the account usually given, and removes the ridicule and calumny which has been attached thereby to the Duke. He went to explain to the municipal councils, in consequence of the decree against exiles, that his daughter had only been sent to England for the benefit of her health and education.

"The *Procureur-syndic* of the municipality, who exercised a sort of public ministry in all administrative affairs, admitted the substance of the duke's demand, but objected to the form. Manuel, who then held the office, was a rigid republican, and a most pedantic formalist. He was the author of a letter addressed to Louis XVI. in 1791, which began with these words: "Sire, I do not love kings, and the Bourbons least of all." He acted on the sentiment; and, when the duke signed the formal requisition, he declared that the Municipality could not recognize a petition signed by a Bourbon, that the nation acknowledged no Bourbons since the 10th of August, and that, before the petitioner could be heard, he was bound to conform to the national will by abandoning the proscribed name. Then, turning theatrically to the statues of Liberty and Equality, he proposed that the prince should take one of those as his sponsor at a revolutionary baptism. Anxious for the safety of his child, the Duke of Orleans submitted to this absurd degradation, and thus acquired the name of Philip Egalite.

"So many atrocious calumnies have been circulated respecting this incident, that we shall give the narrative of an eye-witness, M. Serent, who then held an office in the municipal police. 'I was present,' he says, 'and saw the Duke of Orleans shrug his shoulders when he received the name of Egalite, which was given him by Manuel, the *Procureur-syndic*. He spoke of it to me contemptuously, when, as we went out together from the Hotel de Ville, I said to him with a smile, 'How admirably that baptism suits you! The name of a nymph given to a colonel of hussars with black mustaches!' He answered, 'Do me the justice to believe that I did not come to the Municipality to change my name, and that the new name has been imposed upon me. You heard the mob applaud that stupid Manuel: what could I do or say? I came to plead for my daughter, who is likely to be proscribed as an emigrant; and for her sake I was compelled to submit to the burlesque name imposed upon me.'"

Our author seems to consider the only utterly indefensible part of Egalité's conduct to be his vote for the death of his unfortunate cousin, Louis Sixteenth. The tide of his extravagant popularity had already begun to recede; he was thenceforward condemned, even by the most ardent Republicans. That reply, "*I vote for death*," consigned his name deservedly to infamy.

He was probably influenced partly by want of moral courage and partly by resentment. Whatever were his motives, he

soon paid their penalty. The Duke of Orleans, after a mock trial, was condemned and executed. His body was interred, without ceremony, in the cemetery of the Madeleine.

The libellers of Philip Egalité have exaggerated the criminality of his intrigues with Madame de Genlis, and represented their "orgies" as carried on in daring and shameless defiance of decency. They were, on the contrary, at such pains to preserve appearances, that it was long before the Duchess herself could be induced to look upon the governess of her children in the light of a rival. "No one indeed doubts," says our author, "that Pamela Seymour was the offspring of their illicit love, but the parties acted too discreetly to expose themselves to open scandal." Pamela Seymour was educated, as was also a niece of Madame de Genlis, with the Princess Adelaide, and they both accompanied her into exile.

"Shortly after their arrival in Tournay, Pamela Seymour was married to a young Irish nobleman, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, son of the Duke of Leinster, whose affections she had gained. When first her marriage was discussed on her return from England, it was thought necessary to appoint a guardian, in consequence of the mystery in which the secret of her birth was purposely involved. She made the selection herself, in the presence of Madame de Genlis, who, however, probably guided her choice. She nominated Barère, then known only as a man of letters, and a pleasant companion, whom no one at the time could have supposed likely to acquire the terrible celebrity which gathered round his name in subsequent years.

"Lord Edward Fitzgerald had warmly adopted the principles of the French Revolution, and his enthusiasm was not cooled by a union with the pupil of Madame de Genlis. Soon after his marriage, Lord Edward returned to his native country, and became the chief of the conspiracy formed by the United Irishmen to overthrow the English Government and establish a republic in Ireland. Betrayed by an associate, an armed party was sent to arrest him, but he made a fierce resistance, and was not secured until he had been severely wounded. He died in prison from the effect of his wounds before he could be brought to trial.

"Lady Pamela married a second time, was divorced, and then resumed the illustrious name which it is to be regretted that she ever laid aside. She lived for some time in obscurity at Montauban; but, after the Revolution of 1830, she went to Paris, and obtained a pension from Louis Philippe. Barère soon after came to the capital, and one day a lady, dressed in deep mourning, presented herself in his antechamber as lady-in-waiting to his ancient ward. 'You are attached to a person for whom I have always felt a sincere affection,' said Barère to this lady; 'tell me some news about her; is she happy?' 'Alas! no,' replied the unknown; 'but Lady Pamela Fitzgerald often speaks with gratitude of the attention her guardian bestowed upon her.' 'I should greatly like to see the dear good Pamela again,' continued Barère, with a scrutinizing glance, 'tell her, madame, that I have carefully preserved her portrait, and that I bore it about with me during my exile.' 'You have her portrait?' cried the unknown lady; 'O, sir, have the kindness to let me see it!' When the portrait was shown to her, she involuntarily exclaimed, 'Gracious Heaven! how handsome I was!' 'It is you, Pamela,' cried Barère; 'you can no longer conceal yourself.' 'Yes,' she replied, 'it is I, who could not overcome my anxiety to embrace you. You find me greatly changed, do you not? But I have suffered so much. I will tell you the whole story at some future time.' Then seizing the portrait with extreme vivacity, she said, 'Lend it—lend it to me: I wish to show it to one of my female friends.' She then took leave with tears in her eyes. Barère never saw her again. She died at Paris in November, 1831."

Sensible of the defects in his own education, the Duke (Egalité) wished that of his children to be more worthy of their birth and rank. On account of the coarseness of his manners, he transferred the education of his sons from the learned and amiable, but unpolished, Chevalier de Bonnard, to the governess of his daughters. Madame de Genlis was undoubtedly a woman of strong mind and great ability. The greatest objection to her system of education was, the theatrical sentimentality and display mixed up with it. She describes the demolition of the Iron Cage permitted to the young princes by the prior of Mont St. Michel, and says, "The Duke de Chartes, *with the most touching expression*, and a strength beyond his years, gave the first blow with his axe to the cage, after which the carpenters cut down the door," &c. Again, when, during their residence at Zug, stones were thrown in at the windows, and the Princess Adelaide narrowly escaped injury, she says: "I picked up the stone, and got it polished, and cut into a medallion, with these words engraved on it, '*Innocence, Providence.*'"

Among other ridiculous formalities Madame de Genlis prescribed to her pupils the exact number of messages which, consistently with the strict duties of friendship, ought to be sent on such and such occasions. So much artificial management could not, we apprehend, have tended to increase the real sensibility and affection of these children. In other respects her system was more judicious. She paid great attention to the physical training of her pupils, early accustoming them to cold and hardships, of which in later years they had cause to know the value.

A considerable portion of the second volume of the "Memoirs" is devoted to Louis Philippe, and the short but eventful lives of his brothers the Duke de Montpensier and the Count de Bagelois. We have a most interesting account of the various adventures of Louis Philippe travelling through Germany in a gig, and through Switzerland on foot; of his term of professorship in college, where he taught mathematics and geography;—his incognito under the name of *Corby*, when he travelled in Norway and Sweden, and was received with no other passport than his intelligence and good manners in the circles of the best society there, his adventurous explorations beyond the arctic circle, and his hospitable reception at Mersfeldt, to which place, "forty years afterward, the obscure and poor guest of these remote colonies, being then King of the French, sent as a memorial of his gratitude, a clock so constructed as to defy the cold of these icy latitudes." His perilous visit to Finland, and finally his voyage to America, where he witnessed the installation of John Adams to the Presidency, and made a visit of some days to the illustrious patriot of Mount Vernon. It was the opinion of Washington at that time, that a Republican form of government is only suited to a new country, and that a restoration was inevitable in France. The Duke now reunited to his brothers, who arrived soon after in America, having been just released from their long and almost hopeless imprisonment, they made together a tour through the territories of the United States. An account of this tour is found in the "Vindication," published under the superintendence of the Duchess of Orleans. "Those who now traverse the Ohio and the Missisippi in the finest steamers in the world" says our author, "will read with amazement the difficulties and dangers which travellers had to encounter within the memory of man."

"They embarked on the Ohio, January 3, 1798. The frost returned three days after, and the navigation was interrupted; it was indeed often interrupted, and the course of the Ohio being then almost through a desert, to the accidents and dangers arising from currents, rapids, and ice, were added great difficulty in procuring food. The frost was so severe, that the cider and milk were congealed in the cabin of the boat, though it was heated by a large fire, and by the presence of seven or eight passengers. Four of the boatmen having been overcome by fatigue, the princes were often obliged to row and work the vessel at the most dangerous points. The banks of the river then presented no landscape but immense forests, in some places extending seventy or eighty leagues without interruption. The voyage became still more painful during a course of one hundred leagues from the Falls of Ohio, near Louisville, county of Jefferson, at the western extremity of Virginia, to Fort Mansac, near the point where the Ohio falls into the Mississippi, at the western extremity of Virginia. The noble travellers had no boatmen who knew the river, or even understood how to steer the vessel; thus they had to keep watch themselves both by night and by day, in spite of the cold. There were some entire days when the river was so covered with ice that they were constantly exposed to the greatest dangers. Finally, having reached Mansac, an American garrison, they landed to obtain some venison from an Indian camp in the neighborhood. At last they found a good boatman, without whose aid they could not have descended the Mississippi. They had still five hundred leagues to travel before they could arrive at New Orleans. They entered the Mississippi near Fort Jefferson, at the end of January, and only stopped half a day at New Madrid, the first Spanish post. The rapidity of the stream led them to hope that their voyage would not be long; and the weather becoming more mild caused them to fear the breaking up of the ice in the northern part of the river, which was quite frozen over, though more than a league in breadth. Under such circumstances it was clear they had no time to lose. From New Madrid to Natchez, that is to say, along a line of three hundred leagues, they only met three habitations. The rapidity of the stream and the number of uprooted trees which it brought down, constrained the princes to discontinue their voyage on the approach of night."

After his marriage with the daughter of Ferdinand Fourteenth, Louis Philippe lived mostly in retirement in Sicily, until the overthrow of Napoleon called him to France. He at once presented himself at court, but displeased with the preposterous policy of Louis Eighteenth and his impotent efforts to make the restoration efface all the traditions and all the glories of the republic and the empire, the Duke appeared rarely afterward at the Tuileries.

After the accession of Charles Tenth he went more frequently, but still preserved in a great measure his retirement.

When called to choose between a crown and a passport Louis Philippe was forced by the exigence of circumstances to become King of the French; and thus at length was attained that position which was said to have been steadily sought by the family of Orleans for more than a century.

Thenceforward his elevated station made more evident to the world both the faults and the virtues of Louis Philippe. The prudence which had marked the course of his early misfortunes, guided still more perceptibly the policy of his government, while avarice, which had not before appeared in his character, now showed itself to be one of his strongest motives, and finally through the first fatal dissensions with the bourgeoise, when he demanded from the nation large dowries for his daughters, and splendid donations for his sons, was the first movement in the struggle which caused his dethronement.

The gradual waning of his popularity was evinced by the indifference with which the repeated attempts at his assassination came to be received throughout France. It had become evident that the King was withdrawing from the Revolution and binding himself to maintain the cause of arbitrary power, and the consequence was a reverse the suddenness of which is unparalleled in history.

How serious a lesson is to be read from all these changing events, the contest between the despotism of the seventeenth, and the enfranchised democracy of the nineteenth century. Revolution upon revolution has produced it. The time when it was thought sacralige to

> "Gripe the sacred handle of the sceptre,"

Or,

> "Threat the glory of a crown."

Has passed forever.

> "Tradition, form and ceremonious duty,"

are displaced by an almost unlimited freedom of thought and action.

It was terrible, yet it was full of instruction, the great struggle which mankind witnessed, in the death of the one and the birth of the other, but it has taught nations to *know* themselves, and through the voices of patriotic and truth-revering men, still come to us fresh lessons of wisdom and virtue, drawn from the experience of the past.

Led on by the interest of Mr. Taylor's volumes, we have reached unawares the limit prescribed to us, and have now neither space nor time to enlarge upon that of Miss Kavanagh. With some errors, and much warm, if not extravagant coloring, she has collected a very interesting group out of the most remarkable women of France from the time of the Regency to the Revolution. Patronesses of the fine arts and of literature, women elevated by the noblest virtues and degraded by the grossest sensuality — Queens, favorites of Kings, female politicians, and martyrs in the cause of liberty or conscience. A Madame de Pompadour, a Marie Antoinette, a Charlotte Corday,—each character with the variety of interest appropriate and peculiar to itself.

This interest, however, lies more in the subject than in the style of the authoress, which is verbose. She is sometimes eloquent, but mostly garrulous. The impression left upon the mind is as if we had been in company with a great talker, who gave to others not only no chance to speak, but scarcely time to think. We are hurried along—interested for a time—perhaps even fascinated by the flow of language, but a ringing sound is left in our ears, and if asked to what we have been listening, we are apt to reply with Hamlet, "Words, words, words."

Among the errors to which we have referred is the repeated allusion to the ungrateful abandonment of the death-bed of Louis Fourteenth by Madame de Maintenon. The best authorities give a different version M. Lefevre, in his "*Journal des derniers instans du Roi,*" relates, that although her services were merely mechanical, and she exhibited no feeling, she re-

mained day and night by his bed, and that the King's last words to her were, "The only thing that consoles me Madame is, that you will so soon rejoin me."

One of the longest and most interesting chapters of "Woman in France," is given to Madame du Chatelet, the "divine Emelie" of Voltaire. This is not only agreeable as relating to the most remarkable literary character of the eighteenth century, but also as giving a full and fair specimen of the women of rank in that day.

The story of the lovely Circassian, Aïssé, is also well told, and to use the words of the author, "one of those romantic episodes which never appear to such advantage as when standing forth on the obscurity of a back ground like the Regency."

The entire story of the life of Mademoiselle Aïssé is full of interest; we take from it the following:

"In the year 1698, M. de Ferriol was passing through the slave-market at Constantinople, when he was struck with the surpassing lovliness of a young female child exposed for sale. He questioned her owner, and learned that the child had been carried off by the Turks from the palace of a Circassian prince, whom they had massacred with all his people: she was supposed to be his daughter, for her ravishers had found her surrounded by attendants. Moved with compassion at her unhappy fate, and also actuated by a less pure and disinterested motive, the French nobleman purchased the young Haidée or Aïssé—the two names appear to be identical—for the sum of fifteen hundred livres. On returning to France, he confided the child to his sister-in-law, Madame de Ferriol, and then went back once more to Constantinople, where he resided as ambassador until the year 1711.

"Aïssé, as she still continued to be called, although she had been baptized under the name of Charlotte, was kindly treated by Madame de Ferriol, by whom she was brought up on a footing of equality with her two sons. D'Argental and Pont-de-Veyle always loved their adopted sister very tenderly. The beauty of Mademoiselle Aïssé was remarkable, even in that age of beautiful women: it blended the passion and fire of the East with the classical outline of Grecian loveliness and the animated grace of France. She was about the middle height, of an elegant figure and a graceful carriage; her complexion had, in youth, that dazzling bloom and transparent purity which is still the boast of the fine Circassian races; her eyes, dark, soft, and lustrous, shone with truly eastern splendor: her oval and delicate countenance expressed the goodness, candor, and finesse of her character.

"Aïsseé attracted considerable attention in the circle of Madame de Ferriol: her extreme loveliness was not her only charm. If she was neither brilliant nor witty, she possessed, however, all the tact and delicacy of a fine nature: she spoke well, but little, for her disposition was naturally retiring. It is easy to judge of what her conversational powers may have been, by the letters she has left.—The style in which they are written, though natural and elegant, is frequently careless and incorrect: it has not that precision and purity of idiom which characterize Madame de Staal's language, nor the strength and wit of Madame du Deffands's. The merits of Mademoiselle Aïssé's writings are by no means literary; they spring from the truth and tenderness of her heart, from the natural humility and delicacy of her mind, and from the sincere and honest abhorrence she ever displays against the profligacy and vices of the age. It was this union of rare persona l attractions, and of the most noble and amiable qualities of her heart, which leda contemporary poet to exclaim:—

"Aïssé de la Grèce épuisa la beauté;
Elle a de la France emprunté
Les charmes de l'esprit, de l'air, et du langage
Pour le cœur je n'y comprends rien;
Dans quel lieu s'est-elle adressée?
Il n'en est plus comme le sien
Depuis l'âge d'or ou l'Astrée."

GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT.

The State of Virginia has caused to be prepared for presentation to Major General Winfield Scott a gold medal, upon which his fame is typified by a solid Grecian Doric column, with "1812" inscribed on its base, and upon its capital "1848"—the date of the treaty of peace with Mexico.

It would be pleasing to us to adopt the idea conveyed by this medal in tracing the career of General Scott. We should wish to follow him throughout his whole course, and elucidate the characteristics of his genius by the simple narration of his story. But as his biography down to the commencement of the Mexican war has already been given by Mr. Mansfield, we shall confine ourselves in this sketch to a summary of antecedent events, and reserve the greater part of our limited space for an examination of acts and characteristics during that war, which appear to us as yet little understood.

Our purpose is not therefore to dwell upon the great acts of the historical drama, in which he has been a prominent actor for nearly forty years. We do not propose to present vivid representations of battles, in which he has been distinguished as the soldier, the General, and as the Commander-in-Chief, in order to heighten the effect of that picture. Still less should we desire by the scenic effect of any such representations to divert attention from the genius and characteristics of the man.

But from the ample material which his labors in the closet and the field furnish, we shall present, as it appears to us, the picture of a generous and magnanimous man, with genius strengthened by industry; sternness softened by kindness; an indomitable will governed by reflection; ability and vigor in war, combined with a love of peace and order; and respect and obedience to the constituted authorities of his country, unimpaired by an unshrinking maintenance of his own rights.

The early career of Major General Scott was very brilliant. At the commencement of the war with Great Britain, he was promoted to a Lieutenant Colonelcy of Artillery, from a captaincy of light Artillery. The latter commission he had accepted in 1808, after the passage of the non-intercourse act, and when the danger of war with Great Britain appearing imminent, Congress had increased the army.

At the time that General Scott became a soldier, he was engaged in the practice of law in his native state of Virginia, having previously received a collegiate education at William and Mary college.

With the events of the war of 1812-14, the promotion of the subject of our sketch kept pace. He was soon Adjutant General of the army, next Colonel of Artillery, then Brigadier General, and on the 25th July, 1814, "For his distinguished services in the successive conflicts of Chippewa and Niagara, and for his uniform gallantry and good conduct as an officer in said army," he was brevetted a Major General.

He attained this high rank at the early age of twenty-eight years. In the battle of Niagara he had been severely wounded, and when the proclamation of peace followed in February, 1815, he was still suffering from the effect of his wound, although he had for sometime previously been the Commanding General at Baltimore.

The plaudits of his countrymen still rang in his ears. Governor Tompkins, in presenting to him a year later, a sword voted by the State of New York, thus addressed him: "Your military career is replete with splendid events. Without descending into too much minuteness, I may briefly refer to your exploits in the most

interesting portion of the American Continent. The shores of Niagara, from Erie to Ontario, are inscribed with your name, and with the names of your brave companions. The defeat of the enemy at Fort George will not be forgotten. The memorable conflict on the plains of Chippewa, and the appalling night battle on the heights of Niagara, are events which have added new celebrity to the spots where they happened, heightening the majesty of the stupendous cataract, by combining with its natural all the force of the moral sublime.

"The admirers of the great in nature, from all quarters of the globe, will forever visit the theatre of your achievements.—They will bear to their distant homes the idea of this mighty display of nature, and will associate with it your deeds and those of your brothers in arms. And so long as the beautiful and sublime shall be objects of admiration among men; so long as the whelming waters of Erie shall be tumbled into the awful depths of Niagara, so long shall the splendid actions in which you had so conspicuous a share, endure in the memory of man."

Such was the tone of public sentiment which every where greeted our young countryman, upon the conclusion of peace, but he modestly thought that whatever industry, and vigor, and genius had heretofore accomplished, much yet remained for him to do before he could hope to be master of the science of war. Far from resting upon the laurels he had gained, in what has been aptly styled the second war of independence, he obtained permission to visit Europe for *professional improvement*.—There, by personal intercourse with Carnot, and the great generals of the French empire; by inspection of fortifications; by witnessing the movements and discipline of the allied armies, and in the collection of books, his time was profitably occupied, and he returned to the United States prepared to enter upon a course of study which would give him self-confidence in any future war in which his country might be engaged.

Upon his return he was not idle. In the year 1821 he published a volume entitled, "General Regulations for the Army" containing every thing necessary for the government of troops in garrison, in camp, and in the field. In 1826, as president of a board of regular officers and distinguished militia generals, he reported:

1. A plan for the organization and instruction of the whole body of the militia of the union.
2. A system of tactics for the artillery.
3. A system of cavalry tactics; and
4. A system of infantry and rifle tactics.

In 1835, under a resolution of Congress, he published a new edition in three small volumes of the infantry tactics, with all the improvements made thereon, since the general peace of 1815.

Such were the labors of General Scott, in the closet, during the intervals of time when he was not actively engaged in his military duties; but during the same period, which we have thus hastily run over, his military avocations were by no means few or unimportant.

The war with the Northwestern Indians, commonly called the Black Hawk war; the direction of which General Scott was ordered to assume in 1832, was brought to a conclusion by the battle of the Bad Axe, August 2d, the day before General Scott had joined General Atkinson, under whom the operations against the Indians had until that time been conducted. The fugitive Indians were soon afterwards collected and brought in prisoners. Treaties between the United States and the Indians soon followed, and General Scott received the approbation of the government for his conduct, "during a series of difficulties, requiring higher moral courage than the operations of an active campaign, under ordinary circumstances."

Allusion is here made by the Secretary of War (General Cass) to the conduct of Scott during the presence of that desolating scourge, the cholera. His conduct is thus described by an eye-witness: "The General's course of conduct on that occasion should establish for him a reputation not inferior to that which he has earned on the battle field, and should exhibit him not only as a warrior, but as a man—not only as the hero of battles, but as the hero of humanity. He visited the sick, cheered the well, encouraged the attendants, and set an example to all, which did much towards preventing the spread of a panic, scarcely less to be dreaded than the original calamity. The mortality was appalling, but at

length, on the 8th of September, the infection disappeared."*

We pass from the difficulties surmounted in the Northwest to South Carolina, where General Scott soon after was called upon, in his position as the commander of the troops, to exercise all his judgment and discretion.

The feelings which actuated his whole course of conduct on that occasion, are thus described by himself in a letter to a distinguished friend, a nullifier, dated Dec. 14th, 1832, from Savannah: "I have always entertained a high admiration for the history and character of South Carolina, and accident or good fortune has thrown me into intimacy, and even friendship, with almost every leader of the two parties which now divide and agitate the State. Would to God they were again united, as during the late war, when her federalists vied with the republicans in the career of patriotism and glory, and when her Legislature came powerfully to the aid of the Union. Well, the majority among you have taken a stand, and those days of general harmony may never return. What an awful position for South Carolina, as well as for the other States!

"I cannot follow out the long, dark shades of the picture that presents itself to my fears. I will hope, nevertheless, for the best. But I turn my eyes back, and good God! what do I behold? Impatient South Carolina could not wait—she has taken a leap, and is already a foreign nation; and the great names of Washington, Franklin, Jefferson and Greene, no longer compatriot with yours, or those of Laurens, Moultrie, Pinckney, and Marion with mine!

"But the evil, supposing the separation to have been *peaceable*, would not stop there. When one member shall withdraw, the whole arch of the Union will tumble in. Out of the broken fragments new combinations will arise. We should probably have, instead of *one*, *three* confederacies—a Northern, Southern and Western Union; and transmontane Virginia, your native country, not belonging to the South, but torn off by the general West. I turn with horror from the picture I have only sketched. I have said it is dark; let but one drop of blood be spilt upon the canvass, and it becomes 'one red.'"

* Mansfield's Life of Scott.

Deeply impressed with the conviction expressed in the foregoing letter, the conduct of Scott throughout these difficulties between the United States and South Carolina was conciliatory to the last degree. "He was resolved," (says the Hon. B. W. Leigh,) if it was possible, to prevent a resort to arms; and nothing could have been more judicious than his conduct. Far from being prone to take umbrage, he kept his temper under the strictest guard, and was most careful to avoid giving occasion for offence; yet he held himself ready to act, if it should become necessary, and he let that be distinctly understood." "He was perfectly successful, when the least imprudence might have resulted in a serious collision."

At length the passage of the celebrated compromise act by Congress caused South Carolina to rescind her ordnance of nullification, and the officers and soldiers and seamen of the United States departed with the satisfaction of knowing that every act of theirs, during the apprehended collision, had been dictated by kindness to their brethren of South Carolina.

In 1835, the Seminoles of Florida broke out into open hostilities against the United States. On the 20th of January, 1836, General Scott was ordered to take the command in that quarter, but after active operations against those Indians for a few months, in which they, by scattering, contrived in a great measure to avoid collision with our troops, General Scott was ordered to proceed to the Creek country, in Alabama and Georgia, for the purpose of subduing that tribe of Indians, which had meanwhile also engaged in hostilities.

There he proceeded forthwith to organize the volunteer corps; and, in the beginning of July, five hundred Indians had already surrendered prisoners. While thus zealously and efficiently engaged in the Creek country, General Scott was suddenly re-called by the President of the United States, upon private representations made by the second in command of the army in the field, through an unauthorized channel of communication, and his conduct during the Seminole and Creek campaigns was submitted to a Court of Inquiry.

The Court, after a patient and laborious investigation of the charge, pronounced General Scott's plan of the Seminole cam-

paign "well devised and prosecuted with energy, steadiness and ability." In regard to the Creek war, they said "the plan of campaign, as adopted by General Scott, was well calculated to lead to successful results; and that it was prosecuted by him, as far as practicable, with zeal and ability, until he was re-called from the command."

Towards the close of the year 1837, insurgent movements commenced with the French population of Canada against their government. These movements were closely followed by the enrollment of large numbers of sympathisers among the border population of the United States. "Thousands and thousands met in lodges all along the frontier, oaths of secrecy were administered, principal leaders appointed, Generals and Staff Officers chosen, and at least for Upper Canada, a Provisional Government formed. The President of the United States issued his proclamation, enjoining all good citizens to observe the strictest neutrality towards the British provinces. It had but little effect."*

The arms in the hands of the citizens, and even those in the State arsenals, within reach of the borders, were soon seized or purloined, thus affording equipments to the American Canada Patriots. Some hundreds of these people passed over from Schlosser to Navy Island, within the British line, but the insurgent movement in Canada had meantime been apparently crushed.

A small steamboat, called the Caroline, was employed by the Canada sympathisers between Navy Island and Schlosser, on the American shore, as a ferry boat. The first night the boat commenced her trips the British fitted out an expedition at Chippewa, passed over to the American town of Schlosser, killed one citizen and wounded several others, and after firing the boat cut her loose from her fastenings and sent her over the cataract of Niagara, as was believed by many at the time, with several wounded Americans on board.†

This national outrage greatly inflamed the minds of the people of the United States, and General Scott, then in Washington, was ordered to the frontier, and clothed with full power to call for militia to enforce the act of neutrality, to defend our territory against invasion, or to maintain peace throughout the borders.

During the winter of 1838–9, he was busy in exercising his influence for peace. He allowed himself no repose. He passed frequently along the frontier—sometimes along the Detroit, and sometimes on the north line of Vermont, and, in the performance of this duty of peace-maker, he addressed on a line of eight hundred miles, immense gatherings of sympathisers as well as other citizens. He in those addresses acknowledged that the burning of the Caroline was a national outrage which called for explanation and satisfaction; but, at the same time, he reminded our incensed citizens that we lived under a government of laws. That a republic can have no sure foundation except in the general intelligence, virtue, respect, and obedience to law, of its people; that if, in the attempt to force on our unwilling neighbors independence and free institutions, we had first to spurn and trample under foot treaty stipulations and laws made by our own representatives, we should greatly hazard free institutions at home; that no government can or ought to exist, for a moment, after losing the power of executing its obligations to foreign countries, and of enforcing its own at home; that such power depended in a republic chiefly on the people themselves; that we had a treaty with England, binding us to the strictest observance of amity, or all the duties of good neighborhood with adjoining provinces, and also an act of Congress for enforcing those solemn obligations; that the treaty and the laws were as binding on the honor and conscience of every American freeman, as if he had specially voted for each; that this doctrine was of the very essence of a civilized republic, and that the neglect of it could not fail to sink us into anarchy and universal contempt.

That the whole subject was in the hands of the President, the regularly elected official organ of the country; that there was no doubt the President would make the proper demand, and failing to obtain satisfaction, would lay the whole matter before Congress.

Such harangues from the mouth of a soldier, not unknown to fame, produced the happiest effect. Masses of patriots broke off and returned to their homes, and the friends

* Mansfield, p. 288.

† Mansfield.

of order were encouraged to come out in support of order.

On the 10th of April, 1838, Gen. Scott was ordered to take measures for the removal of the Cherokees beyond the Mississippi. The duty was happily accomplished without bloodshed, although large bodies of troops had been assembled in their country with a view to force the emigration of the reluctant Cherokees. The instructions of the General to the troops, and his counsels to the Cherokees themselves, dictated by the spirit of the philanthropist, effected this happy result.

Scott was again soon on the Northeastern frontiers, where hostile movements were on foot in relation to what was known as the Disputed Territory. Our space does not permit us to say more than that he again appeared as a pacificator, and that in consequence of an early friendship between himself and Sir John Harvey, the Governor of New Brunswick, as well as by his active exertions in Maine, he was enabled to prevent collisions which might have resulted in war between the United States and Great Britain.

In 1839, in the National Whig Convention at Harrisburgh, the name of Scott was brought forward as a candidate for the Presidency. He received 62 votes, and the nomination fell on General Harrison.

In 1841, upon the death of General Macomb, Scott was appointed the Commander of the Army, with his head-quarters at Washington, where he continued in the performance of his duties until he assumed command of the Army in Mexico.

The war with Mexico broke out in May, 1846. It is not our purpose to discuss the causes of that war, but the Administration of Mr. Polk held, that, Texas, before her annexation to the United States, having declared the Rio Grande to be her boundary with Mexico, and the United States having, by the act of annexation, taken upon themselves the *onus* of settling the question of boundary, and Mexico having refused to enter into diplomatic negotiations for the settlement of that and other disputed questions, and having refused even to receive a Minister from the United States, it had become necessary to take other measures for sustaining the claims of Texas and the United States.

In this position of affairs, General Taylor, then in command on the west bank of the Nueces, was ordered to take post on the east bank of the Rio Grande, and in obeying this order, a detachment from his command was surprised and assaulted by an overwhelming Mexican force, and a number of American soldiers killed, wounded, and taken prisoners.

As soon as news of this event reached Washington, Congress declared, by a large majority, that war existed by the act of Mexico, and measures were taken to vindicate the rights and honor of the United States.

In the state of anxious feeling then prevailing, General Scott was freely consulted by the Administration, and it was intimated to him, that he was to command the Army about to be raised, for the prosecution of the war. He at once set himself assiduously at work in arranging the necessary details, for organizing and dispatching the volunteers, authorized by the act of the 13th of May, made known to him on the 17th of that month. This bill was defective, in not providing a sufficient staff, or sufficient company officers, for the regiments about to be raised, and General Scott at once prepared a supplemental bill, to provide for these deficiencies. This bill, the Secretary of War promised to press upon the attention of Congress, and on the 19th of May, he went to the Senate committee for that purpose, but at the same time caused to be inserted a first section, providing for two additional Major-Generals, and four Brigadier-Generals, for the regular Army.

The section had been introduced without the knowledge of General Scott, and it was then known to him that party leaders had protested against his being charged with the war. Indeed, Mr. Senator Benton, in advocating the measure, avowed it to be the policy of the Administration to appoint party Generals to conduct the war. "Generals," said he, "are wanted, who would look to the *authority* which appointed them. Political talent, more than mere military skill, is needed to conduct an invasion successfully."

On the 18th of May, General Scott had written to General Taylor, informing him that heavy re-inforcements were to be sent to the Rio Grande, and that he had been

designated for the command of the augmented army. He added, he feared that, with the utmost efforts, the reinforcements could not be put on the Rio Grande before the 1st of September, and that he did not expect to assume the command much before the arrival of the reinforcements alluded to. This letter was read by Mr. Marcy, before it was dispatched, and one paragraph in the letter stricken out, upon his suggestion.

Under these circumstances, Mr. Marcy undertook, on the 20th, two days later, to lecture General Scott on his delay, in not repairing at once to the seat of war. The Secretary well knew, at the time, the avocations of the General-in-Chief; that much yet remained for him to do in Washington, towards preparing supplies, &c., for the invading army, and that, in the opinion of General Scott, military operations could not be pushed from the Rio Grande before the 1st of September. From this unusual and unjustifiable proceeding, on the part of the Secretary of War—this condemnation in advance—it was apparent to General Scott, that the Administration had lent itself to what seemed the popular belief at that time, that an army of thirty thousand men could be collected, equipped, thrown upon the Rio Grande, and be in condition to commence military operations immediately; or else, that the design of the lecture of the Secretary was to make use of this popular belief, for the purpose of hurrying him off to the Rio Grande, before the necessary preparations had been made, or the troops collected, and afterwards charge the necessary delays which must occur, before military operations could be commenced, to his inefficiency, and recall him.

It was under these circumstances, that General Scott wrote his letter of the 21st of May, 1846, to Mr. Secretary Marcy. In that letter, and the subsequent correspondence, he recited, in detail, the work that must be done, to collect together, to transport, to equip, and supply an army. He proved conclusively, that the army, materials of war, transportation, and supplies, could not be in readiness before the 1st of September. He then remarks, "All that I have but sketched, I deem to be not only useful to success, but indispensable. As a soldier, I make this assertion, without the fear of contradiction from any *honest* and *candid* soldier."

"Against the *ad captandum* condemnation of all other persons, whoever may be designated for the high command in question, there can be no reliance, in his absence, other than the active, candid, and steady support of his government. If I cannot have that sure basis to rest upon, it will be infinitely better for the country, (not to speak of my personal security,) that some other commander of the new army against Mexico should be selected. No matter who he may be, he shall at least be judged and supported by me, in this office and every where else, as I would desire, if personally in that command, to be judged and supported."

These representations of Scott had no effect at the time. The fiat of party was made to over-ride all patriotic considerations. The assertion that the army could not commence operations from the Rio Grande until the 1st of September was ridiculed. General Scott was himself caricatured, and Mr. Marcy replied on the 25th, that the country would feel impatient if the volunteers were to remain inactive on the Rio Grande till the 1st of September, and concluded by informing Scott, that his services would be confined to the City of Washington and to the preparations for the vigorous prosecution of hostilities against Mexico.

But this action of the government was not destined to endure. Subsequent events of the war verified the sagacity of the General-in-Chief; and, notwithstanding all the efforts of the Administration to falsify his predictions, the army could not commence its operations from the Rio Grande until September.

Meantime Scott remained in Washington, conscious that public opinion would do him justice with the verification of his calculations, and doing all that he could do in that position towards the successful prosecution of the war. His reliance upon public sentiment was not misplaced.

When hostilities between the United States and Mexico began, the idea was cherished, that by beating such forces as Mexico might assemble in defence of her more remote provinces we might "conquer a peace." Besides, the army then under General Taylor on the Rio Grande,

for the invasion of Tamaulipas and New Leon, another army was placed under General Wool to over-run Chihuahua, a third under General Kearny for the conquest of New Mexico, and a fourth detachment, afterwards to fall under the command of Kearny, in California.

New Mexico and California were soon under American Government. Wool had made a long march without encountering opposition, and Taylor had in September fought the battle of Monterey, after having previously in May gained the brilliant victories of Palo Alto and Resaca within the boundaries claimed by the United States.

But, notwithstanding these uninterrupted successes, the probability of a peace with Mexico was as remote as at the commencement of the war, and the Administration in October appears to have become satisfied that something else should be done to accomplish an end at that time sincerely desired. Accordingly, on the 22d of October, the Secretary of War writes to General Taylor, "it is believed that Vera Cruz may be taken; and having possession of that city, the castle of San Juan d' Ulloa might probably be reduced or compelled to surrender. If the expedition could go forth without the object being known to the enemy, it is supposed that four thousand troops would be a sufficient force for the enterprize, receiving as they would the co-operation of our naval force on the Gulf; but at least fifteen hundred or two thousand of them should be of the regular army, and under the command of officers best calculated for such an undertaking." This letter of Mr. Marcy shows that the proposed exhibition was to be a detachment from the main army under General Taylor; that the detachment was to be commanded by Major-General Patterson; that General Taylor must not make such detachment if it interfered materially with his plan of operations, and that it was hoped to carry Vera Cruz by a *coup-de-main*, without looking to ulterior operations from that point; and, that if unforseen difficulties in regard to Vera Cruz should arise, the movement should be turned against Tampico. The Brazos Santiago was designated as the place of embarcation of the detachment. No siege preparations were made; and the whole tenor of the despatch to General Taylor as well as the instructions to General Patterson,* shew that Mr. Marcy still proposed nothing more than partial operations. He tells General Patterson, "Our object is to strike an effective blow at the enemy; and if Vera Cruz can be taken and by that means the castle of San Juan d' Ulloa reduced, it would be an important point in the war; but the force which is proposed to be sent against that place, or the largest which could be assembled for that purpose without materially interfering with other operations, may not be sufficient to insure reasonable hopes of success, provided the enemy should anticipate our design upon that place in season to strengthen its defences and greatly increase his forces at that point." "If Vera Cruz should, all circumstances considered, be found to be too dangerous an enterprize to be attempted, your attention will then be directed to the capture of Tampico."

As soon as these views of the government came to the knowledge of General Scott, he expressed himself strongly against them. He tells Mr. Marcy, October 27: "Unless with a view to a second or new line of operations, I regard the possession, by us, of the city of Vera Cruz and its castle San Juan d' Ulloa, *as a step towards compelling Mexico to sue for peace*, as not likely to be worth one-tenth of the lives, time, and money, which their capture would cost us. In other words, I am persuaded that our possession of those places would be of but very little more value than the present strict blockade of the port; unless, as intimated above, the capture should be promptly followed by a march thence, with a competent force, upon the capital. To conquer a peace I am now persuaded that we must take the city of Mexico, or place it in imminent danger of capture, and mainly through the city of Vera Cruz." Full details are given by General Scott in his memorandum on the subject for the organization, embarkation, and landing of the force necessary for the undertaking, and on November 12, in a supplemental memorandum, he writes: "To divide our forces on the lower Rio Grande and in the direction of Monterey and Saltillo,

* See Pub. Doc., No. 60, p. 360.

equitably and wisely between the two lines of operations upon the enemies' capital, the positive instructions of the government will be needed, besides the presence on the theatre of war of the highest in army rank. The latter, I beg to say, is the proper officer to carry out on the spot, the instructions of government in respect to that division, and to direct the principal attacking column on and from Vera Cruz."

On the 18th of November, General Scott was told by the President to hold himself in readiness for this service, and on the 20th, he submitted to the Secretary, at the request of the latter, a draft of the instructions required. These instructions were of a definite and precise character. The duties that he was to perform were distinctly stated; the manner in which the necessary force was to be obtained was given, and the 1st of February made the point of time in which it was desirable to reach the point of descent.

The Secretary did not adopt these specific instructions, but wrote to General Scott on the 23d, "to repair to Mexico, to take command of all the forces there assembled; and particularly to organize and set on foot an expedition to operate on the Gulf coast, if, on arriving at the theatre of action, you, (General Scott,) shall deem it to be practicable. It is not proposed to control your operations by definite instructions, but you are left to prosecute them as your judgment, under a full view of all the circumstances, shall dictate. The work is before you, and the means provided, or to be provided, for accomplishing it are committed to you, in the full confidence that you will use them to the best advantage."

No confidence could apparently be greater, and General Scott, before leaving Washington, wrote to several eminent friends: "*The President has behaved nobly.*" His expectations of support and sympathy from his Government were soon, however, disappointed. While on the route to the Rio Grande at New Orleans, he first heard that the project was entertained of creating the office of Lieutenant-General for the purpose of superseding him in his high duties. He scouted the idea that the President could be guilty of such an act of treachery, but ere long a public message to Congress, recommending the creation of the office, and the announcement that Mr. Senator Benton would fill it, if created, disappointed this false hope, and convinced him that instead of expecting active aid and support from home, he must look to having his operations delayed, if not thwarted, by opposition from the Administration, in order to promote their political scheme.

Far from being awed or deterred by the developments before him, his faculties were invigorated, and he exhibited to those around him a moral and intellectual greatness, rising superior to the pressure of adverse circumstances.

It has been stated that the plan which General Scott proposed for the conquest of a peace was, to capture Vera Cruz, and thence by incessant and vigorous movements, either to "take the city of Mexico, or place it in imminent danger of capture." The plan of the Administration, until this suggestion was adopted, had been, not to interfere with any plan of operations which General Taylor might have, but in addition to such operations, to strike at the enemy on the Gulf coast of Mexico, provided their suggestion met with General Taylor's approval.

On the 20th of November, General Taylor's letter to the Secretary of War, dated October 15, was received in Washington. In that letter, General Taylor thus expresses himself: "It may be expected that I should give my views as to the policy of occupying a defensive line, to which I have above alluded. I am free to confess, that in view of the difficulties and expense attending a movement into the heart of the country, and particularly in view of the unsettled and revolutionary character of the Mexican Government, the occupation of such a line seems to me the best course that can be adopted. The line taken might be either that on which we propose to insist as the boundary between the republics—say that of the Rio Grande —or the line to which we have advanced, viz: the Sierra Madre, including Chihuahua and Sante Fé. The former line could be held with a much smaller force than the latter; but even the line of the Sierra Madre could be held with a force greatly less than would be required for an active campaign. *Monterey controls the great outlet from the interior.*

"Should the Government determine to

strike a decisive blow at Mexico, it is my opinion that the force should land near Vera Cruz or Alvarado; and after establishing a secure depot, march thence on the capital. The amount of troops required for this service would not fall short, in my judgment, of 25,000 men, of which at least 10,000 should be regular troops."

It has been seen that the Government had, previously to the receipt of this letter, determined upon striking this decisive blow, and designated General Scott for the command. He at once, upon reading General Taylor's letter, submitted the following propositions:

"I have hastily read General Taylor's dispatches, which arrived last night. I suppose that the war must go forward, and not be allowed to degenerate into *a war like a peace*, which would be as bad, or worse, than a *peace like a war*, involving an indefinite period of time and waste of money.

"I have the honor to propose:

1. That for the expedition against Vera Cruz, 5,000 Regulars and four small brigades of Volunteers, making, say, 6,000 men, with two Volunteer Major Generals, and four Volunteer Brigadier Generals, to be taken from the forces now under Major General Taylor, or under orders to join him, although he may be, for a time, reduced to a strictly defensive position at Monterey.

2. That to the 11,000 men, (Regulars and Volunteers as above,) there be added, say, 4,000 Volunteers, to be divided among the four old brigades, taken as above, or to be placed under two new Volunteer Brigadiers, to be appointed by the President, according to his pleasure.

3. That the new Volunteers, (nine regiments,) be organized and despatched as rapidly as possible, and also the construction of the boats for embarbation and debarkation, in order that the whole expedition may be afloat and beyond the Rio Grande by the 15th of January, or, at the very latest, the 1st of February, so as to leave good time for operations on the Gulf coast before the return of the yellow fever, to be apprehended in April, but always certain in May.

4. That, to enable Major General Taylor to resume offensive, or, at least, *threatening* movements from Monterey upon Saltillo, San Luis de Potosi, &c., pending the expedition against Vera Cruz, if possible, to send him recruits to fill up the regular corps left with him, and also the remainder, say, 3,500 new Volunteers, of the nine regiments.

5. That, to give the certainty of greater activity and success to the two attacking columns, it is respectfully suggested that the President call for additional regiments of Volunteers.

[6 and 7 proposes other details for increasing the efficiency and strength of the force.]

(Signed.) WINFIELD SCOTT.

Washington, Nov. 21, 1846."

The instructions of the Secretary, dated the 23d of November, giving the whole direction of the war to General Scott, followed; and he at once proceeded to the Rio Grande. While on the route from New York, he addressed a letter to General Taylor, intimating his proposed theatre of operations, and expressing his regret that, in order to act upon the new line of operations in time to avoid the dangers of pestilence at Vera Cruz, it would be necessary to reduce General Taylor for a time to stand on the defensive. In this letter, and a subsequent one from New Orleans, he also informed General Taylor that he should be at Camargo in order freely to consult with him. When, however, General Scott arrived at the Brazos Santiago on the 27th of December, he learned that General Wool, with his column, was at Paras; General Worth at Saltillo; General Butler at Monterey; General Patterson on the march from Matamoras to Victoria; and General Taylor himself with Twiggs' Division of Regulars and Quitman's Brigade of Volunteers, in march from Monterey to Victoria. These movements and dispositions were undertaken by General Taylor, as he explained in a communication to the War Department, dated December 8, for the occupation and defence of the line of the Sierra Madre. This communication was not, however, known to General Scott at that time, and it has been seen that his design was not to occupy the extensive line which General Taylor had thus marked out for defence, but only leave with the latter a sufficient force for the defence of Monterey and the line of communications thence to the Rio Grande, and embark with the remaining force for Vera Cruz, with a view to ulterior operations against the capital.

Not being able personally to consult with General Taylor upon his arrival at Camargo, General Scott issued his orders for the execution of his plan of operations.

The force to be divided was a limited one. The operations against Vera Cruz and the capital of Mexico were first in importance. General Taylor had himself declared, that, for such operations, 25,000 men were necessary, of whom at least 10,000 should be regular troops. General Scott, for those operations, took but half the force which Taylor had estimated to be necessary, and he left with Taylor a larger force than the latter a short time previously had left with Worth and Wool to hold Saltillo. Taylor, too, had, before the battle of Buena Vista, and after the division of troops, declared, that the force under him would, doubtless, enable him to hold the positions that he then occupied, and this was all that he was required to do. In fact, it was more, as Monterey, seventy miles in rear of the position he then held, had been designated as the head of his line, in conformity with his own suggestion, made in his letter to the Secretary of War, of the 15th of October, that "Monterey controls the great outlet from the interior."

It was all important, too, at the time that the division of troops was made, that the descent upon Vera Cruz should take place before the breaking out of yellow fever on the coast, and it was therefore necessary that the division should be made at once. That this policy was wise is proved by subsequent events, ending in the conquest of a peace. That General Scott did not take a larger share of troops than his duties required has never been pretended. And that the line of the Rio Grande would be perfectly covered by the occupation of the only practicable road for artillery from San Luis to the Lower Rio Grande, is too evident to require demonstration. The whole correspondence, too, of General Taylor with General Scott and the War Department, previous to the battle of Buena Vista, shows that General Taylor did not then consider his position a hazardous one. He writes a short time previously that Santa Anna had been elected President and gone to the city of Mexico; that detachments of the Mexican army have been sent from San Luis in the direction of Vera Cruz, and that the army at San Luis were suffering for want of supplies. His disappointment does not appear at that time to have arisen from the hazardous nature of the duties with which he was charged, but rather that the main body of the American army under Scott was about to engage in active operations in the heart of the enemies' country, while he was left in comparative inactivity, simply to hold a defensive position. To this feeling General Scott responds, in writing to Taylor, on the 26th of January, thus: "You intimate a preference for service in my particular expedition, to remaining in your present position with greatly reduced numbers. I can most truly respond, that to take you with me, as second in command, would contribute greatly to my personal delight, and I confidently believe, to the success of that expedition. But I could not propose it to you and for two reasons, either of which was conclusive with me at the moment: 1st. I thought you would be left in a higher and more responsible position where you are; and 2d. I knew that it was not contemplated by the government to supersede you in, or to take you from that immediate command."

If such were Taylor's feelings, we may sympathize with the gallant soldier under his personal disappointment, in being left behind, and, at the same time, do justice to his commander, who, knowing that to conquer a peace, the war must go forward at once from Vera Cruz to the Capital of Mexico, also felt that the iron nerve of Zachary Taylor would secure the safety of the line of the Rio Grande.

Our space will not permit us to dwell upon or explain the vexatious delays which occurred in providing transportation for the command of Scott, or the uncertainty in which he was long kept from the non-arrival of the material of war to be provided for his expedition—but we at once follow him to Tampico, where he issued the following orders, which, being rigidly executed, perhaps effected as important consequences as any other act performed during the brilliant campaign which then impended:

HEAD QUARTERS OF THE ARMY,
Tampico, February 19, 1847.

GENERAL ORDERS,
No. 20.

1. It may well be apprehended that many grave offences not provided for in the act of Congress "establishing rules and articles for

the government of the armies of the United States," approved April 10, 1806, may be again committed—by, or upon, individuals of those armies, in Mexico, pending the existing war between the two Republics. Allusion is here made to atrocities, any one of which, if committed within the United States or their organized territories, would, of course, be tried and severely punished by the ordinary or civil courts of the land.

2. Assassination; murder; malicious stabbing or maiming; rape; malicious assault and battery; robbery; theft; the wanton desecration of churches, cemeteries or other religious edifices and fixtures, and the destruction, except by order of a superior officer, of public or private property, are such offences.

3. The good of the service, the honor of the United States and the interests of humanity, imperiously demand that every crime, enumerated above, should be severely punished.

4. But the written code, as above, commonly called the *rules and articles of war,* provides for the punishment of not *one* of those crimes, even when committed by individuals of the army upon the persons or property of other individuals of the same, except in the very restricted case in the 9th of those articles; nor for like outrages, committed by the same individuals, upon the persons or property of a hostile country, except very partially, in the 51st, 52d, and 55th articles; and the same code is absolutely silent as to all injuries which may be inflicted upon individuals of the army, or their property, against the laws of war, by individuals of a hostile country.

5. It is evident that the 99th article, independent of any reference to the restriction in the 87th, is wholly nugatory in reaching any one of those high crimes.

6. For all the offences, therefore, enumerated in the second paragraph above, which may be committed abroad—in, by, or upon the army, a supplemental code is absolutely needed.

7. That unwritten code is *Martial Law,* as an addition to the written military code, prescribed by Congress in the rules and articles of war, and which unwritten code, all armies, in hostile countries, are forced to adopt—not only for their own safety, but for the protection of the unoffending inhabitants and their property, about the theatres of military operations, against injuries contrary to the laws of war.

8. From the same supreme necessity, martial law is hereby declared, as a supplemental code in, and about, all camps, posts and hospitals which may be occupied by any part of the forces of the United States, in Mexico, and in, and about, all columns, escorts, convoys, guards and detachments, of the said forces, while engaged in prosecuting the existing war in, and against the said republic.

9. Accordingly, every crime, enumerated in paragraph, No. 2, above, whether committed —1. By any inhabitant of Mexico, sojourner or traveller therein, upon the person or property of any individual of the United States' forces, retainer, or follower of the same; 2. By any individual of the said forces, retainer or follower of the same, upon the person or property of any inhabitant of Mexico, sojourner or traveller therein, or 3. By any individual of the said forces, retainer or follower of the same, upon the person or property of any other individual of the said forces, retainer or follower of the same—shall be duly tried and punished under the said supplemental code.

10. For this purpose it is ordered, that all offenders, in the matters aforesaid, shall be promptly seized and confined, and reported, for trial, before *Military Commissions* to be duly appointed as follows:

11. Every military commission, under this order, will be appointed, governed and limited, as prescribed by the 65th, 66th, 67th, and 97th of the said rules and articles of war, and the proceedings of such commissions will be duly recorded, in writing, reviewed, revised, disapproved or approved, and the sentences executed—all, as in the cases of the proceedings and sentences of courts-martial; *provided,* that no military commission shall try any case clearly cognizable by any court-martial, and *provided* also that no sentence of a military commission shall be put in execution against any individual, whatsoever, which may not be, according to the nature and degree of the offence, as established by evidence, in conformity with known punishments, in like cases, in some one of the States of the United States of America.

12. This order will be read at the head of every company of the United States' forces, serving in Mexico, or about to enter on that theatre of war.

By command of Major General Scott:

As early as May, 1846, General Scott had presented for the consideration of the Secretary of War the project of a law giving expressly to military courts in an enemies' country the authority above indicated. Congress did not, however, act upon the recommendation, and it appears by letters from General Taylor, dated October 6th and October 11th, 1846, that the "most shameful atrocities" were committed by individuals among the troops, without punishment. In the letter of General Taylor of October 11th, he reports a cold-blooded murder as having been committed in the streets of Monterey, and asks the Secretary of war "for instructions

as to the proper disposition of the culprit." The Secretary replied, November 25th, 1846: "The competency of a military tribunal to take cognisance of such a case as you have presented in your communication of the 11th ult., viz. the murder of a Mexican soldier, and other offences not embraced in the express provision of the articles of war, was deemed so questionable that an application was made to Congress, at the last session, to bring them expressly within the jurisdiction of such a tribunal; but it was not acted on. I am not prepared to say that, under the peculiar circumstances of the case, and particularly by the non-existence of any civil authority to which the offender could be turned over, a military court could not rightfully act thereon; yet very serious doubts are entertained upon that point, and the government do not advise that course. It seriously regrets that such a flagrant offender cannot be dealt with in the manner he deserves. I see no other course for you to pursue, than to release him from confinement, and send him away from the army; and this is recommended. It is intended to invite the attention of Congress again to this subject, in order to have provision made for such cases; but it cannot be so done as to operate *ex post facto*, and of course will not embrace the case in question."

This letter of the Secretary of War was written after General Scott had left Washington, and when the Secretary had before him, a project from General Scott, dated October 8th, in which the views embodied in his martial law order, afterwards issued, were recommended for the action of the Executive.

Such were the circumstances under which the order was issued; but, in the opinion of General Scott, "the good of the service, the honor of the United States, and the interests of humanity," demanded that the numerous grave offences which he recapitulated, should not go unpunished; and, upon assuming command of the Army of Mexico, he did not shrink from the responsibility which his station imposed. His order was rigidly executed, and victories were won, but not abused, and the horrors which usually attend the steps of undisciplined troops in an enemies' country, so far meliorated as to challenge the admiration of the civilized world, and of the conquered people themselves.

We will not dilate upon the skill and science displayed during the military operations attending the embarkation and landing of the troops for the investment and siege of Vera Cruz, but simply remark, notwithstanding the denunciations of a political sentimentalist, (Mr. William Jay,) that if Vera Cruz had been carried by assault and not by siege, the sufferings of the Mexicans must have been far greater than actually happened, while the Americans instead of losing all told but 65 men in killed and wounded, must have lost hundreds. General Scott's first care in all his operations was for his own army, but that his HUMANITY has never been deadened by the horrors of war, is evinced by his whole life, as well as by his martial law order, his summons to the Governor of Vera Cruz—his notification in advance to the foreign Consuls in that city, and his dispatches to the Secretary of War, especially that of March 25, in which he reports "All the batteries, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5, are in *awful* activity."

If members of peace societies, instead of attacking those who risk their lives in the service of their country, would preach a more enlarged civilization; if they would go farther and teach by example and precept the blessed truths of the Christian religion, and thus possibly hasten the happy millenium, where universal equality and fraternity will no longer be simply an aspiration, but a reality, there would then be no more wars or rumors of wars. But until this consummation has been reached, would it not be well for such persons to reflect, living as they do under a Goverment instituted with the consent of the governed, that their first duty is to obey the laws of their country, and if needs be, hazard their lives for the conservation of society in its integrity, instead of preaching disobedience to law and the lawful commands of their government. Ought they not to furnish for the regulation of nations, some more authoritative exponent of the will of God, than the crude interpretations of their own consciences? and also in charity recollect, that in the present condition of the world, the destruction of all society must necessarily follow the establishment of the doctrine that the conscience of every man is to be

considered his true and only exponent of the will of God.

The incidents and reflections which crowd upon us, connected with the campaign which followed the capitulation of Vera Cruz our space will not permit us to record. We cannot accompany the subject of our sketch through the battle of Cerro Gordo, made memorable by an order of battle written the day before the action which might have been furnished as the bulletin of the victory. We cannot linger over the details of preparation which constitute the most arduous portions of the duty of the soldier. We cannot follow the General-in-Chief in his anxiety and disappointments in not being furnished with reinforcements and supplies so that he might at once march upon the Capital of Mexico. Our space forbids us to dwell upon the reflections which occur upon the necessary discharge of 3000 volunteers in the heart of the enemies' country, at a time when they were much needed; but we must not omit to say, that on the 29th of May, when General Scott reached Puebla he found that he could only muster 5,820 effective men. This force was evidently inadequate for farther operations against the capital, and the army was detained at Puebla until the 7th of August, awaiting the arrival of necessary reinforcements. On the 6th of August, General Pierce, with 2,600 men, reached Puebla, and on the 7th, the march against the City of Mexico was commenced, with an army of 10,700 men.

The mind reverts with pleasure to the brotherhood which had been generated during this period among the soldiers of Vera Cruz, of Cerro Gordo, and Puebla; to the exact discipline which the orders of the Commanding General, and the able assistance of the commanders of corps had infused, to the good dispositions which this exact discipline had imparted to the Mexican population, by whom the troops were surrounded; to the equal and exact justice which the military tribunals, instituted by the Commanding General, had administered to Mexican and American; and to the Heroic feeling which pervaded the small army about to advance against a capital of 150,000 souls, defended by fortifications, constructed on the most approved scientific principles, and manned by an army of 32,000 Mexicans, animated by every motive of religion and patriotism to defend to the last extremity, their homes, and as they also believed their nationality.

The obstacles before this small army were not concealed from them, nor were the difficulties exaggerated. They knew that they were marching against a great capital — defended as has been described; they knew that their line of communication with Vera Cruz, itself more than a thousand miles from their homes, had been necessarily left unguarded from the want of sufficient troops; they knew that in the event of defeat, every mountain-pass in their rear would be occupied by the enemy, and retreat effectually cut off; they knew that their Government had not supported them with either money or proper reinforcements; but they also knew that they had a Duty to perform. They knew that no hope existed for the conquest of a peace, unless it could be dictated under the walls of Mexico, or by the occupation of that capital, and such was the mission that they meant to execute, or die in the attempt. This heroic feeling animated officers and soldiers alike, and leaving behind them at Puebla nothing but an humble petition to Congress, to care for their wives and children, the march was commenced, August 7th, 1847.

The army advanced in four divisions, each division taking up its line of march after a few days' interval. The Commanding-General with a squadron of horse, being, as occasion required, with the different divisions of the army. The enthusiastic huzzas with which his presence or approach was greeted by every corps was a sure harbinger of that success which was about to crown the operations of the army, and must have been doubly grateful as also evincing the confidence and affection of his troops. We cannot follow the army in the brilliant operations in the basin of Mexico, but the results are thus summed up by General Scott in his report. "At Conteras, Churubusco, &c., (August 20,) we had but 8,497 men engaged—after deducting the garrison of San Augustin (our general depôt) the intermediate sick and dead;—at Molinos del Rey (Sep. 8) but three brigades, with some cavalry and artillery;—making in all 3,251 men—were in the battle;—in the two days—September 12 and 13—our whole operating force, after deducting,

again, the recent killed, wounded and sick, together with the garrison of Miscoague (the then general depôt) and that of Tacubaya, was but 7,180 ; and, finally, after deducting the new garrison of Chapultipec, with the killed and wounded of the two days, we took possession (September 14,) of this great capital with less than 6,000 men ! And I re-assert, upon accumulated and unquestionable evidence, that, in not one of those conflicts was this army opposed by fewer than three and a half times its numbers—in several of them—by a yet greater excess.

I recapitulate our losses since we arrived in the basin of Mexico :—

August 19, 20. Killed 137, including 14 officers ; wounded 877, includiug 62 officers ; missing, probably killed, 38 rank and file—total, 1,052.

September 8. Killed 116, including 9 officers ; wounded 665, including 49 officers ; missing 18, rank and file—total 799.

September 12, 13, 14. Killed 130, including 10 officers ; wounded 703, including 68 officers ; missing, 29 rank and file—total, 862.

Grand total losses 2,713, including 212 officers.

On the other hand this small force has beaten, on the same occasions—in view of their capital—the whole Mexican army, of (at the beginning) thirty odd thousand men—posted, always, in chosen positions—behind entrenchments, or more formidable defences of nature and art ;—killed or wounded of that number, more than 7,000 officers and men ;—taken 3,730 prisoners, one-seventh officers, including thirteen generals, of whom three had been Presidents of this Republic ; captured more than twenty colors and standards, seventy-five pieces of ordnance, besides fifty-seven wall pieces, 20,000 small arms, an immense quantity of shots, shells, powder, &c.

Of that army, once so formidable in numbers, appointments, artillery, &c., twenty odd thousand have disbanded themselves in despair—leaving, as is known, not more than three fragments—the largest about 2,500—now wandering in different directions, without magazines or a military chest, and living at *free quarters* upon their own people."

This blow was followed up by General Scott in devising and commencing the execution of a wise system for the collection of revenue and the government of the conquered country, which would itself make an interesting chapter in the history of the Mexican war. But we hasten to the end. The Mexicans were now without resources. A treaty was soon negotiated by our Commissioner Mr. Trist. It was ratified by the Senate with but slight alterations, and is now the existing treaty of amity and limits with Mexico.

But General Scott had now succeeded, in conquering a peace. What was his reward ? In the very Capital to which he had been borne by his victorious troops, he was "stricken from his high command" by the fiat of the Administration, and ordered to appear in the presence of Mexicans as an accused person, before a court designated by that authority which had shown "a set purpose" to crush him, since the commencement of the war. And what was the shallow pretext which the Administration offered to extenuate this course of conduct? Strip it of its verbiage—it was this and nothing more. The Administration had issued an order denouncing the publication of private reports of military operations, as tending, necessarily, from their ex-parte nature, to do injustice to the great body of officers, who did not endeavor to gain reputation at the expense of their brother officers by such means. This order of the Administration General Scott undertook to enforce, but instead of being sustained by the authority which issued it, he was deprived of his command, on the pretext that quarrels existed in the army. The presentation of charges for the enforcement of discipline was stigmatized as quarrels, and General Scott, a victor in many battles, the successful executor of a plan of operations resulting in the conquest of a peace, came to his home suffering from disease, contracted in the line of his duty, and accused by the Executive Administration.

The nomination of General Taylor for the Presidency, which soon after followed, relieved General Scott from further active persecution by Mr. Polk's Administration, and he has, until called to Washington by President Fillmore, been residing quietly in New York, with but little connection with public functionaries, but as ever deeply interested in the perpetuity of the Union, and the honor and glory of the American name.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

(Continued.)

Among all the men of the Revolutionary era, Jefferson is solitary and alone in the propagation of the pernicious doctrine of *armed resistance* to constituted authorities. They are doctrines, however, not greatly to be wondered at in a disciple of Jacobinism, who thought that a rebellion, once in every twenty years, was a political blessing, and treated such as nothing more than a natural exuberance of patriotism, a rekindling of the smouldering fires of liberty. But the evil influence of such teachings, in connexion with one yet so revered as the father of progressive democracy, is felt and seen to this day. It was exhibited clearly in the conduct of *one*, who, in long after years, was folded in the mantle of Jefferson, and almost adored as his representative and worthy successor. The known contempt of the great Apostle of democracy for the dignity of constituted authorities, and especially for that of judicial tribunals, was a *carte blanche* to all the vandalic excesses and frantic political conduct, which, in many distinguished instances, have since been practised by his partizans. Andrew Jackson had need to appeal to no higher authority than the opinion of Jefferson, when, with the boldness of a Cromwell, at the head of a devoted soldiery, he imprisoned a judge in the midst of a great city, for daring to sustain the right of Habeas Corpus. And again, in 1834, when, as the sceptred dictator of the White House, he sent his famous Protest Message to the Senate, claiming that *he* was the direct representative of the *American People*, and imposing silence on Congress as regards the acts of the Executive, he had found enough, in the teachings of Jefferson, to sanction his haughty usurpations. By these teachings the Constitution had been reduced to a mere charter of *expediency*, to be set aside in certain *emergencies*, and of this *expediency* and these *emergencies* the President was to be the *sole* judge. And here we may pause to say, that the great constitutional speech of Daniel Webster in answer to this Protest, and in crushing refutation of these nefarious pretensions, should be stereotyped on tables of gold, and blazoned in lasting characters on the official record-book of the Republic.

The power and political influence of the federal party terminated, along with the federal administrations, in March, 1801. It has never since been resuscitated. But the truth of history must extort the admission, that federal men originated, framed, and carried into successful practice, the Constitution of 1789, the first genuine republican experiment ever ventured. But this is not all. The period during which the federalists held the ascendency in the administration of the national government, was one of no ordinary trial. The system itself was a novelty, founded in the midst of dissentient opinions, and established in the face of powerful opposition. Its parts were to be adjusted and arranged, its proper attributes and limits settled and defined, the relations of the individual members with the whole to be harmonized, and the great and complicated machine to be set in motion. Besides the necessity of thus creating from a mass of disorganized materials the framework of society itself; of devising a system of finance by which, from a family of states hitherto unused to any general and common system, revenues should be raised, bearing equally upon all, and capable of meeting debts of extraordinary magnitude for a people whose numbers were limited, whose resources had not been

developed, and who were already exhausted by a long and expensive war ; of adopting plans of State policy under novel circumstances and relations, expansive as the growth of the nation, and to be permanent as its existence; of embodying laws ; of rebuilding commerce from its wrecks, and calling forth arts and manufactures where they had been unknown ; besides all these, there were still other obstacles in their path. Almost coeval with the birth of the American government, commenced a series of wars which, in extent, magnitude, objects, and in impressions on the political world, were the most gigantic in the history of bloodshed. Institutions, hoary with age and venerable from their sanctity ; empires which had seemed as permanent as the existence of man; despotisms, whose iron grasp had for centuries stifled the very breathings of liberty ; laws, and usages stronger than laws, which, for good or evil, had moulded men after their own fashion ; priestcrafts and castes, obeyed by prescription, were at once swept away before the whirlwind of revolution. The effects of this convulsion had not been confined to the shores of Europe or the East. They had extended to America, also. Here, meanwhile, the same opposition which had exerted itself against the formation of a government, was continued against its operation. It was with mutiny in the crew that the federalists had to steer the ship of state through the dangers of an unexplored ocean, in this the most tremendous storm which ever devastated the civilized world. Every measure which might tend to a development of the power of the general government, was resisted. Every embarrassment was thrown in the way of its action. The impatience which naturally arises from new burdens, was taken advantage of, though their object was to pay the price of freedom itself. Sedition was stirred up to resist them. Falsehood and misrepresentation were employed; distrust excited against tried and firm patriots. And yet, through all these shoals and quicksands the two federal administrations had been fortunate enough to keep their course harmlessly, and the government was sustained in all its original purity. The Constitution remained intact and unmutilated in a single feature No emergency had been so pressing, even through storms of insurrection and the most difficult diplomatic negotiations, to create, in the opinion of Washington or of Adams, any necessity to overstep the prescribed limits of the law. It remained for the democrats, under the advice of their anti-federal leader, to find out that occasions might arise to justify the President in acting independent of the Constitution, as we shall soon see. Indeed, it is a fact in the history of the democratic party, no less true than remarkable, that, notwithstanding they have ever claimed to be, *par excellence*, the party of strict construction, it has so happened that every one of the four Presidents who have been elected from their ranks, (Van Buren, perhaps, excepted,) have violated leading features of the Constitution, and grasped powers which can belong only to despots. This charge has never been made against either the two federal, the two whig administrations of Madison and John Quincy Adams, or the *no-party* administrations of Monroe and Tyler, if we except the alien and sedition laws of 1798. It may be remarked, however, that these laws, if unconstitutional and odious, must be laid at the door of the Congress which passed, as well as of the President who approved them. The Executive *assumed* nothing. It only put in execution a law of the people's representatives. But the history of republics does not furnish three bolder innovators on written constitutions, than Jefferson, Jackson, and James K. Polk.

The great achievement of Jefferson's first four years of dominion was the purchase of Louisiana. This transaction is connected with many incidents of singular political history, to which, as illustrative of public feeling and opinion at that period, it may not be inappropriate or unseasonable to advert. When Jefferson ascended the Presidental steps, he was regarded with strongly contrasted feelings by the two great parties of the country. By his own, he was represented as the advocate of religious freedom, and of the rights of man ; the great apostle of liberty ; the friend of our revolutionary ally, France ; the foe of British influence ; a reformer, philosopher, sage, and genuine republican. The federalists looked on him in a far different light. They charged him with being a revolutionist and Jacobin ; with being blindly devoted to France, and perversely op-

posed to England; with being hostile to the Constitution, and the promoter of partyism; with being a free-thinker in politics and religion, whose learning was used to pervert, rather than to uphold the landmarks of virtue and liberty. They argued that his messages and his writings prove him to have had in view, through his entire political and administrative career, only three great purposes, and that his whole efforts and influence were directed to their accomplishment. These were, say they, the aggrandizement of France, the humiliation of England, and the demolition of federalists as a party, and the *expatriation* of all who held that faith. There can be very little doubt that Jefferson was liable to all three of these charges. But it is not for us rashly to say that the aggrandizement of France, or the humiliation of England, were the *sole* objects of his foreign policy, or that the annihilation of federalism was his chief object at home. The purchase of Louisiana, or rather the circumstances attending that purchase, have been cited as evidence of the first proposition, and, collaterally, of the second. The same may be said, reversely, of the embargo and non-intercourse laws. It is with the first of these that we have now to do, and the facts premised will enable the reader to understand more clearly, and to apply as he may deem proper, the historical incidents belonging to that transaction. But we must here remark, that the purchase of that territory was the *first* of those violent shocks which the Constitution has since repeatedly sustained under democratic administrations. The blows have been sedulously followed up since, and all the agitation which ever distracted the country, or seriously threatened its peace, has grown out of this democratic principle and practice of territorial aggrandizement. Louisiana, Texas, California and New Mexico have come to us, for weal or for woe, through democratic agency, and as on them must rest the responsibility and consequences of their annexation, so, likewise, let them have the credit for what benefits have ensued or may yet ensue. But the Constitution is not healed, its infractions are not extenuated by pointing out and pleading the benefits commercially and politically, that have followed from the purchase of Louisiana. The wound has been inflicted, and the gap fairly and widely opened for future aggressions of a similar character. The sanctity of the instrument has been repeatedly and roughly violated, and no one is able to tell or to foresee where the mischief will end, or how far the precedent may be abused by subsequent acts. History too truly teaches that the illegal or unconstitutional exercise of power in the best of times, for the real benefit of the people and with their silent acquiescence, has hardly ever failed to be resorted to, as a precedent, in the worst of times and often for the worst party or selfish purposes. Recent political events, under the administration of President Polk, afford, to our own eyes, a most striking confirmation of the truth of the lesson.

The years 1762–63 were marked by fierce struggles on the American continent between England, France, and Spain. During the first year France ceded to Spain the island of New Orleans and all her possessions west of the Mississippi river, and the name of *Louisiana* was thus limited to that part of the valley. After the close of the revolutionary war, in settling the boundaries of the United States, some contentions arose between our own and the Spanish government, especially as regarded the free navigation of the Mississippi.—These differences were not adjusted until 1795, when, during the administration of Washington, his Catholic Majesty agreed by the treaty of San Lorenzo, that "the citizens of the United States shall be permitted, for the space of three years from this time, the navigation of the Mississippi, with a right to deposit their merchandise and effects in the port of New Orleans." From several causes, however, this treaty was not fulfilled until 1798, and, most probably, but for a change of administration here, a war between Spain and the United States would have been the consequence. In 1796 Spain and the French Republic formed an alliance, offensive and defensive; and at that time France began a series of negotiations with a view to the recovery of her ancient province of Louisiana. This was not effected till 1800, under the consulate of Napoleon, when, by the treaty of St. Ildefonso, Spain retroceded to France the colony of Louisiana, with the boundaries it had when given up to Spain in 1763. Spain,

however, still continued to exercise, nominally at least, the powers of government in the country, and in 1802 the Intendant of the province gave notice that American citizens would no longer be permitted to deposit their goods at New Orleans, and this too, without assigning, as by the terms of the treaty of San Lorenzo, "any equivalent establishment at any other place on the river." This extraordinary violation of national faith was followed up by acts of the most offensive nature. The Spaniards captured and carried into their ports numbers of American vessels, destroyed or confiscated American property, and imprisoned the American Consul. This conduct, very justly, excited the most wide-spread indignation among our western citizens, and many threatened to march down the country, and take forcible possession of New Orleans. These outrages occurred long anterior to the assembly of Congress, in December 1802, and yet, strange to say, the executive message was entirely silent on the subject. In January, 1803, the house promptly called for information concerning so delicate a matter, and this brought the fact of treaty violation on the part of Spain officially to light. A message was debated with closed doors, which, as Jefferson must certainly have known of the outrages before the session began, leaves us to deduce questionable and unfavorable opinions of his conduct. It certainly was strange and unaccountable, indicative of but little spirit, and shrouded with a politic caution and forbearance that would have done honor to Louis the Eleventh.

When redress for these wrongs and a compliance with treaty stipulations were demanded of Spain, the American minister was informed that Louisiana had been ceded to France. Jefferson then asked for two million of dollars, and set on foot a negotiation for the purchase of "New Orleans and the provinces of East and West Florida." Mr. Monroe and Mr. Livingston were joined in the mission, and set out immediately for Paris.

About the time of the arrival of the American Envoys, Great Britain began to manifest symptoms of alarm at the ambitious projects and growing power of Napoleon, and particularly in his acquisition of Louisiana, and her contemplated possession of that extensive country with a large army. With this view the fleet and troops under General Victor, destined for that country, were kept so long blockaded that they were finally disembarked, and turned to a different service. The inventive genius of Napoleon suggested an immediate remedy. He found that it would be impossible for him to occupy Louisiana, and he therefore resolved to exchange it for money, which France needed far more than she needed transatlantic territory. The fitful peace of Amiens was drawing to its close, and the bad faith of England was about to plunge Europe into a war that laid low all the Continent, that crippled her own power and nearly exhausted her means and her credit, and that carried death and devastation in its track through a long series of well nigh fifteen years. So soon as the French Emperor had resolved on his course, he convoked his council, and announced to them the approaching rupture. This was early in March, and Mr. Monroe had not then joined Mr. Livingston our Minister resident in France. The designs of the Emperor are unfolded by the characteristic speech made to his confidential advisers, and seem strikingly to comport with the subsequent testimony of John Randolph, "that *France wanted money, and must have it.*" "I will not," said Napoleon, "keep a possession which would not be safe in our hands, which would perhaps embroil me with the Americans, or produce a coldness between us. I will make use of it, on the contrary, to attach them to me, to embroil them with the English, and to raise up against the latter, enemies who will one day avenge us, if we should not succeed in avenging ourselves. My resolution is taken; I will give Louisiana to the United States. But as they have no territory to cede to us in exchange, I will demand a *sum of money* towards *defraying the expenses* of the *extraordinary armament* which I am projecting against England." This declaration was made in March, only a few days after the memorable scene with Lord Whitworth, the English Ambassador to France. With his usual impetuosity, the First Consul sent Marbois directly to Mr. Livingston with instructions to open negotiations, forthwith, concerning the purchase. Accordingly, when Mr. Monroe arrived in Paris, he found the business to his hands,

and that, instead of the island of New Orleans and the small territory of East and West Florida, alone, Napoleon was offering to cede the whole extensive territory west of the Mississippi. This was a most startling proposition. The American negotiators were confined by certain minute instructions, and limited as to the amount to be expended. But Napoleon, bent on war and eager for the strife, urged them to a speedy conclusion of preliminaries; and on the 30th of April the bargain was struck, and for a consideration of fifteen millions of dollars Louisiana was transferred from the dominion of France to that of the United States. Early in May the peace of Amiens was terminated, and Napoleon, having thus supplied his chests, opened the scene of those bloody wars which shook Europe to its deepest foundations, blasted the commercial prosperity of the world, and ended with the total humiliation and subjection of France, while his own life was wasted away on the friendless shores of St. Helena.

The acquisition of this territory was a perilous and most extraordinary assumption of undelegated power by one who claimed to be a model democrat and a strict constructionist. It was seriously condemned, *on principle*, by all the opponents of the administration, among whom John Randolph of Roanoke, already dissatisfied with the Jeffersonian policy, now took the most prominent position. The main grounds of their opposition were, that the French title was contingent only, that the undefined boundaries would furnish a cause of future contentions, that a fraudulent title had been obtained from Spain through the Godoy ministry which might subsequently be disavowed and repudiated; that Louisiana was not then in the actual possession of France but of Spain, which latter objected to the arrangement, and that the increase of Executive patronage consequent on so vast an acquisition would render the President almost a despot. But there were higher grounds of opposition than these, and they are grounds which still exist in principle, and are impregnable to argument. These grounds are founded in the Constitution of the United States. When the treaty was submitted to the House of Representatives for the purpose of having it carried into effect, the question as to the *constitutionality* of that part of it which stipulated for the admission of the country into the Union, was made and warmly debated. It was conceded that foreign territory *might* be acquired either by conquest or by purchase, and then retained as a colony or province; but could not be admitted as *a State* without an amendment of the Constitution. It was argued that the government of this country was formed by a *union of States*, and the people had declared in the preamble that the Constitution was established "to form a *more perfect union*" of the "United States." The United States here mentioned could not be mistaken. They were the States then in existence, or such other new States as should be formed within the limits of the Union, conformable to the provision of the Constitution. Every measure, therefore, contended the opposition, which tends to infringe the present Union of the States here described, was a clear violation of the very first sentiment expressed in the Constitution. The incorporation of a foreign territory into the Union, so far from tending to preserve the Union, was a direct inroad upon it; because it destroyed the "perfect union" contemplated betwixt the original parties by interposing an alien and a stranger to share the powers of government alike with them.

Pressed by arguments of this kind and by the opinions of Jefferson himself, those who advocated the treaty, took medium grounds, contending that the treaty merely *stipulated* that the inhabitants of the ceded territory should be hereafter admitted into the Union, according to the *principles of the Constitution;* that by taking possession of the territory it did not necessarily follow that it must be admitted into the Union; that *this* would be an after question; that the territory would not be admitted into the Union unless warranted by the *principles* of the Constitution. But they were met by the answer that there was no difference, in principle, between a direct incorporation, and a *stipulation* that such incorporation should take place; because, as the national faith was pledged in the latter case, the incorporation *must* take place; that it was of no consequence whether the treaty itself gave such incorporation, or produced the *laws* which gave it; and that the question still returned whether there exists, under the Constitution, a power to incorporate a foreign nation or people into the

Union either by a treaty or by law. Latter experience, we may here remark, en passant, has afforded the ground of proposing as a further query, whether such can be done by a mere *joint resolution* of the Senate and House of Representatives, independent of the treaty power under the Constitution, and in utter disregard of the two-thirds rule! And yet this was done by the same legitimately descended radical democracy in the case of Texas, which, in our humble opinion, has about as much *Constitutional* connection with this Union as Cuba or Liberia.

But it is no less singular than true that Jefferson himself confessed, to the fullest extent to the un-constitutionality of such acquisition of territory, or of its admission into the Union as a State. He admits that the Constitution will bear no such latitudinous construction, yet recommends the adoption of the treaty, and afterwards, the incorporation of Louisiana into the Union. The volumes before us contain divers letters illustrative of this inconsistency between theory and practice, and explanatory of so strange an anomaly. He addresses Lincoln, and Breckenridge, and Nicholas particularly, arguing most conclusively against the constitutionality of the very act he had recommended and which he resolved to sanction as President. In one place he puts the question in its strongest light by saying, "I do *not* believe it was meant that we might receive England, Ireland, Holland, &c., which would be the case on your (viz: the Attorney General's) construction." If not these, it might be asked, how will we admit Louisiana; or, if Louisiana, why not England, Ireland, and Holland? It is evident that if the clause of the Constitution can be construed so as to admit one, the same rule of construction will cover the admission of all, or, *vice versa*, if one be excluded by the Constitution, all are excluded. That posterity to which Jefferson is so fond of appealing, and which has witnessed each successive onslaught and partizan foray on the Constitution which have grown out of, and been justified to the people, from this precedent and this conduct of the great democratic Apostle, must judge also how far the first comports with the clause of the Constitution specifying that new States "may be admitted *by Congress*," and another clause binding the President *on oath* to protect and *defend* the Constitution of the United States." We have only to remark that if *Congress* be the power to admit new States, it is clear that such States can be formed only out of territory belonging to the United States at the time the power was given, for, by the same Constitution, the Congress cannot, in any manner, approach a foreign government. This is a prerogative of the President and Senate. As respects the inconsistency of Jefferson's conduct with his opinions, and then these with respect to the form of obligation prescribed to be taken by the President on his accession to that office, candor demands nothing short of severe censure. The Constitution is not to be made subordinate to *expediency*, and an upright officer *must* respect his oath, if we would desire to steer our political course in harmony and safety. If the Rubicon is passed, Rome must lie at the mercy of the dictator. She will have nothing to shield her from indignity, for that is the sacred boundary. Neither will fancied or prospective benefits justify a departure from the plain letter of the Constitution, or from the stringency of official obligation. Every President might constitute himself a judge, and frame, in this manner, a pretext for any conquest or any expenditure of the public money. As illustrative of this we might point to the successive innovations which have followed the acquisition of Louisiana. The Floridas, Texas, California, and New Mexico were all the natural fruits of this first spurious blossom. The late President, fortified by illustrious examples and precedents, pursued an unscrupulous course of conquest with scarcely a decent pretext, expending millions of money, and destroying thousands of men, and in defiance of the inevitable consequences of civil discord and sectional agitations. Since 1803 the country has scarcely been five years in repose. It has been torn and distracted by ill-boding dissensions. The tone of public sentiment has been infected.—It has been poisoned with the thirst for some species of political excitement. At the North, the Canadas afford fruitful sources for indulgence in this vicious propensity. At the South, since Texas has been annexed and since Mexico

has been subdued and pillaged, Cuba has become the centre of this dangerous attraction, and sooner or later must share the fate of the two former. The public taste of both sections seeks gratification only in this species of furor. We are constrained to say that all this is justly chargeable to the example of Jefferson, and whether it bring weal or woe his fame must answer to that posterity to which he appeals.

The great mass of the people, however, were agreed as to the importance of this acquisition of Louisiana, and all must acknowledge that, bating the wounds inflicted on the Constitution, its purchase has resulted in incalculable benefits to the United States, thus Jefferson was so fortunate as to find, that an act which might have called for impeachment under some circumstances, has been regarded as the most meritorious of his public career. So much, we perceive, is the world governed in its public conduct, by considerations, rather of interest and policy, than of conformity to established rules of law.

But it is not to be disguised that in his haste either to accommodate France, or to avoid a collision with Spain, Jefferson suffered the purchase to be, in some sense, unwisely concluded. In the first place, the sum of fifteen millions was probably thrice as much as needed to have been given, because Napoleon knew, at the time of the purchase, that on the renewal of war in Europe the whole country of Louisiana would be taken possession of by the British, and consequently be lost both to France and to Spain. In the next place, the treaty was glaringly imperfect from the fact that no definable or tangible boundaries had been fixed or agreed on as respected the territory transferred. Consequently, Spain being exasperated any way, a state of hostility betwixt her own and the cabinet at Washington soon sprung up in relation to the legitimate boundaries of Louisiana. The United States claimed to the river Perdido east of the Mississippi and to the Rio Bravo on the west. But the negotiations under this mission entirely failed. The Spanish court not only denied the right of the United States to any portion of territory east of the Mississippi; but, in the most peremptory manner, declared their claim to the Rio Bravo to be totally unfounded. A long and angry correspondence took place between the Spanish negotiator, Don Pedro Cevallos, then Secretary of Foreign Affairs, and the American Ministers. In the negotiations with France respecting the purchase of Louisiana, Mr. Monroe and Mr. Livingston had been given to understand that the territory extended as far east as the Perdido, and that the town of Mobile would fall within the limits of the cession. And we may also here observe that at the same time Bonaparte had given verbal assurance that should the United States desire to purchase the Floridas, his aid towards effecting that object would be readily afforded at some future suitable time. In consequence of this intimation, Mr. Monroe while at Paris, in 1804, made known the object of his mission in a note to Talleyrand, and requested aid of Bonaparte agreeable to his former assurances. But, in the meantime, a change had come over the spirit of the French Emperor's policy. The means acquired in 1803 by the sale of Louisiana had been totally exhausted by his subsequent wars, and he was now again pressingly in need of money. He therefore made a convenience of short memory, and not only professed total forgetfulness of all such assurances, but gave unmistakeable signs of a favorable disposition towards Spain. This, however, was one of those artful demonstrations, or feints, so often and so consummately practised by Napoleon, in the accomplishment of his ambitious designs. Spain was indebted to France. France was in need of money, and Spain had no money with which to pay her debts. He therefore once again resolved to make the United States subsidiary towards raising means for the prosecution of his European conquest. With this view, during the negotiation between Spain and the United States respecting the boundaries of Louisiana, a certain paper in the handwriting of Talleyrand, but not signed by him, was put into the hands of the American Minister at Paris. It required but little acquaintance with French diplomacy to gather a full clue to the designs of the Emperor from this paper. It set forth that the present was a favorable time for the United States to *purchase* the Floridas of Spain; that the same could probably be obtained; and that Napoleon

would assist the United States by using his influence with Spain to induce her to part with them. It was also suggested, in the same indirect way, that in order to insure a favorable result, the United States must assume a hostile attitude towards Spain, and put on the appearance of enforcing their claims. These singular and indirect communications, were, of course, made known to the American President; and Jefferson, with unaccountable deference to such questionable advice, embodied the same in his message to Congress. After going through with a concise preliminary statement of the matter in dispute, and with divers hints as regarded the probable dispositions of France in case of hostilities with Spain, he adopts almost the precise language of the anonymous paper when he says, "*Formal war* is not necessary, and will not probably follow; but the protection of our citizens, the spirit and honor of our country require that *force* should be interposed to a *certain degree*. It will probably *contribute* to advance the object of peace. But the course to be pursued will require the command of *means*, which it belongs to Congress exclusively to yield or deny." It will be perceived that this message covers every design, and answers the whole purposes of Napoleon. His advice was scrupulously followed, though given quite exceptionably; hostilities were threatened and Spain was bullied. The "*means*" were what the Emperor wanted, and he resolved to coax and dally with the United States, and to intimidate Spain, that the first might furnish to the last money enough to extinguish her indebtedness to France, and thus enable him to prosecute his series of conquests.

In consequence of this message Congress voted two millions of dollars that Jefferson might purchase the Floridas. But the appropriation was not made in quiet. It met with the most resolute opposition. John Randolph openly denounced it as subserviency on the part of Jefferson to the Emperor of France, and then made public, for the first time, that, on his arrival at Washington, the Secretary of State had told him, "*that France wanted money, and that we must give it to her, or have a Spanish and French war.*" Randolph was the Chairman of the Committee to whom this message was referred. He opposed the two million appropriation on several grounds, all, as we think, equally cogent and reasonable. The money had not been *explicitly* asked for in the message;—that, after the failure of negotiations based on *right*, to purchase the territory would be *disgraceful;*—that France, thus encouraged, would never cease meddling with our affairs, so long as she could extort money from us; and, that the Floridas, as he thought, and as France had *at first* admitted, were regularly ceded to us at the time of the Louisiana purchase, and, therefore, France was bound to make good her word and our title. But opposition availed nothing. The money was appropriated, and it is certain that the same never reached Spain. On the contrary, it is a fact of history, that it was carried to Paris on board the United States ship Hornet, and passed into the coffers of Napoleon. Not a foot of territory, as the facts of the case will clearly demonstrate, was acquired by this appropriation. In fact, it may be safely inferred that, having stopped it in Paris on a claim that Spain owed France, Napoleon used it to subjugate the very power to whom it was justly due, if due at all, and to whom it should properly have been paid.*

Anterior to Jefferson's Presidency, the Constitution of the United States, administered by those who aided in its compilation had been found to answer its purpose without being subjected to violent constructions, or rather to flagitious misconstructions. It was founded in genuine republican principles, and one of the greatest errors of republics was sought to be avoided.

---

* The treaty of the cession of the Floridas, concluded at Washington 22 February, 1819, between Spain and the United States, having been ratified on the one part by the King of Spain, and by the President of the United States on the other part, possession was taken of these provinces, according to treaty. On the 1st of July General Andrew Jackson, who had been appointed Governor of the provinces of the Floridas, issued a Proclamation, declaring "that the government herotofore exercised over the said provinces, under the authority of Spain, has ceased, and that of the United States of America is established over the same, that the inhabitants thereof will be incorporated in the union of the United States, as soon as may be consistent with the principles of the federal constitution, and admitted to the enjoyment of all the privileges, rights, and immunities of the citizens of the United States.—*Holmes' Annals, vol. 2d, p.* 495.

This was territorial acquisitions and extension. If other than the original limits of the original Thirteen States had been contemplated in its provisions for territorial governments, a line added would have closed the question and settled the point forever. This was not done, and the obvious inference is, as Jefferson himself argued, that no foreign territorial acquisition was ever anticipated, or provided for by the framers of the Constitution. The only clause which the radical and progressive democracy can claim, on which to rest their policy of territorial extension, is the clause which declares that Congress *may* admit new States. We have even thought this a strained interpretation, and a bad argument. All the rules for construing language with which we are acquainted, lay down, as the first principle, that a sentence must be interpreted connectedly, and all its parts brought into a harmonious whole, if we would seek its true meaning. We cannot arrive at its meaning by construing only detached portions, or clauses of a clause. The postulate in this instance is destroyed by applying the rule to which we have referred; for the latter portion of the clause relied on by the democracy affords a key by which the first may be fully understood. "New States may be admitted by the Congress into this Union; but no new State shall be formed or erected within the jurisdiction of any other State; nor *any State* be *formed* by the *junction of two* or *more States* or *parts* of *States* without the consent of the *Legislatures* of the *States* concerned, as well as of the Congress."*

The first part of this sentence, granting the power, is governed by the latter clauses, defining the manner in which States are to be formed, if it is governed at all; and if it was not intended to be thus governed, the two parts of the whole clause should have been disconnected by something else than a mere semi-colon. Nor is it reasonable to suppose that the "Legislatures" spoken of were foreign Legislatures; for this government cannot prescribe for foreign Legislatures. Immediately succeeding this is the clause giving to Congress the care and regulation of the "territory" and "other property *belonging* to the *United States*," which concludes by declaring "that nothing in this Constitution shall be so construed as to prejudice any *claims* of the United States, or of any particular State." This can refer only to negotiations for territory between the United States and "particular" States of "this Union." Neither, of these, could well have conflicting "claims" to the "territory or other property," of any other country than this.

We shall not dwell longer on this branch of the subject. These are briefly our views of Constitutional construction. It will be seen that Jefferson himself had previously urged the same doctrine, though his conduct clearly belied his inculcations, and this, too, in the face of his official oath. An example so pernicious, traced to a person so revered as a Constitutional expounder by a great and powerful party who profess to own his principles, cannot be too severely or too unqualifiedly condemned. A life of action, it is true to some extent at least, must be a life of compromise, if it is to be useful. A public man is often under the necessity of consenting to measures which he disapproves, lest he should endanger the success of other measures which he thinks of vital importance. But the historiographer lies under no such necessity, and we feel it to be a sacred duty to point out the errors and to condemn the malfeasances of one who yet exercises a baneful influence on the mind of the country. Nor do we conceive that Thomas Jefferson is entitled to the charity of this rule when adjudging his public conduct. From 1792 until his election to the Presidency, he had been particularly addicted to inveighing against the slightest Constitutional departures in others. He had thus well nigh succeeded in bringing temporary disrepute on certain measures of Washington's administration, and had stirred up against that of the elder Adams such a storm of popular indignation as was satisfied only with the overthrow of federalism, and which even yet exists in connexion with his name and his party.

This is, as we have remarked, only the first of those glaring infractions of the Constitution which marked the dawn of the democratic administrations, and which have since continued to distinguish the democra-

* Const. U. S.

tic successors of the great Apostle. We have yet before us the task of narrating others of a similar character, which must, in the minds of some at least, diminish the hitherto overshadowing and undisputed claims of one distinguished by the superior reverence of his countrymen. This must be reserved for a future number.

The effects of a change from good government to bad government, says a great essayist, are not fully felt for some time after the change takes place. The talents and virtues which a good Constitution generates may, for a time, survive that Constitution. Thus the administration of Thomas Jefferson, notwithstanding its assaults on vital features of the Constitution and its approximation to the calm of despotism, is generally regarded as the golden age of genuine democratic government. Thus, also, do the reigns of princes who have established despotisms by means of their personal popularity, and supposed subserviency to the popular will, shine in history with a peculiar brilliancy. During the first years of tyranny is reaped the harvest sown during the last years of liberty. The Augustan age was rich in great minds formed in the generation of Cicero and Cæsar. And yet, says Macaulay most aptly, the fruits of the policy of Augustus were reserved for posterity. So, also, to bring the matter home, the age of Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, and John Quincy Adams, was rich in minds formed in the generation of Washington. The fruits of this reign of liberty were fully reaped during the dictatorship of Andrew Jackson.—In the time of Jefferson, such was the prestige of his name in connexion with democracy, the masses of the people could not be made to understand that liberty and the Constitution might be seriously endangered by his example. The effects of this example were effectively checked by the conservative administrations of Madison, Monroe, and the younger Adams, two of whom were recognized as prominent leaders of a great party, which was fast rising on the ruins of federalism to oppose the anarchial tendencies of the radical Jeffersonian democracy. But under the iron dominion of Andrew Jackson, on whom, as we have said, the mantle of the great Apostle had fallen, the whirlwind of Jacobinism rose to its height, and for eight years the country bowed submissively beneath the rule of a fierce spirit, whose pernicious impulses were never controlled by considerations of prudence or of consequences. In our next we shall enter on a period of the Jefferson administration if not more important at least more entertaining in point of historical incident, and which serves to illustrate, equally with the acts just narrated, the deliterious influences of Jefferson's example in politics and in his administration of the federal government.

J. B. C.

Longwood, Mi., June, 1850.

THE TARIFF OF 1846.*

It is a natural consequence of the precariousness of human life, that men prefer a small immediate to a greater prospective benefit. This tendency is more operative when such benefit is proposed as the result of a *system* of action, and not of one act; and thus it occurs, that most men who are sufficiently awake to their immediate interests, hold an attachment to a peculiar form of government as a matter of education and of habit, rather than of reflective opinion. The direct pressure of evils from a bad form of government, is nearly the sole cause of recognition, by the generality, of the advantages of an organization founded on correct principles.

Therefore is it, that it becomes peculiarly incumbent on a people, in the first age of a state, so to arrange the development of their resources that a consideration for their industrial interests, may not, in the contingencies of international intercourse, urge a disregard of the course dictated by the interests of the system of government which meets their recognition. It should be their aim to secure complete Industrial Independence.

The duty is incumbent on the only representative of Republican Democracy to develop those resources, which must maintain for it the power to resist the attacks to which the principle of its being will be subjected. Without the wealth and resources of its manufacturing districts, what resistance could Great Britain have made against Napoleon, and without that resistance, what would have been the condition of Europe at the present time?

Let us not dream of the quiet existence of Republicanism; that we may pass our time from hence and hereafter, like Rasselas in the happy valley, entrenched from harm by natural barriers. In the present state of humanity, a great truth cannot live in quiet. We would say "God speed" in sincerity to all who advocate peace. Their labors have their use, but there never will be permanent universal peace till Republicanism is everywhere triumphant.

The French nation are perhaps theoretically correct in politics, but they have yet to vindicate their title to that character of self-control, wherewith alone Democracy can flourish. With regard to the Republics south of us, systems which require an habitual resort to the point of the lance and the muzzle of the escopeta, to regulate their action, too much resemble Anarchy, to be called Republicanism.

There is then no other than Switzerland, whose government at this moment performs its functions, (like the Roman Senate, maintaining a vain show of dignity before Brennus and his Gauls,) in awe of Prussian and French military force. Its councils are helplessly subject to the diplomacy of the Kings of Europe.† It is not a free Republic.

We alone, of all nations, have given sufficient evidence of a clear national perception of the principle of self-government. As our duty to God, it is our duty to humanity, to keep this flame perpetually burning, through the life of that state whose existence is now so glorious; that when, hereafter, the mouldening remains of our

† "In fact the proposition (from the French Government—M. Guizot—to the British Foreign office, concerning the affair of the Sonderbund) amounted in other words to this, that if they refused our mediation, we (the five powers) would compel them by force of arms to adopt our views." —Lord Palmerston's speech, (June 25) on motion of "want of confidence!"

* Letters of Hon. Abbott Lawrence to Hon. Wm. C. Rives, of Virginia. 1846.
Report of the Secretary of the Treasury. 1850.

Capitols shall have been rounded by the hand of time to the shape of those western mounds, whose lengthened shadows, trailed on the prairies by the setting sun, remind the traveller of the fading away of the glory of a people, all the nations of the earth, here and in other lands, living under a Republicanism broad as the sunlight, shall ascribe their free condition to us and to our example.

We have now to consider a practical means to this end, offered to us in three letters from a citizen of the United States, now beyond the voice of parties and the bounds of party lines, and representing the whole country and all parties, at the court of the first monarchy of Europe.—These letters are written to a citizen of another State, (now our minister to the French Republic;) a State, in that part of the Union whose labor, being almost entirely agricultural, is depreciated in value by the competition of the new regions opened to the hand of man, in the progress westward of the tide of our population.

The coming discussion in Congress, in regard to the principles advocated in these letters, causes them to be brought again prominently before the public eye; and now we seek to repeat the warnings against the Tariff of 1846, in the light of those results predicted four years ago, as contingencies; which, those warnings having been then unheeded, now stare us plainly in the face. The letters contain practical suggestions for the full attainment of National Industrial Independence.

Among the causes mentioned by Washington * as likely to "disturb the Union," the first in his enumeration, as well as in its natural importance, was, the "endeavour to excite a belief, that there is a real difference of local interests and views;"—and there can be no purer or more worthy gift laid upon the altar of our Country and its Union, than an exposition of the exact relations of the interests of its different sections, and a full formed and plainly drawn plan for the more intimate connection of the people of the United States, of the South, the North and the West.

But it is not in the industrial development which ranks the different sections as producer and consumer, that we find the only bond of Union. The *idem velle atque idem nolle* cannot exist between the seller and the buyer as such, in cases where the origin of supply may vary, and the locality of demand may change.

The relations of producer and consumer are no permanent bond of political union. If a tree trunk of equal value from the shores of the Baltic can be obtained at less cost, the ship builder on the Mersey asks the repeal of the timber duties and leaves his Canadian brother to tell his regrets to the trees of his neglected forests.

Let us not sentimentalize in legislation. The components of cost are the cost of production and of transportation to a market; but this latter forms no element of price unless demand is greater than supply. Each one will naturally buy where he can buy cheapest. Protection asks that the interests not of to day only but of hereafter be considered.

The constant tendency of industry is to diminish the cost of transportation; for the industry of any nation is first agricultural, then manufacturing. One great ground on which we urge protection is that by it each State of our Union may perfect within itself, as far as its natural advantages will permit, the regular adjustment of its industry. We desire that each State may be, as far as may be, within itself a nation. We look with confidence to "the pressure from without," to the unity within, of a national character unique in its elements, and to the bonds of a common attachment to Democracy, and a common prosperity, to secure the Union.

The nomad hordes of Tartary, who dwell upon the desert steppes of Risguis, have a system of government and a religion, and respect the social relations. Their Khans, their Knodshas, and their wives, are held in due regard. But they stay but a short time on the plain whose aspect may have tempted them: they soon crave other scenes, and,—marring the face of nature without substituting the beauties of art,—leave no more lasting record of their stay, than the print of their horses feet upon the grass of the steppe.

Such is semi-civilization, and such in character, though not in degree, notwithstanding our further progress in the arts, would be the story of our existence on the whole Atlantic border, from the regular

* Farewell Address.

operation of the laws of migration, were there no means, when the lands of the Atlantic slope have been once subdued, to prevent their abandonment to weeds and uselessness.

The letters of Mr. Lawrence advert to the glorious reminiscences attached to Virginia in the early time of our national existence, and allude to the fact, that that State, whose sons have so freely contributed to the advancement and glory of the common Union, has, as far as development of its own resources goes, advanced so little, that, in view of the rapid progress of some of the other States of the Union, it appears almost to have retrograded. "I have thought," says Mr. Lawrence, "that the State of Virginia, with its temperate climate, variety and excellence of soil, exhaustless water-power, and exuberant mineral wealth, contains within herself more that is valuable for the uses of mankind, in these modern days, than any other State in the Union."*

It was partly in view of these magnificent natural resources, not then near so well known, perhaps not fully imagined, that Mr. Jefferson foretold the competition of the Potomac with the Hudson, as an avenue of trade and commerce.†

What has been the sequence of Mr. Jefferson's sanguine anticipations? New York city now numbers a population of hundreds of thousands,—its name is heard wherever floats a flag,—the peninsula which groans under its huge burden, like that which bore up ancient Tyre, is inadequate in area to hold the great breadth of its edifices, which crowd each other for a standing place. How stands it with Norfolk—with some ten thousand inhabitants? Its wharves are almost tenantless, and the quiet of repose, one half the year, is found in its quarters of trade.

This is a signal failure of a prediction uttered by one, who, however we may object to his derelictions, and political immoralities, must still be esteemed one of our ablest statesmen, one, perhaps, among the wisest of those who hewed from the quarries of historical experience the well-formed model of our Union. A remark, too, predicted on a state of things within the control of man, and therefore within the ken of those who study men and their institutions.

"The settlement, and development of the resources, of the western country, have brought into existence an active effectual competition with your people, in the great staple of your agricultural products, viz., wheat, Indian corn, and tobacco. Maryland and North Carolina, like yourselves, are essentially affected by competition from the same quarter. Can you expect to compete successfully with the Western regions of our country, where, without much labor, the soil produces double, and sometimes even more, to the acre, than the average crops of the last mentioned State?" *

But the Western States have a further advantage. "The internal improvements of the country already finished, have brought Boston within the distance of four days' travel of Cincinnati; and even the Mississippi herself bears down upon her bosom the products of the West, at less than half the freight that was charged a few years ago." †

Here, then, are exposed the main causes of these evils, whose effect dwindles, almost to a European standard, the growth of some of our States; some, who labored among the most laborious to secure to this and succeeding generations, the benefits of a polity whose peculiar merit is in its avoidance of European errors.

These causes, however prejudicial they may appear, are now seen only in the commencement of their operations. "In 1790, by the first census, Virginia had 12 persons to the square mile, and New York 7½; now, Virginia contains 19, and New York 53 to the square mile. The condition of the two Carolinas is much the same as Virginia." The population of North and South Carolina increased from 1830 to 1840 "2½ per cent in ten years. Even in Great Britain the increase was 11 per cent." ‡

Such is the warning of the past. Where would the next quarter of a century have left us, without a change of policy? The statements we hereinafter present, from the Report of the Secretary of the Treasury, with regard to the establishment, within a very few years, of cotton manufactures in the Southern States, are ample evidence that the people of the South-East are not disposed to yield without an effort to the dwindling of their political influence, and the reduc-

* P. 4. † Notes on Virginia, p. 20.

* Mr. L.'s letters p. 4. † p. 4. ‡ p. 31.

tion in value of all their fixed investments, and to hang in the rear of the march of the nation.

Although the theory of our Constitution is based upon equal representation, and hence that of numbers is considered just; yet it is evident that the establishment of the Senatorial representation of the States, (although "at once a constitutional recognition of the portion of sovereignty remaining in the individual States, and an instrument for preserving that residuary sovereignty,"*) is not in practice, the sole guarantee against undue influence of particular States, and consequent danger to other States of the Union.

There would be manifest impropriety and injustice in the attempt to crush the growth of any State. But the magnifying of the political importance of a State is as surely the consequence of its excessive growth, as it is sure, that such increase of its political weight, though not contrary to the terms, is contrary to the spirit of our institutions There remains, then, no alternative for the protection of State Rights in this regard, but the action of such means as will increase the population and wealth of the State which adopts them.

No obstacles other than temporary ones can resist the progress of manufacturing industry and the realization of its benefits in this country. Nor from sectional causes should any one desire it. There is, we well know, a sentiment in each of these States, and in all the South, which reciprocates that broad national feeling, which prompted the presentation by the author of a plan to remedy these evils.

We will now rapidly trace the remedy. Reducing the property of a country to its ultimate components, we find two great items, land and labor, and the result of the employment of these two. "Agriculture, the foundation of wealth, depends on production and a market for these products."†

The chief elements of cost in the markets where the agricultural products of the South and West are sold, are,—1st. The cost of production to the cultivator: this amount depending mostly on the comparative fertility of the land. Here the Western States, so far as they are under cultivation, have a comparative advantage which no aid of art or science can equalize. 2d. The cost of transportation. This, as already stated, is gradually being diminished to the Western States, by internal improvements and other means.

But this latter is a matter within control, and here is presented to the States of the Atlantic coast the means of equalizing the balance. To use these *distant* markets, "a well adjusted system of internal improvements,"* is essential; in order to diminish the cost of transportation.—But, more important still, there is an additional means,—to reduce to a minimum, in the cost of transportation, this drain upon the profits of the Atlantic States. "The remedy is, to create a *market at home* for your surplus agricultural products."†

The extent of this evil is stated in these letters in brief, for it needs no amplifying. We have extracted from them the statement of the causes therein conclusively exhibited, and from the same source we learn the remedy. The remedy, *in each state*, is, "the encouragement of agriculture, in the establishment of manufactures."‡

If we will but note with attention their respective peculiarities, there is a deeper relation than that of fanciful analogy, between the conditions of the existence of individual, and of aggerated humanity. The life of a State is, in many respects, as the life of a man. The knowledge of, and the love for, the radical principles of its polity answers, as it were, in a State, to the living mind; whose development in an individual State or man, may be greater or less. The harmonious arrangement and due proportioning of its industrial interests, of its material machinery of production and consumption, bears to the entire national entity, the relation of the material body to a man.

The array of names, famous in Arts, on the roll of the Carolinas, the whole book of their public history, proclaims those States as possessing the soul of Democratic Republicanism; but their friends must say of them as it was said of Paul, by his enemies of Corinth, their "bodily presence is weak." "The aggregate product of the two Carolinas in 1840 was $59,595,734,

* Madison. † Mr. L.'s letters, p. 20.

* P. 6. † p. 5. ‡ p. 20.

with a population of 1,347,817. The products of Massachusetts with a population of less than 800,000 people, amounted at the same time to $100,000,000, and now the products of labor and capital are more than $120,000,000."* This last is the amount, not of the accumulation of large percentages of profit, but of the steady and gradual addition of moderate profits, or diversified labor, constantly employed.† It is the repeated addition of the minute products of labor, the labor of the man, of the waterfall, and of the coal mine, that builds their cities, and dots their granite hills with smiling towns and villages.

It is said in these letters, "I have introduced these statements for the purpose of exhibiting fairly the true condition of some of the old States, and to awaken the public mind in those States to the importance of bringing out their productive labor, by introducing new branches; in order that the industrial classes may be profitably employed, and to show that the States named have as great a stake in protecting the labor of the country as any other in the Union. They have now but little else than soil and physical power remaining." ‡

The practical means of working the required change are thus considered. "There are two classes of labor, intelligent, and unintelligent. The former is that kind of labor which requires a considerable amount of mental culture, with active physical power. This combination is capable of applying Science to Art, and of producing results that are difficult, and oftentimes complicated. The latter description of labor, is of that character which depends principally on physical strength; this quality of labor you (referring to Virginia) have in abundance, and I hope you are not without a tolerable supply of the higher class. You may, without doubt, commence the manufacture of almost every description of articles requiring but little skill, and prosecute the work with success. Manufactures of such articles as iron, hemp, wool, cotton, leather, &c., wrought into the coarser and more common articles would succeed with you."*

We pause a moment to note this classification of labor. M. Guizot, whose bolts and bars have recently snapped in his hands when he attempted to close the gates to the moral progress of a people, thus writes of labor: "Labor is subject to natural and general laws—in every situation, in every variety of labor, in every class of laborers, diversity and inequality arise and subsist; inequality of intellectual power, of moral merit, of social importance, of material wealth."

The feeling, so little creditable, which we may observe in the work "Democracy in France," would change the onward course of humanity to retrogression in regarding each of the laboring classes as immutably a toiler at day wages; but this distinction of labor as intelligent or unintelligent, is the only distinction as to labor, of which a state can correctly be cognizant. This application only is the result of the nature of things, and is the true distinction, which, in the correct theory of Republicanism, attaches to the labor alone, and does not, as in monarchical Europe, induce as with the shirt of Nessus, the individual of the working classes, the separate humanity, perhaps capable of all advancement, apt for all contingencies, able, it may be, to leave behind "footsteps on the track of time," with the character of the circumstances which in infancy may have surrounded him.

We place side by side in contrast these two views so widely differing, of labor. The one from France, from a statesman, who would keep France under "the cold shade of aristocracy," the other from a statesman of America, who, like all of us, seeks to walk by the light of the sun of democracy alone. And we do it for this, because that there is no plainer definition of the respective differences, no fairer exposition of the comparative values of the two systems of polity, than in these two contrasted views of labor.

"Human progress," says an American writer,† (now no longer living,) is the result of an ever active law, manifesting it-

* P. 31.

† We learn by an article in the Merchant's Magazine for Dec. 1849, (Condition and Prospects of the American Cotton Manufactures in 1849,) that the average of dividends of twenty of the first class mills in New England, for the year 1849, was 5 6-10 per cent.

‡ P. 31.

* P. 5.

† Chief Justice Durfee. Works, p. 330.

self chiefly in scientific discovery and invention, and thereby controlling legislation, and giving enduring improvement to all social and political institutions." It is well and thoughtfully said: From discoveries in science, and improvements in art, result free political institutions and the object of both is identical. We will now observe the reproduction by this effect of a new cause.

One main argument, for democracy arises from the difference in the mental structure of individuals, were the mental peculiarities of an individual transmitted unchanged to his posterity there would be comparitively little advantage in Republicanism over Despotism. But each individual possesses an idiosyncracy, which, though resembling in some respects that of his immediate ancestor, in the main, differs widely.

The function of Democracy is to assist in, by removing obstacles to, the manifestation of this. Democracy is the practical recognition of the individuality of man. This manifestation is mainly effected, with the bulk of the population, the majority, only by their labor, from the diversification of which arise new improvements and discoveries.

It is thus, the peculiar interest of the laboring classes, that their labor should be diversified, and this diversification brings with it the direct advantage of enhanced compensation. "To place the people in a condition of permanent and solid prosperity, we must encourage home industry, by obtaining the greatest amount of production; this can only be obtained by diversifying labor, which will bring with it high wages; and unless the labor is well paid, our country cannot prosper." *

Diversification of labor is the industrial means to secure to the laboring classes the benefits of Democracy. Democracy clears away all obstacles to the development of the full powers of man. This the Fathers of the Republic have given to us. Diversification of labor facilitates the application of those capacities to science and art. This also, must be secured in an united capacity as a people. Division of labor ensures the full effect of such application, and here private action begins. We are now to observe the mode in which the causes are to be kept in action.

The use of the powers exercised by a free government, is, obviously, as to each individual, but the execution of his own will. The chief modes in which the will of an individual can legitimately, in society in its normal state, act directly to control the execution of the will of another, in matters appertaining only to the latter, are two. The one acts upon the child, and is the power of the parent. The other acts upon the adult, and is the power of public opinion. The main objects for which these powers act for the good of society, are these:

Education facilitates the development of the powers of the human mind, and by labor the physical powers of man, and the resources of the earth, are developed. These causes act and re-act upon each other. By the former of the above-mentioned modes of action, viz.—the will of the parent, delegated for convenience and certainty of operation to the State, education is effected. By the latter powerful mode of action, viz.—that of public opinion, the application of labor may be effected.

"Let it be considered respectable for every man to have a vocation, and to follow it. Let your common school system go hand in hand with the employment of your people. A general system of popular education is the lever to all permanent improvement.* To this we add, "All intellectual culture should be founded on the principles of our Holy Religion."† This, then, is the system for the advancement of a State to the full fruition of the principles of Republican Democracy, It is founded on the true principles of political philosophy, and we leave it to the reflection and judgment of the reader.

While advocating the general policy of the introduction of manufacturing industry in the South, as a matter of the first importance to all of us, it is not to be forgotten, that the temporary state of the business and finances of the country, and the immediate demands of trade, must, with the exercise of judgment, decide the manner and time of this introduction.

We have now the pleasure to turn the

* P. 20.

* P. 7. † p. 6.

readers attention to the progress already made in the South and West in the course of industrial development which we have sketched from these letters. Under date of December 1849, it is stated,* that there are in South Carolina sixteen factories containing 36,500 spindles, with a capital invested of about one million of dollars.

In Georgia, (November 1849,) they have 36 cotton mills with 51,140 spindles.†

In Alabama, 10 factories are in operation, with a capital of half a million invested, and it is stated that there will shortly be 20,000 spindles in operation.

In Tennessee there are 30 factories with 36,000 spindles.

We hold that these States have not been before, but are now, upon the path of prosperity to the rest of the Union, as well as to themselves. Discoveries in science, inventions in art, do not come by revelation. They are the fruit of opportunity. Who can tell what immense wealth of inventive genius, what vast opulence of constructive power may be unnoticed and unknown with some of the laboring classes in the States, whose sole industrial pursuit being agriculture, offers no facility for its development. "Hands, that the rod of empire might have swayed," as the poet Gray expresses it: that might have recorded for empires, secrets of mechanical or chemical science which would change the face and the destinies of nations. It is a theme for other thought than the sentimental reveries of poets.

By what has already been done, we know what may be done, now that new squadrons of the vast army of American labor, are wheeling into rank.‡ "The increase (in the consumption of raw cotton) in the United States from 1816 to 1845, has extended from 11 million pounds to 176,300,000 pounds in 29 years, being an augmentation of *sixteen-fold*. The increase in Great Britain in the same period of time has been from 88,700,000 pounds to 560, 000,000 pounds, being an augmentation of less than seven-fold, against an increase in the United States of sixteen-fold "‡

The subsequent portions of the letters are occupied with a view of the manufactures of the country, and their relative progress, and an exposition of the effects to be expected on the same from the passage of the Tariff Act then under consideration, since passed, and known as the Tariff Act of 1846.

Adherence to a political opinion is frequently not the result of reasoning, and when to casually imbibed prejudices in favor of one conclusion, is added the bias of partizanship against its opposite, the opinions of individuals under these influences are apt to vary widely from a just view. There are also sources of differences of opinion which we may recognise without imputation upon the intellects or hearts of those with whom they exist. They come from idiosyncracies and are unexplainable.

One result however, has occurred from one or other of these causes, within a few years in the Political History of the United States, that, while the irregularities and evil consequences resulting from the passage of the Tariff Act of 1846, have, in some particulars, been existing in their full vigor, the country at large, has not in the annual account of the state of its affairs from the Executive, been apprised of them.

We much regret that the limited space of a monthly Review will not allow us to give an abstract of these letters. Lord Bolingbroke remarks that, that book which requires abridgement, is not worth reading; and these letters being tersely epitomized, to give an abstract of them, would be but to present them with important omissions. The intention is, at the present time, to take advantage of the incoming of a Whig Administration, and a presentation of an account of the actual state of the industrial and fiscal affairs of the country, in the Report of the Secretary of the Treasury, to compare events become a part of history with the clear delineation of them presented in anticipation, four years ago in these letters, and to urge a repeal of the Tariff Act.*

The effect to be anticipated from the sa-

* Documents accompanying Report of Sec. of Treasury. 1850.

† "The actual amount really invested in the Georgia manufactories is not far from $2,000,000." —*Savannah Georgian, July* 11, 1850.

‡ P. 26.

* The unfortunate arrangements connected with the public printing at this session of Congress have delayed the exposition (by retaining from general circulation the accompanying documents to the Report of the Secretary of the Treasury to which we wish our readers to refer,) till the present time.

crifice of the industry of the country to the unrestrained competition of a nation already far beyond us in the course of manufacturing industry, was fully shown. If, it was said, a deficiency of the revenue is escaped, it will be only by excessive importations, followed by a drain of specie, and its consequences, the prostration of the business of the whole country and ultimate suppression of the banks.

Now, although the speech of the Prime Minister of England, (Sir R. Peel,) proposing a remission of certain duties, arrived at the very date of these letters, was it an anticipation on which legislative action could, with just regard to the interests of the country, be had, that a reduction of duties in Great Britain would be made to such an extent as to justify our giving up our domestic markets for our agricultural products, to seek across the ocean for a foreign one.

It was said* "in case of the repeal of the duty on wheat, little will be exported from the United States to England" *in ordinary years of harvest,*" and calculation as to the probability of repeal was made or observation of the fact that the statesmen of England are imbued with a nationality of feeling that acknowledges no force in theoretical appeals in favor of preferring the industry of a foreign country to that of their own.

The tariff act of 1846 was passed and the parties in all parts of the country, against whose earnest remonstrances this course of legislation was adopted, prepared themselves as well as they might, to sustain, besides the evils of fluctuation and casual reverses inseparably attendant on business, the effect of the hostile action of their own government.

But now came in an interfering cause. One of those strange events which cannot be foretold by man, which science has failed to explain, and which art is powerless to prevent; when no human quality avails but patience, and in whose presence we can only sit silently and wait, observing reverently the manifestation of a power before which we are powerless.

A long course of legislation had placed the industry of Ireland, in subjection to the action of England,—to whose tender mercies Free-traders at home wish us to confide our industry.

The natural result has followed. The industry of Ireland was prostrated; so abjectly prostrate that millions of its population depended for their entire subsistence on a single root. And here we are reminded of a singular circumstance. "The constitution of Ireland" (said Mirabeau in 1782, while proposing a destruction for certain political refugees from Geneva,) "has been much modified, and seems likely to be modified still more. It would be absurd to deny that Ireland is becoming the most free of any country in the world, and the most desirable for men who feel the value of freedom."*

Since then, the Irish Union has taken place, and other great events affecting Ireland's destiny. It would be absurd to have expected of Mirabeau that he should have prophesied, but as the causes which have placed Ireland in her present condition, were then in operation, in different forms, we think it not time lost to note, while observing their effect, how great and disastrous has been the action of these causes, then so little calculated upon by statesmen of that time. Causes, which may be traced to one great root, viz.: the prejudicial effect upon the industry of one nation, of the legislative action of another, in other words, the want of National Industrial Independence.

To return,—when the time came to harvest this crop, miserable at the best, the spade that should have dug an edible from the earth, glanced through a mass of rottenness and premature putrefaction; a fit emblem of the industrial policy of a country whose labor knew no diversification.

The food of the country was gone. How and where to find other food. Anywhere, anywhere, for a nation was starving! The grain growers of the Baltic and Black Sea had been as little capable of prognosticating an Irish famine as those who passed the American tariff act of 1846, and not having expected the contingency, were unable to supply the demand.

The "ordinary years of harvest," on which the author of the letters had calculated, had been succeeded by an extraordinary year of no harvest. The exportation

* Page 10.

* Memoirs. Vol. iv. p. 100.

of grain from the United States, exceeded by millions, double the most sanguine dreams of those who, by means of the tariff of 1846, had shaken as with an earthquake, the laboriously constructed edifice of American industry, which now, thanks to a famine, had still a chance to stand.

The balance of trade was enormously in our favor. The result was many millions added to our wealth, and the cause stimulating importations, assisted also the increase of the revenue. The predictions of our bankruptcy had not been fulfilled, and probably none rejoiced more at the benefit to our country than the Whig party, and the author of these letters.

The province of Statesmanship is, to regulate the affairs of nations, by knowledge of the laws which under usual natural conditions, govern human action. The wisdom which can prognosticate at a year's distance, unprecedented phenomena in nature, is as far above Humanity, as the folly which would predicate legislation or the expectation of such abnormal phenomena, is below it. But we will do the Free Trade party in the United States justice. They made as little calculation on any famine in Ireland, and as such a "sky-sent" argument with the unthinking and unreasoning, in favor of their policy, as any one else. What we claim is, what is conceded by every intelligent person, not blinded by partizanship, that through the Irish famine then occurring, the effect of the Tariff of 1846, was for a long time nullified.

It is not a new thing that a sudden abnormal operation of physical causes has produced a political change which could not have been anticipated. Some now living will recollect how the progress of the Revolution in Venezuela, in 1812, was checked and the course of events changed, by the earthquake which destroyed Caraccas, and re-established the authority of the Spanish Cortes.*

Klaproth† narrates a similar occurrence in China, "L'empire," he says, "fut encore, en 173, affligè, par des maladies contagieuses que . . . faisaient d'affreux ravages dans toutes les provinces. Cette epidèmie parait d'avoir etè une veritable peste . . . Enfin, un certain Tchang-Kio . . . pretendit avoir trouvè un remede infaillible contre la contagion . . . Ce remede . . . lui fit bientot une grande reputation, etc., etc . . . il eut une multitude de disciples . . . Cette empirique devint bientot le chef d'un parti puissant, etc . . . bientot son armée s'eleva a 500,000 combatants," etc. etc.

Thus it seems, there being a contagious malady prevalent in China, by dexterous management of an "empirique," it was made useful in organizing 500,000 to sustain quackery in power. Perhaps some may perceive an analogy between this case and that of the favor shown to free trade theories and theorisers in '47 in the United States. The Chinese case, however, was one of a plague and not a famine.*

Let us note the actual meaning of the commercial dependence upon foreign nations, urged upon us by the advocates of the Tariff of 1846. Pufferdorf states that

* Hist. of Thirty Years Peace. Martineau.

† Tableau Historique de l'Asie.

† The reader may be amused by an extract from the Democratic Review (published in New York) for August, 1849 "It has been said that the defeat of Mr. Lawrence's motion last year, was owing to the famine of 1847. Alas, for the feeble argument! There is no famine this year, and the export of bread stuffs, as compared with last year, are as follows:

Export of Bread Stuffs from United States to Great Britain, Sept. to July 1st.

	Flour Bbls.	Meal Bbls.	Wheat.	Corn.
1848.	160,086	98,444	215,139	3,700,065
1849.	1,007,640	79,704	1,048,593	12,333,890

We give another quotation, "This quantity (of grain and flour imported into Great Britain in 1847) was greatly enhanced, and also the price by the failure of the potatoe crop. A recurrence of that misfortune in 1846 produced the enormous import indicated in the table," (therein above given.)—*Dem. Review for Dec.* 1848, *p.* 559.

Further, "The year 1848 was one of good harvests in England. This year, as announced from the throne, the potatoe crop has again failed, and the quantities (of bread stuff) sent forward will be far in excess of last year.—*Dem. Review for April* 1849, *p.* 379.

From which quotations we may conclude, that, 1st. The Irish famine *really was* the cause of our great exportation of bread stuffs in 1847. 2nd. That the Dem. Review knew it in Dec. 1848. 3d. That the U. S. tariff has but little effect on the demand for bread stuffs in G. Britain, and consequently on our export of these articles thereto. 4th. That the Dem. Review knew this in April 1849. 5th. That in August 1849, the same Review had forgotten entirely both these items of its former knowledge. The exercise of the accustomed abilities of the Democratic Review seems in this case to have been pretermitted.

"Charles V. used to say of the Netherlanders that there was not a nation under the sun, that did detest more the name of slavery and yet if you did manage them mildly and with discretion, did bear it more patiently." *

Thus it stands, that amelioration which has substituted for vanquished enemies the 'parole d'honneur,' and the delivery of the sword for the barbarous triumphal procession, and the passage beneath the crossed spears, has given to the intolerable burden of political subjection, the modified form of commercial dependence.

The only legitimate commercial dependence between separate nations, as a permanent condition is that of barbarous and civilized nations, primarily, and, secondarily that which results from the interchange of commodities which it is impossible for one of the countries to produce: and this permanency is but comparative, because of the tendency to civilization and to the ameliorations of science and art. The growth of manufactures is but the mask of the natural development of the national "physique."

The tendency of humanity, the evident tendency of the age, is to individualisation; of what value otherwise were political and social freedom? The first motive of action in the human breast not relating solely to self, is emulation; here competition is the "vis motiva" of progress.

From the institution of unchangeable castes, the Brahmin and the Pariah in India, through their modification, the feudal institutions of Continental Europe generally, we come, in passing westward, to the improvements which commerce has introduced into the social structure of Great Britain; the facility of social elevation, whose most recent and prominent evidence is in the notable denial, by the present Prime Minister of England (himself of England's aristocracy) of the power of judgment by the House of Lords, upon a high concern of legislation.†

But still the distinction of classes subsists in England, and it is only in the United States, still further Westward, that man stands upright in the full majesty of his nature, belonging to no class, attainted by no hereditary disability and commences life, should his accidents so rule, by sustaining himself through the mere exercise of his mechanical powers, and marching upward, if his natural abilities warrant it, perhaps to be the chosen ruler of some twenty million others, political examplars of magnified humanity.

Individual action is but the type of national action. The protection of individual rights, is the reason for national aggregation. An "esprit du corps" is but the reflex of self-love, and in the arrangements inevitably induced by the peculiarities of language, of religion, Pagan or Christian, of genuine national character, we find the unavoidable conclusion that he who may innocently seek his own individual happiness, not interfering with others, may also legitimately forward that interest by combining his efforts with those whose propinquity of residence, similarity of character and identity of condition indicate them as his countrymen and nearest friends.

We owe an apology to our readers for thus diverging from practical argument, but if what we have now urged is correct, the abstract reasoning so much in vogue, in favor of Free Trade as the bond of universal brotherhood, and the dawn of the millenium, crumbles into dust.

Do we not all remember in our National History, the proposition made by British Statesmen acting loyally as became them, in the interest of Great Britain, to give that country exclusive commercial rights in view of the political supremacy over her thirteen colonies.

This proposition was the beginning of the great, the peaceful struggle for supremacy between the Anglo Saxon race, and the accumulated capital resulting from centuries of labor of the most laborious race heretofore on earth, in conjunction with the living physical energies of a mass of operatives content to exist without accumulation for themselves;—and the new American race, formed by the union of the enterprising, the hardy, the free-spirited, the selected of every nation under heaven, with but little save the natural capital of land and labor, a few short years ago, but with their exertions for production and accumulation intensified by education which awakens

* Int. to History of Europe, p. 261,

† Lord John Russell's speech upon the vote of the House of Lords in the matter of the Greek claims.

their desires, by Political Equality which facilitates the gratification of them, and a just administration of laws which confirms to all, their possessions.

The temporary failure of the foreign crops has passed away. It is, we think generally understood and everywhere conceded, that our imports this year have, so far, exceeded our exports by from twenty to thirty million dollars.* "It may be said, that our exports will increase with our imports; this supposition I think fallacious." We claim an acknowledgment of the absolute fulfilment of this prediction, in its spirit and its terms.

Nor do we find ourselves in position to make an inferior claim with regard to the prediction herein contained. "If the present movement against the Act of 1842 shall succeed, in accordance with Mr. Walker's plan, it must be followed soon by a counter movement, if not on the part of the people, the government itself will recommend it for revenue."† The meetings at Pittsburg, Trenton, Newport and elsewhere, are sufficient evidence that if Government has partly, through the sacrifice of the interests of the people, been saved from the necessity of calling for relief through the alteration of the Act, the people have, through the pernicious operation of the tariff, found it necessary to commence a counter movement.

Where complete codes of "Revised Statutes" exist, and where Constitutions, are altered periodically, as in our country, the excuse that a practical avoidance at occasional expense of morality, of certain provisions of laws is better than the instability resulting from radical alteration of injudicious or presently inapplicable laws; such excuse, having force under other circumstances is here inoperative.

It is the boast of our judicial decisions, of the laws which originate them, of the constitutions which lie behind these laws, of the whole system of polity in fact, which comprehends these, that all are closely adapted to the times and our circumstances. The sole excuse then, for a law which corrupts the public morals, is here worthless.

Still more objectionable is it, when the evil effect resulting from such laws is exaggerated by placing the party more particularly acted on, in the dilemma of sacrificing his morals or his pecuniary profit. It would be the conclusion of one conversant with the operation of laws affecting commerce, and estimating at its proper standard the high character of the American merchant, that such legislation must result in the diminution of the business conducted by Americans.

"I deem this (*ad valorem*) feature in the bill a violation of sound principle, and such as must be condemned by all parties, whose experience and knowledge are of value. It is no other, in practice, than to drive from our foreign trade a large number of honest importing merchants, and to place the business in the hands of unscrupulous foreigners. Time may reveal the truth of this prediction."* "I do not say that all foreigners commit frauds on the revenue; far from it; but I do say that enormous frauds have been perpetrated by foreigners, under *ad valorem* duties, and will be again,—prostrating the business of honest foreign and American importers."†

We extract from the Report of the Secretary of the Treasury for 1849, answers to questions propounded by him to the Collectors of the Custom Houses of the United States:

From the Custom House at Philadelphia. "Taking the quarter ending on the 30th of Sept. 1845, (prior to the enactment of our present Tariff,) the amount of imports at this port was,

For American account,	$2,075,930	
For foreign account,	185,613	$2,261 543

While in the corresponding quarter of the current year (of 1849) it was,

For American account,	$2,741,782	
For foreign account,	510,796	$3,252,578

Showing an aggregate increase in the quarter just elapsed of $991,035

Of which, on American account, $665,852, and on foreign account, $325,183; that is to say, on American account, an increase on the importations of the quarter ending Sept. 30, 1845, for the same account of, *thirty-two per cent. and, on foreign account, of two hundred and seventy-five per cent*,—showing a vast preponderance in favor of foreigners."

From the Custom House of Boston, "You will observe

that in 1845, the imports were		$5,935,392
Of which, on American account,	$5,184,745	
On foreign account,	750,647	
And in 1849, the imports were		$5,938,803
Of which, on American account,	$4,806,935	
On foreign account,	1,131,868	

Showing that the importations on *foreign account* were *increased fifty-one per cent* from 1845 to 1849, and that those on *American account* were *diminished seven per cent*, during the same period.

Further, "the importations on foreign account from the British American Colo-

* P. 9. † P. 27.

* P. 32. † P. 11.

nies have increased 105 per cent., and those on American account have diminished eight per cent.; while from Cuba the *increase* on *foreign account* has been 213 *per cent.* and the *diminution* on *American account* has been 53 *per cent.* from 1845 to 1849."

The returns from the New York Custom House, corresponding with the above from Philadelphia and Boston, had not been received at Washington at the date of the collation of these documents, (December, 1849,) but we find it stated in an able letter from the Collector at New Orleans,* that, under the operation of the specific duties of the Tariff of 1842, the imports at New York on foreign account were 44 per cent. "Under the *ad valorem* Tariff of 1846, the proportion of these imports is 75 per cent. on foreign, to 25 per cent. on American account;" and this in "the city where about 62 per cent. of the entire revenue is collected."

It is needless to amplify. We add only this. "Treasury Department, Washington, Dec. 1st, 1849. By official returns, on file in this department, it appears that the number of instances in which the value of goods, wares and merchandise imported in the ports of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, have been advanced on the entries, by the United States appraisers, above the values declared in the invoices during ten months from Jan. 1st to Oct. 31st, 1849, inclusive, is fifteen hundred and forty-six." Let it be borne in mind that these entries are made under the sanctity of an actual appeal to the Deity to witness to the truth of the statements therein contained. The demands of morality alone, one would think, might be sufficient reason for the removal of this stumbling-block in the way of the public.

Had the blindness of party zeal permitted the heeding of the warning predictions in these letters, now so entirely fulfilled, we had been spared the imputations on our legislative sagacity, now ascribed in our official records and public history.

Could the ceaseless waves of political agitation be made to turn for a few years aside from this corner-stone of our national prosperity, the American system, till it is settled on a firm basis; could we withdraw from it, what President Madison called "the pestilential influence of party animosity," it were well. We can ask no forbearance of an opposition founded on conviction, true or erroneous, but in a matter of this importance to the country, mere partizanship is unworthy of us all.

We will quote from these letters of Mr. Lawrence, a suggestion applicable to every State in the Union. "If the prominent men of Virginia of both political parties, will give up their party warfare, and resolve themselves into a 'Committee of the Whole, on the Commonwealth, to improve the state of Agriculture' by making two blades of grass grow where there is now but one; if they will establish manufactures, and carry on a well-adjusted system of internal improvements, they will then have done something that will be substantial, abiding—which will stand as memorials of their patriotic devotion to the interest of the people, through all time."*

Among the ancient Germans, at certain times, the veiled mysterious symbol of the earth was taken on a car to receive in passing among the habitations of its worshippers their adoration. "During its progress," says Gibbon, "the sound of war was hushed, quarrels were suspended, arms laid aside." "Pax et quies tunc tantum nota, tunc tantum amata," says Tacitus, from whom Gibbon takes the story.

Not in the spirit of idolatrous worship, but with the spirit of moderation and self-control, becoming Christians and Republicans, is this offering of party spirit in the presence of the country, and of the Union which preserves its greatness, inculcated upon us; and if, as will be acknowledged, political intolerance is the badge of mediocrity, it must also be acknowledged, that there is no nobler spectacle below the stars, than that of the citizens of every party, of all shades of opinion, uniting to place the country of their pride in a position to maintain worthily the independent attitude which circumstances from God have placed her in. "Our strength and glory is in upholding and maintaining the Union."†

* Samuel J. Peters, Esq.

* P. 6. † P. 23.

BULWER LYTTON AS A NOVELIST.

Not the least noticeable among the events of the world of letters, during the past five years, is the revulsion of popular opinion regarding the moral and literary character of Bulwer's works. The general discredit into which they had fallen was only equalled by the ill reputation fastened upon their readers. The press teemed with cynical and shallow criticisms of Pellhan and Eugene Aram, and infused into the public mind a feeling strongly allied to horror against fiction in general, and Bulwer's fictions in particular. The clerical watchmen of the land took up the prevailing sentiment, and in measured discourses coupled the name of the best novelist with that of the most licentious poet of the country. A few timid apologies that appeared from time to time in well-meaning, but Radical, prints, were indignantly scouted. Such a fever, it was evident, could not last. Ernest Maltravers was discovered to be by no means as fearful a monster as he had been represented; and the beautiful moral of Zanoni was triumphantly held up as a refutation of the weighty charges urged against its author. Then followed the Caxtons, the most exquisite in art and healthful in tendency of any modern fiction, sweeping away a cloud of prejudices, and opening the way for a more favorable reception of its elder sisters. An acute and genial criticism in the Westminster, and a more superficial, but no less genial, review in Fraser's Magazine, hastened the progress of truth in the public mind. It is no longer considered criminal to read a book by the author of Devereux; and moral essayists have forborne to class him among those whose genius has but rendered their impiety more detestable, and their infamy more lasting.

From a multitude of works in the several departments of Fiction, the Drama, History, and Criticism, bearing each and all in a greater or less degree the impress of a penetrating and versatile mind, the good have been selected and preserved, the bad overlooked and rejected, by a tribunal to which the author must ever look for reward and honor. From this tribunal, Bulwer has received, not merely once or a few times, the stern sentence of condemnation, and bowing reverently to its decisions, and undaunted by ill success, has essayed again and again to prove himself capable of performing what he had undertaken. A play hissed from the boards was the immediate precursor of the Lady of Lyons. The mortification of repeated failures were necessary to perfect the riper efforts of the growing genius. The decisions of the forum of letters having worked their full effect upon the author, are settling down into the calm majesty of recognized law. A niche has been granted him in the grand Pantheon from which, with a few volumes at his feet, he can fearlessly look out upon the desolations of time. Happy Author, be content with the society of Alice and the Caxtons, and seek not to exhume Falkland and Godolphin from that grave in which a now indulgent age would willingly forget them! Happy age, that can at last do justice to a gifted son, and can temper the severity of justice with the gratefulness of praise — teaching the author the salutary lessons of life by no harsher means than rebuke — and oblivion —of error!

It is hazarding little to assert that Bulwer will not be familiarly known to posterity as a dramatist, an essayist, or a historian, while as a novelist he will remain a classic, and be embalmed on the same shelves with Fielding and Scott. He has, it is true, courted the Historic Muse with

success, and has shared no mean triumphs in Criticism and the Drama. But his histories are not stamped with the broad seal of perpetuity, nor are they written with that sublime and touching relf-reliance which inspired the ancient Greek to style his only work "κτῆμα ἐς ἀεὶ." His essays, from their peculiar nature, can scarcely outlive the memory of the occasions that gave them birth. And from the vast host of forgotten and ever vanishing dramas it were vain to attempt to recall the artificial and unworthy sisters of the Lady of Lyons,—the latter, too, gradually lapsing into the number of clever plays of a past day, occasionally revived with formal brilliancy, and then once more consigned to their cerements; to the last, less honoring, than honored by, the names of their authors. Nor shall this be a matter of deep regret to Bulwer or to the world. To few is it given to be remembered in more than one capacity. And in proportion as remembrance is narrowed down and concentrated, is it rendered intense and permanent. Cicero is not to us what his vanity prompted him to personate—a poet; Shelley is not a novelist; Newton is not an expounder of prophecy. Let it be sufficient for Bulwer that in a single field of literature he has labored arduously and with rare profit; and that the nurselings he has therein planted and watered shall live in the vigor of undecaying youth long after the hand of the gardener has forgotten its cunning.

An elaborate review of Bulwer's writings is not here intended. To such as desire to know what and how much he has given to the world, and the spirit with which his offsprings has been made, a mere reference to the two articles above mentioned is amply sufficient. The object of the present paper is to survey the popular story-teller in a manner hitherto but little attempted; to direct attention to the minute rather than the general; in fine, to show, if possible, why he has, in his own peculiar line, so distanced all competitions, and actually achieved immortality, while others have been merely grasping after present fame.

As a preliminary step, it will be necessary to set forth briefly the recognized ideal of a Novel, and to distinguish it from the Romance. This is a task demanded by the present scheme of criticism, and not out of place in correcting a prevailing error of the day, which tends to call every fiction a novel, forgetting that a fiction is not by necessity a novel more than a play is by necessity a tragedy; that an acute and skillful observer of cotemporaneous society may make but a sorry figure if transported a century or more into the past, or placed upon a distant shore to gather materials for his pages; and, on the other hand, that a zealous and eloquent antiquarian may be the less at home in the every day world by as much as he has turned over the dusty folios of Bede or the Rhymer, or revelled at the tables of the Second Charles or the Fourteenth Louis.

A novel is a picture of society, a delineation of manners, increased in interest and effect by the aid of plot and incident. It is an epitome of philosophy, dramatized and rendered popular. It is an elucidation of morals from more facile examples than the stubborn and often paradoxical facts of history. Its main object is to convey instruction through the channels of amusement, to familiarize knowledge to the wise, to allure the careless and ignorant into the temple of learning by spreading carpets under their feet, and hanging the pillars of the stern edifice with fruits and flowers; and, for accomplishing this, it claims no mean share of honor. It approaches perfection in proportion as it combines the most of profit with the most of interest, and fails, when to meagre and unnatural incident there is subjoined a harsh and forced moral. In this, as in other fiction it is necessary that events be probable and harmonious, and characters consistent and symmetrical; that action should justly follow purpose; and that nothing should be introduced which does not bear directly on the story. But vastly more than other fiction it requires to be philosophic and scrutinizing. With it, style is a secondary consideration, and imagination not necessarily a leading feature. The same graces of diction and levities of fancy which elsewhere adorn the tale, here lend their aid primarily to point the moral. A novel has done little if its readers do not rise from its pages, strengthened in intellect and exalted in sentiment, with a better knowledge of the world and its ways. From no class of writings should more positive good be expected, and if it fail to

accomplish what has been mentioned as its object, the fault lies only in the misconceptions, or the inadequate powers of those who have essayed its composition.

What then should be the qualifications of the novel writer, of whom so much is demanded, and whose errors are so injurious to the interests of society and the rules of art? What infallible criterion shall he find by which to trim and round his work till it assume the clearness and the symmetry of a statue or a painting? Alas, there is none. To the youthful chess-player asking for advice, Phillidor could do little else than reply, "play well, play well." So the neophyte in fiction-writing, beside a few plain rules, there can be given but this counsel, "write well, write well." In the arts, the human form may be measured and divided off with such scrupulous accuracy that if the learner will but faithfully observe his directions, he may soon hope to produce a work that shall satisfy the dogmas of art, if not its genius and spirit. But there are no scales of feet and inches for the passions—the intellect—the soul; and he who would describe their various workings, and would limn them in true colors, must be content to learn them by slow, steady and watchful experience.

Still it may not be amiss to state a few requisites, without at least some of which, it is impossible for a novel writer to succeed. He must possess a copious share of the analytical faculty, which disjoins, and unravels, and separates causes from effects, and discovers the true connection between purpose and event. He must be largely subjective, a reasoner from himself, outwardly, he must give to externalities a certain coloring from his own peculiar views, and may not be the mere mouth-piece of foreign impressions. More than this, it is needful that he delineate passion and character minutely and faithfully, painting the soul if possible as one would paint a series of landscapes, in which though the general features of the fields and rivers remain the same, the elements above assume new combinations, and give to land and water continually varying appearances. With aspirations for creating and describing he must possess descriptive and creative power. He must enjoy the rare faculty of throwing himself by turns into each character he summons up, and forgetful of his personality, be for the time submerged in his own representation. His men and women must not be abstractions, otherwise he merely writes philosophical argument or tedious monologue. And if he be a true student of art he will not fail to strive after dramatic effect, the benefits of which he shares to an equal extent with the writer of romance.

A romance is a panorama of outward life, and when panoramas wherever exhibited are representations of classic or foreign scenes, so is the romance told of other times or of other countries. It may or it may not be written to inculcate a sentiment; it may contain no philosophy, or may render what it contains wholly subservient to incident; it may give no instructions except in external manners; it may scrutinize only the surface, and induct no farther into character than its outward disguises. A successful writer of romance surveys men and manners in mass, avoids all analytic investigations of character, and deals for the most part in broad and free strokes, rather in nice and discriminating touches. He is often minute never intricate. His plots are rarely complicated or labored; his thoughts never above the comprehension of the most ordinary minds. He is vivid, startling, and fond of effect. His descriptions are elaborate, ornamented and not seldom gorgeous. His scenes are laid either in the most magnificent domains of nature, or in the stately courts of kings. His characters are from the extremes of society, or whenever taken from the middle class are remarkable in mind or person. He is continually shifting the theatre of action, and is as regardless of time and space, as if the flight of a dozen of years were no interruption to the thread of his story, or the transition from continent to continent the work of an hour. His genius is essentially objective. Nothing that he relates conveys to us the bias of his own mind—and so generally is this true of the romance writers of the present century, that we should know almost nothing of their inward history if their work were the only clue. And above all he is intensely dramatic—a master of light and shade—skilled in the thousand arts of the stage and in the management of the foot-lights.

The union of these two distinct, and in several particulars, opposite sets of quali-

ties, is never perfect, and is rarely witnessed to any marked extent. Those who, possessed of the one, have assayed to produce what could only be the effects of the other, have uniformly failed, and among this number must be reckoned Bulwer.

It is easy to understand after a careful perusal of even one of his best works, why he has triumphed so splendidly over the difficulties of the novel, and has fallen so signally before those of the romance. He is gifted with a mind singularly philosophical and penetrating, but wanting in synthetical power, and that rare faculty of selecting from confused groupings of incident precisely those features which shall harmonize into one symmetrical whole. He builds with small fragments, not with generous masses; with the brick of London and not the rocks of Stonehenge. In the subtilties and intricacies of man's nature; in the labyrinths of deceit and perversion by which the heart of every member of society of the present day is girt about, he is profoundly versed. He has made man his study—man in every form—the Higwayman,* the man about town,† the Enthusiast of an idle philosophy,‡ the secluded Scholar,‖ the politician,§ the brilliant and imperious Genius.¶ Upon the portraitures he has drawn of these there is stamped the seal of truth, over each of them is thrown the mantle of a rich imagination and between each there is preserved a clear and wonderful distinctness. It was but shallow criticism that ranked Bulwer with Byron, as an eternal reproducer of himself, that declared Pelham to be Maltravers and Maltravers, Pelham, and Eugene Aram, either. The peculiar turn of mind in both these great writers has led them into infusing more or less of themselves into their creations, but what in the poet was morbidity and excess, is in the novelist, health and moderation. Cain and Manfred are *aliases* of one individual, and that individual is Byron, but Aram and Maltravers are as widely apart as the antipodes, you perceive between them a faint, an intangible resemblance, a subtle similarity, and there ends their relationship.

One who reads Bulwer's novels will not fail to notice upon every page the results of searching analysis and nice observation.—Nor will he deny the truth of much to which he would not before have dreamed of giving utterance. He will continually observe that he is reading men by their motives, that he is taken into the inner heart of Humanity, that by the guidance of the Arch-Master he is inducted into the hidden chambers of the vast machine, and while levers, and cranks, and shafts, are working and groaning around him, is taught the secrets of the whole fabric. As he reads on, it will involuntarily occur to him that all this is true, all this has passed heretofore under his very eyes, yet always crude, unsystematized and shapeless. The scattered and heterogeneous materials he daily sees about him, are well coined and presented to him for companionship and use. He feels that he is richer by what he has read, not that he of necessity carries away more than he before possessed, but that he has his knowledge in a more tangible and orderly form. It is, to use the figure of the coin, rounded, stamped, and ready for circulation.

The delineation of passion has ever been justly regarded as the most difficult of all tasks propounded by art. If any one who has felt within himself the workings of passion—and who has not—imagined that its expression is easy, let him cooly sit down, pen in hand, and attempt to describe even his own feelings on occasions of stormy excitement; or if he challenge a more rigorous test of his powers, to portray the feelings of an imagined character. Let him after completing his manuscripts put them carefully away for a few days and then submit them to his own candid judgment, or compare them with similar efforts by the great masters of literature. The result will not be doubtful. Nor will he again read a successful depiction of passion without the profoundest reverence for the genius of its author.

Now of all modern prose writers it is in this most difficult art that Bulwer eminently excels. Much of his skill is to be attributed to native genius, and not a small portion to his close and practical study of the human heart. He has avoided a common and fatal error—that of attempting to represent passion by rhapsody, sentiment, or raving, according as the feeling is that of ambition, love or anger. The general-

*Paul Clifford. †Pelham. ‡Zanoni. ‖Eugene Aram. §Lumley Ferrers. ¶Ernest Maltravers.

ity of fictitious characters appear to utter the language of passion as if it did not concern themselves at all, but was only intended to move others; their words, perhaps intrinsically eloquent, issue from carved and marble lips; the multitude may be charmed, rapt, convulsed but the memoir remains motionless and unaltered. That there is art displayed here is unquestionable, but it is art of an inferior order, and not worth having if there is a possibility of attaining to a higher. It is the art that produced Juno and Cato, not that which created Macbeth and Lear.

Without claiming for Bulwer he art of Shakespeare it is not too much to say that his is an art similar in kind, though unequal in degree. He has faithfully imbibed the spirit of the master, and may justly claim an honorable rank in the same school. And it is here that he excels, and immeasurably, the mighty Romancer of Abbotsford. The latter was a writer almost perfect in his way, vivid, energetic, versatile, picturesque and proverbially dramatic, but he rarely attempted to depict passion other than by its ultimate effects, and most tangible outward expressions. When he has essayed a different course he has received few plaudits from the multitude, and generous critics have kept silence.

Scott best expresses passion by picturesque description, and by leaving much to the imagination. Further effort he generally avoids—and wisely. All will remember the vivid picture in Kenilworth, where Elizabeth discovers the feeling existing between Leicester and Amy. The scene would have been wrought by Shakespeare into a passage of terrible and unmixed passion. Scott has given us a gorgeous picture, but it is only by the Queen's walk and gesture that we guess at the extent of her anger. So in the Bride of Lammermoor, after Ravenswood has returned from the wedding of Lucy Ashton, the author has left us to imagine the tumult in his breast from the following external description. "Caleb lighted the way, trembling and in silence, placed the lamp on the table of the deserted room, and was about to attempt some arrangement of the bed, when his master bid him begone in a tone that admitted of no delay. The old man retired, not to rest, but to prayer; and from time to time crept to the door of the department, in order to find out whether Ravenswood had gone to repose. His measured heavy step upon the floor was only interrupted by deep groans; and the repeated stamp of the heel of his heavy boot, intimated too clearly, that the wretched inmate was abandoning himself at such moments to paroxysms of uncontrolled agony." *

As the ancient painter threw a veil over the face whose terrible workings he was unable to depict. So Scott has here veiled passions he could not express. This displays contrivance, ingenuity, knowledge of stage effect, but it also displays a want of meataphysical power.

Compare with the instances just quoted the scene between Maltravers and Cesarini, when the former has discovered the fearful fraud by which the Italian has caused the estrangement and finally the untimely death of Florence Lascelles.

"And as thus he stood, and wearied with contending against, passively yielded to, the bitter passions that wrung and gnawed his heart, he heard not a sound at the door below, nor the footsteps on the stairs, nor knew he that a visitor was in the room, till he felt a hand upon his shoulder, and turning round, beheld the white and livid countenance of Castruccio Cesarini.

"'It is a dreary night and a solemn hour, Maltravers'' said the Italian, with a distorted smile; "a fitting night and time for my interview with you."

"'Away, said Maltravers, in an impatient tone. 'I am not at leisure for these mock heroics.'

"'Ay, but you shall hear me to the end. I have watched your arrival; I have counted the hours in which you have remained with her; I have followed you home. If you have human passions, humanity itself must be dried up within you, and the wild beast in his cavern is not more fearful to encounter. Thus, then, I seek and brave you. Be still. Has Florence revealed to you the name of him who belied you, and who betrayed himself to the death?"

"'Ha!' said Maltravers, growing very pale, and fixing his eyes on Cesarini, 'you

---

* Bride of Lamermoor, vol. II. page 47. See "Art in Fiction," II Vol. Bulwer's Miscellanies.

are not the man; my suspicions lighted elsewhere!'

"'I am the man. Do thy worst!'

"Scarce were the words uttered, when, with a fierce cry, Maltravers threw himself on the Italian; he tore him from his footing, he grasped him in his arms as a child, he literally whirled him around and on high; and in that maddening paroxysm, it was, perhaps, but the balance of a feather, in the conflicting elements of revenge and reason, which withheld Maltravers from hurling the criminal from the fearful height on which they stood. The temptation passed; Cesarini leaned, safe, unharmed, but half senseless with mingled rage and fear, against the wall.

"He was alone; Maltravers had left him; had fled from himself; fled into the chamber; fled for refuge from human passions to the wing of the All-Seeing and All-Present. 'Father,' he groaned, sinking on his knees, 'support me, save me; without thee I am lost!'

"Slowly Cesarini recovered himself and entered the apartment. A string in his brain was already loosened, and, sullen and ferocious, he returned again to goad the lion that had spared him. Maltravers had already risen from his brief prayer. With locked and rigid countenance, with arms folded on his breast, he stood confronting the Italian, who advanced toward him with a menacing brow and arm, but halted involuntarily at the sight of that commanding aspect.

"'Well, then,' said Maltravers at last, with a tone preternaturally calm and low, you are the man. Speak on; what arts did you employ?'

"'Your own letter! When, many months ago, I wrote to tell you of the hopes it was mine to conceive, and to ask your opinion of her I loved, how did you answer me? With doubts, with depreciation, with covert and polished scorn, of the very woman whom, with a deliberate treachery, you afterwards wrested from my worshipping and adoring love. That letter I garbled. I made the doubts you expressed of my happiness seem doubts of your own. I changed the dates. I made the letter itself appear written, not on your first acquaintance with her, but subsequent to your plighted and accepted vows. Your own hand-writing convicted you of mean suspicion and of sordid motives. These were my arts.'

"'They were most noble. Do you abide by them, or repent?'

"'For what I have done to *thee* I have no repentance. Nay, I regard thee still as the aggressor. Thou hast robbed me of her who was all the world to me; and be thine excuses what they may, I hate thee with a hate that cannot slumber—that abjures the abject name of remorse. I exult in the very agonies thou endurest. But for her, the stricken, the dying! O God, O God! The blow falls upon mine own head!'

"'Dying!' said Maltravers, slowly, and with a sudder. "No, no—not dying—or what art thou? Her murderer! And what must I be? Her avenger!'

"Overpowered with his own passions, Cesarini sank down, and covered his face with his clasped hands. Maltravers stalked gloomily to and fro the apartment. There was silence for some moments. At length Maltravers paused opposite Cesarini, and thus addressed him.

"You have come hither, not so much to confess the basest crime of which man can be guilty, as to gloat over my anguish, and to brave me to revenge my wrongs. Go, man, go; for the present you are safe. While she lives, my life is not mine to hazard, if she recover, I can pity you and forgive. To me your offence, foul though it be, sinks below contempt itself. It is the consequences of the crime as they relate to—to—that noble and suffering woman, which can alone raise the despicable into the tragic, and make your life a worthy and a necessary offering, not to revenge, but justice; life for life, victim for victim. 'Tis the old law—'tis a righteous one.'

"'You shall not, with your accursed coldness, thus dispose of me as you will, and arrogate the option to smite or save. No, continued Cesarini, stamping his foot; 'no; far from seeking forbearance at your hands, I dare and defy you. You think I have injured you; I, on the other hand, consider the wrong has come from you. But for you, she might have loved me, have been mine. Let that pass. But for you, at least it is certain that I should neither have sullied my soul with a vile sin, nor brought the brightest of human

beings to the grave. If she dies, the murder may be mine, but you were the cause, the devil that tempted to the offence. I defy and spit upon you; I have no softness left in me; my veins are fire; my heart thirsts for blood. You—you—have still the privilege to see, to bless, to tend her; and I—I who have loved her so—who could have kissed the earth she trod on—I—well, well, no matter—I hate you—I insult you—I call you villain and dastard—I throw myself on the laws of honor, and I demand that conflict you defer or deny.'

"'Home, doter, home; fall on thy knees, and pray to heaven for pardon; make up thy dread account; repine not at the days yet thine to wash the black spot from thy soul. For, while I speak, I forsee too well that her days are numbered, and with her thread of life is entwined thine own. Within twelve hours from her last moments we meet again, but now I am as ice and stone; thou canst not move me. Her closing life shall not be darkened by the aspect of blood—by the thought of the sacrifice it demands. Begone, or menials shall cast thee from my door; those lips are too base to breath the same air as honest men. Begone, I say, begone!'

"Though scarce a muscle moved in the lofty countenance of Maltravers—though no frown darkened the majestic brow—though no fire broke from the stedfast and scornful eye, there was a kingly authority in the aspect, in the extended arm, the stately care, and a power in the swell of the stern voice, which awed and quelled the unhappy being whose own passions exhausted and unmanned him. He strove to fling back scorn to scorn, but his lips trembled, and his voice died in hollow murmurs within his breast. Maltravers regarded him with a crushing and intense disdain.—The Italian, with shame and wrath, wrestled against himself, but in vain; the cold eye that was fixed upon him was as a spell, which the fiend within him could not rebel against nor resist. Mechanically he moved to the door; then, turning round, he shook his clenched hand at Maltravers, and with a wild and hysterical laugh, rushed from the apartment."*

The most superficial reader of Bulwer and Scott cannot have failed to observe the difference in power, just pointed out, and elucidated. And throughout the pages of the great Romancer he will look in vain for a parallel to the passage last quoted. Brief as it is, and standing alone as it is here presented, stripped of the exciting influences of the foregoing pages, a mere fragment, it yet shows a rare and high order of art. There is no avoidance of the difficulties of the scene, no fear of grappling with its mighty perplexities, even when anything but complete triumph would be utter failure. Taken in connection with what preceedes and follows, it is a masterpiece, a conception to which few living writers could attain, unequalled in vigor by anything even in that wonderful accumulation of metaphysical strength—the immortal Caleb Williams

According to the views which dfferent classes of readers take of life will be their estimate of Bulwer's novels. Many deem them too highly colored, too full of startling passion, and too deficient in the plain and homely. They complain of want of sympathy with his characters. They cannot help feeling interested in them, but they have little in common. His creations seem to possess too much of the abstractly philosophic—too little of the every day real. These objections are not so much urged against the Caxtons, as they were against his earlier works, Eugene Aram, and Devereux, and Ernest Maltravers.

Not to deny that Bulwer sometimes acts the hierophant only to the initiated, it may be observed that in criticism, the distinction between the True and Real should ever be faithfully noticed—although in fact it rarely is. To illustrate the importance of this distinction by referring again to technical Art, the greatest of painters have painted Truth; the most common place, Reality. In the execution of the latter there is merit, but little genius, and no exercise of the conceptive faculty. Raphael best pleases those whose eyes are opened to Beauty and Truth by educated intellect and feeling. Teniers suits the boors of a market town, who applaud painted turnips and tobacco pipes in proportion as they are like the real ones. The skillful critic acknowledges the merit of fidelity to the visible and the Real, but bows reverently to conceptions of the Ideal and the

*Ernest Maltravers, Book IX, Chapt. VI.

True. The majestic Apollo and the angelic Madonna are none the less true if none of mortals ever shone in similarly glorious beauty.

It is, therefore, the highest praise of Bulwer's novels, considered as works of art and art-directed genius, that they are more fully appreciated by the highly educated, than the mass of the community. They are universally read, it is true, but one class reads for the philosophy and the moral; the other for the story; as in the theatre, the boxes applaud Hamlet's soliloquy, and the pit *encores* the ghost and the duel with Laertes. No doubt, the tens of thousands of fictions that are yearly cast into the bubbling whirlpools of literature, swim famously for a while, but they nevertheless rapidly disappear and but single ones are left of myriads. Lady Alice, and Wuthering Heights, and a kindred birth, float their brief hour and sink forever — but men's eyes still gaze on Ivanhoe, Zanoni, Wieland. The mass cannot rescue any book from oblivion — its preservation depends solely upon the unerring taste of the illuminati of letters.

Upon Bulwer's romances judgment can be easily passed, with the exception of Rienzi and the Last Days of Pompeii; which would have been novels if written by Romans, and are romances only in name; they are neither much better nor worse than the generality of their kind — and will live about as long — unless they shall be preserved to posterity by their fortunate relationship to the Caxtons. As descriptions of past times and manners they are labored, erudite—and uninteresting; minute as catalogues—and almost as tedious; diversified with unseasonable philosophy, sentiment far in advance of its times, and moralizing entirely out of place with the moralists. Take from the number —happily small—a few eminently beautiful passages, and the remainder will equal a corresponding quantity of James or Ainsworth. Indeed, it is unfortunate for Bulwer, and his error must be set down among the infirmities of genius, that he ever wrote them. Critics generally have taken his novels and romances as a mass, and have judged them accordingly; a mode of proceeding as unfair as irrational. They have, in consequence of this course, been somewhat puzzled to locate him, and have compromised the matter by placing him midway betweem James and Scott. This may be called criticism, but it still leaves us in the dark, for James and Scott are fellow travelers of a different road from that of Bulwer, and the road is endless and steep, and Scott is upon a height to which our dazzled eyes can scarcely reach, and James is so far down in the dark valley that we cannot bring our measuring instruments to bear on him. The tendency of Bulwer's path is no less heavenward, its ascent is even more difficult. He has successfully scaled dizzy heights, and his clear voice ever and anon rings to us from afar; but when he forsakes this path, and attempts to tread in the steps of Scott, we hear only his feeble wailings from the dim obscurity below.

With the moral of Bulwer's novels the present criticism has little to do. Yet it is daily becoming more evident that their tendency, with an exception or two in the case of his earliest works, is healthful and noble. Particularly is this true of the Caxtons of which it has been justly said, that it would make an excellent Sunday School book. A truthful opinion, and yet one that sounds strangely to the ears of many who are repeating to themselves the anti-Bulwer anathemas they heard a decade since. He who hopes at all, finds much to hope for in the future career of Bulwer. Forgetting the crudities and the sins of a youth atoned for by tears of bitter anguish, he will recognize in the now matured genius the same promise of good to come. He will see the skillful master in possession of a mighty instrument, the true art of fiction. Can the result be doubtful? And can any one be so forgetful of the claims of art and letters as to counsel the workman to lay by the craft in which a busy youth has been spent, and consign the experience of a life time to a dead and hopeless oblivion? May fiction, sanctified in the parables of a Perfect Teacher, continue as heretofore an influence persuasive and powerful; and may Bulwer Lytton as in his latest and best efforts array it ever on the side of Truth, Morality and Religion. C. B.

CONGRESSIONAL SUMMARY.

The fate of the Compromise Bill being finally determined by striking out all the material parts, and leaving nothing but that portion which provided for a Territorial Government for Utah, in this mutilated condition it passed the Senate on the first of August. On the same day Mr. Clay made the following remarks on the causes of the failure of this bill:

They had presented to the country a measure of peace and tranquillity—one which would have harmonized every discordant feeling. That measure had met with a fate, not altogether unexpected, but which as respects the country, he extremely deplored. For himself, personally, he had no cause of complaint. The majority of the Committee to which he belonged had done their whole duty, faithfully and perseveringly. If the measure has been defeated, it has been defeated by extremists on both sides of the chamber.

"Now, Mr President," the Senator continued, "I stand here in my place, meaning to be unawed by any threats, whether they come from individuals or from States. I should deplore as much as any man living or dead that arms should be raised against the authority of the Union, either by individuals or by States. But, after all that has occurred, if any one State, or a portion of the people of any State, choose to place themselves in military array against the government of the Union, I am for trying the strength of the government. I am for ascertaining whether we have got a government or not—practical, efficient, capable of maintaining its authority, and of upholding the powers and interests which belong to a government. Nor, sir, am I to be alarmed or dissuaded from any such course by intimations of the spilling of blood. If blood is to be spilt, by whose fault is it to be spilt? Upon the supposition, I maintain it will be the fault of those who choose to raise the standard of disunion, and the endeavor to prostrate this government; and, sir, when that is done, as long as it pleases God to give me a voice to express my sentiments, or an arm, weak and enfeebled as it may be by age, that voice and that arm will be on the side of my country, for the support of the general authority, and for the maintenance of the powers of the Union."

In the Senate, August 2, the following bill, for the settlement of the boundaries of Texas, was passed by a vote of 30 to 20:

A bill proposing to the State of Texas the establishment of her northern and western boundaries, the relinquishment by said state of all territory claimed by her exterior to said boundaries, and of all her claim upon the United States.

Be it enacted, &c., That the following propositions shall be, and the same hereby are, offered to the State of Texas, which, when agreed to by the said state in an act passed by the general assembly, shall be binding and obligatory upon the United States and upon the said State of Texas; Provided, That said agreement by the said general assembly shall be given on or before the 1st day of December, 1850.

First. The State of Texas will agree, that her boundary on the north shall commence at the point at which the meridian of 100 degrees west from Greenwich is intersected by the parallel of 36 degrees and 30 minutes north latitude, and shall run from said point due west to the meridian of 103 degrees west from Greenwich; thence her boundary shall run due south to the 32d degree of north latitude; thence on the said parallel of 32 degrees of north latitude to the Rio Bravo del Norte; and thence with the channel of said river to the Gulf of Mexico.

Second. The State of Texas cedes to the United States all her claims to territory exterior to her limits and boundaries, which she agrees to establish by the first article of this agreement.

Third. The State of Texas relinquishes all claim upon the United States for liability of the debts of Texas, and for compensation or indemnity for the surrender to the United States of her ships, forts, arsenals, custom-houses, custom-house revenue, arms and ammunitions of war, and public buildings, with their sites, which became the property of the United States at the time of the annexation.

Fourth. The United States, in consideration of said reduction of boundaries, cession of territory, and relinquishment of claims, will pay to the State of Texas the sum of ten millions of dollars in a stock bearing five per cent. interest, and redeemable at the end of fourteen years, the interest payable half-yearly at the treasury of the United States.

Fifth. Immediately after the President of the United States shall have been furnished with an authentic copy of the act of the general assembly of Texas, accepting these propositions, he shall cause the stock to be issued in favor of the State of Texas, as provided for in the fifth article of this agreement.

Provided, also, That five millions of said stock shall not be issued until the creditors of the said state, holding bonds for Texas, for which duties on imports were specially pledged, shall first file, at the treasury of the United States, releases of claims against the United States for or on account of said bonds.

The vote was as follows:

Yeas—Messrs. Badger, Bell, Berrien, Bradbury, Bright, Cass, Clark, Clemens, Cooper, Davis of Mass., Dawson, Dickinson, Dodge of Iowa, Douglas, Felch, Foote, Greene, Houston, King, Norris, Pearce, Phelps, Rusk, Shields, Smith, Spruance, Sturgeon, Wales, Whitcomb and Winthrop—30.

NAYS—Messrs. Atchison, Baldwin, Barnwell, Benton, Butler, Chase, Davis of Miss., Dodge of Wis., Ewing, Hale, Hunter, Mason, Morton, Seward, Soule, Turney, Underwood, Upham, Walker and Yulee—20.

In Senate, August 13, the bill for the admission of California as a State, was passed by the following vote:

YEAS—Messrs. Baldwin, Bell, Benton, Bradbury, Bright, Cass, Chase, Cooper, Davis of Mass, Dickinson, Dodge of Wis., Dodge of Iowa, Douglas, Ewing, Green, Hale, Hamlin, Houston, Jones, Miller, Norris, Phelps, Seward, Smith, Shields, Spruance, Sturgeon, Underwood, Upham, Wales, Walker, Winthrop and Whitcomb.

NAYS—Messrs. Atchison, Barnwell, Berrien, Butler, Clement, Davis of Miss., Foote, Hunter, King, Mason, Morton, Pratt, Sebastian, Soule, Turney and Yulee.

The following is a copy of the bill:

A BILL

For the admission of the State of California into the Union.

Whereas, the people of California have presented a constitution and asked admission into the Union, which constitution was submitted to Congress by the President of the United States, by message, dated February thirteenth, eighteen hundred and fifty, and which, on due examination, is found to be republican in its form of government.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled, That the State of California shall be one, and is hereby declared to be one, of the United States of America, and admitted into the Union on an equal footing with the original States, in all respects whatever.

Sec. 2. And be it further enacted, That until the representatives in Congress shall be apportioned according to an actual enumeration of the inhabitants of the United States, the State of California shall be entitled to two Representatives in Congress.

Sec. 3. And be it further enacted, That the said State of California is admitted into the Union upon the express condition that the people of said State, through their Legislature or otherwise, shall never interfere with the primary disposal of the public lands within its limits, and shall pass no law, and do no act whereby the title of the United States to, and right to dispose of, the same shall be impaired or questioned; and they shall never lay any tax or assessment of any description whatever upon the public domain of the United States; and in no case shall non-resident proprietors, who are citizens of the United States, be taxed higher than residents; and that all the navigable waters within the said State shall be common highways, and forever free, as well to the inhabitants of said state as to the citizens of the United States, without any tax, impost, or duty therefor; Provided, That nothing herein contained shall be construed as recognizing or rejecting the propositions tendered by the people of California as articles of compact in the ordinance adopted by the convention which formed the constitution of that State.

August 15, the bill for providing a territorial government for New Mexico passed the Senate.

The first section of this bill enacts that all that portion of territory of the United States, bounded as follows, to wit: Beginning at a point in the Colorado river, where the boundary line of the Republic of Mexico crosses the same; thence eastwardly with said boundary line to the Rio Grand; thence following the main channel of said river to the parallel of the thirty-second degree of north latitude; thence eastward with said degree to its intersection with the 103d degree of longitude west from Greenwich: thence north with said degree of longitude to the parallel of the 38th degree of north latitude; thence west with said parallel to the summit of the Sierra Madre; thence south with the crest of said mountains to the 37th parallel of north latitude; thence west with the said parallel to its intersection with the boundary line of the State of California; thence with the said boundary line to the place of beginning, be, and the same is hereby, erected into a temporary government by the name of the territory of New Mexico. Provided, That nothing in this act contained, shall be construed to inhibit the government of the United States from dividing said territory into two or more territories, in such manner and at such times as Congress shall deem convenient and proper, or from attaching any portion thereof to any other territory or state. Provided, further, That when admitted as a state, the said territory, or any portion of the same, shall be received into the Union, with or without slavery, as their constitution may prescribe at the time of their admission.

The seventeenth section enacts that the provisions of this bill be suspended until the disputed boundary between the United States and the State of Texas shall be adjusted: and when such adjustment shall have been effected, the President of the Unitad States shall issue his prociamation declaring this act to be in full force and operation, and shall proceed to appoint the officers herein provided to be appointed for the said territory.

In the House of Representatives, August 6, a message was received from President Fillmore, transmitting the following letter to the late President from Governor Bell of Texas, and an answer thereto from the present Secretary of State:—

To his Excellency Z. Taylor, President of the United States:

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
AUSTIN, Texas, June 14th, 1850.

SIR—By authority of the Legislature of Texas, the Executive of the State, in February last, dispatched a special commissioner, with full power and instructions to extend the civil jurisdiction of the state over the unorganized counties of El Paso, Worth, Presidio and Santa Fe, situated upon its northwestern limits—the commissioner has reported to me in an official form, that the military officers employed in the service of the United States, stationed at Santa Fe, interposed adversely with the inhabitants to the fulfilment of his object, by employing influence in favor of the establishment of a separate state government east of the Rio Grande, and within the rightful limits of the State of Texas. I transmit to you herewith the Proclamation of Colonel Monroe, acting under the orders of the government of the United States, under the designation of Civil and Military Governor of the Territory of New Mexico. I have very respectfully to request that your Excellency will cause me to be informed, at your earliest possible convenience, whether or not this officer has acted in this matter under the orders of his Government, and whether his Proclamation meets with the approval of the President of the United States.

With assurances of distinguished consideration, I have the honor to be your Excellency's most obedient servant.

(Signed) P. H. BELL.

In his message on the subject, the President calls attention to the fact that the Legislature of Texas has been convened by the Governor, for the purpose of establishing by force her claim over the territory on the East side of Rio Grande, heretofore regarded as an integral part of the Department of New Mexico. These proceedings, he says, may well arrest the attention of all branches of the Government of the United States; and he is rejoiced that they occur while the Congress is yet in session, for a crisis may yet be brought about which shall summon both Houses of Congress, and still more emphatically, the Executive Government to an immediate readiness for the performance of their respective duties. The President, after alluding to the Constitutional powers of the Executive to employ the whole military resources of the country to suppress any combinations against the laws, which cannot be suppressed by the ordinary course of judicial proceedings of the power vested in the Marshals, points out what would

be the duty of the Executive in case of such opposition. Texas, as a state, has power to maintain her own laws, so far as they are not repugnant to the laws of the United States, to suppress insurrection, and to punish treason; but this power is only local and confined within her own limits. If Texan Militia march into any State or Territory of the Union to enforce any law of Texas, they become trespassers and intruders; and if they there obstruct any law, or seize individuals to be carried off for trial elsewhere, and such posse should be too powerful for the local and civil authorities, they are to be prevented and resisted by the authorities of the Udited States. The President has no power to consider the question between Texas and New Mexico; it rests between Congress and Texas. He can only regard the actual state of things as they existed at the date of the Mexican treaty, protecting all of the inhabitants of that territory in their liberties and property.

So far as I am able to comprehend, says President FILLMORE, the claim of title on the part of Texas appears to Congress to be well founded in whole or in part. It is in the competency of Congress to offer her an indemnity for a surrender of that claim in a case like this, surrounded as it is by many cogent considerations, all calling for amicable adjustment and immediate settlement. The government of the United States would be justified, in my opinion, in allowing an indemnity to Texas, not unreasonable or extravagant, but fair, liberal, and awarded in a just spirit of accommodation. I think no event would be hailed with more gratification by the people of the United States than the amicable adjustment of questions of difficulty which have now for so long a time agitated the country, and occupied, to the exclusion of other subjects, the time and attention of Congress.

By direction of President FILLMORE, Mr. WEBSTER replied to the letter of Governor BELL, to the following effect:

In answer to your first interrogatory, viz., Whether Colonel MONROE, in issuing the proclamation referred to, acted under the orders of this government, that proclamation, writes Mr. WEBSTER, was issued in consequence of a letter of instructions given in November, 1849, by the late Secretary of War, by order of the late President, to Lieutenant Colonel MCCALL. This order instructs Colonel MCCALL to assist the people of New Mexico in the formation of a government for themselves. He was to act altogether in subordination to the wishes of the people, and by no means so as to influence or direct by personal or official authority, their primary action in this matter. The whole object of this order evidently is that the President did not wish that the *quasi* military government there existing, should be in the way of the formation by the citizens of that territory, of a free, popular, republican government for their own protection, should they so choose.

To judge intelligently and fairly of the transaction, Mr. WEBSTER continues, we must recall the circumstances of the case as they then existed.

Previous to the war with Mexico, commencing May 1846, the territory of New Mexico was a State of the Mexican Republic, and was governed by her laws. In August of that year, General KEARNEY, acting under orders from this government, entered Santa Fé, the capital, at the head of his troops, and announced by proclamation his intention to hold the department with its original boundaries and under the name of New Mexico. In this proclamation he guaranteed the inhabitants protection and a free government, on the same day he established a constitution, providing the executive legislative and judicial departments of the government, defining the right of suffrage and establishing a code of laws, and the trial by jury. By this constitution, the members of the lower house of Legislature were apportioned among the counties, over which Texas has since endeavoured to establish her jurisdiction.

In December of the same year, continues Mr. WEBSTER, a copy of this constitution and code was transmitted by President Polk to Congress. In his message on that occasion, he disapproves of these portions of the constitution which give to conquered inhabitants of the territory a permanent territorial government and rights which can only belong to citizens of the United States. Those regulations however, for the security of the conquest, for the preservation of order and the protection of the right of the inhabitants, he recognized and approved.

Nearly four years have elapsed since this *quasi* military government was established and received the qualified approval of President Polk. In the mean time peace has been concluded with Mexico, and a boundary line established that left this territory within the United States, thereby confirming to this country by treaty what it had acquired by conquest. This treaty, in perfect accordance with the proclamation of General Kearney, declared that the inhabitants of the territory should be incorporated into the United States, and be admitted at the proper time to all the rights of citizens; and, in the meantime, be protected in the free enjoyment of their liberty, property, and religion. Thus it will be seen that the authority of the United States over New Mexico was the result of conquest, and the possession held in the first place, was of course a military possession.

The military government then, existing at

the date of the order, existed there of inevitable necessity. It existed as much against the will of the Executive as against the will of the people. The late President thought, that, under these circumstances, it was justifiable in the people of the territory to form a constitution without previous authority from Congress, and thereupon apply for admission as a State. It was under such a state of things and such opinions, that the order of November last was given. This order indicates no boundary and defines no territory except by the name New Mexico. And so far as that indicated anything, it referred to a known territory, organized under military authority and approved by the Executive, and left without remonstrance or alteration by Congress for more than three years.

Secondly, you ask whether the proclamation of Colonel Monroe meets with the approval of the President of the United States?

To answer this, it is necessary to consider the object of the proclamation and its effects. If its object be to assume the authority to settle the boundary dispute, then the President has no hesitation in saying that the object does not meet with his approbation; for neither the Executive nor the inhabitants of New Mexico have any such authority. But it has been shown that Colonel Monroe could have had no intention of this kind, and that his aid was merely given to assist the people in forming a State Constitution to be afterwards presented for approval to Congress. What then would be the effect of this constitution? If it compromits the rights of either party to that question, then it does not meet the President's approbation, for he deems it his duty to leave the settlement of that question to its proper tribunal. The dispute is between the United States and Texas and not between New Mexico and Texas. If those people should voluntarily come under the jurisdiction of Texas, such consent would not bind the United States, nor if they should claim the title for the United States, would it deprive Texas of whatever rights she might possess? They could only be affected by her own acts or a judicial decision. The Constitution of New Mexico could have no legal validity until it was recognized by the law-making power of the Government of the United States. Hence the formation of this constitution is a mere nullity except as a petition to Congress to be admitted as a State. But as it is the right of all to petition Congress for any law it might constitutionally pass; and as he thinks the act can prejudice no one, the President feels bound to approve of the conduct of Colonel Monroe in issuing the proclamation.

I an directed also to state, continued Mr. Webster, that in the opinion of the President, it would be unjust to suppose that the late President desired to assume an unfriendly attitude towards Texas. The object of the executive government has been, and is now, to secure the peace of the country; to maintain as far as practicable the state of things existing at the date of the treaty; and to uphold the rights of the respective parties, until they are settled by competent authority.

THE DANISH QUESTION.*

In the Southern part of the peninsula of Denmark, between the North Sea and the Elbe on the one side, and the Baltic on the other, is a little tract of land, of rather less extent than the State of Massachusetts, usually put down in our School Atlases as within the limits of Denmark. The climate is pleasant, the soil is fertile, the inhabitants are industrious, and nature seems to have marked them out for a happy people. Yet the world has seen within only a few weeks on this very tract of country, eighty thousand human beings meet in conflict; and after a terrific battle of two days, separate leaving five or six thousand of their number dead on the field. It has seen them, too, after the struggle, retire only to prepare anew for another and severer strife. It has seen England and Russia, France and Austria, holding conferences together at London for months, discussing the affairs of one of the petty parts of the pettiest kingdom of Europe, and promulgating the result of their deliberations in protocols and supplements to protocols. And the world (or at least the Western part of it) seeing these things, has asked itself why these little Duchies containing together not much more than 1,000,000 people, should trouble the heads of Nesselrode and Palmerston, of Bunsen and Swartsenburg, and should threaten to involve Europe in war. That is just the question we shall undertake very briefly to answer.

Before entering on the subject, we desire to say a simple word on our increasing interest in European politics. One of the best legacies left us by our greatest man, were the words "*it must be unwise in us to implicate onrselves, by artificial ties, in the ordinary vicissitudes of her (Europe's) politics, or the ordinary combinations and collisions of her friendships or enmities.*" This was also a cardinal article in the political creed of the late President Taylor; and we knew that while he lived and held the reins of power, it would be scrupulously and exactly carried into practice in the administration of the Government. But our country has lost the controling influence of his sagacity and honesty in the hour when she needs them most. And it requires no extraordinary foresight to perceive, that however wise or just a policy it may be (and no one is more firmly convinced of its wisdom or its justice than ourselves) the time must soon come when America can no longer isolate herself from the world. Heaven grant we are no true prophet. Enjoying the blessings of liberty, surrounded with the comforts of life, the meads of education open to the poorest in the community, having no paupers to support, America could best spend her energies in the development of her own resources, and the elevation of the condition of her own people. But we fear (and we speak it boldly)—we fear it is in vain to hope for such wisdom. Our reasons are these.

Every one who has watched the current of Continental politics for a few years past, even from this side of the water, must have seen that from one end of Europe to the other two great principles are constantly brought in contact—the principle of absolutism, represented in Russia, and the principle of liberalism represented, generally, in England. American ideas of this conflict are not very vivid, as (with shame we say it) our knowledge of European affairs is too often derived only from our own journals; and these in their turn, are, with some honorable exceptions, made up from the "*Times*," a journal entirely

* *The manuscript of the above article was not received until the day of publication. The critical notices of new books for this month were necessarily postponed, though they were in type, to make room for matter the interest of which would have been weakened by a month's delay.*

in the absolutist influence. But the fact is not the less true. Nor is the conflict passive merely. Russia has active agents in every court in Europe: and there is no doubt (though the fact is not susceptible of proof) that she has a subsidized press in her employ. On the other hand the files of "blue books," the annual attempts to overthrow Lord Palmerston, and the debates they cause—now on Italy, now on Spain, and now on Greece—show that England too is busy propaganding. The truth is, there is in Europe an organized interference in the domestic affairs of the various nations of the Continent. Propagandism is a theoretically unrecognized, but constantly existing element of international law.

Nor are these *ideas* confined to cabinets. They are forced upon cabinets by popular struggles. The people of the Continent, struggling under oppression, have perceived the necessity of greater liberty, for their more perfect moral and intellectual development. They have become alive to the fact that they have rights from Heaven, above those doled out to them by law: and if, in the effort to possess themselves of their natural birthright they have occasionally been guilty of excesses, blame only those who, by blinding them, have made them unable to endure the light. The influence of absolutism, under the specious pretence of preserving order, has been actively directed against all these efforts. We have seen how sad have been its effects in Hungary. We are now to record its interference with the affairs of the Duchies of Schleswig-Holstein.

The countries agitated with these ideas, are constantly sending to our shores men fleeing from the oppressiveness of a state of society they find themselves unable to overthrow. They come by thousands to our new country; they fell the forest and turn up the prairie; they organize states and elect members of Congress: they become, to all intents and purposes, with us and of us. Forswearing all allegiance to their old country, they love it all the more in their hearts;—and loving it thus all the more for the separation, and embued with the doctrines of interference and propagandism, they form already a very important element in our political organization. It requires (as we have already said) no prophetic eye to foresee, that at no very distant day the party which desires their votes must adopt their political creed—modified it may be, but recognizing the principle of interference. We sincerely hope we are mistaken; but we speak not as a partisan, but as a politician, aiming to view the future in the wider light of philosophic truth.

The Danish peninsula consists of Jutland on the North, Schleswig in the middle, and Holstein in the South. These, with the Islands of Zealand, Laaland, Funen, Alsten, Fehmern, &c., on the East, and several other islands on the West, make up what is popularly, though incorrectly, called the Kingdom of Denmark. Jutland, Zealand, Funen, and Laaland are entirely Scandinavian, and compose the principal part of Denmark proper. Holstein, inhabited by about 500,000 people of Teutonic origin, is entirely German, is a part of the German Confederation, and is subject to the King of Denmark—not as King of Denmark, but as Duke of Holstein. Schleswig (the original home of the Angles) separated from Holstein by the river Eyder, and comprising within its limits the islands of Alsen and Fehmern, is the real cause of the present dispute. It contains about 700,000 inhabitants, of whom 150,000 are of Danish or Scandinavian origin, the rest of Teutonic or German. Thus much for the position of the parties.

Now for the points at issue. They are briefly these two:—

1. *A question of the succession.* In Holstein the Salique law prevails. In Denmark it does not. The Crown of Denmark is about to fall into the female line. This must (legally) sever Holstein from the Danes. Whether it will, in like manner, sever Schleswig, depends on the solution of the second question, which is—

2. *As to the constitutional rights of the Duchies.* Denmark is, or rather was, prior to 1848, entirely absolutist in its form of Government. Holstein, possessed a constitution, in the enjoyment of which, it was protected by the Germanic Confederation. Schleswig-Holstein claims that for four hundred years Scheslwig has been joined with Holstein in the administration of its affairs, that it is really part of it, and entitled to the equal participation in all its rights. Denmark, on the other hand, claims that Schleswig is an integral part of Scandinavian Denmark, and as

such, subject with that, to the will of the King. She also undertakes to go beyond that, and consolidate both the Duchies, Denmark proper, and the provinces, under one form of united government, which claim Schleswig-Holstein resists as an infringement upon its ancient rights.

We cannot hope, within the limits of a magazine article, to discuss either of these questions, — much less both. A more knotty "statement of fact," never delighted the ingenuity of a lawyer. The relation of the Duchies towards each other and towards Denmark shifts each instant we look upon it. There is nothing tangible in it. We think we have conquered the difficulties, when, lo! (like the genius in the Arabian Nights almost overcome by the Queen of Beauty,) the last seed of the pomegranate becomes alive again; and well for us if we, like her, are not destroyed in the conflict. We shall only endeavor to state some few historical facts, and then deduce from them, as best we can, our own view on the question. After that, we shall try to briefly exhibit the immediate causes of the present war.

We dismiss all argument drawn on either side from the early limits of Germany, as both parties agree about the facts. Doubtless, the Eyder was the Northern boundary of the empire, and is the Northern boundary of the Confederation, if that unfortunate distracted country can be said now to have any bond of union, beyond that of a common origin and a noble literature. When modern Europe first began to emerge from mediæval chaos, Schleswig was found in intimate relations with Holstein, and in a hostile attitude to Denmark, to whom its fealty was due: and from the beginning of the twelfth to the middle of the fifteenth century, this relation continued, growing each year more intimate, as the prosperity it caused became the more manifest. In 1448, a long strife about the succession was terminated by the election to the county, by the Estates, of Christian I. Count of Oldenburg, and at that time, by a similar election, King of Denmark. The Estates, however, declared in the resolution electing him, that they did not elect him *as King of Denmark*, but because they placed especial confidence in him, and required of him a promise, which was given, *that the countries of Schleswig and Holstein should always remain united*. The County of Holstein was raised by the Emperor to the rank of a Duchy, and the investiture granted to Christian *and his male descendants*. In 1474, a like investiture was made on the part of Denmark, of the Duchy of Schleswig, to the Oldenburg family, *for themselves and their* MALE *descendants*.

From 1448 forward, for nearly two centuries, the Crown of Denmark, and the sovereignty of the Duchies continued elective. But in each, the respective States General confined their choice to the members of the House of Oldenburg. On the death of Frederic I. this house split into two branches, the Royal line, and the Gottorp line. The Royal line in turn was subdivided into the elder or Throne line, and the younger line, the head of which is the present Duke of Augustenberg. The present head of the Gottorp line is the Emperor Nicholas of Russia.

When the lines separated, Denmark continued to elect from the elder line.

But the sovereignty of the Duchies was shared in a peculiar way. Each duchy was divided into a *ducal* part and a *royal* part. In the former the Gottorp line ruled, in the latter the royal line. The division was not made of Holstein to the one, and Schleswig to the other, but of parts of each duchy to each line, as if the two were one in interest.

In 1616, the then head of the Gottorp line died, leaving a will providing that his sons should succeed by right of primogeniture; and in 1622, in consequence of this will, and the accession of the estates to its provisions, the succession of so much of the duchies as was subject to the Gottorp line, became hereditary in the place of being elective.

In 1660 a like change took place in Denmark. The "Royal Law" of Frederic III. provided that the Crown of Denmark should be hereditary for all *his* descendants, whether male or *female*, the males taking first. It is immaterial to notice the manner in which the Gottorp line became dispossessed of the Duchies.

It is sufficient to say, that after a long contest during which various success attended either party, in 1773 they finally renounced all right to Schleswig in favor of the King of Denmark, his heirs and successors to the royal throne; and to Holstein in favor of the same and his male

descendants, and in their default, to his brother and his male descendants.

Now we ask attention to the following facts, clearly deducible from the foregoing:

1. The Crown of Denmark goes to heirs female in default of heirs male.

2. The Duchy of Holstein goes to the heirs male lineal, and in default of such, to the heirs male collateral.

3. The Duchy of Schleswig, by its original settlement in 1448, by its investiture in 1474, and by its continued existence, being inseparably united with Holstein, must follow in the same line of succession, otherwise the union decreed to be inseparable, would be severed. Some German writers, (among others M. de Grumer to whom we are principally indebted for the foregoing facts) assume that the ducal part of Schleswig (the Southern and Central portion of the country) follows the Danish order of succession. But it seems to us that the order of succession was settled in 1448, and that no arbitrary decree or cession of a monarch can change that which was then definitely determined.

So long as heirs male continued to the Danish line, this difference would be of no practical importance. But (and this is what gives to it its consequence) the male line of Denmark approaches its end. The present King has been twice divorced and is childless. His uncle is past sixty years of age and without heirs. If both these die without male issue the Crown of Denmark will pass to the female line. In this event, the Duke of Augustenberg as the heir male collateral rightfully becomes the chief of the Duchies; and a monarchy which once held a not unimportant position in Europe, becomes again shorn of some of its chiefest provinces, and reduced to the level of a fourth rate power.

The late King, anticipating this contingency, on the 8th of July 1846 issued Royal Letters Patent, indicating his will that "the succession of the royal law should have full force and validity in the Duchy of Schleswig" and that as to the Duchy of Holstein all his efforts should tend "*to bring about a full and entire integrity of the States of Denmark*," which in plain English means that he would try to incorporate the Duchies into the absolute Kingdom of Denmark.

This the Duchies have resisted, throwing themselves back on their old constitutional rights. And here we come to the second point above stated as at issue between the two parties.

The Kingdom of Denmark was, at the time of these letters, the only absolute monarchy in Europe. The nobles of Russia, even, have an indirect influence over the Emperor. But in Denmark the will of the King was an absolute law. It is melancholy to see how a nation, once free, consented to surrender its liberties. Inheriting comparative freedom, protected by their insular position from foreign aggression, surrounded with everything to induce a love of liberty, the free aspirations of their souls freshened by contact with the ocean, they let their inheritance glide away, as the tide flows through their own channel. The mob law substituted for absolute power by the Revolution of 1848 (which we shall soon notice) has shown even less regard for constitutional rights than the despotism it supplanted.

The Germanic Duchies, however, have preserved intact their ancient rights. These are:—

1. *To exist independent of Denmark.* The title to the sovereignty is distinct from the title to the sovereignty of Denmark. The tenure by which it is held is distinct. The line of its succession is distinct. The rights, it gives over the people it subjects, are distinct. The Teutonic Duchymen are themselves a distinct people, speaking a different language, having different laws enacted by their own independent Parliament sitting at Kiel within their own territories. They have their own army, their own Germanic navy, their own system of taxation and of disbursing their revenues.

2. *The right to exist together.* Schleswig has existed separate from Denmark for 600 years—constitutionally attached to Holstein for 400 years. Both Duchies have had during that time a common language, common laws, a common parliament or estates, a common army, a common navy, and a common system of taxation. They have, in addition to these, as we have already shown, a common head and a common rule of succession. Do not these make a common political body?

3. *The right to exist liberally.* The right to exist at all in a manner contrary

to the will of the sovereign implies constitutionalism, and with constitutionalism comes liberalism: so that this is a necessary sequitur from either of the other rights.

The present deplorable war has been produced by the actual invasion of these rights by the crown, and by the threatened change in the law of succession in the Duchies whenever opportunity shall offer. Far behind it all, the hand of Russia is visible, exerting her influence to stop the spread of liberalism by destroying its sources, and taking under her wing the little maritime power of Denmark, which holds the keys of the Baltic, to make it at once a thorn in the side of Prussia, and a worse than a thorn in the event of a contest with England. Her interest in the settlement of this question has been greatly misconceived. It has been said that she stands as the collateral heir, to whom the Duchies may eventually come if severed from Denmark, and that therefore the true policy of those who wish to keep her out of the Peninsular is, to aid in the consolidation of all its integral parts. Not so, however. The renuciation by Catharine in 1767 in behalf of Paul I., confirmed by him in 1773 on coming of age, cuts off the throne of Russia from all claim to the succession: and the wiser policy of the present cabinet of Petersburg is, instead of reviving discarded claims to create new ones, by making its support necessary to the ruling house.

But to return from such a digression to our historical review. The late King, Christian VIII., foreseeing the disintegration of his dominions, made it the object of his life to assimilate the institutions of the Duchies to those of the Kingdom. He set to work deliberately to root up the rights of self-government. He introduced a new system of banking and of regulating the military affairs of the Duchies. He removed German and appointed Danish officers to all stations of power or emolument in them. And finally, as the crowning act, he issued the letters patent of July 8, 1846, to which we have already adverted, extending the "royal law" to Schleswig, to a part of Holstein also, and declaring his intention of incorporating the remainder of the latter within his Danish dominions, when he could devise some way to do it. We ought to have stated, perhaps, that these letters were not unheralded. Without observing many previous evidences of the intention of the Crown, it is enough to say that the Roeskild assembly of estates in 1844 petitioned the King to "declare in a solemn manner that the Danish monarchy, Denmark proper, the Duchies of Schleswig and Holstein, together with the Duchy Lanenberg shall form one sole indivisible empire and be an undivided heritage according to the royal law," &c. &c. To this the Royal Commissioner replied, expressing his "sympathy with the nation," and assured the movers that "His Majesty would certainly be pleased with a petition of this kind." His Majesty preserved a gracious silence, till the estates of the Duchies, alarmed at the indications of Royal wishes, and pushed forward by the demonstrations of a universal popular repugnance, on the 21st Dec. 1844, filed a caveat in the form of a protest of great moderation and ability. A "royal notification" replied to this, expressing astonishment at it, reiterating substantially the views of the King, and announcing that orders had been issued to the Commissioners in the Duchies, forbidding them to receive any further petitions and protests concerning this affair. The arbitrary monarch would not allow even a discussion of the question.

On the 6th of January, 1848, King Christian died, and the present monarch ascended the throne, whispering to himself, so loudly as to be overheard, his sense of his unfitness for the station. His doubts were shared by others. He retained at first the ministry of his father, and on the 20th of January issued letters patent full of professions of paternal love, and redolent with the desire of unity. The cry of national unity was taken up by the radicals of the capital, who, themselves, without law or constitution, looked with an envious eye at their German brethren in the possession of both. Only two days after the death of Christian (says Messrs. Droysen and Samwer) it was proclaimed by their leaders that a constitution had become a necessity—such a one as should *re-unite* Schleswig to Denmark, and protect Holstein in her peculiar institutions. On the 28th the King, yielding to the pressure, promulgated a decree for the introduction of a constitution. A general

assembly of tried men was called to decide on this and other things, and the manner of electing delegates in the Duchies pointed out. Meanwhile the mob of the capital and its organ continued to press on the Government the idea of unity. The Schleswig-Holsteiners, on their part, moved to prevent their incorporation into the Danish monarchy, and determined to send a delegation to Copenhagen to look after their rights.

Then came the French Revolution of February, the news of which darted through the European system like a galvanic shock, convulsing the most distant extremities. The old ministry trembled and fell. The men of the Casino began to hope. They organised themselves in their resorts. They nightly collected assemblies of the discontented about them. They harangued them on their rights. They spoke of the past glories of Denmark. They pictured her future, shorn of the Duchies. They won their infuriated hearers to the cause of unity. While struggling with despotism for an admission of their own rights, these misguided men forgot to show to others the justice they demanded for themselves. They pledged the radical party to the furtherance of the views of despotism.

The capital heaved with convulsions. The Government felt the shock. Cabinets were formed and dismissed in a vain attempt to hold out against the revolution. On the 20th of March a meeting of thousands was held at the Casino, and addressed by a wood sawyer. They resolved anew the resolution of unity, and determined to force the decision before the deputation from the Duchies could arrive. On the 21st the deputation left Kiel. On the 22d at 8 o'clock in the morning it arrived in Copenhagan. The Casino had poured its flood into the street. A new ministry hostile to the Duchies was pressed upon the King. He yielded. The Casino triumphed without dwelling on the parleys which took place between the Monarch and the deputies, or on the moves and counter moves made by the adverse parties of the capital to get or keep the reins of power, suffice it to say that the party of unity prevailed. A ministry was formed on this basis, headed by Count Moltke, who was literally assailed by the moderate liberals of Copenhagen, for having abandoned his former views, and compromised the honor of the Crown by yielding to the demands of the mob. The deputation was admitted to an audience, and the predetermined refusal given to its prayer. Its members were held, as it were, prisoners, and obliged to receive undesired hospitalities. No steamer was allowed to sail for Kiel, lest the news of the refusal should precede the troops of Denmark into the fortifications of the Duchies. In a few days they were permitted to return. They found that, in their absence, the people, on the receipt of the news of the revolution, in the belief that their Duke (the King of Denmark) was acting under direction of others, had organised a provisional government, to defend "a German country from the Danes."

It is needless now to follow the diplomatic moves that succeeded this, and much less to fight over again the battles it caused. These events are so fresh in the minds of all, that we shall not offend our readers' pride by asking them to go over the ground with us. After two years of diplomatic sluggishness, the parties have again found themselves face to face on the battle-field—the Danes still under the rule of the Casino, the Duchies still under their Provisional Government. Prussia has withdrawn her troops, having concluded a peace with Denmark for herself and Germany. Sweden has in like manner withdrawn, and the original parties have been left to fight it out for themselves. A bloody battle has ensued, in which both have shown great bravery, and which threatens not to be the last.

The present position of the great powers of Europe deserves notice. The relation of it will close the story.

It was sometime since whispered that England was about to abandon the Schleswig-Holsteiners to their fate. In the latter part of June these rumors assumed so definite an appearance that Prussia, with all Europe opposed to her, was forced to conclude with Denmark the treaty of peace from which, immediately, the present war grew. The 4th of July came the first protocol: and on the 2nd of August, the representatives of England, France, Russia, Sweden, Denmark, and Austria met

together at the Foreign Office in Downing street, and "put forth the following declaration:

"SECTION 1. That the unanimous desire of the aforesaid powers is that the state of the possessions at present united under the dominion of His Danish Majesty be maintained in its integrity.

"SECTION 2. In consequence they acknowledge the wisdom of the views which determine His Majesty the King of Denmark to regulate eventually the order of succession in his Royal House so as to facilitate the arrangement by which the aforesaid objects may be attained, without impairing the relations of the Duchy of Holstein with the Germanic confederation."

By section 4, they reserve the right to enter into future agreements "to give an additional pledge of stability to these arrangements by an act of European recognition."

Such a union as this, if the parties to it do not quarrel, must result in a forcible settlement of the question. But the reflecting man may well pause to inquire how long a "settlement," conceived in injustice, perpetrated in wrong, and maintained by force, can exist in the present state of human advancement. If Holstein is of right entitled to a Germanic Constitution—if Schleswig is of right entitled to be joined to her—if both are of right entitled to a male succession—and if the people of both know these rights and are determined to abide by them—not all the force of Europe can reconcile or hold them to injustice. It may for a while repress the patriotism which impelled them to fight superior numbers at Idstedt, the heroism which enabled them to sustain themselves so long in that contest, and the devotion which animates them with a fresh vigor after defeat. It may repress these, but it cannot destroy them. The seed may lie buried, but while it is buried, it will fructify. The duchies are German—their love is for Germany—their hopes are for Germany—and if disunited Germany ever realizes its hope of Union, the struggles of Schleswig-Holstein will be renewed.

We have said nothing of the little duchy of Lanenburg, as we have not wished to add any unnecessary perplexities to a question which has quite enough of its own. Lest we be thought to have ignored the existence of its 50,000 inhabitants, we have added this explanation.

MISCELLANY.

On the 2nd June, Sir Robert Peel expired, after a few days illness, caused by injuries received by a fall from his horse. He was observed to reel in his saddle a few moments before he fell, and this, together with an usual absence of manner which had been previously noticed in him, makes it probable that his fall was occasioned by a fit. One of his ribs was broken, and pressed upon his lungs, producing intense pain which was only relieved by death.

Sir Robert Peel, though for many years enjoying a greater celebrity and reputation than any man in the United Kingdom, was himself of humble origin. His father was a manufacturer of cotton goods, who had amassed an immense fortune, and becoming ambitious of founding a family as well as proud of the early promise of his son, procured for him a seat in Parliament. Here the talents of Mr. Peel and the advantage his father's immense wealth gave him, rendered him at once of decided influence. At the opening of the session in 1810, he was chosen to second the address in reply to the Royal Speech. He was afterwards appointed Under Secretary of state during the administration of Mr. Percival. The assassination of that minister leading to a dissolution of the cabinet, Mr. Peel was appointed Chief Secretary for Ireland. He was then (in May, 1812,) only twenty-six years of age, but he held this difficult and important office through a period of great excitement till 1818. Being elected the representative in Parliament of the University of Oxford, he resigned his office in the cabinet and continued to serve as a member of Parliament, unattached. The part he had taken against Catholic Emancipation recommended him to the Electors of Oxford University; but on a change in his opinions on this question in 1828, he was rejected. In 1819, Mr. Peel was appointed Chairman of the Committee appointed to inquire into the state of the Bank of England. Heretofore, a strong advocate of the system of irredeemable paper-money which the policy and the necessities of Pitt had fastened on the nation, so complete was the change in his opinions caused by the evidence produced by this committee, that he brought in a bill, known afterwards as Peel's Act, requiring the Bank of England gradually to resume specie payment, and settling the currency of the country, on its present metallic basis. This measure, though necessary, produced a terrible revulsion and severe distress throughout the kingdom, and for a time Mr. Peel became the object of violent party vituperation. In 1822 he was raised to the head of the Home-office, in which position he was enabled to put into operation his views for the gradual mitigation of the Penal Code of Great Britain. He did this by a reformation, and not by a revolution, in the criminal laws of the country, and proceeded, throughout, with the advice and concurrence of technical and experienced lawyers. The measure was received by the whole country with favor, and contributed to give for a time, an unbounded popularity to the administration. On the breaking up of this cabinet by the retirement of Lord Liverpool, Mr. Peel resigned. In 1828 he returned to the Home-office, and in conjunction with the Duke of Wellington, and in face of the strenuous opposition he had always manifested towards Catholic Emancipation, repealed the disabilities of the Roman Catholics. By this trimming to the demands of political expediency, he lost in a great degree the confidence of the people in his integrity of purpose. The measure was just and necessary, and his change of opinion was in this case undoubtedly sincere, but frequent vacillations, such as marked the whole of Mr. Peel's career, always attach a shade of suspicion to the principles of public men.

About this time (1830) occurred the revolution of the *three days* in France, and the Wellington administration, with its high Tory predilections and opposition to all reform, fell before the influence it imparted to the rising democratic spirit in Great Britain. In 1832, under the administration of Lord Grey, the Reform Bill passed. The popular impulse grew with each concession, and the Cabinet, wishing to resort to the old system of coercion to put down the discontents in Ireland, met with such opposition from the new House of Commons, that it resigned. The next administration also fell, and Sir Robert Peel, who

had fallen heir to the immense estate of his father, and was at that moment in Italy, was called home to take the helm of state at a time when strong hands had shown themselves unequal to the task. But after an ineffectual struggle of three months, he was forced again to yield the seals of office. In 1841 he again went into office, and in 1845 he accomplished the repeal of the Corn Laws.

In the character of this statesman, we find less of originality and extended views than of political tact and a practical readiness for all circumstances and emergencies. Rendered independent by his great wealth of popular caprice or party tyranny, he was ready to brave temporary disfavor with the people for what he conceived to be their ultimate good. His position as the head of the manufacturing interest, carried him into power, as that interest slowly but surely gained a preponderating influence in the country. At the time of his death, no man in the country enjoyed a greater degree of the confidence of his countrymen than Sir R. Peel. There was no very great degree of enthusiasm, perhaps, but a steady reliance on his skill and shrewdness, gained by nearly half a century's experience, in arresting political storms, and in distinguishing between the impotent raging of faction and the resolute demands of a rising and powerful opinion.

There has been a sanguinary battle between the Danish troops and those of the Duchies of Schleswig-Holstein. The Danish army numbered upwards of 38,000 men, whilst that of the Holsteiners was only 28,000. The loss on both sides is very great. Some estimates make the whole number killed and wounded nearly 8,000. The victors must have suffered severely, since they were contented to remain in possession of the field of battle, without following up their advantage. The retreat of the Schleswig-Holsteiners was made in good order. They are again upwards of 26,000 strong, and are recruiting their ranks with the utmost energy. Much enthusiasm prevails throughout Germany for their cause.

The contending armies remain encamped close to each other, without any hostile movement except an exchange of shots at intervals between the outposts. Since the retreat of the Holstein army within the territory of Holstein proper, the head-quarters of General Willisen have been fixed in the fortified town of Rendsburg. The Danes are throwing up field-works at different points around the town of Schleswig to guard it against attack; but neither side from present appearances, contemplates an immediate renewal of hostilities. From a deficiency of officers in the Holstein army, the Government has invited all such throughout Germany to enter their ranks. From the enthusiasm felt for the cause of the Duchies, officers have since arrived in greater numbers than are requisite. Hanoverian troops, by connivance probably of the Government of Hanover, have been noticed among the Holsteiners. The Danish Minister of War has issued a notice that such officers and privates will not be considered as under the protection of the law of nations, and are not entitled to receive the treatment of prisoners of war. General Willisen, in return, declares that he will hold the five hundred Danish prisoners responsible for whatever may happen to those of the Schleswig Holstein party.

Our Chargé d'Affaires in Portugal, Mr. Clay, has demanded his passports, and left Lisbon. The cause is, the refusal of the Portuguese Government to pay all the claims pressed by the American Chargé. These claims amount to about $300,000, all of which they have finally acknowledged, with the exception of $90,000, the sum demanded for the destruction of the privateer General Armstrong by a British cruiser in the neutral port of Fayal, during the last war. At the time, Portugal remonstrated warmly with Great Britain for the violation of its neutrality. She now asserts that this remonstrance was in consequence of misinformation, and that the privateer commenced the conflict by first firing on the boats of the frigate. She offers to leave this portion of the claim to the arbitration of a maritime power of the second rank, equally interested with herself in maintaining the rights of neutrals. This, Mr. Clay has, in consequence of his instructions, refused.

In the midst of the abuse lavished on this country by English and Continental journals on account of the piratical expedition against Cuba, and which this government could no more prevent than *they* can the more quiet invasions by their own burglars of our bank-vaults and dwelling houses, it should be borne in mind that Spain herself, in the face of good faith and treaties and humanity, feeds the prosperity of her favorite island by conniving at the introduction of African slaves. If the spirit of adventure among our citizens which has filled up our Western wilds, and is now peopling the shores of the Pacific, sometimes breaks into the comity and law of nations, we still have little sympathy for any power that puts herself under the ban of all nations, by encouraging this horrible traffic. On the very night when Lopez was driven off the shores of Cuba, upwards of one thousand slaves were landed upon the island. It is stated that during the government of the present Captain-General, the importation of negroes has been carried to the highest pitch. It is well known that Cuba is indebted in great part for her

flourishing condition to the cheapness of this imported slave-labor.

Louis Napoleon has commenced his "progress" through France. His proposed course was first to Lyons, and thence to return to Paris by Strasburgh and Metz.

General Lamoriciere has gone to Switzerland, for the object, it is said, of an interview with General Cavaignac. General Lamoriciere is said to be the bearer of an important document, signed by many of the principal leaders of the Republican party, acknowledging General Cavaignac as their political leader, and pledging him their warmest support should he offer himself as a candidate for the Presidency of the Republic.

The Committee appointed to investigate the demand made by the Minister of War for an extraordinary credit of 13,000,000 f., of which a portion was intended to meet the expenses of the proposed camp at Versailles, have reported against the measure (General Oudinot, who was chairman, taking the most prominent part in opposing the demand). The Government have, consequently, renounced the intention of forming the camp, and has thus got rid of the probable defeat of the ministry and the threatened differences between the President of the Republic and the Assembly.

Paris has been visited by a terrible thunderstorm, attended by torrents of rain. In some places the water was four feet deep. Shops and cellars were inundated. The carriage-horses were up to their shoulders. Coaches plied in the Boulevard Montmartre to convey persons across for one sou.

Parallel with the slavery agitation on this side of the Atlantic, runs the discussion in Great Britain of the expediency of maintaining an African squadron for the extermination of the slave-trade. While most men on this continent feel, and feel deeply, that the legislation of to-day is not for ourselves alone, nor for a single generation, but for nations yet unborn,—that kingdoms, surpassing in extent and power any that the world has yet known, may receive from the acts of this year and even this month their fruitful germs of good or evil, full of interest is the fact, that in the English Parliament are debates equally as portentous for futurity as those in Congress. Thus coincidently, these are no longer questions of caste, nor of dominant and subject races,—they remain no longer with those that look at these institutions gloomily but charitably, a calculation of relative good or ill, and with those that view them partially but reasonably, as of doubtful ability to withstand the democratic and republican march of the age; but they become an ethnical problem of the most terrible import. Shall Europe or shall Africa be engrafted on this new world? Shall the white race, raised through centuries of turbulence and struggling and convulsion to its present pitch of civilization, be lifted on these shores to a height that even incredulity cannot but hope for, or shall Africa pour over her dusky millions to give us in the Southern continent a black America as we now have a black Hayti? with its unutterable vice, its baboon Emperors, and the green stagnation of its human life? Nor is this the end of it. Such a future gives, in the Western as has always been seen in the Eastern Indies, the picture of a feeble race of men, inert from nature, and weak from barbarism, and with the inevitable wealth that a wealth-producing soil and climate must create, to suffer beneath successive irruptions of northern conquerors.

To elucidate the vast importance of the legislation that is now going on concerning these subjects, we give in a condensed form, an article from the Edinburgh Review of July last.

Report on the Slave Trade from Lords and Commons. 1848–49.

Although the Committees of the Lords and Commons came to opposite conclusions on this subject, it should not be overlooked that whilst the Lords were unanimous, all the principal resolutions in the Commons condemnatory of the African squadron, were carried only by the casting vote of the Chairman. The balance of opinion is consequently decisive, and is adverse to the abandonment of our measures of repression. The unequivocal vote, too, of the present session, and the confidence with which the Cabinet have staked their political existence in support of the same opinion, speak still more positively.

It has been argued that England can ill afford to spend one farthing in support of measures, however philanthropical, which do not immediately affect her own people. This argument only makes it the more necessary to point out that our warfare against the slave trade is justifiable on the score of economy as well as philanthropy.

No one at all familiar with the subject will pretend that Brazil, the chief slave market, can be as effectually restrained by treaties or by moral influence as by the vigilance of the African squadron. The Brazilian Government is utterly powerless for this purpose. To pretend the contrary would be to add the scandal of hypocrisy to our other scandals.

From first to last, the history of the case has been misrepresented. By many the expenses of the squadron have been greatly exaggerated. Others persist, in spite of the clearest evidence, in considering the coast of Africa as the grave of our officers and seamen. Another objection is, that but little good has been effected, in spite of the immense outlay, and

the length of time through which it has been continued. A review of the real facts of the case will show, that though Sir W. Dobbin's Act was passed in 1788, the British slave trade was not abolished till 1807. But even after the Abolition Act, from 1807 to 1815, we continued inactive; and when at last we put forth our strength, our first measures were unsuccessful from inexperience. Five or six ships, ill-selected and unsuited for the duty, were ordered to cruise off the African coast for the suppression of the slave trade. Till 1824, the smaller vessels were all removed from their stations during several months of the year, to avoid the rainy season. Moreover, our treaties with foreign powers restricted all our operations; one flag or another was never wanting, under which the slaver could carry on his deadly calling; and it was not till 1839 that the last obstacle of this kind, the protection of the Portuguese flag, was swept away. In that year, the strength of the squadron was not only greatly increased, (the armament being raised from 700 strong to 3,000,) but its efficiency was enhanced in a great degree by the treaty obligations which other countries had contracted with us. Our success at that time promised to be complete. Since then, various causes have concurred to check it,—the doubts suggested, during Lord Aberdeen's administration, as to our legal powers, and the alteration of the duties on sugar in 1842, and still more in 1846. We thus find that instead of the experiment of forcible repression having had a trial of a quarter of a century, it should be considered as confined within the limited period of seven or eight years. During these years, we unhesitatingly affirm its success to have surpassed the expectation of the most sanguine.

Equally great with the misrepresentation of the duration of the experiment, has been the exaggeration of its cost. Instead of the round sum of one million of pounds, at which the expense is so often stated, a careful estimate taken from the records of the Admiralty Office and comprising the expense of the wages of crews, wear and tear of hulls, masts, &c., wear and tear of machinery of steam vessels, value of coals, &c., show an aggregate charge for one year (1846) of £301,623. Allowing £200,000 more for incidental expenses, including the charge of the Mixed Commission Courts, which cost about £25,000 per annum, yet even thus we have only one half of the amount usually stated as the annual cost of the squadron. And with regard to its unhealthiness, European skill and care have rendered the African station as healthy as the rest of our naval stations in the tropics. The second Resolution of the Lords affirms, 'That all the evidence goes to prove that the prevalent impression as to the general uuhealthiness of the cruising squadron is without foundation.'

The argument pertinaciously advanced against the maintenance of the African Squadron declares that it entails an immense cost on the nation without any result—the slave-trade still raging as before. We submit to the reader a brief investigation, producing the following conclusions :—

I. The squadron has not been a failure in as much as it has materially diminished both slavery and the slave-trade. Without this restriction, these evils would enormously increase, and prove most disastrous to the human race, both in Africa and in Cuba and Brazil; condemning Africa to ruin and devastation, and filling Cuba and Brazil with a greatly augmented slave population, more cruelly treated than at present; while the horrors of the Middle Passage would continue as fearful as ever, with thousands of additional victims.

II. The cost of our naval armament is not more than these great objects are worth, even in a pecuniary point of view, for the expense, as we have seen, is not more than half of what it is usually represented; whilst, were the squadron withdrawn, England would suffer from the destruction of her legitimate commerce with Africa, and from the total ruin of her West Indian Colonies.

First then as to the question whether the slave-trave would not largely increase if our vessels were withdrawn?

The best answer to this question is to point to the extraordinary profits of the successful slave dealer. The price of a full-grown male slave, in Cuba, at the present time, is £100, and has been £125; while in Africa he would have cost from £10 to £20,—the cost of transit being from £3 to £4 more. In Brazil the price is generally lower than in Cuba; but a cargo which in Africa is worth £5,000, in Brazil will fetch £25,000, making 500 per cent. profit. Now whence this difference between the first and last cost? Clearly, it marks the intensity of the demand and the degree of difficulty and prevention accomplished by the squadron. It is the scale of the efficiency of the suppression system. It is because there are many instances of failure in the trade, to set off against one of success. Should this pressure be removed, it is obvious that the price would fall to its natural level. Assuming this to be one-third of its present rate, the demand would be almost unlimited. The gulf opened for this absorption of human victims would widen year by year.

On sugar plantations the rapid consumption of human life keeps up a steady yearly demand. In the English West Indies, the slave population, amounting in 1818 to 558,000, was diminished in twelve years by

INDEX.

A.

Angling (Review, P. P.) 32.
Arctic Regions, Map of, 571.
Aspects of Nature, by Alexander Van Humboldt, (Review of,) Deserts. Their division into the Desert proper or Sahara; the Leanos or plains on the eastern coast of South America, which are half the year devoid of vegetation; the Steppe, furnishing subsistence throughout the year for pastoral tribes, and the Copse, or barren, shrubby wastes of the North of Europe; the physiognomy of Plants, as an indication of those natural features that direct the civilization of races; volcanoes, 143.

B.

Bremer, Miss, at Home, 423.
British encroachments and aggressions in Central America; commercial importance of Bay of Fonseca; Island of Tigre; seizure by the British of the Port of San Juan de Nicaragua; effect of relative geographical position of Great Britain and the United States on Asiatic commerce; advantage to the United States of ship canal by route of Lake Nicaragua; Buccaneers originators of English intercourse with these regions; character of the natives; difficulties between Spain and Great Britain respecting this territory; final relinquishment of all claim by British government; revival of British attempts on decline of Spanish power; grants from the Mosquito king to Jamaica traders; revocation of grants; seizure of the port of San Juan by the British; war on Nicaragua; British exhibit of the Mosquito question; letter of Lord Palmerston; refutation, 188, 335.
Browning's Poems, (Review,) 388.

C.

Cabriolet by Ik. Marvel, 162.
Clay, Mr., speech of, (Review); policy of the nation in regard to slavery and its extension; suppression of slavery in all territories of the United States by act of central government; expediency discussed; special message and scheme of President Taylor; advice of the President to New Mexico to form State government; recommends early admission of California; Boundary question between New Mexico and Texas to be brought before Supreme Court and settled on international principles; resolutions offered by Mr. Clay; power of Congress to legislate for territories undeniable but inexpedient; proposition of Mr. Clay respecting boundary and debts of Texas; abolition of slavery in District of Columbia; slave trade in the District; rendition of fugitive slaves; slave traffic between the States; compromise line between slave and free territory; such line illusory; slave or white labor cannot be forced where they have not their proper conditions; balance of power; dissolution of the Union; disastrous consequences, 219.
Cooper, J. Fenimore, Works of (Review by G. W. P.) 406.
Cuba (Review) "Cuba and the Cubans, by the author of Letters from Cuba;" geographical and commercial importance of Cuba; revolutions in that island; horrible political persecutions; descriptions of plantations, their beauty and luxuriance; indolence and luxury of the Cubans; women of Cuba, their early beauty; religion; statistics of education; importance of Cuba as a possession to England or to the United States, 512.

D.

Democracy in France, by M. Guizot (Review, by O.); sources of imperfection of human judgment; the evil of the times imputed by M. Guizot to its idolatry of democracy; government in a democracy; radical theories; democracy a government of induction, from the experience of numbers as recorded by their suffrage; aristocracy a

government of syllogism, from the partial experience of a few; right to government, where resting—democratic republic; its origin; essential elements of society in France, viz: the family, property and labor; political elements of society in France, viz: the legitimists, the bourgeoisie, the socialists; condition of permanent government: M. Guizot's standard is the empirical example of England, not the inductions of general history, nor the laws of social science; moral conditions of social quiet in France, viz: the family spirit, the political spirit, and the religious spirit, 1.

Dana, Richard H., poems and prose writings of, (Review, G. W. P.) 66.

Duel without seconds, a daguerreotype from the State House of Arkansas, 418.

E.

Everstone, by the author of Anderport records, 77, 168, 269, 369, 497, 603.

F.

Franklin, Sir John, and the Arctic expeditions; Scoresby's voyages; Ross's voyage; Buchan's voyage; voyages of Parry; Lyon's, Clavering's and Sabine's voyages; Franklin's second expedition; Ross's second voyage; Sir John Franklin's last expedition, 572.

J.

"Judge not lest ye be judged," 300.

K.

King, Hon. Thomas Butler, report on California, (Review); colonization in America; increase and expansion of population; necessity of extending the geographical limits of the Union; peace policy; expansive power of the republic; rapid settlement of California; abstract of Mr. King's report on that country; yield of the gold mines; cost of the California colony to the old States; advantages and disadvantages; Mr. Clay's committee of thirteen; objects of the committee; States should be admitted to the Union for other reasons than those given by the opposing factions, 443.

L.

Lynch Law, uses and abuses of, (P. P.) summary justice, its occasional necessity—Backwoodsman—conditions which give rise to Lynch Law—"Regulators" and "Moderators"—anecdotes of those associations, 459.

M.

M'lle de la Seigleire, 17—129.

Moss and Rust—Poetry, (G. M. P.) 640.

Montaigne, Michel de, works of—(Review) 47.

Macaulay's history of England, (Review J. B. C.) 347.

O.

The Old Homstead—a poem, 529.

P.

Poe, Edgar A. (Review, G. W. P.) 301.

Poetry—Moss and Rust, (G. M. P.) 640, the Old Homestead, 529—Shipwreck, a Ballad, by W. 155.

R.

Rabelais, Francois, Essay on the life and writings of,—Humor of different nations; birth, education, and early traits of Rabelais; account of his more celebrated works; Pantagreul, 487.

Read's poems or a caution to critics, 287.

Report of the secretary of the treasury, (J. D. W.)

Receipts and expenditures for the fiscal years ending July 1849 and 1850; advantages political and economical of collecting a revenue of customs; system of public debt, its advantages; existing national debt; growing expenses of the government; necessity for an efficient and economical means of increasing the revenue; proposition of Mr. Meredith; commerce; its value not always in the ratio of its profits; political economy, its fallacies; intercourse of men, social as well as economical; comparison of direct and indirect taxation; direct taxation unfavorable to agricultural interest; England circulates free-trade doctrines in this country to sustain her manufactures; all tariffs more or less protective; heavy duties most protective, and furnish largest revenue at expense of foreign capitalists; eventually their result is a better market for our cotton and food growers as well as manufactures, 113.

Republic, stability and growth of the; colonization; instability of European governments, causes of the; democracy an established form of government in America; reason of its stability; the three dimensions of power in a State, internal solidity, durability, and extent; the aim of statesmanship to augment these; extension of the State; colonial systems, that of America the most effectual; colonization by the Greeks; Egyptians, Phœnicians, Romans; Russian, Dutch, Spanish, French and English colonization; defects of English colonial policy; the thirteen American colonies; origin of the Union; colonial policy of the United States should be calculated to promote the peaceful enlargement and confirm the internal strength of the Empire; the war faction; necessity of adopting a settled policy to avert the evils of war, 556.

Reviews.—Aspects of Nature, by Alexander Von Humboldt, 143; Browning's Poems, 388; Cuba and the Cubans, 512; Dana's Poems and Prose writings, 66; Michel de Montaigne, 47; Macaulay's History of England, 347; Poe's Works, 301; Read's Poems, 287; Sidonia, 400, Shirley, Jane Eyre and Wuthering Heights, 230; Rabelais, 487; Works of J. Fenimore Cooper, 406.

S.

Shipwreck, a Ballad, (by W.,) 155.

Southern Views of Emancipation and the slave trade. Introductory remarks; Northern and

Southern extremes no index of state of feeling in the country at large; views of both sections should be fairly stated and discussed; "Slavery and the slave trade in the District of Columbia," by a Mississippian; "Letter on Slavery as a domestic institution," by a Virginian, 331.
Shirley, Jane Eyre, and Wuthering Heights, (Review by T. C. C.), 230.
Sidonia, (Review), 400.
Spain, her ways, her women, and her wines, 292.
St. Pierre's Story, 55.
Seward, Hon. William H., Ex-Governor and U. S. Senator of the State of New York, biography of; early history; 1828, Mr. Seward joins the whig party; chosen President of Young Men's State Convention at Utica; 1830, elected Senator from the 7th district; advocates the cause of internal improvement and universal education; opposes removal of deposits of public moneys from United States Bank; nominated for Governor; whig cause unsuccessful, and Mr. Seward retires to his professional avocations; 1837, Mr. Seward elected Governor of the State of New York; extracts from his first annual message; "anti-rent" agitation; controversy between New York and Virginia respecting fugitives from justice; re-elected Governor; advocates internal improvements, law reform, land distribution, educational progress and a diminution of expenses of naturalization; declines a third nomination; resumes professional pursuits; case of Freeman the murderer; Mr. Seward checks lynch law, and popular prejudice; during contests of 1848 addresses whigs of Ohio and Pennsylvania; extracts from speeches; February, 1849, elected Senator of United States; extracts from celebrated speech in the United States Senate, of March 11th, 1850, on the admission of California in connection with the slavery question, 622.

W.

Western Prairies; their beauty and characteristics; Western people, (T. C. C.), 423.
Whitney's Pacific Rail Road; Letter of Mr. Whitney to the Editors of the London Times, 641.

Y.

Yeadon, Hon. Richard, memoir of; Mr. Yeadon's family and education; becomes editor of the Charleston, (S. C.) Courier; his services in the legislature, in various public stations in South Carolina, 477.

THE

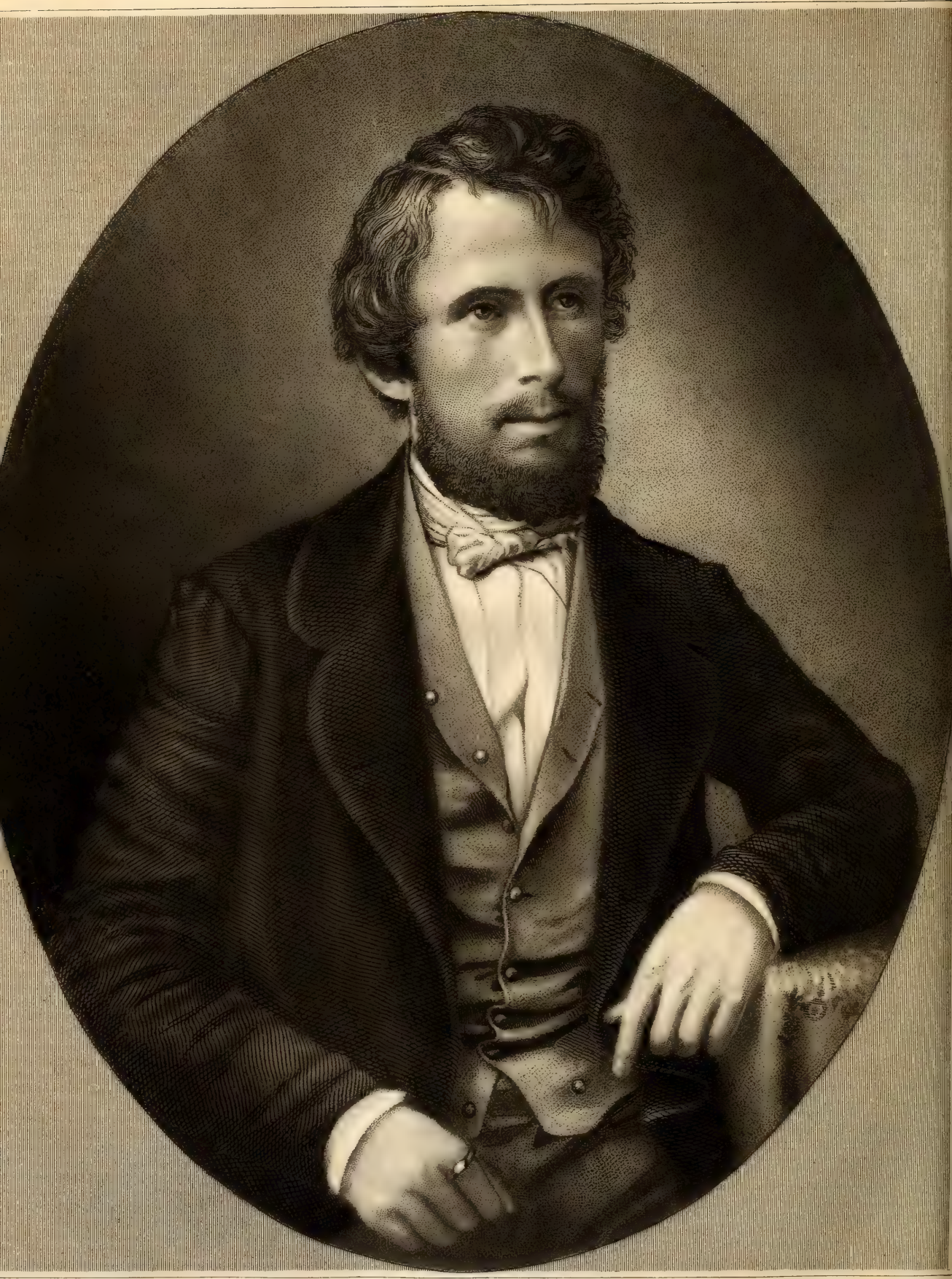
AMERICAN

WHIG REVIEW.

"TO STAND BY THE CONSTITUTION."

NEW SERIES, VOL. VI.—WHOLE VOL. XII.

NEW-YORK:
PUBLISHED AT 118 NASSAU STREET.
1850.



Mezz. by F.M. Wheeler from a Photograph by Mad. Wherner
for the Am. Whig Review

E. Geo. Squier

THE

AMERICAN WHIG REVIEW,

No. XXXIV.

FOR OCTOBER, 1850.

THE SPANISH AMERICAN REPUBLICS,

AND THE CAUSES OF THEIR FAILURE.

CENTRAL AMERICA.

The Spanish American Republics, since their independence, have exhibited a spectacle full of sorrow to the friends of free institutions throughout the world. Their general history has been one of anarchy and blood, with scarcely a page from which we do not turn in horror and disgust. The partisan struggles which, in our own country come and go like a summer storm, agitating the public mind for an instant, but leaving it all the quieter when past, have been marked in these Republics by a spirit of fierce intolerance, which can only be born of the deadliest antagonism, and of which few among us can form any adequate conception.

The first effort of a triumphant party is not only to crush but exterminate its opponent; and it hesitates not in adopting the extreme measures of confiscation, exile, and death, in the attainment of its objects.

So long as it wields the power, it is absolute, tyrannical, despotic. He who entertains principles or opinions counter to the dominant faction, must guard his words and actions, under peril to property and life.

The consequences are plain and inevitable; hate, distrust, intrigue, revolution. The gall which flows in harmless, inky torrents through an untrammelled press, and the energy which exhausts itself on the stump, or dies away in idle reverberations in the domes of our legislative halls, here rankles in the heart of the man who feels himself the victim of proscription and oppression, and nerves him for deeds which would chill the blood of our bitterest partisan, after the depletion of a newspaper article or an hour's harangue; and the skill in combination and arrangement, which with us is devoted to no worse purpose than that of packing conventions, dictating the decrees of a caucus, and canvassing a city, finds scope and verge enough in deep-laid, perilous plots against the existing order of things—for whatever the tendency of that order, it wears the garb of wrong.

This intolerance precludes the existence of parties, as we understand them,—the safe-guards of every free commonwealth, and necessary to its healthful existence. Precluded from a free expression of opinions, and shut off from legitimate action, every opposition is driven to move in secret conclave, and its measures bear the form, if they do not conceal the spirit of treason. Discovery is persecution, perhaps death; and scarce a possibility of relief or change is offered, except through that last and most dangerous resort, Revolution.

It is easy to conceive how a system of

detestable espionage on one hand, and a scarcely less detestable system of intrigue on the other, would spring up under such a condition of things. The man of the opposition, however laudable his objects or pure his motives, is of necessity a conspirator ; and every conspirator, is by equal necessity, a prey to suspicion, which, in its turn, where the perils are so great, under some real or fancied necessity, leads to treachery, and entails a long series of bloody revenges.

The disastrous results of these conditions, are not only felt in the general political system, but in every part of the social and civil body. Law, that sacred intangibility, which next to God, merits and should receive the respect and obedince of men, here loses its divinity, and confounded with the tyranny and the worst passions and impulses of the men who should be its impartial ministers, but who wield its terrors for the vilest of purposes, is despised and contemned. That religious deference from which it derives its majesty and force, and without which it degenerates into a pretext, is utterly destroyed ; and society is resolved into a chaos of conflicting elements, where might lords it over right, where life nor property is safe, and where neither honor, virtue nor wisdom can long survive.

It will, no doubt, be conceded, indeed it is evident, that the demoralization of the Spanish American Republics, is the proximate cause of the intolerance which we have pointed out. But whence has this demoralization resulted ? The Spanish character is not deficient in the nobler attributes of humanity ; the Spanish people are not less susceptible to lofty impulses than our own, and are perhaps more theoretically, if less practically comprehensive, than we are. There is not in their individual nor in their collective character anything which renders them incapable of exercising the rights, or enjoying rationally the benefits, of self-government. And those of our people who complacently ascribe the general failure of the Spanish Republics, to a radical, psychological defect of the Spanish race, commit a grievous but a very natural error. With the exception of Chili, all of them have been, thus far, undoubted failures. But it should be remembered, that the origin of these Republics was widely different from that of our own. Among all the impulses to colonization on this continent, we seek in vain for any, of that exalted character which brought our fathers hither. Among all the adventurers who flocked here, our ancestors alone had practically solved the grand problems of civil and religious freedom. Very different was the advent of the little band of self-relying, earnest men, despising and despised of kings, who silently sought a refuge in America, relying on their own right arms and their God for support, —and that of the steel-cased cavaliers, the pride and flower of Spain, impelled by ambition and avarice, sustained by the the proudest monarch of the world, enjoying the full sunshine of royal favor, followed and cheered on by the enthusiasts of a proselyting faith, inflamed by the wildest dreams of conquest, and striking for the dominion of the world !

On the one hand the world saw, taking deeper and wider root, a people jealous of their rights, securing every possible concession in their charters, resisting every encroachment on their privileges, and religiously excluding from their midst the aristocratic forms of the old world, — becoming daily more self-relying and distinct, and more imbued with the spirit, and familiar with the forms, of self-government. The blessings and privileges of freedom came to them, as the reward of long, unwearying, enlightened endeavor ; when attained, like the slowly accumulated competence of the laborer, they knew how to value and how to use them. Our revolution was the consummation of centuries of well-directed, rational effort for freedom.

In Spanish America, on the other hand, amidst the magnificence of the tropics, and the fragments of aboriginal greatness, were diffused a people, reflecting alike the splendors and the corruptions of a powerful court and of an arrogant aristocracy. The highest incentives to action were the favors of artificial and hereditary greatness, or the accumulation, by whatsoever means, of that wealth by which those favors might be purchased. The fame of those whose names fill the earlier pages of the history of this people, is that of conquerors alone. They encountered unprecedented dangers, displayed an energy unparalleled in human achievement, overturned empires, and trod with bloody steps over more than half a continent. Yet it was for the aggrandize-

ment of the crown of Castile and Leon, alone; and the iron men who executed these great deeds, prostrated themselves before the throne of their sovereign, to receive their reward in marquisates, commands, and grants of lands and mines, and powers almost arbitrary, over the conquered inhabitants of the new world.—After them followed the viceroys, emulating the kings of Europe in their regal pomp; and setting up new courts, amongst a new aristocracy, more rigorous and exacting than the old. Here, in short, were reproduced, in many of their most odious forms, the systems of monarchical Europe, followed by their entire train of corruptions in church and state. Power and wealth, from the first, rapidly concentrated in the hands of the few; and ignorance and superstition brooded with leaden wings over the minds of the many. There were no longer empires to conquer; no more Montezumas and Atahualpas, upon whose humbled shoulders a new Cortez and Pizzaro might rise to renown; and the years which followed were marked by none of those startling achievements which lend a lustre to wrong, and throw a glory over crime, blinding us to its enormity, and almost reconciling us to its contemplation. The viceroyalties of Mexico, Guatemala, and Peru were no longer the prize of the brave and daring; they were filled by the arrogant minions of a court, and attained by arts which a Cortez and Alvarado would have scorned to use. A degenerate aristocracy filled the places of the conquistadors, and added the vices of effeminacy and indolence to the crimes of cruelty and oppression.

Under this order of things, nothing beyond a very qualified advance, on the part of the people, was possible. And this advance, such as it was, took place in spite of the obstacles which this very order of things interposed. But it was not sufficiently great to lead to a comprehension of what constituted the primary and essential elements of civil freedom. Truly Republican Institutions are the loftiest developments of human wisdom; and their existence presupposes, not only a general diffusion of, but high attainment in knowledge, amongst the people at large. Their permanence depends upon the general intelligence and morality. In the Spanish American colonies, it is obvious, such an advance was impossible. They did not even keep pace with the meliorations and improvements, which the lapse of time was slowly but surely bringing about in Europe, and which even Spain herself could not resist. These colonies were borne down and restrained, not only by the weight of an irresponsible local government, imperial except in name; but by that of a decaying and exacting empire on another continent, which forced the life's blood from their veins to sustain its own languid existence,—a double curse, which those colonies most deeply felt, but which they knew not how to remedy. The sense of wrong was keen amongst their people, but their ideas of redress were vague and indefinite; rather the offspring of the instincts of self-preservation and revenge, than the suggestions of reason and experience.

In due course of events, by a series of regular progressions, came on our own revolution,—a struggle for objects clearly defined and well understood. It was successful, and the proximate cause of that great civil and moral convulsion, which burst the ligatures that priestcraft and kingcraft had been binding, fold on fold, for a thousand years, on the passive limbs of Europe, and which we call the French Revolution. Events like these, in spite of viceroys, and edicts of suppression, and the whole machinery of despotism, could not be kept unknown to the world. The Indian brooding over his wrongs in the deep valleys of the Andes, or delving in mines of El Paso in Peru; the Creole on the narrow slopes of Chili, or the higher plains of Mexico, and around the volcanos and broad lakes of Central America, heard the distant tread of revolutions,—and his heart leapt, his eye kindled, and his muscles tightened as he heard. The leaven sank deep in the Spanish American Colonies, and thoughts of change, and high aspirations for the future, too often blackened by envy and hate, and not always unmingled with the wild longings for retribution and revenge, thenceforth filled the minds of their people.—Continental Spain early felt the shock of the Revolution in France; hoary with abuses, and blackened with corruption, yet glorious in recollections, the crumbling fabric of her greatness fell, never to arise

again. Her mission of conquest and propogandism was ended, and all that was, or is, or will be left of her, is her Great Past! Yet in her fall, the colonies, like the ivy around the old tower which the earthquake has prostrated, still clung to the ruins. The power of the viceroys was fresh and strong, while that of the King was weak. They still cherished their allegiance for the throne of Ferdinand and Isabella, although profaned by a Bonaparte, and surrounded by foreign bayonets; and exhibited to the world the singular spectacle of an empire vigorous at the extremities while dead at the heart. There was something admirable in the devotion with which they clung to their traditions. Even the colonists themselves forgot for a moment their grievances and wrongs in recollection of their past glories and greatness, and in contemplation of the land of their fathers, the dominions of the Great Charles, prostrate and powerless at the feet of France. Spain, harsh, exacting, cruel, was still their mother country; and so far as patrotism consists in simple love of country, the Spaniard and his descendant is always a patriot. The Creole girl, though centuries intervene, and her ancestral blood has been fed from a hundred diverse springs, still cherishes with pride the lute like liquid pronunciation of her Andalusian ancestors; or in indignant reply to an unacceptable proposal, with the brow of a Catherine, and the lip of a queen, ejaculates, "*Soy una Catalina!*" I am a Cataline girl!

With the restoration in Spain, the feeling of patriotic sympathy among the Spanish colonists died away, and they felt, in the still unrelenting rule of tbe viceroys, that the reforms which that restoration had brought about in Europe, were not for them. The viceroys, on the other hand, with the colonial aristocracy, and the priesthood — themselves, in their almost unlimited power and great wealth, constituting a most formidably ecclesiastical oligarchy, — saw with alarm the progress of these very reforms. The representative principle had been introduced in Spain; the power of the monarch, hitherto practically absolute, had been limited; the aristocracy reformed; the clergy shorn of its undue privileges; primogeniture abolished; and the great principle of "*Igualidad ante la Ley*," Equality before the Law, boldly promulgated. They feared the spread of the spirit of liberalism which had worked these marvelous changes at home. Nor were their fears unfounded. In spite of distance, in spite of ages of depression, although ignorance and superstition held almost absolute sway in the Spanish colonies, rays of the new light reached America, and men were found who began to talk boldly of human rights, and to hint at their future recognition. The voice of Freedom, grateful to the rudest ear, had its thousands of listeners. It fell upon the depressed people like strains of music upon the savage, in a whirl of exciting and pleasurable emotions. Vague hopes of an unknown future, shone out upon the clouds which enveloped the present. The more enlightened enthusiasts dreamed of a Utopia about to be realized; the Creole, of a new order of things, in which he should stand equal with the highest; the Indian of the return of those traditional glorious days, when the democracy of Tlascalla, like that of Sparta, had its simple but severe laws, wisely adapted to its own wants and condition, and when their fathers wore no hated foreign yoke; but few, if any, entertained any clear idea of what constituted true Republicanism, or comprehended the process by which its enjoyment might be attained and secured. The best, not to say the wisest among them, like the revolutionists of France, fell into the error of supposing that a people weary of tyranny, and enthusiastic for freedom, were of necessity able to comprehend its requirements, and fulfil its conditions, while they enjoyed its latitudes. Republics are of slow growth; they are, to a certain extent, the results of that high development of humanity which they are, in turn, adapted to perfect. While then the more abstract truths of Republicanism were promulgated with eloquence and force, the means for the attainment of rational freedom were lost sight of, or but imperfectly recognized. Separation from Spain was the first grand practical object kept in view; this accomplished, it was deemed all else would follow.

It has been a subject of remark, with many perhaps of suspense, that the dismemberment of the Spanish empire, and the independence of its American colonies, were so easily accomplished. That it was, in great

part, due to the weakness of the mother country, is indisputable. But there were other causes favoring that result, to which we shall briefly allude.

The aristocratic portion of the Spanish American population, by which is meant not only those who held places or derived importance from their connection with the government, but those, also, whose principles where monarchial and exclusive in their tendency, including the vast body of the richly endowed priesthood, were not only astonished at the spread of liberal principles at home, but feared that the sweeping reforms there effected would extend to America, and reach their own body. They trembled for their prescriptions and privileges. But self-confident and presumptuous, claiming to possess the education, and most certainly possessing the wealth of the colonies and the power which it confers, they saw with less alarm the development and promulgation of liberal ideas in America. And when the cry of "*Separation from Spain*" was raised, they caught it from the lips of the liberals, and made it almost unanimous. In this separation they saw not only their present security, but the perpetuation of their cherished powers and privileges. The viceroy hoped from the reflex and representative of an emperor to become himself a king, to shine with original not borrowed lustre; and the aristocracy to rise from a colonial dependency to a national rank and independence. They looked forward to the establishment of a political and priestly oligarchy, which should dominate over the ignorant masses, with more than their present powers and distinctions. Thus the absolutism, the old intolerances, the prejudices, and corruptions of Spain, born of priestcraft and tyranny, took refuge in America, and made their final stand against the progress of liberal sentiments. The heterogeneous union thus effected, for the accomplishment of the single object of separation from Spain, was successful. Except in Mexico, and some of the seaport strongholds of South America, this result was achieved with scarce a struggle. Spain confided in her colonial officers to maintain the integrity of the empire; and when these failed her, she knew too well her own weakness to prolong a contest which our own revolution had shown her must be hopeless. Nowhere was the separation effected with greater unanimity, and more easily, than in Central America, and to that country do we more particularly refer, in the paragraphs which follow.

But no sooner was the separation effected, hardly had the mutual congratulations upon that result been exchanged, when the people called, in a voice of thunder for absolute independence, on the basis, so far as they could comprehend it, of the great Republic of the North.

And now commenced that deadly, uncompromising struggle between the two grand antagonistic principles which we have indicated; represented, on one side, by a rich and powerful aristocracy, and a jealous and beneficed clergy, and on the other by the people, sensible of their abstract rights, rich only in their devotion, but enthusiastically attached to what they understood to be Liberty and Republicanism; between, in short, what in Mexico and Central America, have been called the *Serviles* and *Liberals*; names which we shall henceforth use in this article for the sake of easy distinction. From a struggle for supremacy, it is easy to perceive, how this contest became one of extermination; for there can be no compromise, no fusion, between principles so implacably hostile as those which now divided the Spanish American colonies. Hence has resulted, in great part, that fierce intolerence which we pointed out and deplored at the commencement of this article; and hence that series of revolutions and counter revolutions which have hitherto distracted the Spanish American States, and in which the great mass of our people see only the rivalship of petty chieftains, and partisan struggles for ascendency.

Our own revolution was little beyond a contest for the form of Republicanism; its substantial advantages had already been won slowly and in detail, the fruits of a series of popular advances, commencing at Runymede, where the barons broke the sceptre of absolutism, and practically triumphing under the commonwealth, when Cromwell struck down with iron glaive both King and barons. The deadly encounters between the two principles, which with us ran through a period of centuries, in the Spanish American States have been concentrated within the shorter period of years. The

revolution is still going on; the rights of man are not yet fully vindicated; the triumph of Republicanism not yet attained; the downfall of Servilism not yet complete. It is most true the efforts of the Liberals have not always been wisely directed, and that by falling into the excesses of their opponents, they have retarded and imperilled their own success. It is not less true that they had to operate more upon the feelings, and less upon the judgment of the people, than the leaders in our own emancipation; and in the frenzy of excitement, have been forced into the commission of deeds disgraceful to their cause, and which they were the first to deplore. But the odium of the bloodiest and most revolting features of the contest belongs not to them. The whole course of the Serviles has been marked by atrocity. They have shown neither tolerance, generosity, nor mercy; and have given a cast of brutality and barbarism to every struggle in which they have been engaged.

It is not within the scope of this article to go into a detail of the political history of Central America since the separation from Spain, much less of Mexico and the other States, in all of which might be traced the development and working of the principles and causes which we have pointed out. We have to deal only with generalities. It is perhaps enough, in the way of illustration, to point out the success of the Serviles in Mexico in the establishment of an ephemeral empire, under Iturbide. Their triumph however was brief, and with the fall of that short-lived empire, monarchy disappeared forever from the North American Continent.

It is not to be doubted, indeed, it is capable of proof, that the Serviles of Central America originally contemplated the establishment of an independent Kingdom or Monarchy, which should comprise the ancient Vice-Royalty, or as it was called, the Kingdom of Guatemala. But the Provisional Junta which was convoked immediately after the separation, showed a large majority of Liberals, who, in spite of the efforts of the astonished and almost paralysed Serviles proceeded to administer the oath of *absolute independence*, and to convoke a national constituent assembly which should organize the country on the basis of Republican Institutions. The Serviles were now suddenly and painfully aroused from their self-confident dreams; they found themselves in an impotent numerical minority; the people which they had despised and expected easily to control, had come boldly forward and claimed their rights. In the meeting of the National Assembly and the proclamation of the Republic, they foresaw the destruction of their cherished hopes, and the loss not only of the new privileges and powers which they had hoped to gain from the separation, but of all which they had ever possessed. Under these circumstances they witnessed with anxious envy the establishment of an empire in Mexico; and, distrusting their own strength to resist the popular will, determined to forego a portion of their hopes, to secure the realization of the rest They sought the incorporation of Central America in the Mexican Empire, and demanded the assistance of the now triumphant Serviles of that country for the accomplishment of that object. The proposition flattered the vanity of Iturbide, and titles and decorations were asked and promised in anticipation of its success. Assured of this support, they took new courage, and with desperate zeal endeavored to turn the tide of popular feeling.

The Constituent Assembly nevertheless met, pursuant to the convocation of the Provisional Junta, in Guatemala, the richest and most populous city of the country; but unfortunately, from having been the seat of the viceregal court, the only city clearly devoted to the Servile interest. It was in fact, and still is, the centre of Servilism; whence all its plans are organized, and whence all its operations are directed. The assembly, notwithstanding all the efforts of the Serviles, who with pompous promises and golden dreams of opulence and felicity under the empire, had endeavored to seduce the ignorant and mercenary portion of the people into the support of their plans, and with partial success,—the assembly, to their mortification and chagrin, showed a large majority of Liberals in its constitution. An attempt to corrupt this majority, signally failed; and then was made the first direct and open attack upon the popular party,—the initiative violence in that long series which has since distracted that devoted country, and brought it to the brink of utter ruin. The hall of the Constituent Assembly was blockaded by armed bands, and its deliber-

ations forcibly suspended. A number of the most distinguished members among the liberals, Bedoya, Maida, and others were assassinated, and by treason, violence and blood, Servilism gained its first triumph in Guatemala.

The people of Central America were scattered thinly over a wide country, and from their diffusion prevented from concentrating in support of their representatives. It was weeks after these events, while anxiously awaiting the promulgation of a Republican charter, that the unsuspecting people were startled by the proclamation of the Serviles, proposing the adhesion of the country to the Mexican Empire! Men stood aghast. Their leaders had fallen or were incarcerated in the dungeons of Guatemala; and to crown their distress, treason stalked into their own ranks. Gainza, a weak but popular man, who had presided over the Provisional Junta, seduced by the promises of the Serviles, and delirious with the prospect of a brilliant advancement in the empire, as the reward of his treachery, had joined the triumphant faction.

Stimulated by gold, confused bands of men now invaded the streets of Guatemala and the adjacent towns, invoking death on the leaders of the Liberal party, and demanding the proscription of all who adhered to them. They invaded the houses of the Liberals, and added murder to robbery and pillage. But to give an appearance of formality to the meditated outrage, a spurious convocation was made, at the head of which, with practical irony, was placed the traitor Gainza. This convocation affected to submit the question of incorporation with the Mexican empire, *not* to the people, but to the decision of the municipalities and the army! The day was fixed for the trial, too early however to permit of returns to be received from any except the immediate dependencies of Guatemala. The army, reorganized by the usurpers, and made up of their instruments, stood ready to second and enforce their wishes. Few had the courage to oppose these proceedings, and they did so at the peril of their lives; and, as was to be anticipated, by the votes of a mercenary army, and of the alarmed and trembling municipalities, fraudulently computed, it was declared that the question of aggregation to the Mexican Empire was carried; and a decree to that effect was at once issued. A force, previously solicited from Mexico, was already on its march, under the command of Gen. Filisola, to effect by foreign bayonets, the consummation of the fraud thus successfully commenced.

As we have said, these movements of the Serviles were for a considerable period scarcely known beyond the immediate vicinity of Guatemala, and were unsustained by the people at large. No sooner did the people recover from their astonishment, than they set themselves to work to oppose the attempted usurpation. San Salvador, the nearest province to Guatemala, and the centre of Liberalism, was the first to hear of the events which we have recorded, and the first to adopt measures of resistance. The oligarchists felt their insecurity, and hastily despatched a force to check the demonstrations in San Salvador. The sturdy republicans of that little province as hastily took the field, and the Servile army, notwithstanding its superior numbers, was met and beaten. For the first time the representatives of the two great antagonistic principles, which we have undertaken to define, met on the battle field—unfortunately not the last. The soil of Central America is drenched in blood, its energies almost exhausted, and the end is not yet.

The shock would have been fatal to the Serviles, and that battle might have secured their downfall for ever. But almost simultaneously with the news of their overthrow came the imperial forces of Mexico. With renewed confidence the Serviles rallied their despairing army, and the fratercides of Gautemala marched side by side with the troops of the empire, upon the victorious Liberals. Suffice it to say, after a long and bloody campaign, by fraud and force, the forces of San Salvador were broken up, and her prostration completed.

With this campaign commenced those atrocities, which, through retaliation and otherwise, have given to Central American warfare a character of savage barbarity, almost unprecedented in history. The mercenaries of Mexico acknowledged no restraint. They despised the soldiery with which they were associated, and when not in active duty, spread terror wherever they were quartered, alike amongst friends and foes. The vilest outrages, rape, robbery,

and murder, were of daily occurrence. Drunken soldiers swarmed the streets and public places of the towns and cities, and wantonly attacked and wounded, often slew, the first they encountered. The black flag of the empire was everywhere the signal of rapine, and blood and murder the synonym of "Viva el Emperador!" The public treasury was exhausted, the rich robbed, and the public charities confiscated to support the foreign and mercenary forces; and the people, no longer enjoying the protection of law, and everywhere the victims of a brutal soldiery, were driven to defend their individual rights, and to revenge themselves in detail upon their oppressors,—thus aggravating the horrors of disorder and anarchy. The public demoralization was complete; and such was the triumph of Servilism!

But that triumph was of short duration. In the midst of these events, came the startling news of the downfall of the empire of Iturbide, before the well-directed energies of the Liberals of Mexico. The forces of Filisola were at once disbanded, and the Serviles again thrown upon their own resources. Finding success in the course originally marked out impossible, they resorted to a new system of tactics. They no longer opposed the meeting of the constituent assmbly, but sought to bend it to their purposes. To this end, they exerted their utmost skill and energy. They aimed to establish a practical dictatorship, which should some day, by an easy transition, resolve itself into their cherished form of a Monarchy.

The deliberations of the Assembly terminated in the adoption of the Constitution of 1824. It was, however, contested, chapter by chapter and section by section, but vigorously and triumphantly sustained by the Liberals. The guarantees of individual rights, the representative principle, and the liberty of the press, were tacitly concurred in by the Serviles, because they feared to oppose them. But they were the first to be assailed and overthrown when the Serviles subsequently attained the ascendency. The plan of Federation contained in the new constitution met with their most determined hostility; and, looking to centralization, they as vehemently opposed the recognition of the local and internal powers, and qualified sovereignty of the several states. In this they were sustained by many of the Liberals themselves, who, thought these provisions were not adapted to the present wants of the country.

The new Constitution was, nevertheless, accepted, and the Serviles seem for a while to have abandoned their unpatriotic opposition and insane designs. The enthusiasm of the people was at its height, and to oppose it was madness. In spite of many radical defects, and of many formidable assaults, this Constitution lasted for a whole decade, and exercised a most beneficial influence upon the country; and had the people at large possessed that general intelligence which prevailed amongst our own people at the time of their independence, and which, while it gave them a clear insight into their wants and requirements, preserved them from the arts and sophistry of demagogues and designing men,—then, no doubt, it would have been reformed and perpetuated, and given peace, happiness, and prosperity to the country. "Even as it was," observes a Central American writer, "no one, whatever his prejudices, could fail to perceive the advance in the manners and customs, and the change in the spirit of the people of Central America, during the ten years of freedom of the press which this Constitution secured."

But it did not endure. With an uneducated but excitable people, unacquainted with their duties, and without a clear knowledge of their prospective or immediate requirements, on the one hand, and a large and powerful faction, deadly hostile to every form of Republicanism, on the other, it was impossible for it to stand. In vain did the enlightened leaders of the liberal party labor to sustain it. Their ancient foes sowed wide and deep the seeds of local discord, and by all possible means endeavored, but too successfully, to bring the Federal and State Governments in conflict.

The Constitution of 1824 disappeared, and darkness and anarchy again settled over Central America. Subsequent events must form the subject of another article, in which we shall trace the further course of that implacable contest between Servilism and Liberalism, the origin of which we have pointed out, and which, *aggravated by foreign intervention*, is still going on in most of the Spanish American Republics, and of which discords and revolutions are the deplorable fruits.

OUR FOREIGN RELATIONS.

MR. E. G. SQUIER, CHARGE D'AFFAIRES, CENTRAL AMERICA.

The American People have not hitherto busied themselves with the affairs of European nations. Notwithstanding their sympathy with republican reformers, and protection and favor extended to refugees and exiles, they have not, as yet, offered to interfere, or to arbitrate with authority, between nations or parties on the other side of the Atlantic. Their forbearance has been dictated by motives of prudence, for the most part. The policy of Washington was held to be a necessary and strictly prudential policy; necessary for the safety and unimpeded growth of the *young* Republic, and prudent in view of the uncertainty as to what might be the wishes and intentions of the people themselves, in other countries, where the doctrines of liberty and human right had not then, and perhaps may not for ages to come, obtain a solid footing with the multitude. The neutrality of America has been, also, carefully maintained, in order that the emigration of republicans to this country may not be impeded by any jealousy on the part of the European powers.

In return for this forbearance on our part, it has been our expectation, and demand, that the European powers should reciprocate, by abstaining from interference between ourselves and sister republics upon the northern American Continent. It has been expected and demanded, that the powers of Europe shall abstain from pushing conquests upon the northern continent. England alone has chosen to make herself an exception to the rule. For many years, by a system of alternate intrigue and violence, she has been possessing herself of the richest parts of the continent, south of Mexico.

In the Texas affair, England overshot her mark, by a too hasty recognition of that republic; a measure by which she hoped to ingratiate herself with the Texans, and promote her own schemes of conquest, but by which she justified Texas, and deprived herself of the wished for opportunity of interference. Nevertheless, by the seizure of Roatan, an island which commands the Gulf of Honduras, by her attempts upon the Island of Tigre, upon the other side, by which she hoped to become undisputed master of the Pacific coast, and by her occupation of the Mosquito country, to say nothing of the Balize, she has already made a clear manifestation of her designs; which are no less, than to master all communications between the two oceans, and finally to regulate, for her own advantage, the trade between Europe and Asia, and between the two shores of the New World. The regions of which Great Britain has already possessed herself are some of the richest in the world, and exceed in extent, the entire area of New England.

England, we are credibly informed, will not object to the purchase of Cuba by the United States! No, indeed! she is willing to concede that, if she is permitted quietly to possess herself of territories of much greater value to herself. England does not wish to purchase, or possess, Cuba; since if she did so, it would be necessary for her to liberate the Cuban slaves. That Island would thus become a bill of expense to England. But to possess territories not encumbered with a species of property, which it is the present necessity of England to destroy, whenever it falls under her power, she is sufficiently eager. The operations of England in India are too far removed to be taken cognizance of by the people of America. The favorite doctrine

of the Balance of Power is indeed fully illustrated there,—England in one scale, and the rest of the world in the other—but it is quite out of our range of vision. In America, on the contrary, we can see and understand the operation of this mighty quibble.

The natural remedy, on our part, is, of course, to adopt the same doctrine. America in one scale, and all the world in the other. While the people of America are the most industrious and peaceable, they are at the same time the most warlike and adventurous in the world. The best armies, the best officers, the largest resources, the greatest ardor and perseverance, will of course be acknowledged ours;—our land rings from end to end with martial sounds; every American is the defender of freedom and of his country, and he needs only to adopt from England her favorite doctrine of the balance of power,—the right of seizing and holding, whatever can be seized and held,—to make him the scourge and terror of the world. Americans, and Republicans generally, dislike a defensive position. It is safer to aggress than to apologize. It is better to be over jealous and regardful of one's own rights and interests, even to the degree of encroachment, than to appear, or to be, remiss and timid; and it is not a little to be wondered at, that, with all our imitations of the manners and opinions of the better class in England, we have not carried our imitation a step farther, to be consistent, and adopted her political doctrine, of conquest and balance of power. We submit it to the serious consideration of our fellow citizens, whether it might not be well for us, her humble imitators, and younger brothers, to carry our imitation of England, the model country of the world, a little further?—England is *very* successful; why should not we be *more* so? We have more men, more money, and a better position; our successes might be proportionately greater. Jesting apart, we are bound by honor, as well as by paramount interests, to stave off all attempts of a foreign and uncongenial power, to fasten upon the southern part of this continent. Were the great railroad, projected by Mr. Whitney, completed, we might suffer the insult, to be spared the trouble; but as we are situated at present, it is really alarming to see our only safe communication with California and Oregon, commanded by the forts and navies of our sole rival; and annoying indeed it is, to learn from common rumor, that an English minister at Washington not only has the assurance, (to use a mild phrase,) to warn our government against a modification of the tariff, least it might occasion "unpleasant feelings," or disagreeable sensations, we forget which, in the susceptible bosom, (pocket?) of Mr. Bull, but soon after to hear of "influences," Heaven save the mark! attempted by this very formidable plenipotentiary, to oust our American Chargé d'Affaires from the very point which he has defended, with all the patriotism and gallantry of a true American, against the aggressions of Great Britain herself.

England seems of late to have an almost ubiquitous presence in our affairs. First we hear of her in Texas, trying to effect a separation of that Republic from its natural allies. A few months after, British ships made their appearance, a little too late, at San Francisco, after the American flag had been run up. Now she is at Roatan, and has seized upon the island that commands the Gulf of Mexico, and the trade between New York and California. Rumors now come to us, that the Disunionists of the South are on very friendly terms with Great Britain, and that that very respectable power is quite favorable to their designs; nay, that Southern English proprietors have advised the separation. Soon after we hear of gentlemanly cautions to our government, against altering our tariff, and of the unpleasant feeling such a measure might excite in England, &c., &c. This is really being a great deal too busy. It excites "unpleasant feelings,"—very!

Come we now to the subject of this article, namely, to the life and conduct of a gentleman, who has been made, by circumstances and his proper duty, the representative of American rights, and of the American doctrine, in regard to foreign conquest on this continent.

The subject of this notice was born in the town of Bethlehem, Albany County, New York, on the 17th of June, 1821. He is consequently, not yet 30 years of age, but the spirit of the American people is the spirit of youth, and it is natural and becoming that the enthusiasm, the courage and the progressive spirit of the nation

should be represented by those forward and fortunate spirits to whom youth is only an advantage.

Mr. Squier is the sixth in descent from Samuel Squier, the friend and Auditor* of Oliver Cromwell, and afterward his first lieutenant. The sons of Samuel, to wit, Philip and Samuel, emigrated to America after the restoration, and settled first in Boston, but removed afterward to Connecticut. They were among the first, and the most active and influential, in resisting the aggressions of the mother country.

Philip Squier, the great grandfather of the present representative of the family, was an officer under Wolcot, in that most brilliant military enterprize of our colonial history, the capture of Lewisburgh; his son Ephraim Squier, was among the earliest and most efficient movers in the Revolution. He was the next neighbor and bosom friend of Colonel Knowlton, (who afterward fell at Harlaem heights,) and fought by his side, second in command, at Bunker's hill. Ephraim Squier and Knowlton were among the last of those sturdy patriots who defended the memorable retreat from Bunker's hill, when the rear of the American army, after expending their last shot, was slowly forced from the heights by the superior force of the British. He served also as a captain, in that devoted Connecticut regiment, which made its way through the forest of the Kennebeck, under Arnold, and emerged in the dead of winter, half naked and almost famished, before the astonished garrison of Quebec. He, too, was one of that little band which fought out the live long winter day, amid the storm of battle and the elements, against overwhelming odds, in the narrow streets of the rock-built city. That expedition was perhaps the most boldly conceived and bravely executed of any undertaken during the war, and had a great effect upon the country, and upon the enemy, by showing the spirit and resolution of the colonists.

At Saratoga, the remnant of this force again met the enemy, with better success. The Connecticut regiment moved down from the hills of Stillwater, and made that famous charge upon the British camp which turned the fortunes of the day.

Sharing in the confidence and personal friendship of Putnam, Webb, and Parsons, and entrusted by Washington with secret services of danger and responsibility, Captain Squier served out the war, and then returned to his farm; where he resumed his original and humble calling, happy in the consciousness of having discharged his duty to his country. He died in 1842, at the advanced age of ninety seven years. He was a man respected and beloved by those who knew him.

The father of our friend is, and has been for the last twenty years, a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, well known by his pious labors in the northern part of this state and of Vermont. His circumstances did not allow him to give his children an expensive education, and as is customary in such cases, his son was permitted to earn his own education, by instructing others in winter, and doing the work of a farm laborer in the summer's vacations. He thus acquired what he knows, by his own well applied industry; and has prudence and industry,—the best inheritance of his fathers,—much more to thank, than fortune.

Our friend distinguished himself, at school, by the same insight into human nature and aptitude in dealing with men,—a quality supported by courage, and a thoroughly cheerful and active temperament,—which has since been the cause of his remarkable success as a diplomatist. For an American diplomatist, who has to contend with so much dull cunning and pretentious pride, we can think of no qualities more admirable than a cheerful, and peculiarly American, self-reliance, and contempt of exterior and superficial distinctions. To this Mr. Squier adds a facile and agreeable style, in speaking and writing, well adapted for the detail of public business and for political argument. An almost intuitive talent in the mathematics and geometry were all that was needed to make our friend what he has since become, the topographer, and the political defender, of regions hitherto but little known, but which are now beginning to attract the attention and excite the cupidity of several powerful nations.

Weary of the laborious and inactive life of a teacher, Mr. Squier qualified himself for the duties of a civil engineer, but was

* See Appendix, A.

prevented by the financial disasters of 1837–8 and 9, from turning this new knowledge to account. In 1841, without money and without friends, he went to seek his fortune in the city of Albany, and there became a writer for the daily press, and wrote for the party of prison reform, in their paper, the "New York State Mechanic." He became, though not recognized as such, the virtual editor of that print: which exercised a great influence in accomplishing the objects for which it was established. The very able documents prepared by the commission of the State Mechanics' Association, with the sanction of the Executive, on the state of our prisons, were principally from the hand of Mr. Squier. From these reports the principal arguments in favor of prison reform were chiefly taken by the press. In the organization of the Mechanic Societies Mr. Squier discovered that talent by which he was afterward distinguished as a party manager, in the great election of 1844. During the whole of this time, while undergoing great responsibility and performing labors that would have destroyed any but the most active constitution, corresponding for several papers, and writing extensively for the Monthly Magazines, and even attempting to establish for himself a literary magazine, in Albany, our friend struggled with every degree of poverty and privation.

The struggle of the mechanics for prison reform proved to be successful, and the paper, having been established solely for the attainment of that object, was discontinued. Mr. Squier, being consequently without employment threw together a mass of information which he had collected, into a volume upon China. The British proceedings at Canton exciting at that time much attention, the work sold well, but, as usual, with small profit to its author.

Up to this time, although known as an inflexible whig, Mr. Squier had taken no open part in politics. Sundry spicy articles of his, for the newspapers, anonymously published, had, indeed, attracted some attention, and the secret of their authorship leaked out among the managers. This was in 1843, just previous to the great struggle of '44. Van Buren was employing the entire force of his party to secure a second nomination, and both parties prepared themselves for one of the severest political contests which this country ever witnessed.

The State elections of the Spring of 1844 were esteemed to be of vital importance, from the prestige which it was supposed their result would give to the successful party. The struggle was to be begun in Connecticut, and Van Buren had resolved to carry that little state, in order to show that the objection of *non-availability*, made against him, was unfounded; and to show, farther, that his anti-tariff letters had not weakened him in the North. From want of efficiency in the Whig organization and Whig press, in Connecticut, that State had for many years given loco-foco majorities, and the abolitionists, now become a party, had drawn around them a considerable number of conscientious Whigs. Under these circumstances, the active Whigs of Connecticut determined to redeem their State, and to strike the first victorious blow. It was absolutely necessary that a fearless and efficient press should be established. In seeking for an editor they fixed upon Mr. Squier, and invited him to Hartford; where, in the month of November, he issued the first number of the Hartford Journal, with the words, "Henry Clay, our first, last and only choice," inscribed above its columns. Mr. Squier engaged in this work with an energy and impetuosity which surpassed all expectation, and even gave offence to the timid and the moderate. The struggle on the side of the Whigs was no longer one of defence, as had been customary; the editor of the "Hartford Journal" did not understand, or would not practise, the soft arts of an apologist. The measures of the opposite party were vehemently attacked and condemned. The young men of the State were roused, and the entire State organized in Clay clubs, by the advice and under the ordering hand of the leader in that brilliant conflict. The Western custom of "stump speaking" was now introduced in New England, and during the whole winter, political meetings were held almost weekly in every township and even in every hamlet of the State. Our editor was also the original suggester of these meetings. He devoted the best hours of the day to editing his paper, and rode out nightly to

some meeting, within eight or ten miles of Hartford. A canvass of the State was made, so complete that on the night previous to the election, on the second of April, it was announced with confidence, not only that a majority would be given for the Whigs, but even the very number of that majority, within 100 votes; a result, the most perfect ever known, and absolutely surpassing in accuracy the enumeration of a census. The knowledge of this result was attained by the personal correspondence of our editor, in whose desk might be seen, on that evening, the written evidence of the result. Practical politicians will understand by what enormous labor it must have been collected. We may see, by this instance, how the qualities of men are transmitted from father to son, and what inestimable service might have been rendered by such an agent in the cause of liberty, in the time of the Revolution. During the whole of this contest, the democracy struggled with the energy of desperation. The experienced agents of Van Buren, skilled in his artful tactics, swarmed everywhere; but they were forced by the tactics of our editor into a defensive position, which in politics is, perhaps always, a disadvantageous one. Meanwhile, the journal was scattered broad-cast among the people; its press rested not night nor day; it was to be found in almost every house in the State, and is conceded to have been the most efficient instrument in that extraordinary contest.

The course of these events was closely observed by politicians, of all parts of the Union; on the final result depended all their hopes for the future. If the locofocos triumphed, and upon those broad, national, issues, which had been brought forward at the first, and upon which, by mutual consent, the campaign was to be conducted, it was conceded that the nomination and election of Van Buren were inevitable. If the Whigs succeeded, on the other hand, their success in the nation was deemed to be certain. It was, therefore, not without high hope on one side, and perturbation on the other, that the announcement was copied from the "Journal," a few days previous to the election, that "the result was no longer doubtful, and that it was now certain that the Whigs would carry the State, by a majority of at least 4,000 votes." The election showed the largest popular vote ever cast in the State of Connecticut, and confirmed the predictions of our editor.

Those whose political recollections go back to that time, will remember the wild enthusiasm with which the result in Connecticut was received by the Whigs of the Union. Nor will those who were present forget the deluge of flowers which fell upon the delegation of Whig Young Men from Connecticut, who occupied the place of honor, in the great Whig National Convention of Young Men, which met at Baltimore the May following, when they were escorted in triumph through the streets of that city.

It was universally conceded at the time, that to the system of tactics and organization which was introduced by the editor of the "Journal," and to the influence of that paper, the Whig successes in Connecticut were, in great part, attributable.

This struggle settled the question, and locofocoism, although it triumphed in the Union, was too thoroughly beaten to make much fight in Connecticut, at the Presidential election.

Early in 1845, Mr. Squier accepted an offer to become the editor of the "Scioto Gazette," published at Chillicothe, in Ohio —the former State paper, and the oldest newspaper beyond the Alleghanies. In going to Ohio, he was greatly influenced by a desire to investigate the antiquities of the Mississippi Valley, of which the accounts were as yet vague and imperfect. For this, the intervals of a weekly newspaper allowed him ample time. He then became acquainted with a gentleman who had paid some attention to the subject, and afterwards engaged with him in the systematic investigation of the monuments of the entire West. The results of these researches are now partially before the public, in the first volume of the "Contributions to Knowledge," published by the Smithsonian Institute.

In the fall of 1846, Mr. Squier was elected Clerk to the Ohio Representatives, and resigned his editorial duties. He then devoted himself wholly to scientific pursuits.

These brought him early in connection with many eminent men, of kindred tastes, both in this country and in Europe.—Among these was the late Albert Gallatin,

with whom he corresponded, and was on terms of intimacy, up to the period of Mr. Gallatin's decease. Before the publication of the great work on American Antiquities, of which he was the author, he was elected a member of many learned societies here and abroad, besides receiving the honorary degree of A. M. from the University of New Jersey. Mr. S. may take a just pride in numbering such men as Humboldt and Jomard amongst his correspondents.

Humboldt says, that, "with Dr. Morton's *Crania Americana*, the work of Mr. Squier constitutes the most valuable contribution ever made to the archeology and ethnology of America."

The Smithsonian Institute has just published the results of Mr. S.'s Exploration of the "Aboriginal Monuments of New York," and an eminent publishing house have in press a more philosophical work on the monuments and mythological systems of the aboriginal inhabitants of this continent, by the same author,—which takes a more comprehensive view of the matters of which it treats, than any work hitherto attempted.

After the election of General Taylor, and with a view to the further and more successful prosecution of archeological inquiries, his friends urged upon the President the appointment of Mr. S. as Minister to Central America,—a country fruitful in remains of the highest order of aboriginal arts. And, with a liberal comprehension of the matter, and acting upon the same enlightened policy which sent Botta to Nineveh, and Washington Irving to Spain, General Taylor made the appointment, during the first month of his administration. This was the *first* diplomatic appointment made by General Taylor. Among the gentlemen exerting themselves in behalf of Mr. Squier,—and the application was made on grounds superior to mere party considerations,—may be named Prescott, the historian of Spain; Sparks, Everett, Gallatin, Irving, Stephens, Potter, Lieber, Morton, Bradish, Butler, Trumbull, Anthony, (of R. I.,) Bebb, (of Ohio,) Lawrence, &c., &c., &c.,—"an array of supporters," says the National Intelligencer, in announcing the appointment, "as we happen to know, at once imposing and irresistable."

The *political* importance of the mission confided to Mr. Squier, has but lately become apparent to the people of the United States, and it is unnecessary, upon the present occasion, to say, what all the world knows, that Mr. Squier became the *first* defender of American interests and honor, in that part of the world, and was the first to rouse the people of the United States to a sense of the importance of maintaining the integrity and independence of the Republics of the Isthmus against the open aggressions and secret designs of Great Britain.

In the intervals of his official duties, Mr. Squier pursued his favorite investigations, with signal success. The results will, by and by, be given to the public. A number of interesting monuments have already arrived in the United States, and are deposited in the Smithsonian Institute.

A variety of articles on matters connected with these researches have appeared in the scientific journals of this country and Europe. Several papers on New Mexico, the Traditions of the Algonquins, American Ethnology, &c., including a Review of the Mosquito question, have appeared in this journal.

As a true representative of free institutions, Mr. Squier has exerted a powerful conciliatory influence upon the people of the Southern part of this continent, and the formation of the new Confederation of the States of the Centre, is due to his direct exertions.

A review of the country, its topography, and resources, together with a report on the route, and practicability, of the proposed canal, constituted one of the preliminary despatches sent by our Chargé d'Affaires to the Department of State, at Washington. It has been ordered to be printed, by Congres, and will shortly appear. We venture to call the attention of those entrusted with the delicate task of appointing men to foreign missions, to the importance of selecting those who are able and willing to collect and transmit such information; and, above all, to secure and retain the services of such as are zealous for Republican institutions, and active in promoting amicable and profitable intercourse between our own and the sister Republics of the Continent.

APPENDIX.

A.

Like Cromwell's "auditor," this revolutionary worthy was no idle adherent of the cause which he espoused. He was among the very first to improve, and carry out, that local organization, which under the form of "Committees of Public Safety," exercised so important an influence in concentrating public opinion, and in securing that concert of action, without which the revolution would have been a failure. The canvass of his own town, made by the old soldier, is still in existence, and gives the name and political bias of every person capable of bearing arms in the township. The patriots who could be entrusted with the confidential communications of the superior or Metropolitan Committees are specially noted, and not less than six graduations of patriotism are indicated before arriving at the ultimate *Tory*. The danger to be feared from the Tories, it seems, was estimated by their intellectual abilities, rather than by their position, doings, or by their activity. Thus "J. B." is marked, "able man, not active, but must be looked to." "R. M. rank but noisy—a coward, no fear of him." Only one was designated as "able, rank, and fearless," and it is worthy of remark that he was seized the very night when the resolution "to resist to the death" reached the Town Committee of Safety.

It is a singular fact, that although the colonists were, for some years before the outburst, on the verge of revolution, yet, it was not until "the blood of their brethren cried aloud to heaven," that they entirely threw off their loyalty. Thus, we find the old soldier under notice, as late as August 1774, proposing and carrying, in general "town meeting," the following preamble and resolutions, which as an interesting and instructive illustration of revolutionary times, we insert entire :—

DECLARATION.

"We, the good people of Ashford, of the County of Windham, and Colony of Connecticut, being seriously affected with the consideration of the alarming situation of the American colonies and plantations in general, and being roused by the late unconstitutional attempts on the province of Massachusetts Bay, by blocking up the harbor of Boston in particular; and considering that province as only suffering first in the cause of liberty,—(God only knows which will be next!); and being unable to conceive how any creature, although a king, can be invested with a power to destroy sacred liberty, the richest gift of a kind Creator,—

"*Voted*, That we be loyal and true subjects of his Majesty, George the 3rd., and as such, resolve to defend virtuous Liberty, the bulwark of the English constitution, and we declare, that in so doing, we do seek the preservation of his Majesty's crown and dignity, and the well-being of every true Englishman.

"*Voted*, That we heartily commiserate with our distressed brethren at Boston, and are willing to cast in our mite, to help, relieve, comfort and assist them, and to encourage them to hold out; reminding them also, that struggles for Freedom are glorious struggles!

"*Voted*,—That we will unite in the good measures that may be adopted by the General Congress to meet at Philadelphia, in September next, *and do the utmost in our power to encourage industry and our own manufactures!!*

"*Voted*,—That we do now appoint a Committee, to correspond and confer with similar Committees of the towns of this or the neighboring colonies, respecting the matters aforesaid, and to take subscriptions for the benefit of our distressed brothers of Boston, and to transmit the same to the Overseers of the outraged inhabitants of said town.

"*Voted*,—That the Town Clerk be directed to transmit a copy of the above proceedings to the Selectmen of Boston, and to the printer of the New London Gazette, directing him to print the same."

The above was passed in full meeting without a dissenting voice. The sympathy of the good people of Ashford, for their Boston brothers, was of a practical kind; and their understanding of what constitutes true independence is shown in their resolution, "to encourage industry and *their own manufactures*." The apostles of the fallacy miscalled "Free Trade" would have found few followers among the sturdy, sound-thinking, republican yeomanry of revolutionary Connecticut.

Some time ago, Thomas Carlyle published, in Frazer's Magazine, an article, entitled, "Thirty-five Unpublished Letters of Cromwell," which was reprinted in Littell's Living Age, in this country. That these letters were *genuine*, we have the testimony of the family of Mr. E. G. Squier, by whom a portion of the letters were communicated to Mr. Carlyle. "Auditor Squier," who figures largely in these letters, is the identical Samuel Squier, the ancestor of our Chargé. Mr. Carlyle, in a letter to that gentleman, remarks, in his rough, humorous, way, upon the transmission of certain qualities or the traits of the "rebel," which he detects in his corespondent.

A very specious critic in some London magazine, undertook to show that these same "Thirty-five Letters" had been palmed off upon Carlyle for a jest, and were utterly modern, and fabricated for the express purpose of gulling the English "Hero worshipper." It is highly agreeable to ourselves to be made sure of their authenticity.

To freshen the recollection of the reader, we reproduce two of the most important of these letters; for the rest, our want of space obliges us to refer the curious to the originals in Littell.

NO. XXXV.

"Cornet Auditor Squier, it would appear by my correspondent's recollections of the lost *journal*, was promoted to be lieutenant for his conduct in Naseby fight: 'he afterwards got wounded in Wales or Cornwall; place named *Turo*, I think,' — undoubtedly at Truro in Cornwall, in the ensuing autumn. Here, next spring, 1645–6, while the service is like to be lighter, he decides on quitting the army altogether.

To Lieutenant Squier at his Quarters, Tavistock: These.

3 March, 1645.

"Sir, — In reply to the Letter I got this morning—I am sorry you 'so' resolve; for I had gotten you your Commission as Captain from the Lord General, and waited only your coming to give it to you. Think twice of this. For I intended your good; as I hope you knew my mind thatwise. But so if you will, — I will not hinder you. For, thanks be given to God, I trust now all will be well for this Nation; and an enduring Peace be, to God his glory and our prosperity.

"Now there is between you and me some reckoning. Now I hope to be in London, say in three weeks, if God speed me in this matter. Call at the Speaker's, and I will pay you all your due. Pray send me a List of the Items, for guide to me [*for me to guide.*] Let me know what I owe your Brother for the Wines he got me out of Spain to my mind. — Sir, let me once more wish you 'would' think over your resolution, that I may serve you.—Your friend,

Oliver Cromwell.

"Squier, in his idle moments, has executed on this sheet a rude drawing of a pen and sword; very rude indeed; with these words: 'Ten to one the Feather beats the Iron;' that is Squier's endorsement on this last remaining letter from Oliver Cromwell; indicating a nascent purpose, on the part of Squier, to quit the army after all.

NO. III.

"*To Mr. Samuel Squier* [subsequently Cornet and Auditor Squier.]

London, 3 May, 1642.

"Dear Friend,—I heard from our good Friend W. [*Wyman?*] how zealous in the good Cause you were. We are all alive here, and sweating hard to beat those Papists: may the Lord send us His holy aid to overcome them, and the Devils who seek to do evil.

"Say to your Friends that we have made up our Demands to the control of the Navy, and Trainbands of the Counties' Militia, also all Forts and Castles; and, with God's aid, we will have them if he [*the King*] likes or dislikes. For he is more shifty every day. We must do more also, unless he does that which is right in the sight of God and man and his people.

"I shall come to Oundle, in my way down, this time; as I learn you live there a great time now. So may you prosper in all your undertakings, and may the Lord God protect and watch over you. Let them all know our mind.—From your friend,

O. C."

WHAT CONSTITUTES REAL FREEDOM OF TRADE?

CHAPTER III.

It has been shown that the system of Adam Smith looks to concentration with *local* division of labor; the artisan and the agriculturist taking their places by the side of each other. Concentration involves increase of population, the division of land, and the combined action of man. It has also been shown, that the system of the modern British school looks to the dispersion of population and the *territorial* division of labor, the people of one part of the world confining themselves to agriculture, while those of another part devote themselves chiefly to the transport and conversion of the products of agricultural labor. The machinery of conversion is thus centralized, and *centralization* and *depopulation* go always hand in hand with each other. Depopulation is accompanied, necessarily, by diminution in the number of owners and occupants of land, and diminished power of combination among men.

Both are called free-trade systems, yet they differ in every point. The corner-stone of the one is found in *the power of production*, while that of the other is found in *the necessity for trade*. To ascertain which is the real free-trade one is the object of this enquiry.

The amount of injury resulting from interference with perfect freedom is dependant upon the importance of the matter, or thing, interfered with. The prohibition to walk would be seriously inconvenient, whereas a similar prohibition of dancing would be unimportant. All men require to do the one, while to none is it necessary to do the other. All men have labor to sell, while few require to purchase nutmegs. The trade in land, whether by purchase and sale, or by arrangements for its occupation, is immense, while that in silks is comparatively small. Land and labor are the great instruments of production, while nutmegs and silks are among their products. An interference with trade in the former to the extent of one per cent. would be more injurious than one amounting to a hundred, with trade in the latter.

The system of Dr. Smith looks to freedom of trade *in the instruments of production*, while that of the modern British school limits itself to freedom of trade *in their products*, as we propose now to show. That done, it will not be difficult to determine which is the real free-trade school.

The slave does not sell his labor, nor does he choose his master. The land he cultivates is undivided. He and his fellow slaves work together in gangs, and voluntary association is unknown. He is a *creature of necessity* and as such is man universally treated by Mr. M'Culloch.

The freeman sells his labor and chooses his employer. The land he cultivates is divided from that of his neighbor man. He combines his efforts with those of his fellow-men for the accomplishment of almost every object in life. He is *a being of power* and as such is man universally regarded by Dr. Smith.

The first poor cultivator is surrounded by land unoccupied. *The more of it at his command the poorer he is.* Compelled to work alone, he is a slave to his necessities, and he can neither roll nor raise a log, with which to build himself a house. He makes himself a hole in the ground which serves in lieu of one. He cultivates the poor soil of the hills to obtain a little corn, with which to eke out the supply of food derived from snaring the game in his neighborhood. His winter's supply is deposited in another hole, liable to injury from the water which filters through the light soil into which alone he can penetrate. He is

in hourly danger of starvation. At length, however, his sons grow up. They combine their exertions with his, and now obtain something like an axe and a spade. They can sink deeper into the soil; and can cut logs, and build something like a house. They obtain more corn and more game, and they can preserve it better. The danger of starvation is diminished. Being no longer forced to depend for fuel upon the decayed wood which alone their father could use, they are in less danger of perishing from cold in the elevated ground which, from necessity, they occupy. With the growth of the family new soils are cultivated, each in succession yielding a larger return to labor, and they obtain a constantly increasing supply of the necessaries of life from a surface diminishing in its ratio to the number to be fed; and thus with every increase in the return to labor the power of combining their exertions is increased.

If we look now to the solitary settler of the west, even where provided with both axe and spade, we shall see him obtaining, with extreme difficulty, the commonest log hut. A neighbor arrives, and their combined efforts produce a new house with less than half the labor required for the first. That neighbor brings a horse, and he makes something like a cart. The product of their labor is now ten times greater than was that of the first man working by himself. More neighbors come, and new houses are needed. A "bee" is made, and by the combined effort of the neighborhood the third house is completed in a day; whereas the first cost months, and the second weeks, of far more severe exertion. These new neighbors have brought ploughs and horses, and now better soils are cultivated, and the product of labor is again increased, as is the power to preserve the surplus for winter's use. The path becomes a road. Exchanges increase. The store makes its appearance. Labor is rewarded by larger returns, because aided by better machinery applied to better soils. The town grows up. Each successive addition to the population brings a consumer and a producer. The shoemaker wants leather and corn in exchange for his shoes. The blacksmith requires fuel and food, and the farmer wants shoes for his horses; and with the increasing facility of exchange more labor is applied to production, and the reward of labor rises, producing new wants, and requiring more and larger exchanges. The road becomes a turnpike, and the wagon and horses are seen upon it. The town becomes a city, and better soils are cultivated for the supply of its markets, while the railroad facilitates exchanges with towns and cities yet more distant. The tendency to union and to combination of exertion thus grows with the growth of wealth. In a state of extreme poverty it cannot be developed. The insignificant tribe of savages that starves on the product of the superficial soil of hundreds of thousands of acres of land, looks with jealous eyes on every intruder, knowing that each new mouth requiring to be fed tends to increase the difficulty of obtaining subsistence; whereas the farmer rejoices in the arrival of the blacksmith and the shoemaker, because they come to eat on the spot the corn which heretofore he has carried ten, twenty, or thirty miles to market, to exchange for shoes for himself and his horses. With each new consumer of his products that arrives he is enabled more and more to concentrate his action and his thoughts upon his home, while each new arrival tends to increase his *power* of consuming commodities brought from a distance, because it tends to diminish his *necessity* for seeking at a distance a market for the produce of his farm. Give to the poor tribe spades, and the knowledge how to use them, and the power of association will begin. The supply of food becoming more abundant, they hail the arrival of the stranger who brings them knives and clothing to be exchanged for skins and corn; wealth grows, and the habit of association—the first step towards civilization—arises.

The little tribe is, however, compelled to occupy the higher lands. The lower ones are a mass of dense forests and dreary swamps, while at the foot of the hill runs a river, fordable but for a certain period of the year. On the hill side, distant a few miles, is another tribe; but communication between them is difficult, because, the river bottom being yet uncleared, roads cannot be made, and bridges are as yet unthought of. Population and wealth, however, continue to increase, and the lower lands come gradually into cultivation, yielding larger returns to labor, and enabling the tribe to obtain larger supplies of

food with less exertion, and to spare labor to be employed for other purposes. Roads are made in the direction of the river bank. Population increases more rapidly because of the increased supplies of food and the increased power of preserving it, and wealth grows still more rapidly. The river bank at length is reached, and some of the best lands are now cleared. Population grows again, and a new element of wealth is seen in the form of a bridge, and now the two little communities are enabled to communicate more freely with each other. One rejoices in the possession of a wheelwright, while the other has a windmill. One wants carts, and the other has corn to grind. One has hides to spare, while the other has more shoes than are required for their use. Exchanges increase, and the little town grows because of the increased amount of trade. Wealth grows still more rapidly, because of new modes of combining labor, by which that of all is rendered more productive. Roads are now made in the direction of other communities, and the work is performed rapidly, because the exertions of the two are now combined, and because the machinery used is more efficient. One after another disappear forests and swamps that have occupied the fertile lands, separating ten, twenty, fifty, or five hundred communities, which now are brought into connection with each other; and with each step labor becomes more and more productive, and is rewarded with better food, clothing, and shelter. Famine and disease disappear, life is prolonged, population is increased, and therewith the tendency to that combination of exertion among the individuals composing these communities, which is the distinguishing characteristic of civilization in all periods of the world, and in all nations. With further increase of population and wealth, the desires of man, and his ability to gratify them, both increase. The nation, thus formed, has more corn than it wants; but it has no cotton, and its supply of wool is insufficient. The neighboring nation has cotton and wool, and needs corn. They are still divided, however, by broad forests, deep swamps, and rapid rivers. Population increases, and the great forests and swamps disappear, giving place to rich farms, through which broad roads are made, with immense bridges, which enable the merchant to transport his wool and his cotton to exchange with his now rich neighbors for their surplus corn or clothing. Nations now combine their exertions, and wealth grows with still increased rapidity, facilitating the drainage of marches and thus bringing into activity the richest soils; while coal mines cheaply furnish the fuel for converting limestone into lime, and iron ore into axes and spades, and into rails for the new roads that are needed to transport to market the vast products of the fertile soils now in use, and to bring back the large supplies of sugar, tea, coffee, and the thousand other products of distant lands with which intercourse now exists. At each step population and wealth, and happiness and prosperity, take a new bound; and men realize with difficulty the fact that the country which now affords to tens of millions all the necessaries, comforts, conveniences, and luxuries of life, is the same that, when the superabundant land was occupied by tens of thousands only, gave to that limited number scanty supplies of the worst food: so scanty that famines were frequent and sometimes so severe that starvation was followed in its wake by pestilence, which, at brief intervals, swept from the earth the population of the little and scattered settlements, among which the people were forced to divide themselves when they cultivated only the poor soils of the hills.

We have here that order of things which "necessity imposes," and which is, nevertheless, "promoted by the natural inclinations of man."* Unhappily "human institutions" have every where "thwarted natural inclinations," and thence has arisen the necessity for such enquiries as the present.

The picture here presented is that of increased productive power resulting from increase of population, facilitating the development of that first of all "the natural inclinations of man," the love of association, and every act of combined exertion involves an exchange of labor for labor. The husband provides the food and the wife prepares it for the table. The owner of a horse lends it on one day to the owner of a plough, and on another borrows the plough

* See quotation from Wealth of Nations, p. 134, *ante*.

itself. The farmer ploughs the land, and his neighbors assist to make the crop. The grist miller grinds his grain, and the cotton miller aids him in converting his flour into cloth. On one day he hauls timber for the carpenter, and on another the carpenter repairs his barn. The blacksmith shoes his horses, and he feeds the smith.—The railroad owner aids him in going to market, and the store keeper assists him in converting his surplus produce into iron.—The little capitalist carries his small accumulations to the savings bank, which lends them and other savings to the man who desires to build, and by him they are divided among the laborers, the brick makers, the stone cutters, the masons, the carpenters, the lock makers, the hinge makers, the glass blowers, and the numerous other persons whose combined efforts are required for the production of the house. The large capitalist associates with his fellows in the creation of a bank, which facilitates the exchanges of coffee, sugar, tea, cotton, flour, ships, land, and houses. Combination of action is thus seen in every act of life, and the more perfect the power of association the larger must be the power of production, and the larger the amount of trade, *for every act of combined exertion is an act of trade.*

This habit of voluntary association is the essential characteristic of self-government. Without that, it can have no existence. In this country, the type of the whole system is found in "the bee:" the union of the old settlers to put up a log-house for the newly arrived family. Starting from that point, it may be found in every operation of life. The logs are to be rolled, the roof of the barn is to be raised, or the corn is to be husked. Forthwith, all assemble, and the work which to the solitary laborer would have been severe, and often impossible, is made "a frolic" of, and an hour or two of combined exertion accomplishes what othwise might have required weeks, or months. Does the new settler want a horse, or a plough, or both? One neighbor lends him the first, and another the last, and he soon obtains a horse and a plough for himself; whereas, without such aid he might have toiled in poverty for years. A place of worship is needed, and all, Methodists, Episcopalians, Baptists and Presbyterians, unite to build it; its pulpit to be occupied by the itinerant preachers of the wilderness. The church brings people to the neighborhood, and promotes the habit of association, while the lesson taught therein promotes the love of order: and in a little time the settlement is dotted over with meeting-houses, at one of which Baptists, and at another Presbyterians, meet each other, to listen to the man whom as their teacher they have united to select.—Is one of these houses burnt, the congregation find all others of the neighborhood placed at their command until the loss can be repaired. Next, we find them associating for the making of roads, and holding meetings to determine who shall superintend their construction and repair, and who assess the contributions required for the purpose. Again, we find them meeting to determine who shall represent them at the meeting of the county board, or in the Assembly of the State, or in the Congress of the Union. Again, to settle where the new school-house shall be built, and to determine who shall collect the funds necessary for the purpose, and select the books for the little library that is to enable their children to apply with advantage to themselves the knowledge of letters acquired from the teacher. Again, they are seen forming associations for mutual insurance against horse thieves or fire; or little savings' funds, called banks, at which the man who wishes to buy a horse or a plough can borrow the means necessary for the purpose. Little mills grow up, the property of one or two, and expand into larger ones, in which all the little capitalists of the neighborhood, shoemakers and sempstresses, farmers and lawyers, widows and orphans, are interested: little towns, in which every resident owns his own house and lot, and is therefore directly interested in their good management, and in all matters tending to their advancement; and each feels that the first and greatest of those things is perfect security of person and property. The habit of combined exertion is seen exercising the most beneficial influence in every action of life, and it is most seen where population and wealth most abound: in the states of New England. There, we see a network of association so far exceeding what is elsewhere to be seen as to defy comparison. The shipwright, and the merchant, and the

more advanced and less active capitalist, unite with the master in the ownership of the vessel; and all unite with the crew in the division of the oil which is the result of the cruise. The great merchant, the little capitalist, the skillful manufacturer, the foundry-master, the engineer, the workman, and the girl who tends the loom, unite in the ownership of the immense mill: and millions of yards of cloth are furnished to the world by this combined effort on the part of individuals who, if they worked alone, could not have supplied thousands. The property-holder of the city, and the little capitalists, are everywhere seen combining their exertions for the construction of roads and the building of steamboats, by the use of which the habit of union is increased. In every relation of life, the same tendency to combination of action is seen to exist. Everywhere, man is seen helping, and governing himself. That he may do this effectually, wealth is necessary, for men cannot live near each other while forced to cultivate the poorest soils. Wealth thus produces union, which is seen most to exist where wealth most exists: more in the east than in the west, and more in the north than in the south. Union in turn produces wealth which grows more rapidly in the north and east than in the west and south; and thus wealth, combined action, and power of self-government, with a constant increase in the respect for laws which they themselves have made, manifested alike by individuals and by States whose population counts by millions, and corresponding increase in the return to labor, are seen constantly advancing; each helping and helped by others.

Every act of combination here described is an act of trade. That trade may grow, it is necessary that man should be enabled to act in accordance with that natural tendency of the human mind which leads him to desire to associate with his fellow-man, and thus it is that the love of society leads to increase in the power to produce, with necessary increase in the power to exchange. That he may gratify that natural desire, increase of population is needed. The people of towns and cities combine their efforts far more readily than those of the most densely peopled country, and those of Massachusetts and Rhode Island do so with infinite facility compared with those of Texas or Arkansas; and they in turn enjoy the advantage resulting from the exercise of this power to a much greater extent than do the people of the Rocky mountains.

That combination may exist there must be diversity of employment. It is only occasionally that the farmer can aid his brother farmer. Both raise nearly the same commodities, and both desire to exchange for cloth and iron. The sugar planter and the cotton grower are in the labor market at one and the same time, seeking aid for the purpose of securing their crops, and can of course render no assistance to each other. The furnace master, on the contrary, can mine his coal or his ore in winter, when the farmer and his sons, their horses and wagons, are otherwise unemployed, and then when summer comes, they can return to work on the farm. The blacksmith and the carpenter can suspend their work in harvest time. There is, in fact, scarcely a day of the farmers' life in which he cannot advantageously combine his efforts with those of his neighbors, the blacksmith, the carpenter, the butcher, the miller, the tanner, the weaver, and the road maker, for the improvement of their common condition. With every increase in the density of population, we should, therefore, find increase in the ratio of production to population, with constant increase in the power of individuals and of communities to exchange their labor and its products for those of other individuals and communities, accompanied by a constantly augmenting increase in the number of exchanges effected.

Combination of action and increase of trade are thus the natural results of increased population, and increase in the power of voluntary association. It cannot exist to any extent among a scattered people wholly employed in agriculture.

"In the lone houses and very small villages which are scattered about in so desert a country as the highlands of Scotland," says Dr. Smith, "every farmer must be butcher, baker, and brewer, for his own family. In such situations we can scarce expect to find even a smith, a carpenter, or a mason, within less than twenty miles of another of the same trade. The scattered families that live at eight or ten miles distance from the nearest of them, must learn to perform themselves a great num-

ber of little pieces of work, for which, in more populous countries, they would call in the assistance of those workmen. Country workmen are almost everywhere obliged to apply themselves to all the different branches of industry that have so much affinity to one another as to be employed about the same sort of materials. A country carpenter deals in every sort of work that is made of wood; a country smith in every sort of work that is made of iron. The former is not only a carpenter, but a joiner, a cabinet-maker, and even a carver in wood, as well as a wheelwright, a plough-wright, a cart and wagon-maker. The employments of the latter are still more various. It is impossible there should be such a trade as even that of a nailer in the remote and inland parts of the higlands of Scotland. Such a workman at the rate of a thousand nails a-day, and three hundred working days in the year, will make three hundred thousand nails in the year. But in such a situation it would be impossible to dispose of one thousand, that is of one day's work in the year."

When, on the contrary, population has increased and the power of combination has risen, the habit of association is great, and the division of labor almost infinite. Its effects are thus exhibited by Dr. Smith:

"It is the great multiplication of the productions of all the different arts, in consequence of the division of labor, which occasions, in a well-governed society, that universal opulence which extends itself to the lowest ranks of the people. Every workman has a great quantity of his own work to dispose of beyond what he himself has occasion for; and every other workman being exactly in the same situation, he is enabled to exchange a great quantity of his own goods for a great quantity, or, what comes to the same thing, for the price of a great quantity of theirs. He supplies them abundantly with what they have occasion for, and they accommodate him as amply with what he has occasion for, and a general plenty diffuses itself through all the different ranks of the society.

Observe the accommodation of the most common artificer or day-laborer in a civilized and thriving country, and you will perceive that the number of people, of whose industry a part, though but a small part, has been employed in procuring him this accommodation, exceeds all computation. The woollen coat, for example, which covers the day-laborer, as course and rough as it may appear, is the produce of the joint-labor of a great multitude of workmen. The shepherd, the sorter of the wool, the wool-comber or carder, the dyer, the scribler, the spinner, the weaver, the fuller, the dresser, with many others, must all join their different arts in order to complete even this homely production. How many merchants and carriers, besides, must have been employed in transporting the materials from some of those workmen to others who often live in a very distant part of the country? How much commerce and navigation in particular, how many ship-builders, sailors, sail-makers, rope-makers, must have been employed in order to bring together the different drugs made use of by the dyer, which often come from the remotest corners of the world? What a variety of labor, too, is necessary in order to produce the tools of the meanest of those workmen! To say nothing of such complicated machines as the ship of the sailor, the mill of the fuller, or even the loom of the weaver, let us consider only what a variety of labor is requisite in order to form that very simple machine, the shears with which the shepherd clips the wool. The miner, the builder of the furnace for smelting the ore, the feller of the timber, the burner of the charcoal to be made use of in the smelting-house, the brickmaker, the bricklayer, the workmen who attend the furnace, the millwright, the forger, the smith, must all of them join their different arts in order to produce them. Were we to examine, in the same manner all the different parts of his dress and household furniture, the coarse linen shirt which he wears next his skin, the shoes which cover his feet, the bed which he lies on, and all the different parts which compose it, the kitchen-grate at which he prepares his victuals, the coals which he makes use of for that purpose, dug from the bowels of the earth, and brought to him, perhaps, by a long sea and a long land-carriage, all the other utensils of his kitchen, all the furniture of his table, the knives and forks, the earthen or pewter plates upon which he serves up and divides his victuals, the different hands employed in preparing his bread and his beer, the glass window which lets in the heat and the light, and keeps out the wind and the rain, with all the knowledge and art requisite for preparing that beautiful and happy invention, without which these northern parts of the world could scarce have afforded a very comfortable habitation, together with the tools of all the different workmen employed in producing those different conveniencies; if we examine, I say, all these things, and consider what a variety of labor is employed about each of them, we shall be sensible that, without the assistance and co-operation of many thousands, the very meanest person in a civilized country could not be provided, even according to, what we very falsely imagine, the easy and simple manner in which he is commonly accommodated. Compared, indeed, with the more extravagant luxury of the

great, his accommodation must no doubt appear extremely simple and easy; and yet it may be true, perhaps, that the accommodation of an European prince does not always so much exceed that of an industrious and frugal peasant, as the accommodation of the latter exceeds that of many an African king, the absolute masters of the lives and liberties of ten thousand naked savages."

With every step of increase in the power to exchange labor for labor, the necessary result of increased population, the habit of voluntary association increases, the slave cultivating the undivided land of others, passing into the freeman who cultivates his own, and land becoming more and more divided, and thus the trade in land grows with every increase in the power to exchange labor and its products.

The first poor cultivator, the slave of his necessities, occupies such spots as his small means will permit him to use. He has yet acquired no power to compel the land to yield him what is needed for his comfortable subsistence. With the acquisition of the spade he turns under, and thus expels, the wild grass, substituting for it the oats, or the barley, or the rye, as he deems one or the other best fitted for his purpose. In the outset he requires much land, because but small portions can be made to yield to his demands any return whatsoever. With the growth of his wealth, and the acquisition of axes and ploughs, other portions, however, become productive; and, by degrees, he finds, on a few acres, more continuous employment for his time than, in the outset, was found upon a thousand. His family, too, has grown. If all continue to cultivate the whole quantity, there will be great waste of labor. The territory he has occupied covers several square miles; and the time required to walk to and from their work will be so much deduction from that which should be given to the cultivation of the soil, or of their own physical and mental powers. Each takes his share, and each builds himself a house. Each cultivates his own land, and each calls upon his brothers for aid in harvest, in building a barn, or rolling logs, or quarrying stone. All are separate, but all are therefore interested in making roads by which all may be enabled to unite. While all lived in the same house, their labors were wasted in bringing home the fruits of the field, and they had no leisure for making roads. Now that all work separately, and that each man eats on his own land the rye or the oats needed for his support, each feels more and more the advantage to be derived from increasing the facility of obtaining the aid that may be required; and thus the division of land consequent upon the increase of wealth in the form of spades and axes, tends to produce increase of wealth in the form of roads, thereby increasing the *power* of union, while diminishing the *necessity* therefor. Each labors on his own land, and each labors faithfully, because laboring for himself. Each makes or procures from elsewhere, some machine calculated to increase the powers of himself and his neighbors; and all combine, at times, to procure those things which, important to all, are beyond the means of any.

If we look to Attica in the days of her prosperity, we see a tendency to the division of land, and the union of men. If we look to her in the days of her lowest poverty, we see Herodes Atticus universal proprietor, and universal builder, while union among men has ceased to exist. If we look to Rome in the days of Servius, we see a vast body of small proprietors enriching themselves by the cultivation of their own land. If we look again, we see universal poverty, the numerous little and prosperous proprietors being replaced by Scipios and Pompeys, owning vast tracts and overwhelmed by debts, while disunited men have become slaves. So, again, if we look to Gaul, or Africa. Everywhere throughout the world, the tendency to division of land and combination of action among men has grown with the growth of wealth: while poverty has produced its concentration in the hands of a few proprietors, and disunion among its occupants. We see this now exhibited on a large scale in the south of Spain, where a few grandees have replaced the honest, industrious and enlightened Moors, who combined their exertions for bringing into activity the best soils of their own land, and for fashioning their products; thereby enriching their country and themselves.

The great business of mankind is the production of food, and the raw materials of commodities and things necessary to enable man to enjoy the conveniences, comforts or luxuries of life. That he may do this, the Deity has given him the com-

mand of a great machine in which exist all the elements of production, waiting only the application of the physical and mental powers with which he has been endowed, to render them available for his purpose. The gift was accompanied with the command to labor, that he might have food for himself and his children; to labor, that he might have clothing and shelter; to labor that he might acquire knowledge; to labor, that he might enjoy leisure and repose. It is a great laboratory, in which combination of effort yields largely, but can scarcely have existence when population is small and men cultivate the poorer soils. To combination division is essential, and where that does not exist, the progress of cultivation is always slow. Hence the wretched condition of all commons, and of all lands upon which exists the partial right of common, as on most of those of France, under the system of *vaine pature.** Starting from the point of absolute barbarism, when all land is held in common, it will be found that cultivation improves with every approach towards absolute ownership. Thus, it is better now in every part of England than in any part in the days when men were serfs, and had in land no property whatsoever. It is better where short leases exist than where all are tenants at will. It is better where long leases exist than where they are short, and the highest cultivation is invariably found where the owner and occupant are one and the same, and where there exists every inducement to the most perfect economy of time and labor. It is thus far better in Cumberland, where heads of families are generally proprietors of a few acres, than in Wilts or Dorset, where it is held in large masses, and cultivated by hired laborers. This may again be seen in the high cultivation of the peasant proprietors of the valley of the Arno; in the rich fields and the neat and comfortable houses of the small landholders of Belgium; and in the high prosperity of the same class in Norway. The division of land, and its cultivation by the owner for his own profit, are the necessary consequences of the growth of wealth; and with each step in this direction agriculture becomes more and more a science, furnishing employment for minds of the highest order, and yielding the largest returns to their exertions. It ceases to be the labor of the slave, and becomes the refined and elegant occupation of the gentleman, who gives to the direction of a small estate all his faculties, and obtains a liberal reward for permitting a portion of its proceeds to be applied to its improvement; while to those who execute with their hands what he plans with his head, large wages are afforded; and he finds in this employment greater happiness than was enjoyed by those of his predecessors whose thousands of acres were scratched by serfs to enable them to pay the ransom to his captor on the field of battle.

Such is the tendency of things when wealth and population grow. War and waste produce a reverse effect, and land concentrates itself in fewer hands. Hence it is that the age of barbarism, dignified with title of that of the Feudal System, has been seen to inflict upon the world the right of primogeniture, another of the weak inventions by which man endeavors to set aside the great laws of nature; but over which she invariably tiumphs when men remain at peace.

These views are in perfect accordance of those of Dr. Smith who thought that nothing could be "more contrary to the real interest of a numerous family than a right which, in order to enrich one, beggars numerous children." Nothing, in his opinion "could be more completely absurd than the system of entails."

"They are founded," says he, "upon the most absurd of all suppositions, the supposition that every successive generation of men have not an equal right to the earth, and to all that it possesses; but that the property of the present generation should be restrained and regulated according to the fancy of those who died, perhaps five hundred years ago. Entails, however, are still respected, through the greater part of Europe; in those countries, particularly, in which noble birth is a necessary qualification for the enjoyment either of civil or military honors. Entails are thought necessary for maintaining this exclusive privilege of the nobility to the great offices and honors of their country; and that order having usurped one unjust advantage over the rest of their fellow-citizens, lest their property should render it ridiculous, it is thought reasonable that they should have another. The common law of England, indeed,

* The lands of France being unenclosed, cattle are turned loose upon them in the autumn, and thus each man in a neighborhood is enabled to exercise a partial right of common over his neighbor's land, a system that is found most injurious to the progress of agriculture.

is said to abhor perpetuities, and they are accordingly more restricted there than in any other European monarchy; though even England is not altogether without them. In Scotland, more then one-fifth, perhaps more than one-third part of the whole lands in the country, are at present supposed to be under strict entail.

"'Great tracts of uncultivated land were in this manner not only engrossed by particular families, but the possibility of their being divided again was as much as possible precluded for ever. It seldom happens, however, that a great proprietor is a great improver. In the disorderly times which gave birth to those barbarous institutions, the great proprietor was sufficiently employed in defending his own territories, or in extending his jurisdiction and authority over those of his neighbors. He had no leisure to attend to the cultivation and improvement of land. When the establishment of law and order afforded him this leisure, he often wanted the inclination, and almost always the requisite abilities. If the expense of his house and person either equalled or exceeded his revenue, as it did very frequently, he had no stock to employ in this manner. If he was an economist, he generally found it more profitable to employ his annual savings in new purchases than in the improvement of his old estate. To improve land with profit, like all other commercial projects, requires an exact attention to small savings and small gains, of which a man born to a great fortune, even though naturally frugal, is very seldom capable. The situation of such a person naturally disposes him to attend rather to ornament, which pleases his fancy, than to profit, for which he has so little occasion. The elegance of his dress, of his equipage, of his house and household furniture, are objects which, from his infancy, he has been accustomed to have some anxiety about. The turn of mind which this habit naturally forms, follows him when he comes to think of the improvement of land. He embellishes, perhaps, four or five hundred acres in the neighborhood of his house, at ten times the expense which the land is worth after all his improvements; and finds, that if he was to improve his whole estate in the same manner, and he has little taste for any other, he would be a bankrupt before he had finished the tenth part of it. There still remain, in both parts of the united kingdom, some great estates which have continued, without interruption, in the hands of the same family since the times of feudal anarchy. Compare the present condition of those estates with the possessions of the small proprietors in their neighborhood, and you will require no other argument to convince you how unfavorable such extensive property is to improvement.

"'If little improvement was to be expected from such great proprietors, still less was to be hoped for from those who occupied the land under them. In the ancient state of Europe, the occupiers of land were all tenants at will. They were all, or almost all, slaves, but their slavery was of a milder kind than that known among the ancient Greeks and Romans, or even in the West Indian colonies. They were supposed to belong more directly to the land than to their master. They could, therefore, be sold with it, but not separately. They could marry, provided it was with the consent of their master; and he could not afterwards dissolve the marriage by selling the man and wife to different persons. If he maimed or murdered any of them, he was liable to some penalty, though generally but to a small one. They were not, however, capable of acquiring property. Whatever they acquired was acquired to their master, and he could take it from them at pleasure. Whatever cultivation and improvement could be carried on by means of such slaves, was properly carried on by their master. It was at his expense. The seed, the cattle, and the instruments of husbandry, were all his. It was for his benefit. Such slaves could acquire nothing but their daily maintenance. It was properly the proprietor himself, therefore, that in this case occupied his own lands, and cultivated them by his own bondmen. This species of slavery still subsists in Russia, Poland, Hungary, Bohemia, Moravia, and other parts of Germany. It is only in the western and south-western provinces of Europe that it has gradually been abolished altogether.

"'But if great improvements are seldom to be expected from great proprietors, they are least of all to be expected when they employ slaves for their workmen. The experience of all ages and nations, I believe, demonstrates that the work done by slaves, though it appears to cost only their maintenance, is in the end the dearest of any. A person who can acquire no property can have no other interest but to eat as much and to labor as little as possible. Whatever work he does beyond what is sufficient to purchase his own maintenance, can be squeezed out of him by violence only, and not by any interest of his own. In ancient Italy, how much the cultivation of corn degenerated, how unprofitable it became to the master, when it fell under the management of slaves, is remarked both by Pliny and Columella. In the time of Aristotle, it had not been much better in ancient Greece. Speaking of the ideal republic described in the laws of Plato, to maintain 5000 idle men (the number of warriors supposed necessary for its defence), together with their women and servants, would require, he says, a territory of boundless extent and fertility, like the plains of Babylon."

We see thus that Dr. Smith's whole system looks to increased freedom of trade in labor and land, the great instruments of production. The base on which it rests is that land, being the great source of all production, the labor which is applied to its cultivation is that which is most productive of "the necessaries, conveniences, and luxuries of life." He desired therefore to increase the quantity that might be given to cultivation, by diminishing that required for transportation, and he saw that when the laborer took his place by the side of the food, he not only diminished the necessity for transporting the food itself, but he also aided in the conversion of other raw materials into commodities ready for use, so as to fit them for cheap transportation to distant countries, thus increasing the power to trade both abroad and at home. It was obvious to him that the more men worked in combination with each other the more productive would be the labor of each, and the greater would be the number whose labors might be applied to the work of production. The necessary consequence of this would be that while each might consume more, each would be enabled to accumulate more rapidly, and each step in the progress of accumulation would be but the prelude to a new and greater one, and that thus would wealth grow more rapidly than numbers, facilitating still farther the progress of population, and causing to increase still more rapidly the habit of association, and the power to produce, to consume, and to accumulate.

Increase of produce necessarily involves increase of trade, for there are more commodities in which to trade. So likewise with increase of accumulation, for the investment of savings involves the exchange of food and clothing for the labor employed in clearing and draining lands, the building of houses and mills, the opening of mines, and the erection of furnaces. The more men work in combination with each other, the greater will be the power to produce, and the greater, necessarily, must be the power to consume and to accumulate, and thus is it seen that, with the growth of population and wealth, the trade in labor and land, and in the products of both, tends to increase more rapidly than population, and each is seen to be helping, and helped by, the other.

It has been shown that the work of cultivation is invariably commenced upon the poorer soils, and that it is only with the growth of population and wealth that the richer soils—the heavily timbered lands, the flats and the swamps,—can be cleared or drained. So long as the farmer has to depend on distant markets, he must apply himself to the production of those articles of which the earth yields but little in return to labor, and which therefore command a high price, and will bear transportation, and so long he must continue unable to clear and drain the richest soils. He cannot raise potatoes, or turnips, of which the earth yields by tons, for he has no market on the land, and they will not bear transportation. Concentration makes a market on the land for the products of the land, as the mechanic placed among the food consumes largely, and is a customer to the farmer for those products of which the earth yields largely in return to labor. The system of Dr. Smith tended to bring the mechanic to the food, and thus to increase the power to produce and the power to trade.

The soil that is constantly cropped for the supply of distant markets becomes exhausted, and its occupant is compelled to fly to lands still more distant, with constant diminution in the return to labor. The system of Dr. Smith looked to placing the consumer by the side of the producer, enabling the farmer to obtain large crops to be consumed on or near the land, the refuse of which could be returned to the land, thus increasing instead of diminishing its productive powers, and thereby facilitating the growth of population, the power of combination, the power to trade, and the amount of trade.

With increase in the power of production the power of accumulation necessarily increases, and with each step in the progress thereof the demand for labor increases, and the laborer acquires more and more the power to determine for himself to whom he will sell his labor and what shall be its price. The value of present labor increases as compared with the proceeds of accumulated labor, called capital, and while the productiveness of labor is constantly increasing, the *proportion* which can be claimed by the owner of landed or other capital is constantly *decreasing*, leaving to the laborer a constantly increasing proportion, with consequent increase in the facility of converting the laborer working for others

into the little capitalist working for himself —owner of a little farm, or of a machine of some description calculated to render his labor more productive. Division of land is, therefore, the necessary consequence of the system of Dr. Smith, which looks everywhere to increase in the freedom of man, and to increase in the power of voluntary association, the combination of the exertions of the mechanic and the occupant of land for the purpose of increasing the productive power of labor and land, being, in his estimation, the one thing needful for the improvement of the condition of man.

The following view of the effect of the division of land in increasing production, is from a recent writer, who, being a believer in the theory of over-population, may be regarded as excellent authority :—

"The one thing needful is obviously to make land yield the largest possible surplus, after adequately remunerating the cultivator; and that small farms can afford a larger surplus than similar portions of a large one, is evident from the fact of their paying higher rents. Further proof may be found in Flanders and Lombardy, when the densest populations in Europe, and those in a large proportion *town* populations, are maintained in comfort by land divided among small farmers. How this end is attained, is surely of comparatively little importance; even if it were true that the implements and methods of small farmers are clumsy and defective, that they disdain the aid of science, and require twice as much labor as would suffice under a different system, it would still be manifest that they possess some advantage which more than compensates for all these drawbacks. In spite of their adherence to old practices, they manage to get more from the land than the large capitalist with all his improvements, and after receiving sufficient for their own consumption, they have a large residue for sale. (They thus have more trade without the family, as the trade within the family increases, and this is evidence that the system is the one that constitutes freedom of trade.) They might, perhaps, do better still by imitating some of the methods of the large capitalist; but even as it is, they do better than he does, and their plan must, on the whole, be better than his. Nothing can be more unjust, however, than to stigmatize the culture of small farms as necessarily rude and inartificial. The small holdings of the Flemish peasantry not only bear heavier crops than lands of the same quality in the best farmed districts of England or Scotland, but the land is kept much cleaner, is much better drained, and much more abundantly manured. It may be true that in Great Britain large farmers are almost the only improvers; but this is because few except large farmers have leases, and consequently any motive for improvement. When small farmers have any hold on the land, as in Norway, Belgium, Switzerland, and France, they combine to raise funds for any project that promises to be generally beneficial. In this way channels many miles in length are made for irrigation or drainage; and a dozen owners of three or four cows, or occupiers of as many acres, combine to make cheeses as large and fine as any that Cheshire can produce; and even to establish a beet-root manufacture, the most extensive and scientific of all modern agricultural operations. Mutual cooperation thus places within the reach of small farmers almost every advantage possessed by their wealthy rivals. The principal difference in their modes of procedure is, that the former being less able to purchase extensive machinery, employ a larger relative quantity of labor. This, however, is the reverse of disadvantageous either as regards themselves or the public. The agricultural class constitute the nerves and sinews of a nation, and its increase so generally deprecated by political economists, only becomes an evil when it encroaches on the nourishment which might be reserved for other classes. If additional agricultural laborers can procure subsistence without detracting from that of other people, their existence is a material advantage. If by the labor of two men the produce of a piece of ground can be so much augmented as to furnish ample subsistence for both, and yet leave as great a surplus as when only one cultivator was employed, the double application of labor increases both the strength and the wealth of the country. If the surplus be greater than before, it increases also the income of the proprietor of the land. Now, this, and much more than this, takes place on small farms. Labor there is much more productive than on large ones. Most of the work is done under the master's eye, and much of it done by his own hands, or those of his family. All the laborers have motives for exertion unknown to hired servants, or at least are subject to a vigilant supervision which a larger landholder cannot exercise. They bestow on their work a care, patience, and assiduity, which cannot be purchased at any price; and these qualities much more than compensate for any waste of labor caused by bad tools or injudicious arrangement. The produce of the soil is so much increased in consequence, as not only to provide for the consumption of the additional cultivators, but to leave a larger quantity remaining than if fewer laborers, without the same motives for industry, had been employed. If, then, the merits of a system may be judged of from its results, the subdivision of farms would be favorable instead of injurious to agriculture. It

would certainly occasion a change of practice, and would cause more labor to be employed, but it would increase the power of labor in a greater degree. A larger proportion would thus become applicable to the payment of rent, and to the consumption of the non-agricultural part of the community; provisions would grow cheaper, but landlords, notwithstanding, would receive incomes as large, if not larger, than at present." *

This is strong, but how much stronger would it not have been had its author been satisfied that with the increase of production, the landlord would be entitled to claim a smaller *proportion* as rent, and that while the *amount* of his rent would be increased, the laborer would retain not only a larger *quantity* but a larger *proportion* of the increased quantity. Every one knows that the more rapid the increase of capital in the form of cleared lands, ploughs, harrows, mills, and furnaces, the greater is the necessity of the capitalist for the laborer, and the higher the price of labor, and experience teaches us that that price is always such as to give to the laborer a larger proportion of the product. In former times, the owner of land took two-thirds, and production was then very small. Later, he was compelled to be satisfied with one-half, but more recently it has been estimated at only one-fourth. In former times, the rate of interest was from ten to twenty per cent, whereas it is now but five, and such is the movement in every community in which the wealth increases in its ratio to population.

Of the effect of this an idea may be formed from an examination of the following Table, in which the facts are compared with the theory of Mr. Ricardo, upon which is based the whole modern English politico-economical system:

	RICARDO'S DOCTRINE.			OBSERVATION.		
	Total production.	Power of Land.	Power of Labor.	Total production.	Power of Land.	Power of Labor.
First period	100	—	100	30	20	10
Second "	190	10	180	70	42	28
Third "	270	30	240	120	60	60
Fourth "	340	60	280	180	80	100
Fifth "	400	100	300	250	100	150
Sixth "	450	150	300	330	120	210
Seventh "	490	210	280	420	140	280
Eighth "	520	280	240	510	155	355
Ninth "	540	360	180	620	170	450
Tenth "	550	450	100	740	180	560
Eleventh	550	550	00	870	190	680

* Thornton, on Over-population, p. 331.

The *quantity* divided among the owners of land increases as the *proportion* diminishes, while the laborers obtain an increased *proportion* of an increased quantity.*

It will be obvious to the reader that the power of the laborer to accumulate capital must increase with each and every step in this direction, and equally so that when the laborer goes to the food, the tendency will be towards the acquisition of a piece of land, the cultivation of which may enable him healthfully and profitably to employ his hours of leisure. "Its cultivation," says Mr. Thornton, from whom we continue to quote:—

"costs him nothing, but serves rather as an amusement for the leisure of himself and family, enabling all but the very youngest to make themselves useful. Abundance of manure is found in the refuse and scraps of all kinds that would otherwise be thrown away. Nothing is wasted, and habits of thrift and industry are formed. The produce being proportioned less to the extent of the ground,

* This proportional law of distribution, proving the perfect harmony of the interests of the laborer and capitalist, was first published by the author of this article, in 1837. It is now adopted, *and published as his own*, in his *Harmonies Economiques*," by *Mons. Bastiat*, who says of it:

"Such is the great, admirable, consoling, necessary, and *inflexible* law of capital. To demonstrate it is, as it appears to me, to strike with discredit the declamation, with which our ears have so long been dinned, against *the avarice and the tyranny* of the most powerful instrument of civilization and of *equalization*, that results from the exercise of the powers of man. * * * * * Thus the great law of capital and labor, as regards the distribution of the products of their joint labors is settled. The *absolute quantity* of each is greater, but the *proportional part* of capital constantly diminishes as compared with that of labor.

"Cease, then, capitalists and laborers, to look upon each other with eyes of suspicion and of envy. Close your ears to those absurd declaimers, of whom nothing equals their pride if it be not their ignorance, who, under the promise of future harmony, begin by exciting present discord. Recollect that, say what they may, your interests are one and the same — that they cannot be separated —that they tend together towards the realization of the general good — that the sweats of the present generation combine themselves with those generations that have past—that it is right that each who has united in the work should have a portion of the remuneration — and, that the most ingenious as well as the most equitable division takes place among you by virtue of providential laws, and by means of free and voluntary arrangements, without requiring the aid of a parasitic sentimentalism to impose upon you its decrees, at the expense of your well-being, your liberty, your security, and your *dignity*."

than to the care and attention bestowed upon it, is infinitely greater than a large occupier could have obtained from the same space; and besides the direct addition which it makes to the laborer's means of existence, enables him to keep pigs, poultry, &c., at little or no expense. He enjoys a variety as well as an abundance of articles of diet, which, even if he possessed their value in money, it would be scarcely possible for him to buy, and he has besides a resource on which he may rely when other means of livelihood temporarily fail. A day laborer is always liable to be thrown out of work by a number of causes, when, if he is entirely dependent on wages, he may become involved in inextricable difficulties, whereas with the help of a stock of food of his own raising, he might easily struggle through his embarrassment. The occupancy of a little land does away with much of the precariousness, which is the worst feature in the laborer's condition; and this is particularly the case when the land is the laborer's own property, as it would not improbably become, in circumstances such as those supposed, when he might often be able to save a little money. He then feels himself sufficiently independent not to be over anxious about the future; but not so much so as to grow careless of obtaining work, or of satisfying his employer. On the contrary, finding that he has been admitted into a higher order of society, he uses every exertion to maintain his new position. Men of this class are commonly the most diligent and trustworthy, as well as the most respectful servants."*

This is in accordance with every-day experience. As the laborer becomes a little capitalist he feels himself animated by HOPE, and his exertions increase, while he becomes more careful and economical, and thus it is that with every increase in the ratio of wealth to population there is seen an improvement in the moral, as well as in the physical condition of man. He acquires the habit of combining his exertions with his neighbor, and with each such combination his powers of production increase, and therewith there is an increase in the power to trade. We see thus that it is in the direction of concentration—that of placing the consumer of food in the midst of the producers of the food—that we must look for freedom of trade, and in that direction it was that it was sought by Adam Smith.

With the growth of the habit of combination, schools are established at which children are cheaply educated, books and newspapers increase in number, the intellectual condition is improved, and men are enabled to employ their labor more advantageously, with further increase in the power to produce, and in the power to trade. The habit of union produces a habit of peace and love of harmony, and the power of self-protection increases, with diminished necessity for employing men in the unproductive labor of carrying swords or muskets, and also diminished necessity for collecting taxes for their maintenance, the consequence of which is that capital grows with increased rapidity, and with it there is an increase in the power to produce, and in the power to maintain trade. With each such step wealth increases in its ratio to population and the laborer is enabled to demand a still increased *proportion* of the increased product, and to become, with still increased facility, a capitalist, the individual and the community exercising from day to day more perfectly the form of self-government. Thus it is that the system taught by Adam Smith tends to the improvement of the physical, moral, intellectual, and political condition of man, while with each step in the progress of improvement there is increased power to maintain trade.

This order of things it is which in every country is "promoted by the natural inclinations of man,"* and "if human inclinations had not thwarted those natural inclinations, the towns could no where have increased beyond what the improvement and cultivation of the country in which they were situated could support."† The artisan and the laborer would have been every where seen placing themselves where food was cheap, and "the beauty of the country, the pleasures of a country life, the tranquility of mind which it promises, and wherever the injustice of human laws does not disturb it the independency which it really affords," would have been every where found to have "charms that more or less attract every body."‡ There would thus have been made every where a market on the land for the products of the land, and "the inland or home trade, the most important of all, the trade in

* Thornton, on Over-population, p. 334.

* Wealth of Nations, Book III. Chap. I.
† Ibid. ‡ Ibid.

which an equal capital affords the largest income," and creates the greatest employment for the people of the country, "would not have been considered as "subsidiary only to the foreign trade."*

Such was the political economy of Adam Smith, and it is impossible to read his book without a feeling of admiration for the man who saw so clearly, and so early, the course of policy that most tended to increase the happiness and respectability, the strength and independence, of men and of nations. He believed in the advantage resulting from division of the land, and pointed distinctly to the course which tended to its accomplishment. He felt with "the small proprietor," knowing "every part of his little territory," and viewing it with "all the affection which property, especially small property naturally inspires, and who on that account takes pleasure not only in cultivating it, but in adorning it," and is therefore, "of all improvers the most industrious, the most intelligent and the most successful."*

The whole system of Dr. Smith looks to increase in *the power to trade* resulting from increase in the power of man to gratify his "natural inclination" for association with his fellow men. That of his successors looks, as will now be shown, to increased *necessity for trade*, and diminished power to trade resulting from a necessity for diminution in the power of man to gratify his "natural inclination" for marriage, and for association with his fellow-men. In the school of the one, commerce is regarded as the handmaid of agriculture. In the other, "Commerce is King," and it is that commerce with distant nations which was regarded by Dr. Smith as yielding the smallest returns to the labor and capital employed.

* Wealth of Nations, Book IV. Chap. I.

* Ibid. Book III. chap. IV.

SONNETS TO FILL BLANKS.

NUMBER ONE.

This is a "Sonnet," made to fill a blank;
First of a "Series," writ for the Review,
To please the publisher, "who would greatly thank'
An author friend, "to furnish one or two."
A Shakspere Sonnet, three quatrains and a couplet;
In form correct, in sense mere prose, good Reader,
With not a grain of poetry to trouble it,
(Save the above line,) no more than in a "leader."
Post script. A favorable opportunity,
Is offered here, to warn all "earnest souls"
That the first quality of a sonnet is *unity*,
Which they'll not find in Wordsworth, nor in Bowles.
Here, Mr. Publisher, don't stare,—be civil,
Send me this sonnet to the (printer's) devil.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

PART III.

The trial of Burr.

We now enter on a period of Jefferson's administration which excites intense interest and curiosity, and has connected it with the fortunes of a man, whose great talents and address had foreshadowed for him a reputation of the most enviable exaltation, when the path to renown was crossed by his evil genius. That man was Aaron Burr, and his evil genius was Thomas Jefferson. It was a grapple between giant champions, whose resources of mind were too vast, and whose enmity, mutually and bitterly entertained, was too deeply rooted, to terminate the struggle with other than appalling consequences to one party, or to both. In one case, however, mind was aided by power, and vast political and official influence, and, as might be supposed, these united, overwhelmed the weaker antagonist.

Aaron Burr was a native of the State of New Jersey, and one of the early graduates of Princeton College. His earliest exhibitions of character pointed to those traits, which were afterwards developed in his eventful career. He was impetuous, restless, persevering, and willful. Soon after graduating, he joined the Revolutionary army, under Montgomery and Arnold, and accompanied those generals in their awful and dreary march across the wilderness to Quebec. His indifference to fatigue and hunger, and his strict impartiality as an officer, sharing with his soldiers the privations of the march, and openly condemning an opposite conduct in Arnold, gained him the admiration and deep affection of the men, while it elicited the commendation and respect of a majority of the officers. After the siege of Quebec was formed, Burr volunteered his services as aid to Montgomery, and was by that officer's side, when he fell. He caught the dying patriot in his arms, and in defiance of the storm of grapeshot which roared around, maintained his post of affection and duty, until proper assistance was obtained. Burr was the only one of Montgomery's suite who escaped on that fatal day.

Returning from Canada, he became an inmate of Washington's military family, at headquarters near New York, and participated in all the actions which occurred between the American and British armies around that city. But his intercourse with the Commander-in-Chief soon became restrained and unpleasant, and resulted in a mutual personal aversion, which lasted during Washington's lifetime; but for which no particular reason was ever assigned. In consequence, when the disaffection broke out against Washington, among the army officers in 1777, and it was contemplated to supersede him with Gates, Burr actively and openly took sides for the latter. This opposition, added to previous unpleasant passages, only served to increase Washington's prejudices. In long subsequent years, during the first Presidency under the Constitution, this dislike was bitterly evidenced, and the depth of Washington's aversion fully developed. A deputation of the Democratic members of Congress, appointed by a caucus, thrice waited on the President, with a request that he would appoint Burr, minister to France. They were thrice peremptorily refused, Washington declaring each time that he would never appoint one to office in whose integrity he had no confidence. This anecdote should not, however, be rashly taken as irrevocable and infallible evidence against Burr. It was known that, from the first, Burr had expressed himself freely and harshly as to the qualifications of the Com-

mander-in-Chief, that he had condemned his movements around Long Island and New York, and that he had severely criticised the plan of the battle of Monmouth, in which battle Burr commanded a brigade in Lord Stirling's division. These facts were well known to Washington, as well as the partiality entertained by Burr for Gates; and, in the absence of any tangible cause ever assigned by the General or his friends, we are forced to conclude that a shade of personal pique and rancor may have influenced the usually strict and admirable equanimity even of this illustrious and revered personage. He would, indeed, have been more than mortal, could he have entirely subdued all such feelings — feelings common to the best as well as to the worst of men.

In March, 1779, Burr tendered his resignation to the Commander-in-Chief. It was accepted by Washington, in a letter the most complimentary and flattering to Burr's military ambition. He subsequently was admitted to the practice of the law in Albany, and in the spring of 1782 was married to Theodosia Prevost, widow of Colonel Prevost of the British army, and mother of that Theodosia, who afterwards became so distinguished in connection with her father and husband, and whose mysterious and melancholy fate, while giving rise to many awful and fanciful conjectures, blighted and crushed the sole remaining earthly hope of her solitary and suffering parent.

The history of Burr's political career in New York, and in the Senate of the United States; his contest with Jefferson for the Presidency, and his duel with Alexander Hamilton, are well known to every general reader, and have been elsewhere alluded to in this essay. He left the chair of the Vice-President in March 1805, and closed his connection with the Senate with one of the most eloquent and affecting valedictories ever made on such an occasion. "The whole Senate," says Mr. Davis, in his memoir, "were in tears, and so unmanned that it was half an hour before they could recover themselves sufficiently to come to order, and choose a Vice-President *pro tem.* One Senator said that he wished the tradition might be preserved, as one of the most extraordinary events he had ever witnessed. Another being asked, the day following that on which Mr. Burr took his leave, how long he was speaking, after a moment's pause, said he could form no idea; it might have been an hour, and it might have been but a moment; when he came to his senses, he seemed to have awakened as from a kind of *trance.*"*

Bending beneath the weight of heavy afflictions, and pursued, both by the Democratic and Federal parties, with a vengeance that seemed to compass nothing short of his life, Burr, now fallen from his high estate, became a wanderer and a desperado. The envy and rancor of Jefferson were fully aroused against him, in consequence of their recent rivalry, and the democratic party, of course, sided with Jefferson. He had slain Hamilton in a duel the year before, and the federal party panted for the blood of their idol's murderer; for as *murderer* he had been denounced and indicted in New York. His mind and temperament were too ardent, and his ambition too insatiable and restless to remain inactive. The domestic circle afforded him no comfort. The charm of his home, once his delight and happiness, had fled. The wife of his youth, the devoted partner of his joys and his adversities, was cold in the tomb. His daughter, sole pledge of their love, was married and removed into a distant State of the South. His property, suffering for want of attention during his ostracism, had melted away, leaving him distressingly in debt. His early friends avoided him, as one contaminated or proscribed, whose approach was a shadow of evil, and whose touch was death. Professional pursuits were out of the question. Law business was not to be intrusted to a fugitive from the law. Political advancement was forever closed to his efforts. No party would recognise him who was alike abhorred by democrat and federalist; —the object of Jefferson's hatred, and whose hands were stained with the blood of Alexander Hamilton. Thus bereaved and branded, Burr became another Ishmael. Every man's hand was against him; it was no wonder that his hand should soon be turned against every man. His manner, his conduct, his conversations, his very looks were watched with the eye of suspicion. He fled from the haunts of

* Vol. 2nd, p. 363.

man and sought the wilderness, in hopes there to create some employment calculated to appease his restlessness, and turn aside the gloomy fate which threatened to overwhelm him. Even here he was not beyond espionage. The friends and parasites of the jealous and inflamed President kept their eyes on him, and sent frequent reports to Washington. If he sojourned at the house of any man, that man was from that day marked. He staid a short time with General Dayton. Dayton welcomed him as an old revolutionary soldier, failed to abuse hospitality by communicating with the President, and, as a penalty for his *contumacy*, was subsequently indicted, along with Burr, as a conspirator. It was the same in the case of John Smith. He responded to the invitation of Herman Blannnerhasset, who was anxious to join in his land speculations, and paid a visit to the famous island in the Ohio. Blannerhasset, narrowly escaping with life, was afterwards stigmatized as a traitor, plundered of his wealth, and became a melancholy wanderer. He lounged a few days at the Hermitage, and even enlists its honored tenant in his scheme of invading Mexico, in case of war with Spain.* The lion nature of Andrew Jackson had not then been aroused, and the emissaries of Jefferson approached him with monitory voices. They succeeded for the moment, and he writes an anxious letter to Burr. Burr replies to his satisfaction, and then the awakened lion raises his defying mane ; and, for once, the *proscribers* falter, and are ignominiously baffled in their selfish machinations. They succeeded in ruining every body else, who had held the remotest connection with this hapless exile.

The grand juries of Kentucky twice lodged accusations against Burr. He was honorably acquitted on both occasions. On both of these occasions he was defended by Henry Clay, who was afterwards so far duped by *false testimony* in the hands of Jefferson, as to repent his efforts, and then openly affronted, (by refusing to speak to), Burr at the New York City Hall.† And yet it is a fact well authenticated that the very document in possession of Jefferson, and on which rested the evidence of Burr's *treason*, had been mutilated by General Wilkinson, and he so acknowledged at Richmond.* At this time there was a strong probability of hostilities between Spain and the United States, and it was known that the President had instructed the commander of the forces *to drive* the Spaniards beyond the Sabine. It had become a popular sentiment, even then, that in case war was begun it should end only by the conquest of Mexico. To this project no one was more intensely wedded than Andrew Jackson, as evinced both by a letter to Governor Claiborne, produced by General Wilkinson as an appendix to his testimony on the Burr trial, and by his sympathy with Aaron Burr. Burr was a military man by nature, and his greater ambition was to excel in military achievements. He was more tenacious of his revolutionary, than of either his political or professional fame. He was evidently fired with the scheme of invading and conquering so splendid a country as Mexico, with its ancient treasures, its mines, and its magnificent cities ; and the more so, that he might thus retrieve his fallen fortunes. He was not friendly enough to the Government to ask or obtain honorable service, with such prominence as he courted, under its direct auspices. His plan, as disclosed on the trial at Richmond, evidently was to raise an independent force, to be near the scene of action, and to be prepared to strike a grand blow on the first opening of hostilities. With this view, he must have entered into communication with General Wilkinson ; for as that officer was already in high command, and enjoyed the boundless confidence of his government, Burr was too sagacious to have attempted his seduction, by offering him peril and uncertainty, for safety and certainty. This tallies with the *testimony* of General Eaton, not with his inferences. It is not contradicted by that of Commodore Truxton, or Dudley Woodbridge, who was to have furnished the boats intended to convey the expedition. Nor would Burr without a clear understanding with Wilkinson, have undertaken to pass the whole American army with less than one hundred ragamuffins. This project of invading Mexico, under the countenance, and not by orders, of the Government, was certainly not *intended* as

* Vide Memoirs of Burr, Vol. 2d, Page 382.

† Vide Prentice's Clay, page 34.

* See Am. State Papers, [Mis.] vol. 1st. p. 542.

treason, which consists only in "levying war against the United States," or aiding and comforting the enemies of the country. It certainly was a rash and reprehensible movement, and if designed to have been pursued independently of the Government, it was a punishable offence, but not treason. The more reliable conclusion is that Burr, unfriendly to Jefferson, and bitterly persecuted by him, endeavored to use Wilkinson as an instrument for opening hostilities; for, under his orders, Wilkinson might do this at any time, and thus bring the whole within the shelter of the Government. The plan was to proceed under the apparent authority of the Government, without directly asking its connivance. And if, it may be remarked, General Wilkinson, who was clearly playing a double part, (perhaps it might not be unfair to say a treble part,) intended to play the traitor towards Burr, it is certain that he played his hand well. Burr never suspected him until after his interview with one Swartwout, whom he had sent to Wilkinson with the letter in cipher. As soon as he had made the discovery, he abandoned the idea, turned attention again to the Washita purchase, and resolved to await a more favorable crisis. This lucky discovery saved his life. Being thus guarded, he directed himself to other projects, less questionable. If Burr had been proven to have been at Blannerhasset's island, when the boats started down the Ohio, the *overt* act would have been made out, and in all probability the Government would have obtained a conviction.

By this time, however, Jefferson had fixed his talons on Burr, and appearances seemed to justify the conclusion that the blood of his ancient rival would be soon spilled to satiate his jealousy and rancor. He had been informed of Burr's movements months before; but merely to *suppress* the mischief, was no part of the tactics he had prescribed for his conduct. Burr was allowed to continue his preparations, and Jefferson looked on supinely, in the hope that some plain act which might be tortured into *overt* proceeding, should have been unwarily committed. His design was not so much to quell disaffection, as to secure his prey. At length a communication from General Wilkinson induces him to believe that the time has come, and he issues the order for the destruction of the boats and property of the expedition at the island, and for the arrest of Burr. The first is done forthwith; and in a short time, the main victim being stopped near Fort Stoddart, on the Tombigbee, is conveyed by a military escort to the city of Richmond, Va., and placed on trial for his life.

The proceedings of this famous trial have been long embodied as a part of the national history. A more important state trial never occurred, not excepting even that of Warren Hastings. All that was interesting or romantic in Burr's previous history; all that could charm the fancy in connection with Blannerhasset and his beautiful island home; all that was magnificent and inspiring, as regarded the ancient country of the Aztecs and the Montezumas, were concentrated and thrown into this trial. There were startling rumors, too, that many, among the highest and most popular, would be hurled from their proud positions as the testimony progressed. Added to these, it was known that Jefferson had enlisted ardently in the prosecution, and would move his whole official influence to crush the man who had once competed with him for the Presidency. The odds against Burr were truly appalling, and his chances for escape seemed to be completely blocked. Against the powerful personal influence of an implacable enemy; the machinations of two enraged political parties, to whom he was alike odious; the whole artillery of the Government, and the prejudging voice of an aroused and indignant nation, was opposed a single individual stripped of power, and of property, and of home; abandoned by friends, and from whom even relatives shrank with trepidation. In all America *one only* heart throbbed in unison with his own; but that *one* heart—devoted—fixed—changeless; sensitive alike to his joys and his sorrows, was to him more than *all* America, or all the world. It was the heart of Theodosia, "sole daughter of his house!"

Throughout the whole period from the arrest until the discharge of Burr, and his departure for England, the conduct of Jefferson was obnoxious to grave criticism, and evinced a want of magnanimity unworthy of his great fame and his exalted station. True taste would have suggested to him a dignified neutrality of action, especially in view

of his official prerogative of pardon, should the accused be brought in guilty; but more than all, in view of his past relations with the distinguished prisoner. He chose to pursue a course less delicate; aided the law by personal exertions, and mingled officially in the prosecution by employing eminent counsel to assist the District Attorney for the United States. It is said that he expended more than an hundred thousand dollars of the public money in aiding this prosecution. His letters to the District Attorney, Mr. Hay, are full of the most ireful and splenetic effusions against the judge, the counsel for defence, and the prisoner. He even condescends to charge the *federalists*, as a party, with sympathising in the treasons and troubles of Aaron Burr. "The *federalists* make Burr's cause their own, and exert their whole influence to shield him from *punishment*.*" "Aided by no process or facilities from the *federal* courts, but frowned on by *their* newborn zeal for the liberty of those whom *we* would not permit to overthrow the liberties of their country, we can expect no revealments from the accomplices of the *chief* offender. Of treasonable intentions, the judges have been obliged to confess there is a probable appearance. What loophole they will find in the case, when it comes to trial, we cannot foresee. Eaton, Stoddart, and Wilkinson, will satisfy the *world*, if not the *judges*, of Burr's guilt. The nation will judge both the offender and *judges* for themselves. If a member of the Executive or of the Legislature does wrong, the day is never far distant when the *people* will remove him. They will see then, and amend, the error in our Constitution which makes *any* branch *independent* of the nation. They will see that *one* of the great co-ordinate branches of the Government, setting itself in opposition to the other *two*, and to the common sense of the *nation*, proclaims impunity to that class of offenders which endeavors to overturn the Constitution, and are themselves protected in it by the Constitution itself; for impeachment is a *farce* which will not be tried again. If *their* protection of Burr produces this amendment, it will do more good than his condemnation."† In this last letter, four points are very clearly made. It is evident that he intends to cast an ungenerous slur at Chief Justice Marshall, the *federal* judge, offending; it is evident that, in conducting Burr's trial, having despaired of doing anything in Court, he intends to play the game out, to arouse the anger of the *nation* against the *errors* of the Constitution; it is evident that he insinuates an attack on the *independence* of the Judicial department of the Government; and it is evident, that in the ebullition of his partisan acerbity, he casts a censure on the Senate of the United States, because their *impeachment* of Judge Chase, at a previous session, did not terminate in his displacement. Now with all due deference to the opinion of our distinguished subject, we must be permitted to say, that in our opinion, Burr's projected invasion of Mexico, by itself, would have done much less harm than this proposed degradation of the Judicial Department of the Government. We have no sympathy with Jefferson's views on this question, and hold them to be wholly irreconcilable with his professed democracy; for, to our view, his plans would ultimately have led to a centralization of all power in the hands of the Executive. The time may come when a *popular* President, and a subservient Senate, may place in judicial seats mere instruments of Executive will. This is one way in which despotism may approach, and not an improbable one; quite as probable as in military form. We have seen, thus far, sufficient evidence to convince us, that Jefferson, despite his favor for democratic principles, leaned towards a policy which strengthened the Executive arm of the Government, and weakened the judicial arm. But besides claiming for the Executive an ultimate judicial authority, looking to entire supremacy, as we have shown some pages back, he, on this occasion, demanded, and had nearly obtained, a suspension of the Habeas Corpus, and usurped the right to seize, impress, and imprison witnesses. These arbitrary acts and demands are in full accordance with the spirit of his letters just quoted; and go to illustrate, that public liberty is not always safest in the hands of ultra democrats. Danton and Robespierre conversed speciously, and harangued eloquently, about the liberties of France, when the *Place de Louis Quinze* was

* See letter to Bowdoin, vol. 4th, p. 72. Jef. Corres.

† Letter to Giles, vol. 4th, p. 73 and 74.

reeking daily with the blood of slaughtered victims, and the guillotine dealing its death strokes by the minute. We do not mean to say that Jefferson would have been, under like circumstances, either a Danton or a Robespierre. But we mean to say that, in his Presidential conduct on this occasion, he was arbitrary, vindictive, and unjustifiably bent on shedding the blood of Aaron Burr. Nor can we at all concur in his harsh and vituperative censures on Chief Justice Marshall. That eminent judge may have experienced uncommon embarrassment at this trial, and, in consequence, exhibited more than usual hesitation and inconsistency in delivering legal opinions. The array of learned counsel, the vast importance of the cause, the enlightened audiences ever present, and the distinction and acknowledged legal acumen of the prisoner himself, very naturally contributed to produce both embarrassment and occasional inconsistency. It has rarely fallen to the lot of any judge to have had occasion to seek so earnestly for the truth, both as to law and evidence; and none ever presided with more dignity and impartiality, in the most responsible station in which one can be placed. Old and previously settled principles of law were more than once battered down by refined argument. New principles and points were sprung and discussed, with an ability seldom if ever displayed on any former occasion. Every point of law was jealously disputed, on one side or the other, and the nicest discrimination was necessary to distinguish between mere forensic powers and profundity of argument. Judge Marshall proved equal to all these requisites.

The conduct of Jefferson, on this occasion, is liable to reprehension on still another ground. He exhibited a degree of intolerance, and impatience at being crossed, that argued downright Jesuitism. Among the counsel for Colonel Burr was old Luther Martin of Maryland, one of the framers of the Constitution. He manifested a deep and sincere zeal in the cause of his client, and, when warranted, did not scruple to charge home cuttingly on the *real* prosecutor — Thomas Jefferson. He especially animadverted on the President's presuming to withhold *any* papers necessary to the defence of Burr, and declared that Jefferson's papers were no more sacred than those of his client, who had been robbed of the same by order of the Government. This, together with the charge of violating the New Orleans post office, in the person of General Wilkinson, although believed to be true, stung Jefferson to the quick, and roused his fierce resentment. His rage might have been justified, had he suggested a less exceptionable means of vengeance. But passion and the pride of power blinded him. On the 19th of June, he thus writes to Mr. Hay:—"Shall *we* move to commit Luther Martin as *particeps criminis* with Burr? Graybell will fix on him misprision *at least*. And, *at any rate*, his evidence will serve to *put down* this unprincipled and impudent *federal bull-dog*, and add another proof that the most *clamorous* defenders of Burr are his accomplices."* We cannot imagine any language more exceptionable than this, when uttered by a high dignitary of state, nor any course of conduct so really mean and unfair on the part of a chief magistrate. It shows the effervescence of an over-wrought party bitterness, and betrays a willingness to abuse power by using it for purposes of private revenge. It is well known that Burr was acquitted, both as to treason and to misdemeanor. The verdict was proper, and the only one that could have been justly rendered under the circumstances. After months of long testimony and tedious legal arguments, the counsel for Burr had moved that the further progress of the trial be arrested, inasmuch as it had been proved that Burr was not present when the *overt* act, as charged in the indictment, had been committed, and that, therefore, all other testimony was irrelevant. This motion threw consternation and surprise among the prosecutors, and produced one of the most learned, discursive, and powerful legal arguments to be found in the whole course of judicial proceedings. Wirt characterized it as "a bold and original stroke in the noble science of defence, and as bearing marks of the genius and hand of a *master*." He stated his objections to the point, and enforced them in one of the most splendid forensic displays ever recorded. It will stand a favorable comparison with Burke's celebrated *chef d'œuvre* in the great case

* Vol. IV., p. 87, Corres.

of Warren Hastings before the British Parliament. Independent of its power as an argument, it stands unrivalled in point of eloquence and emphasis of delivery. After having described Burr and Blannerhasset; coupling the first with all that was dangerous and seductive, and the last with all that was interesting and romantic; painting vividly the beautiful island on the Ohio—its blooming shrubbery—its gorgeous palace—the noble library which opened its treasures to the master—the celestial music which melodized its recesses, and charmed "the beautiful and tender partner of his bosom;" after dwelling on its quiet, rural scenes, and its domestic innocence and loveliness, interrupted and perverted by the arrival of Burr,—he scouts the idea that Blannerhasset can *now* be made principal instead of accessory, and closes with the emphatic appeal: "Let Aaron Burr, then, not shrink from the high destination he has courted; and having already ruined Blannerhasset in fortune, character, and happiness forever, let him not attempt to finish the tragedy by thrusting that ill-fated man between himself and punishment." But splendor of oratory and majesty of description did not meet the issue, or answer the case. The defence held obstinately to the naked and resistless principle of the law, and its inevitable application to the point submitted. It involved all, it reached and covered the whole merits of the case, but the Chief Justice did not waver. He walked boldly up to his duty, and charged the Jury that *such was the law.* Of course, a verdict of "Not Guilty" was the consequence.

It might have been supposed that this elaborate and painful trial, its exposures and its mortifications, and this verdict, would end the matter, so far as contentment, under the consciousness of duty honestly discharged, was concerned. The law had had its fair operation, the prosecution had staked all, the defence had risked all, and the jury had pronounced. But Jefferson had been deprived of his vengeance, and the event rankled within his bosom. His anger and dissatisfaction found vent, and, strange to tell, his grandson's has been the hand to parade his weakness and his vindictiveness before a curious world. A letter to Mr. Hay, found on page 102, vol. 4th, of the work before us, contains this remarkable and petulant language: "The event has been—(*Here follows a number of stars, quite significant*);—that is to say, not only to *clear* Burr, but to prevent the evidence from ever going to the *world* (!!!). It is now, therefore, more than ever indispensable, that not a *single witness* be allowed to depart until his testimony has been committed to writing. The whole proceedings will be laid before *Congress*, that *they* may decide whether the *defect*—(viz., *the omission to convict*, we suppose,)—has been in the evidence of guilt, or in the law, or in the *application* of the law, and that *they may provide* the proper *remedy* for *the past* and the future. * * * *This criminal*, (*that is*, Burr,) is *preserved* to become the rallying point of all the disaffected and the worthless of the United States, and to be the pivot on which all the intrigues and conspiracies which foreign governments may wish to disturb us with, are to turn. If he is convicted of the misdemeanor, the Judge must, *in decency*, give *us* respite by some short confinement of him; but we must expect it to be very short."

We must award to Mr. Thomas Jefferson Randolph a more than usual share of candor and concern for the public, in thus surrendering the worthy object of his veneration to the *scarifiers* of political journalists and reviewers. But we must again object to his taste. It would have been better to have altogether suppressed *such* a letter to his confidential friend and agent; but it was a grievous error to curtail and *star* it. The inferences liable to be drawn from its general tenor will be far more unfavorable to his grandfather than would the part of the sentence omitted. But the whole letter is objectionable,—especially the parts we have quoted and italicised. It exhibits the discontents of a mind laboring under tormenting disappointment at having lost its *victim*. It unfolds the desire of its author to dishonor the Constitution by threatening to appeal from a *Judicial Tribunal* to *Congress* and to the *people*. It shows that Jefferson was capable of undermining, or endeavoring to dishonor, a *judicial officer*, because, instead of laboring to convict and hang an accused person, as the President evidently wished he should do, he had, with the guard of a jury, sternly administered *the law*. It proves that Jef-

ferson, in the fury of thwarted vengeance, was willing to urge on Congress to act *retrospectively*, or fall on some "remedy for the past," which would still enable him to pursue and destroy his enemy. It accuses the Court and Jury of deliberately *preserving a criminal*, that he might incite "the disaffected and the worthless" against his country. Now we protest utterly against the inculcation of such principles, and must hold the language and intent as eminently seditious in tendency. We feel at liberty to denounce, and repudiate, such teachings, let them emanate from what source they may. Because Jefferson is claimed as being the apostle, *par excellence* of democracy; we do not choose to receive from him, under this assumed sanction, maxims that would have startled Napoleon in the days of his greatest power, and would drag an English King from his throne. It will not do to panegyrize *Republican liberty* under federal administrations, and then, in its name, grasp at powers which were never dreamed of in connection with *Federal usurpations*. The sedition law of '98, so much complained of by the nation, could work its mischiefs only under the sanctions of a judicial tribunal. The Executive had very little to do with its operations. But if Jefferson's recommendations at this time had been carried out; if the *Habeas Corpus* had been suspended; if the inculcations gleaned from his various letters had been reduced to practice, the Executive would have been *supreme* in legal and civil matters, as it is already in military affairs. Here is another and striking proof, that they who boast most speciously of genuine democratic principles, are not always the safest persons to be trusted with power.

In connection with this trial of Aaron Burr is mixed up another affair, which although somewhat collateral to the main issue, yet serves to show how determined Jefferson was to bring about a speedy conviction of the prisoner. Among those who had been violently arrested in New Orleans by order of General Wilkinson, and dragged to Richmond to testify against Burr, was a Dr. Erick Bollman. This man was a German, and was distinguished for character, science, and enterprise. In 1794, in company with a young South a rolinian, he crossed the Austrian frontiers, made his way into Moravia, and resolved to undertake the desperate effort of liberating Lafayette from the dungeons of Olmutz. By means of his profession, he gained some communication with the captive, who was said to be gradually sinking under the effects of confinement. After repeated efforts they contrived to enable Lafayette to quit his prison, but it was only a momentary release. He was soon retaken, and along with his heroic friends, again buried in the depths of his dungeon. So great was the resentment against Bollman and his coadjutor they were chained by the necks to the floor of the apartments they severally occupied. After six month's confinement, however, Bollman and Huger were released at the intercession of a powerful and influential nobleman. Bollman became a naturalized citizen of the United States, and in 1806, in some way, was connected with the schemes of Colonel Burr. In December of that year he was arrested, and told for the first time, that he was *particeps criminis* with a traitor at the head of several thousand troops, and whose design was to levy war against the United States. Indignant at being thus wickedly connected, and totally disbelieving all *treasonable intent* on the part of Burr, he solicited, on his arrival in Washington, a personal interview with President Jefferson. He there made a full revelation of the whole plan and schemes of Burr so far as he knew them, utterly repudiating all designs of any attempt to disturb the Union. But he had unwarily committed himself to an artful diplomatist, who cared little about his disclaimers or impressions, so that he could use him in gathering any fact that might subserve his purpose of indicting, convicting, and hanging, Aaron Burr. A short time after this interview, and in order to make matters doubly sure, Jefferson addressed a note to Bollman, adroitly worded, and solicited him to put in writing what he had communicated verbally, but pledging his "*word of honor*" that the same "should never be used against Bollman," and "that the paper should never go out of his hands." To this proposition, Bollman very artlessly and unhesitatingly, but most thoughtlessly, assented. It was the seal to his ruin and ostracism. It was scarcely given be-

fore a pretext was set up that it involved matters which seriously implicated the author in Burr's misdemeanors, and that sufficient cause for indictment by the grand jury existed. Bollman was a prisoner, confidently relying on the President's *word of honor*. In June 1807, he was summoned before the grand jury at Richmond, as a witness against Burr, his testimony being predicated on what he had divulged to the President. By this time he had been apprized of the snare set for him, and he refused to testify in a cause where he might inculpate himself. But Jefferson had planned his tactics. He had privately despatched to Mr. Attorney Hay, a full pardon for Bollman, in order to deprive him of that plea. Bollman not having been indicted or tried, denied that he needed any pardon, and refused it with indignation in open court, as a "*badge of infamy*" proffered him by Jefferson. The District Attorney repeatedly thrust it at him, and, to Bollman's great surprise, referred undisguisedly to the document he had penned for the President, on *his word of honor* that the same should not be used against him, and *never go out of the President's hands*. At this time, Bollman charges, it was not used against him only, but actually was in the hands of Mr. Hay, who had allowed General Wilkinson to read it also. The existence of such a paper became so notoriously public, that it was even sent for, and demanded by the grand jury, sitting on the case of Aaron Burr.*

Now, let these transactions be construed as they may, the most charitable and indulgent will find much to condemn in the conduct of Jefferson. One *fact* is clear and unquestionable. Jefferson certainly broke deliberately his *word of honor*, and without assigning any reason to palliate the violation. In his zeal to convict Burr, Jefferson had withheld papers necessary to the defence; had sanctioned the most violent outrages on personal liberty, to compel the attendance of witnesses; had violated the law by removing the accused beyond the limits of the territory in which the crime was alleged to have been committed; had opened the doors of the national treasury to engage assistant counsel in the prosecution; had turned prompter and prosecutor himself; had refused to attend court on a subpœna *duces tecum*; had offered, by dangerous stretches of power, to break up the defence by imprisoning on a doubtful charge one of the leading counsel, and had done all that he dared to do, to gain the cherished object of his desire. But all this was better than betraying the confidence of an injured man, a prisoner and in his power. Candor, as a reviewer, calls on us to place the brand of unqualified reprehension on such conduct.

Before dismissing this branch of our subject, it may not be inappropriate to mention, that Burr always denied, that treason against the United States, or the dismemberment of the Union, ever formed any part of his design in these movements. He denied it first, when questioned seriously, to Andrew Jackson. He denied it, in the confidence of client and counsel, to Henry Clay. He denied, under the seal of devoted friendship to Senator Smith, declaring, "if Bonaparte with all his army, was in the western country for the purpose of accomplishing that object, they would never again see salt water." He denied it indignantly on his dying bed, exclaiming, "I would as soon have thought of taking possession of the moon, and informing my friends that I intended to divide it among them." A careful perusal of the evidence adduced on his trial, and an impartial review of all the facts and circumstances of his case, satisfies us that Burr was sincere in the above declarations. The precise objects he had in view, will, in all probability, never be ascertained. His ambition and restlessness led him into many wild schemes, and perhaps many censurable errors, but we are nevertheless satisfied, that he was a persecuted man, and the victim of a malignant proscription.

* See Extracts from Bollman's pamphlet, p. 389. Burr's Memoirs.

POLITICAL ECONOMISTS.

HENRY C. CAREY.

"Political economy," says Mr. Mill, —one of the most philosophical and candid of the modern school of foreign writers on this subject—"reasons from assumed premises — from premises which might be totally without foundation in fact, and which are not pretended to be universally in accordance with it."

It is not to be wondered at, that those who begin their reasoning from such points of departure, should fall out by the way; and that occasion should be found for the frank declaration of Mr. McCulloch, the highest living authority of that school—"The differences which have subsisted among the most eminent professors of political economy, have proved excessively unfavorable to its progress, and have generated a disposition to distrust its best established conclusions."

It is not to depreciate the claims of the science that we have cited these humiliating confessions by its learned Doctors. They furnish us sufficient explanation, and, in some measure, justification, for the indifference with which its present teachings are regarded by the class who pride themselves upon being called practical men. It requires no small assurance, with such avowals staring them in the face, in enduring print, for the pundits of this distracted sect, to stand up, as they do, and call upon statesmen and legislators in the name of the whole, to listen to their voice, as if it were accordant and unanimous—to accept their guidance in the conduct of the most important operations of government, affecting the material, intellectual, and moral well-being of millions, as if they were all agreed; and in this advanced stage of the world's history, mankind ought to have become too wise to hesitate about deferring to their authority. If we would translate their conduct and their pretensions into language, it would be something like this: "We have started from various and conflicting hypotheses, —each man of us framing his own,—of what we regard as the way of the world's going on, in the business of accumulating, distributing, and consuming wealth. These may be totally without foundation in fact, and are not pretended to be universally in accordance with it. We have discoursed of value, of profits, of rent, and the like general terms with which our science is conversant. We have not agreed at all in defining them, and the differences between us have not been merely verbal, but fundamental, reaching to the essential properties of things, and the widest consequences in action. We have found out, some of us, laws in virtue of which, the race of man is in a constant and fatal course of progressive deterioration, in those physical comforts which our studies concern themselves about. It is marching on to increasing famine and misery. This discovery is the peculiar merit of our modern school—the new Academy. This, which it was not given Adam Smith to see, has been reserved for our eyes, and it lies at the foundation of our recent teachings, shaping and coloring them all. We have, consequently, discarded as erroneous and heretical, much, very much, that Adam Smith inculcated, and we have refrained from the exposure of many of his errors, lest we should impair the superstitious worship paid to his name,*—that name in which we now call upon you to let things alone—to abstain from any effort to protect the industry of your people, against

* Francis Horner, one of the first contributors to the Edinburgh Review, and a thorough-paced advocate of the so-called Free Trade policy, wrote, in 1803, to a friend who had recommended to him to bring out an annotated edition of the Wealth of Nations. "I should be reluctant to expose Smith's errors, before his work has produced its full effect. We owe much at present to the superstitious worship of Smith's name, and we must not impair that feeling till the victory is more complete."

the adverse legislation of foreign states, and the death grapple of foreign private competition. This we teach, with one accord, as a rule of universal application, *attempt no protection, and let the world wag.*"

Such are the dictates of the prevailing school of foreign economical writers. The plausibilities of each have vogue with his coterie of adherents. The practical truth that is in each has gained for him the support of a certain number of practical men — their speculations have ceased to be the occupation of mere students, and have passed into action. They come to us now from across the Atlantic, backed by the authority of Sir Robert Peel and Lord John Russell, and with the weight which attaches to the strong common sense supposed to be the basis of the English character, and represented by the profession and example of the British Lords and Commons. There was a time when it might do for us, whigs and protectionists, to rely upon the instinctive detection by our people of the errors in fact, and fallacies in reasoning, which are involved in the defence of the Foreign Trade policy, which calls itself *Free* Trade. Every individual has his notions upon this general subject. It is impossible that he should have made his way to man's estate, in this trading world, without having generalized the results of his observation into certain formulas—little snatches of proverbial philosophy — by which he is governed in his private conduct, as well as in his judgment upon public measures. Time was, perhaps, when we might trust to these, for working sound conclusions in the general mind, and keeping it obstinately right, in spite of the lectures of the professors in our colleges, and the solemn treatises of the systematic economists. That time, we apprehend, has passed. The time never was, when we could rely upon contemptuous sneers at theorists, or the attempted refutations by members of Congress and editors of newspapers, who theorized equally with them, but less logically, and have struggled to maintain sound positions by unsound arguments, and brought weakness instead of strength to the cause they labored to serve. Of this there has been more than enough—more than either business or policy will permit us to remark upon. What we have wanted was systematic instruction in true political economy, to meet and overcome systematic instruction in false—When thousands of educated young men are sent out every year from our colleges into the arena of active life, to exercise the power which knowledge always possesses over ignorance, every one of whom has had carefully instilled in him the dogmas of the foreign economists, and the reasonings by which they are supported, it is surely time that we should have an American system, presented equally, formally, fully, and logically. These young men cannot well have a faith made up of shreds and patches. It must be a consistent whole. The hour has been crying out for the man who should do this great service, and, in our judgment, the man has come, in the person of Mr. Carey,—the text-book, in his writings.

The name of Mr. Carey is not a new one in economical literature, nor is its reputation merely American. On the contrary, as we shall have occasion to show before concluding this notice, it is quite as well known, and we regret to indulge a suspicion, more highly and worthily appreciated upon the Continent of Europe than in our own. In the year 1837, he published Part First, of his Principles of Political Economy, treating of the laws of the production and distribution of wealth. This was followed in 1838 by Part Second, "of the causes which retard increase in the production of wealth, and improvement in the physical and moral character of man," and, in 1840, by Part Third, "of the causes which retard increase in the numbers of mankind," and Fourth "of the causes which retard increase in the political condition of man." The distinguishing characteristic of this work, in its manner, is the elaborate and extensive collection and comparison of *facts*. Travellers, Historians, Statisticians, are laid under contribution, and no principle is advanced without large citations, from every quarter, to prove or to elucidate its truth. Mr. Carey went upon the notion that the science could only deserve that name, in so far as it was founded upon the observation of facts and carried forward by induction from them. He has felt himself bound at every step to show, not the versimilitude but the verity itself, of his statements—not that the conclusions were likely to be true merely, that they followed by just course of reasoning—but that the reasoning was just and com-

plete, because its results were borne out by visible experience in what we may style, the second series of facts. It is not difficult for us to reason with the precision of syllogism, if we can be absolutely sure, that all facts have been observed and taken into account,—that have relation to the matter. But that we have, in point of fact, taken them into account, is only to be learned by bringing the conclusion from time to time to the test of comparison with *facts*, of as many different series, as there are stages in the process of ratiocination. The whole philosophy of the matter is involved in the remark that "truth is stranger than fiction." Fiction *must* look like truth or it is *felo de se.* Truth is under no such law, and perpetually shows itself in novel and unexpected forms, which have no prototype and consequently no similitude.

We shall see pretty soon to what issue the habit of Mr. Carey's mind has conducted him. Meantime, it occurs to our recollection, that in a series of the work published shortly after its appearance, this feature was deprecated as a fault. The reviewer thought it would have been better to lay down the principles in due method, and leave it to the reader to see that the facts *must* be in accordance with them. That course has been extensively pursued by other writers, and with striking results. It is a circumstance which Mr. Mill had in mind, probably, when he wrote the sentence which we began this article by quoting.

The leading feature in which the doctrines of this work of Mr. Carey differs from those of Malthus, Ricardo, senior, and the modern school of foreign Economists in general are,

1. The demonstration that land, like every other commodity, owes all its value to labor, and that rent, instead of being, as defined by Ricardo, "that compensation which is paid to the owner of land for the use of its original and indestructible powers," is only interest upon the capital which has been expended upon and about it, in bringing it to its existing condition. That, consequently, the profits resulting from investments in land obey the same laws as those affecting capital in other forms.

2. "That as population and capital increase, *and as cultivation is extended over the inferior soils*, labor becomes more productive, and there is a constant diminution in the *proportion* claimed by the owner of capital, whether applied to the improvement of land or to the transportation or exchange of commodities, accompanied by a constant increase in the proportion retained by the laborer, and a constant improvement of his conditio n.

We have chosen the second law, in the words of Mr. Carey, from page 141 of his 1st volume, for the purpose of bringing distinctly into view the phrase which we have put into italics. It is repeated on the next page in the statement of the laws applied to capital, with the addition, that further capital is accumulated with greater facility, and that though the *proportion* of the capitalist is diminished, yet that smaller proportion yields him *a constantly increasing quantity* of commodities, and thus a smaller amount of labor is required to recover a given amount of inc me.

It requires but little reflection to convince one, that this is the permanent, inflexible, law of human progress.

It is apparent that every improvement in the machinery of production is such in virtue of the fact that it diminishes the quantity of labor necessary to attain the possession of a given commodity. Let it be an axe, or a tin kettle, which will serve the purpose of illustration as well as any more complex and costly product of labor. It is equally plain that the improvement once achieved, axes and tin kettles of equal quality must henceforth forever command a less price in labor than before. A given amount of labor will, under the influence of competition, command more of them than before; in precisely the proportion that the labor cost of their production,—including, of course, the distributive charge upon each axe or kettle requisite to compensate the interest, and wear of the capital or accumulated labor invested in the machinery,—has decreased. But what is capital but the aggregate sum of the axes and kettles already in existence? The relative power of labor, in respect to capital, the proportion which it can command of the fruits of their joint exertion and use—the value and dignity of man, as compared with things, is advancing in ceaseless progression with the increase of population and

of wealth. That the return to the capitalists, for the use of the accumulated labor of himself, or those whom he represents, in virtue of purchase or inheritance, also increases *absolutely*, though relatively diminishing, is shown by considerations which we are not careful to reproduce here. In this day, when so many are attempting the artificial reconstruction of society, upon the notion that the physical and moral condition of the laborer is deteriorating, that aspect of the law which looks to his advantage, is the most interesting.

In this very year of grace, 1850, Mons. Fr. Bastiat, membre correspondant de l'Institute, representant du People, &c., one of the most prominent economical writers of France, who is glorified by his admirers as the French Cobden, has given to the world, at Paris, a book which he styles HARMONIES ECONOMIQUES. It is devoted, more than to any thing, to the elucidation and enforcement of the law of which we have been speaking, and which Mr. Carey gave to the world for the first time. Bastiat uses it, and the inferences manifestly deducible from it, with crushing force against the communists and socialists, who are perplexing his nation with fear of change. He writes, as Frenchmen are prone to do, in the heroic vein, and in a highly rhetorical manner, but it must be confessed, with general adroitness of argument and felicity of diction. On page 280 of his book, he comes to the formal annunciation of this law in the following terms: "J'ose poser, comme inébranlable, quant a la distribution de ce bien-être, l'axiome suivant." "*A mesure que les capitaux s'accroissent la part absolue des capitalistes dans les produits totaux augmente et leur part relative diminue. Au contraire les travailleurs, voient augmenter leur part dans deux sens.*"* "SUCH," he continues, "IS THE GREAT, THE ADMIRABLE, CONSOLING, NECESSARY AND INFLEXIBLE LAW OF CAPITAL. To demonstrate it, it seems to me, is to overwhelm with discredit the declamations which have so long assailed our ears, against the AVIDITY, the TYRANNY, of the most powerful instrument of civilization and of EQUALIZATION, which human powers produce."

Mons. Bastiat is, we think, well warranted in his assertion. If Mr. Carey had done no more in this world than supply that demonstration, he would have made as large a contribution to Political Economy, as any, the most eminent, of his predecessors; larger than any of his contemporaries—one large enough, it might fairly be supposed, to draw an acknowledgment from a man who has availed himself of his labors so extensively, and prizes them so highly, as Mons. Bastiat. He has copied his very arrangement from Mr. Carey—he has used his language, his illustrations, and tables of figures, repeatedly; he has scarce an idea, which is not to be found in the work of which we are speaking, and yet the solitary reference to his creditor is this: At page 404, he cites from Mr. Carey's book an extract from the proceedings of the South Australian Association, and proceeds, "The association, believing that this disaster, (the ruin of the Colony of Swan River,) arose from the cheapness of land, advanced the price of theirs to twelve shillings per acre. But," adds Carey, from whom I have borrowed this quotation, "in his introduction, addressed to the Youth of France, he unblushingly arrogates for himself the entire originality of his views—compares them with those of Malthus, Ricardo, &c., and dismisses Carey's among "a crowd of other systems of a less general scope, that I shall not mention."

It will have been observed, by the reader who is acquainted with the modern school of English economists, that the two laws we have noted, as the remarkable feature of Mr. Carey's work, are sufficient to establish a wide discrepancy between his views and the speculations of Ricardo, Malthus, and their followers, although he was as yet so far misled by their authority, as to concede, that in the commencement of cultivation, when population is small and land abundant, the best soils are alone cultivated, and that with the progress of population men are driven to those of succesively inferior quality. The theory of Rent, which is based upon this assumption, was hailed, when first promulgated, as the great

* "I have dared to lay down as an axiom that cannot be shaken, the following rule in relation to the distribution of wealth. 'In proportion as capital increases, the share of the capitalist in the sum of products, increases absolutely, while it diminishes relatively. The laborer, on the contrary, sees his share augmented, as well relatively as absolutely.'"

discovery of the age. A new school arose, all of whose theories were founded upon its truth, and who have corrected what they deem the errors of Adam Smith, by the fresh light, and broader vision, which this acquisition has afforded them. Ricardo taught that "the natural tendency of profits is to fall; for in the progress of society and wealth, the additional quantity of food required is obtained by the sacrifice of more and more labor." He held, too, that rent being paid by reason of the necessity of resorting to soils of progressively lower degrees of fertility, and necessarily advancing as the difference between the best lands, thus first cultivated, and those last brought into use, increases, the share of the laborer in the products of agriculture will be diminished, while that of the landlord will be increased. That, consequently, as the average rates of profits and wages, in all employments, tends to a level, the condition of the laborer and the landless capitalist grows more and more inferior to that of the landlords, with a continual tendency in both to become ultimately his slaves.

Mr. Carey, examining the historical records of the long settled nations of the earth, and comparing the conditions of man, capital, and land, as described in reliable accounts of contemporary societies in different stages of industrial progress, discovered that their theories were at war with the facts. When his analysis had detected the law which governs the division, in different periods of the progress of national wealth, between the laborer and the capitalist, of the fruits of their co-operative action, it supplied him with a corrective, and demonstrated the existence of a counteracting force, the modifications due to whose influence did much towards harmonizing the results of error with observed facts. There was sufficient vitality in the partial truth, to preserve the falsehood mixed up with it from destruction. It enabled him, also, to fortify his faith against the dreary forebodings of Malthus, who, pursuing the doctrine of Rent, "the great glory of the school of Ricardo," to its legitimate conclusions, proved that the Divine command, "increase and multiply and replenish the earth," was but an injunction to the race to hurry on to starvation—an invitation to suicide. He found that the laws of capital provided for its growth in a more rapid ratio than that of population, and that the course of this world was so ordered, that its natural progress was towards ever increasing comfort, and virtue, instead of destitution, misery and vice. It was made clear to his comprehension that the cause of Rent was not that assigned—that land, instead of bearing a larger value than the labor expended in bringing it into its existing condition—a monopoly price—always represented a less value in exchange, and could at all times and in all places, be purchased by the equivalent of less labor than that which had been employed in its improvement. But, while thus discarding the theory of Rent in its formula and its consequences, he had not emancipated himself from the falsehood assumed as truth, with which it starts. True, he had perceived that "The soils first cultivated are *very frequently not those of the highest fertility*. It is well known that the rich bottom lands of the west, covered, as they are, with large timber, are not those most sought after. The settler prefers that which is somewhat inferior, but which is clear and ready for cultivation. Timber is, therefore, an objection to him, and he will take land of second or third quality, ready for use, rather than No. 1, that requires to be cleared."*

But he every where impliedly treats such cases as exceptional and receives it as the general rule that men first cultivate the superior soils, and are driven by necessity to those of successively lower fertility.

The fiction is perpetually repeated, under circumstances, where, to one who, having under his guidance learned the truth, now reverts to his earlier work—it would almost seem to indicate a wantonness of perverse phraseology—an affectation of paradox.

To recur to a former quotation:

"As population and capital increases, *and as cultivation is extended over the inferior soils*, further capital is accumulated with greater facility," &c.

Substitute *superior* for *inferior*, in the italicised member of this sentence, and the

* Principles of Political Economy, vol. 1, p. 38.

proposition carries conviction to the sense as soon as it strikes the eye or ear. What was before incongruous and discordant, becomes harmonious—almost self-evident and a truism. It was precisely to this substitution that Mr. Carey's subsequent enquiries after *facts* conducted him.

It is difficult to conceive a proposition, which being sheer fiction, possessed more the appearance of truth, than that men in the midst of an ample supply of fertile and unappropriated lands, will always in the first instance subject to cultivation those only which are capable of yielding the largest return. It is not strange that the declaration should have been accepted so readily, as a manifest fact. Truth *is* stranger than fiction. The strong conviction with which it impressed the minds of the foreign economists, is evinced in the unflinching boldness with which they met and embraced every inference logically deducible from it. With them, in relation to this fundamental error, the *reductio ad absurdum* signally failed. When it led them to an absurdity, they received the absurdity without hesitation, and incorporated it forthwith into their creeds. The more startling are the principles of doctrine and practice to which it conducts them, the more do they magnify the importance of the discovery. They have vindicated their honesty as well as their faith, in such measure as is seldom given to writers upon any matter of mere terrestrial concernment.

In the year 1848, Mr. Carey published THE PAST, THE PRESENT, AND THE FUTURE. His examination of history, and observation of contemporaneous facts, had satisfied him that the premise assumed by the modern school has no existence as a fact,—that it never has existed in any country whatsoever; and that it is contrary to the nature of things that it should have existed or can exist. On the contrary, he shows the original settlers "invariably occupying the high and thin lands, requiring little clearing and no drainage; those which can yield but a small return to labor: and as invariably travelling down the hills and clearing and draining the lower and richer lands, as population and wealth increase."

"Passing thus, at every step, from the poor to the better soils, the supply of food, and of all other of the necessaries of life, increases daily, and men consume more while accumulating wealth with constantly increasing rapidity. The danger of famine and disease passes away. Increased returns to labor and daily improving condition, render labor pleasant, and man applies himself more steadily as his work becomes less severe. Population increases, and the rapidity of its increase is seen to be greater with each successive generation, and with each is seen an increase of the power of living in connection with each other by reason of the power of obtaining increasing supplies from the same surface; with each is seen an increase in the tendency to combination of action, by which their labors are rendered more productive—their wants increased—the desires and the facilities of commerce augmented: tending to produce harmony, and peace, and security of person and property among themselves, and with the world; accompanied by constant increase of numbers, wealth, prosperity and happiness."

It is not our purpose to make any citations from the beautiful and convincing demonstration by which this text is supported. It consists in elaborate historical examination of the progress of settlement and cultivation, in the United States, Mexico, South America, Great Britain, France, Italy, Greece, India, &c. This is the first and essential point in Carey's method of treating a subject. That having been established it is proper to explain the rationale of the phenomena, and to exhibit their consonance with what might be anticipated by theorizing, and how the facts could or should have been discovered by sagacious conjecture,—reversing the method of the English economists,—that of reasoning "from assumed premises which might be totally without foundation in fact."

Nor is it our purpose to detail the conclusions to which this discovery has opened the way, with one remarkable exception, presently to be noticed.

We pause here to give audible expression to the astonishment which cannot well fail to be felt by every reader, that when the imaginary discovery or elucidation of a single supposed fact should have given such high reputation to its authors;—should have founded a new school of economists, which continued for forty years with ever fresh glorification of the brilliancy and importance of the theory of rent,—its *refutation* should have excited so little sensation, and

especially in the native country of the man to whom the world owes this great obligation. How comes it, that after being led astray for forty years in a wilderness of delusion, with perpetual beating of drums and sounding of trumpets in honor of our guides, the voice of congratulation and praise should be so low and feeble for him who restores us to safe paths,—that after wandering among quagmires and pit-falls in Stygian gloom, broken only to reveal "gorgons and hydras and chimeras dire," lowering upon the traveller—sights and sounds unholy, besetting him on every side—obedience to the very commandments of God, denounced as leading infallibly to night and the pit—how comes it that there are no thanks for him who leads us to cheerful scenes and bright prospects,—who vindicates the ways of God to man, and opens to his race the vista of Hope and of Progress? We can find no answer honorable to our countrymen. "The Past, the Present, and the Future," which has found no reviewer in America, has found them in the Revue des deux Mondes, and elsewhere on the Continent and in England. The principles of political economy introduced into no College in the United States,* have been translated into Swedish and made the text-book of the University of Upsal. A chapter on the philosophy of commercial crises from a continental author, (M. Coquelin) avowedly founded, and with due acknowledgment, upon Carey's work, is translated and published in the Merchant's Magazine, to be read by bankers and merchants of his own country, to whom the original is less known than the Koran.

It has not yet been remarked, but such is the fact, that up to the period of the composition of "The Past, Present and Future," indeed until about half of that work had been written, Mr. Carey was with the rest of the economists, a zealous advocate of what they denominate Free Trade and an opponent of protection. The preparation of this book opened to his mind the philosophy of concentration. It instructed him that in the natural progress of things, in the course of *real* Free Trade, the consumer of food takes his place side by side with its producer, and that both share the fruits of the common mother earth, most largely, while she gives them in the greatest profusion where there is the least waste in the machinery of exchange. That the loss from the use of the machinery of exchange, is in the ratio of the bulk of the article to be exchanged, food standing first in the scale, which diminishes until we come to fine laces and cutlery. It became apparent to him that

"In the regular course of human affairs, the man who makes the shoes eats the food provided by the man who desires to wear them; and he does so because it is easier for him to bring the awl and the lap-stone, by aid of which he can make one thousand pair of shoes, than it is for the farmer to carry to him the food necessary for his support while doing it. This tendency struggles incessantly to develop itself, and is seen on every occasion making its appearance, but it has almost invariably been crushed; the effect of which has been that the people of the United States are now far more widely scattered, and far less wealthy, than they otherwise would have been. They have *been compelled* to use a vast quantity of inferior machinery of exchange, in the form of roads and wagons, in place of the superior machinery of steam-engines and mills; and they have *been driven* to begin on poor soils in the west, yielding ten bushels of wheat to the acre, when otherwise they might have worked their way down into the rich soils of the river-bottoms further east, portions of which may, at all times, be bought for far less than the cost of production. Pennsylvania abounds in bottom-land that can be cultivated, when the farmer can find a market at his door for milk and cream and butter; but, in the meantime, her citizens go west to seek other lands that may produce something that will bear carriage to the distant markets of the world. It is now obvious what has been the reason of this, (the Tariff Policy,) the single case in which the policy of the Union has appeared to depart from the direction of perfect freedom of trade. We have always deemed such interference as erroneous, *but are now satisfied that the error has been with us.*

"Man everywhere *must* commence with the poor soils, and the richer ones *cannot* be cultivated until the commerce and produce are brought together. Whatever foreign interference tends to prevent this union, tends to com-

* Since writing the above, we have been informed that "Carey's Political Economy," and "the Past, the Present and the Future," have been adopted as text-books—in some New England College—think you, where the sons of the cotton manufacturers are educated, or in Pennsylvania, amidst the coal mines and the iron mills?—not a bit of it, but in the University of Virginia, where the children of the Abstractionists are congregated.

pel men to scatter themselves over poor soils, to prevent increase in the reward to labor, and to prevent advance in civilization; and *resistance to such interference is a necessary act of self-defence.* The article of chief consumption is food, of which rich soils would yield *larger* quantities in return to *half the labor* required on the poor ones; and half the difference would convert into cloth all the cotton and wool produced, and make the iron used, in the Union. Such being the case, the exports required to pay for English labor are so much absolute loss, while the great machine itself, (*the earth,*) suffers in the loss of labor that would double it in product and in value."—*Past, Present, and Future,* pp. 117 and 118.

Here we have the philosophy of Protection, deduced in logical sequence, from the principles of Free Trade, by a writer on systematic economy, pursuing his investigations *alio intuito*, and singular only in this, that he has sought to learn and to augment his favorite science in the true spirit of Bacon, and has the candor and courage, when accurate observation and sound induction have led him to the discovery of a previous error, to proclaim the fact and accept and enforce the antagonistic truth.

Retaining all his former convictions, in favor of the justice and policy of Free Trade, he has found the way to attain it, and advocates Protection for the sake and in the spirit of Free Trade. He comes forth against the foreign economists, furnished at all points with weapons from their own armory and shouting their own battle-cry — death to all interference with the liberty of man to employ his industry in such manner as his instinct of self-interest may dictate.

The people of the United States have not this liberty. It is denied them, not by the positive prohibition of their own Government, but by the refusal and neglect of that Government to interpose between them and the Colonial policy of England. That liberty must be recovered. We must conquer a peace. We must achieve perfect freedom of trade through perfect protection. Mr. Carey adopts, in this regard, the sentiment of the motto of Massachusetts:

"*Ense* petit placidum sub libertate quietem."

He regards the whole system of indirect taxation as mere petty larceny. As a revenue system, it is the plunder of the poor for the sake of sparing the rich. He believes that if we desire to preserve peace, arrest the process of dispersion, and promote concentration upon rich soils, "it can only be done by increased protection, by aid of *a tariff that is not for revenue*—a tariff whose direct object shall be that of establishing the right of every man to determine for himself where he will live and how he will employ his labor or his capital, or both."

In the brief sketch we have thus given, it has been our principal object to show the progress of an enlightened and honest mind towards the truth, and incidentally to do something towards redeeming the study of political economy from unjust obloquy, by showing that prosecuted in the right spirit, it conducts to conclusions in perfect harmony with their observation and experience. Such men will not undervalue the advantage of weaving scattered facts into a connected system, of exhibiting their relation to each other, and the *rationale* of their existence, of generalizing the history of the phenomena, connected with the production, distribution, and consumption of wealth in comprehensive laws. The progress of an individual in knowledge as well as his facility in making a ready application of it to the solution of the various practical questions which the exigencies of life present, depends upon the extent to which he has condensed it from particulars into generals. A man may learn and remember an indefinite number of the properties of the circle, and may be able to demonstrate them geometrically, or he may carry them all in his memory, and all other possible properties, (if any such there be,) which have escaped attention, wrapped up in the brief formula $2ax - x^2 = z^2$ and evolve them when necessity requires. Every one can see which is the must convenient mode of packing away a given amount of knowledge.

It need not be supposed that a work of economical instruction is necessarily dry because it is methodical. We know few books more entertaining than "The Past, the Present and the Future." A young lady might read it, without suspicion that she was becoming indoctrinated in anything serious enough to be called scientific, and would probably be greatly surprised to discover that she knew more of political economy than is to be found in the arm-chairs of most Professors. A few extracts,

all that our limited space allows, must suffice as a specimen of the style of the book:

"In 'the good old times' of Ivanhoe and Richard, when fertile land was abundant and people rare, the Saxon hogs roamed the woods, living upon acorns produced from oaks that Cedric lacked the means to fell. Later, half-starved sheep fed upon the lands incapable of yielding grain, but cows and oxen were few, because the fine rich meadow was covered with wood and so saturated with moisture as to be inaccessible. Maids of honor then luxuriated on bacon, and laborers banqueted upon 'the strength of water-gruel,' as did sixty years since many of the people of those northern counties,* which now present to view the finest farms in England, the rich soils composing which were then awaiting the growth of population and of wealth. A piece of fat pork was, in those days, an article of luxury rarely to be obtained by the laborer. Even within a century, the bread consumed by a large portion of the people was made of barley, rye, and oats, the consumption of wheat being limited to the rich; the quantity produced being small. It is now in universal use, although so recently as 1727 an eight acre field of it, near Edinburgh, was deemed a curiosity. As late as 1763, there was no such person as a public butcher known in Glasgow. It was the custom of families to buy a half-fed ox in the autumn and salt down the meat as the year's supply of animal food. The state of things there, is an index to that which existed in the Lothians, and in Northumberland and other counties of the north of England, where may now be seen the most prosperous agriculture of Britain. At that time men cultivated, not the best soils, but those which they *could* cultivate, leaving the rich ones for their successors: and in this they did what is done now every day by the settlers of Illinois and Wisconsin." — *The Past, the Present, and the Future, page* 55.

"Wealth tends to grow more rapidly than population, because better soils are brought into cultivation; and it does grow more rapidly, whenever people abandon swords and muskets, and take to spades and ploughs. Every increase in the ratio of wealth to population is attended with an increase in the power of the laborer as compared with that of landed or other capital. We all see that when ships are more abundant than passengers, the price of passage is low—and *vice versa*. When ploughs and horses are more plenty than ploughmen, the latter fix the wages, but when ploughmen are more abundant than ploughs, the owners of the latter determine the distribution of the product of labor. When wealth increases rapidly, new soils are brought into cultivation, and more ploughmen are wanted. The demand for ploughs produces a demand for more men to mine coal and smelt iron ore, and the iron-master becomes a competitor for the employment of the laborer, who obtains a larger proportion of the constantly increasing return to labor. He wants clothes in greater abundance, and the manufacturer becomes a competitor with the iron-master and the farmer for his services. His proportion is again increased, and he wants sugar, and tea, and coffee, and now the ship-master competes with the manufacturer, the iron-master and the farmer; and thus with the growth of population and wealth there is produced a constantly increasing demand for labor; and its increased productiveness, and the consequently increased facility of accumulating wealth are followed necessarily and certainly by an increase of the laborer's proportion. His wages rise, and the *proportion* of the capitalist falls, yet now the latter accumulates fortune more rapidly than ever, and thus his interest and that of the laborer are in perfect harmony with each other. If we desire evidence of this, it is shown in the constantly increasing amount of the rental of England, derived from the appropriation of a constantly decreasing proportion of the product of the land: and in the enormous amount of railroad tolls compared with those of the turnpike: yet the railroad transports the farmer's wheat to market, and brings back sugar and coffee, taking not one-fourth as large a *proportion* for doing the business as was claimed by the owner of the wagon and horses, and him of the turnpike. The laborer's product is increased, and the proportion that goes to the capitalist is decreased. The power of the first over the product of his labor has grown, while that of the latter is diminished.

"Nothing is more frequent than references to those 'good old times,' when the laborer obtained food more readily than at present, but no idea can be more erroneous. The whole quantity of food at this time consumed in England is at the lowest estimate sixty times as great as in the days of Edward III., while the population is but little more than six times greater. Divided among the whole people, the average per head would be ten times as great, in quantity, without taking into account the difference of quality. In those days of barbarous wassail, the waste among the nobles and their followers was prodigiously great. In our day economy prevails everywhere, and it prevails necessarily, for as the standard of living rises with the increase of production, the *proportion* that falls to the land, or to capital in any other form, tends to decrease. Increase of wealth tends therefore to beget economy, and economy begets wealth; and the more fertile the soil cultivated the greater will be

* Eden.

the power of the laborer, and the greater the necessity for economy on the part of those who represent landed or other capital, and who do not themselves work. The proportion now consumed by the wealthy and their attendants —by those who consume and do not produce, is very small compared with what it was in those 'good old times,' and therefore the proportion going to the laborer is very large, while the quantity to be divided is so greatly increased. The great mass of the present large product goes directly to the tables of those who work, while a very small proportion of it is prepared for the tables of those who do not work, and even of that a large portion is eaten at last by people whose position in society renders employment desirable. The Queen eats less in weight than the man who mines the coal that is used in her palace. Lord John Russell consumes less than any London porter, and Sir Robert Peel is, we doubt not, outdone by most of his servants.

"Of the mass of food provided for the people of England, nine-tenths are eaten by the laboring class. If any be disposed to deny that this view is correct, let them endeavor to satisfy themselves what else becomes of it. That the whole is eaten is certain. That the class who do not labor is small, and that they cannot consume much more, per head, than others, are equally certain; and if so, it must be obvious that the proportion which their consumption bears to the quantity consumed must be very small indeed; and equally so that what they do not eat must be eaten by the great class who labor.

"Such is likewise the case with clothing. The quantity consumed is thousands of times greater than it was at the period to which we have referred, and it is chiefly consumed by the class who work. Ladies and gentlemen *buy* more than colliers and farm-laborers, but they do not *wear out* as much. They change frequently, but their cast-off clothes pass from hand to hand and are worn out by those who work. In no part of Europe is the mass of rent, or of profits of capital employed otherwise than on land, so great as there: yet in none do the people who pay the rent, or those profits—those who work—enjoy so large an amount of the conveniences, comforts, and enjoyments of life. In none is there so great a tendency to an increase of the laborer's proportion, — of his power over the product of his labor,—while in none is the quantity to be divided so great. In none, therefore, is there so great a tendency to elevation and equality of physical, moral, intellectual and political condition, because in none do wealth and population grow so rapidly, facilitating the cultivation of the lower and more productive soils. In no time past has there been so rapid an increase as now. Never has the tendency to cultivate those soils been so great, and ye never has the product of labor increased in so great a ratio: and never has the proportion of the landlord so rapidly diminished."—*Ib. p.* 66.

* * * * * * * * *

"Such is the course of events, when man is allowed to follow the bent of his inclinations, which, however, he rarely is. When men are poor, they are compelled to select such soils as they *can* cultivate, not such as they *would*. Although gathered around the sides of the same mountain range, they are far distant from each other. They have no roads, and they are unable to associate for self-defence. The thin soils yield small returns, and the little tribe embraces some who would prefer to live by the labor of others rather than by their own. The scattered people may be plundered with ease, and half a dozen men, combined for the purpose, may rob in succession all the members of the little community. The opportunity makes the robber. The boldest and the most determined becomes the leader of the gang. One by one, the people who use spades are plundered by those who carry swords, and who pass their leisure in dissipation. The leader divides the spoil, taking the largest share himself, with which, as the community increases, he hires more followers. He levies black mail on those who work, taking such portion as suits his good pleasure. With the gradual increase of the little community, he commutes with them for a certain share of their produce, which he calls rent, or tax, or *taille*. Population and wealth grow very slowly, because of the large proportion which the non-laborers bear to the laborers. The good soils are very slowly improved, because the people are unable to obtain axes or spades with which to work, and to make roads into the dense forests. Few want leather, and there is no tanner on the spot to use their hides. Few can afford shoes, and there is no shoemaker to eat their corn while making the few that can be bought. Few have horses, and there is no black-smith. Combination of effort has scarcely an existence. By very slow degrees, however, they are enabled to reduce to cultivation better lands, and to lessen the distance between themselves and the neighboring settlement, where rules another little sovereign. Each chief, however, now covets the power of taxing, or collecting rents from the subjects of his neighbor. War ensues. Each seeks plunder, and calls it 'glory.' Each invades the domain of the other, and each endeavors to weaken his opponent by murdering his rent-payers, burning their houses, and wasting their little farms, while manifesting the utmost courtesy to the chief himself. The tenants fly to the hills for safety, being there more distant from the invaders. Rank weeds grow up in the rich lands thus abandoned, and the

drains fill up. At the end of a year or two, peace is made, and the work of clearing is again to be commenced. Population and wealth have, however, diminished, and the means of recommencing the work have again to be created. Meanwhile the best lands are covered with shrubs, and the best meadows are under water. With continued peace, the work, however, advances, and after a few years, population and wealth, and cultivation, attain the same height as before. New wars ensue, for the determination of the question which of the two chiefs shall collect all the—so-called—rent. After great waste of life and property, one of them is killed, and the other falls his heir, having thus acquired both glory and plunder. He now wants a title, by which to be distinguished from those by whom he is surrounded. He is a little king. Similar operations are performed elsewhere, and kings become numerous. By degrees, population extends itself, and each little king covets the dominions of his neighbors. Wars ensue on a somewhat larger scale, and always with the same results. The people invariably fly to the hills for safety. As invariably the best lands are abandoned. Food becomes scarce, and famine and pestilence sweep off those whose flight had saved them from the sword of the invader. Small kings become greater ones, surrounded by lesser chiefs who glorify themselves in the number of their murders, and in the amount of plunder they have acquired. Counts, viscounts, earls, marquises, and dukes now make their appearance on the stage, heirs of the power and of the *rights* of the robber chiefs of early days. Population and wealth go backward, and the love of title grows with the growth of barbarism.* Wars are now made on a larger scale, and greater 'glory' is acquired. In the midst of distant and highly fertile lands occupied by a numerous population, are rich cities and towns offering a copious harvest of plunder. The citizens, unused to arms, may be robbed with impunity, always an important consideration to those with whom the pursuit of 'glory' is a trade Provinces are laid waste, and the population is exterminated, or if a few escape, they fly to the hills and mountains, there to perish of famine. Peace follows, after years of destruction, but the rich lands are overgrown: the spades and axes, the cattle and the sheep are gone: the houses are destroyed: their owners have ceased to exist: and a long period of abstinence from the work of desolation is required to regain the point from which cultivation had been driven by men intent upon the gratification of their own selfish desires, at the cost of the welfare and happiness of the people over whose destinies they have unhappily ruled. Population grows slowly, and wealth but little more rapidly, for almost ceaseless wars have impaired the disposition and the respect for honest labor, while the necessity for beginning once more the work of cultivation on the poor soils, adds to the distaste for work, while it limits the power of employing laborers. Swords or muskets are held to be more honorable implements than spades and pickaxes. The habit of union for any honest purpose is almost extinct, while thousands are ready, at any moment, to join in expeditions in search of plunder. War thus feeds itself by producing poverty, depopulation, and the abandonment of the most fertile soils; while peace also feeds itself, by increasing the number of men and the habit of union, because of the constantly increasing power to draw supplies of food from the surface already occupied, as the almost boundless powers of the earth are developed in the progress of population and wealth." —*Ib. p.* 83.

* It is amusing to trace with each step in the progress of the decay of the Roman Empire, the gradual increase in the magnificence of titles: and so again with the decline of modern Italy. In France, titles became almost universal as the wars of religion barbarized the people. The high-sounding titles of the East are in keeping with the weakness of those by whom they are assumed, as are the endless names of the Spanish grandee with the poverty of the soil cultivated by his dependents. The time is fast approaching when men of real dignity will reject the whole system as an absurdity, and when small men alone will think themselves elevated by the title of Esquire, Honorable, Baron, Marquis, or Duke. Extremes always meet. The son of the duke rejoices in the possession of half a dozen Christian names, and the little retailer of tea and sugar calls his daughter Amanda Malvina Fitzallan—Smith, or Pratt: while the *gentleman* calls his son Robert, or John.

We have left ourselves no room to speak of a series of Essays under the the title of the Harmony of Interests, Agricultural, Manufacturing, and Commercial, contributed by Mr. Carey to Skinner's Agricultural Magazine, the Plough, the Loom, and the Anvil, and which we understand are shortly to be collected in a volume. This work is the supplement, what preachers sometimes call the practical application, of doctrines developed in his former publications.

In it he makes an elaborate examination of the statistics of production and consumption in the United States, and contrasts the results in the several periods in which the protection policy has prevailed with those in which it was abandoned. He demonstrates by detailed and authentic official statements of the Treasury Department through the entire series of years from 1816 to 1849, that the productive

power of the country has increased under every protective tariff and diminished under the compromise act and the tariff of 1846, and that with every increase of productive power, the power of importation and consumption has increased also.

This done, so far as statistics can do it, in the first three chapters of the book, the remainder is devoted to an exposition of the philosophy of protection—the explanation of how it is that protection tends to increase production and consumption, why it is that protection is required and how it affects each of the great industrial interests. It treats specifically and separately on the influence of the protective policy, on commerce, on population and emigration, on the farmer, the planter, and the capitalist, the laborer, on the currency, on the political condition of man, on the revenue and expenditure of government, &c. To the discussion of all these topics, Mr. Carey brings that copious illustration, as well from the records of the past, as of cotemporaneous history, which distinguishes his method of handling the subject from the dry didactic style of most others who have occasion to speak or write upon it. The point of view from which he contemplates these topics, will be to most readers as entirely novel, as is the line of argument pursued. To those who have been deluded by the pretensions of the opponents of protection, that their system is that which conduces to freedom of trade, there will seem to be something paradoxical in the declaration with which he concludes that it has been his object " to prove that among the people of the world, whether agriculturists, manufacturers or merchants, there is perfect harmony of interests, and that the happiness of individuals as well as the grandeur of nations is to be promoted by perfect obedience to that greatest of all commands, ' Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you.' "

But as we have said, our limits forbid any extended notice of this work. If what the little we have said shall stimulate a curiosity which may lead our readers to its perusal, we shall have rendered them a service,—for which we doubt not, they will be grateful,—and accomplished all we intend.

SYDNEY SMITH'S SKETCHES OF MORAL PHILOSOPHY.

English books find American readers from the one circumstance of a common language, and from no especial congeniality of character between the two nations or common direction of thought. Even in New England coteries, where the mother country is aped and loved with provincial fervor, the speculative, and speculating Yankee is the mental antipodes of the exact, routine loving Englishman. The New Englander is of pure English descent, and yet there is not a single nation of the North of Europe with which he has as little in common as with the English. Social life, as German and Swedish moralists have of late opened it to us, is in those countries, in a thousand lights and shades the daguerreotype of our own. And even the contemplative, metaphysical mind of the German race is witnessed in our own countrymen in their love of social and political "abstractions." On the Continent, wherever political convulsions have broken up the old forms of society, with the more equal distribution of wealth we find a more complete distribution of knowledge. In France, as the class of small proprietors increases, the national literature becomes popularized. In Great Britain, literature is for men of leisure, ripe scholars, rich and highly disciplined minds, with whom the pursuit of knowledge is the occupation of their life. But with us, knowledge is sought in moments snatched from exertion;—the soil is fruitful but neglected, and the seed consequently should be perfect and adapted to take instant root.

Science must now be stripped of that veil of mystery which has so long obscured its fair proportions, and must be content to be robed in the habiliments of every day life. Heretofore, like the gods on Olympus, its feet have been hidden in clouds impervious to the gaze of mortals, while it only held converse with the privileged few dwelling in the higher regions. Not willingly do these yield up their power and privileges, but civilization has warmed the frozen depths of society, and from the abyss is heard a sound of many voices clamoring for knowledge. It was no mere caprice of fashion that changed the gorgeous and grotesque apparel of a half-barbarous age, into the simple costume of this century Perukues and powdered hair, gold lace and velvets, were discarded because men of cultured mien were found in classes who had neither the means nor the leisure to spend half of their mornings under the hands of the barber, or fortunes in personal endowment. In like manner, thought has forced its way into the ranks of those once only hewers of wood and drawers of water, and they now seek to tear from knowledge its patrician livery, and to make it free to all mankind.

No where are these rubbish-barricades greater than in metaphysical science. From the obscurity of its terms, the seeker must waste years in grappling with the obscurities of its language. And yet these difficulties once overcome or partially obviated, there is no science in which the common mind can advance with such freedom and independence; for its materials are in every man's breast, or to be gained in his ordinary intercourse with his fellow-men.

Neither do we think it requires a greater power of intellectual vision than is constantly called forth by the practical pursuits of life. In the difficulty of giving intelligible and fixed appellations to phases of mind which are not only of difficult representation, but variable and fleeting when once called up, lie the chief impediments to the diffusion of mental and moral science, and not in a peculiar demand for intellectual subtlety or reach. The disciple can always follow the master, if that

master only knows what he means himself, and has the genius to express his meaning definitely and clearly.

This merit the book before us undoubtedly possesses, whatever may be its faults in other respects. Whatsoever the author has to say, he says it boldly, in plain serviceable Saxon, and the reader is never befogged by the obscurities of intricate style, nor lost in the hopeless attempt at unfolding shadowy half-expressed ideas. From the cursory manner in which the different subjects are treated, we would have little reason to expect any thing but a bald recapitulation of the outlines and leading theories of moral philosophy. Instead of this, we are delighted by a hearty and manly discourse, such as Attic youth listened to long since, amid groves and academic shades. It has all the flavor and life of conversation, partaking of the warmth of the subjects treated of, and varying in interest with them. Sometimes he becomes grave and clerical, then breaks out into dashing and jovial talk, rather startling in this phase of literature. One page will gleam with the sharpshooting of wit, another fairly tremble beneath the rolling fire of humor.

All this is in good taste, and what is more to the purpose, we gain from it a hint of what is the chief deficiency in works of psychological science. In consequence of the sensuous origin of language, there are no means of treating subjects of this nature in the straightforward and precise manner so easily gained in positive science. Mankind first name objects of sense around them, and *therefrom* give names, in consequence of some hidden resemblance, to purely mental processes. The similarity here is not between the thought and the object, but between the thought and certain trains of ideas to which the object gives rise. Hence all discussion on the operations and divisions of our minds must be doubly metaphorical. If we would convey a train of ideas conceived with the utmost mathematical and logical accuracy, we are forced to do it by means of a series of similitudes which weaken, and may in other minds entirely pervert the meaning. The only way to surmount this obstacle is to pile analogy upon analogy, metaphor on metaphor,—to present the thought from all points of view,—to paint it grotesque in humor, severe in wit; with the glow of poetry, and the hardness of common-sense. This our author does, and does well, and without any great profundity this book will reach more minds and take deeper root than many a work of more learning and pretension. It will soften many of those prejudices which regarded mental and moral philosophy as the arctic region of science, chilling, lifeless, misty; for it displays the warm life that beats under the unattractive exterior. For the greater popularity of metaphysics he puts in the following plea:—

"The existence of matter is as much a matter of *fact* as the existence of mind: It is as true that men remember, as that oxygen united to carbon makes carbonic acid. I am as sure that anger and affection, are principles of the human mind, as I am that grubs make cockchafers; or of any of these great truths which botanists teach of lettuces and cauliflowers. Those that would cast a ridicule upon metaphysics, or the intellectual part of moral philosophy, as if it were vague and indefinite in its object, must either contend that we have no faculties at all, and that no general facts are to be observed concerning them, or they must allow to this science an equal precision with that which any other can claim.

"A great deal of unpopularity has been incurred by this science from the extravagances or absurdities of those engaged in it. When the mass of mankind hear that all thought is explained by vibrations and vibratiuncles of the brain,—that there is no such thing as a material world,—that what mankind consider as their arms and legs, are not arms and legs, but *ideas* accompanied by the notion of *outness*,—that we have not only no bodies, but no minds; that we are nothing in short but currents of reflection and sensation; all this, I admit, is well calculated to approximate in the public mind the ideas of lunacy and intellectual philosophy. But if it be fair to argue against a science, from the bad method in which it is prosecuted, such a mode of reasoning ought to have influenced mankind centuries ago to have abandoned all the branches of physics as utterly hopeless. I have surely an equal right to rake up the mouldy errors of all the other sciences; to reproach astronomy with its vortices; chemistry with its philosopher's stone; history with its fables; law with its cruelty and ignorance; and, if I were to open the battery against medicine, I do not know where I should stop. Zingis Khan, when he was most crimsoned with blood, never slaughtered the human race as they have been slaughtered by rash and erroneous theories of medicine."

Concerning the vagaries that have cast discredit on intellectual science, his wit thus separates the chaff from the wheat.

"Bishop Berkely destroyed this world in one volume octavo; and nothing remained after his time but mind; which experienced a similar fate from the hand of Mr. Hume in 1737; so that with all the tendency to destroy, there remains nothing left for destruction; but I would fain ask, if there be any one human being from the days of Protagoras the Abderite to this present hour, who was ever for a single instant a convert to these subtle and ingenious follies? Is there any one out of bedlam who *doubts* of the existence of matter? who doubts of his own personal identity? or of his consciousness? or of the general credibility of memory? Men *talk* on such subjects from ostentation, or because such wire-drawn speculations are an agreeable excercise to them; but they are perpetually recalled by the necessary business and the inevitable feelings of life to sound and sober opinions on these subjects. Errors to be dangerous must have a great deal of truth mingled with them; it is only from this alliance that they can ever obtain an extensive circulation. From pure extravagance and genuine unmeaning falsehood, the world never has and never can sustain any mischief. It is not in our power to believe all that we please; our belief is modified and restrained by the nature of our faculties, and by the constitution of the objects by which we are surrounded. We may believe anything for a moment, but we shall soon be lashed out of our impertinence by hard and stubborn realities. A great philosopher may sit in his study, and deny the existence of matter, but if he take a walk in the streets, he must take care to leave his theory behind him. Pyrrho said there was no such thing as pain; and he saw no *proof* that there were such things as carts and wagons; and he refused to get out of their way; but Pyrrho had, fortunately for him, three or four stout slaves, who followed their master, without following his doctrine; and whenever they saw one of these ideal machines approaching, took him up by the arms and legs, and, without attempting to controvert his arguments put him down in a place of safety."

We do not think the position he takes as to the progress and practical utility of Moral Philosophy sufficiently high; while, from its views as to the manner and means of its utility, we differ *toto cælo*.

"Some very considerable men are accustomed to hold very strong and sanguine language respecting the important discoveries which are o be made in Moral Philosophy; but then this appears to be the difference; that Natural Philosophy is directed to subjects with which we are little or imperfectly acquainted; Moral Philosophy investigates faculties we have always exercised, and passions we have always felt. Chemistry, for instance, is perpetually bringing to light fresh existences; four or five new metals have been discovered within as many years, of the existence of which no human being could have had any suspicion; but no man that I know of, pretends to discover four or five new passions, neither can anything very new be discovered of those passions and faculties with which mankind are already familiar. We are, in natural philosophy, perpetually making discoveries of new properties in bodies with whose existence we have been acquainted for centuries: Sir James Hall has just discovered that lime can be melted by carbonic acid; but who hopes that he can discover any new flux for avarice? or any improved method of judging, and comparing?"

But these new elements in positive science have been all along known to the senses, but only in the way the senses act, and in combination with other elements. Observation and reflection separate each element from the other principles of matter, and then present it for cognition by the senses in its pure unmixed state. In like manner, the consciousness has no knowledge of our passions and faculties except as a whole, no matter how complex they may arise to it; but by observation and reflection on their conditions, each combination is resolved into its constituent parts, and each part then held up to the consciousness for appreciation. If this can be done, surely the insight it will give us into the vices, foibles and virtues of men, will constitute a species of knowledge far above all wisdom that men have hitherto heaped up, and a dim reflection in its penetration of the piercing vision of God.

"There may, indeed," he says, "be speculative discoveries made with respect to the human mind; for instance, Mr. Dugald Stewart contends that attention be classified among our faculties. Now, if attention be a faculty, it is certainly a *discovery*, for nobody had ever so classed it before Mr. Stewart; but whether it be so, or only a mode of other faculties, it is of no consequence in practice; for nobody has ever been ignorant of the importance and efficacy of attention, whether it be one thing or whether it be the other."

Whatever is the source of the power of

attention, there is no quality that exercises the same influence in the right guidance of the understanding; and a knowledge of its true function would throw much light upon the course to be followed in its education. For instance in the study of mental science, power of abstraction, or attention, and vigor of the generalizing faculty are both necessary. Should attention be a primitive form of the mind, and not a mere mode of the reasoning faculty we would hardly plunge at once into the turbid depths of metaphysics, but gradually strengthen the mind to the required pitch by turning it to those studies in which little generalization is necessary, but which require a certain degree of *abstraction*; and, at the same time, by a parallel course cultivating the *reflection* by pusruits, calling for only a moderate degree of concentrated thought.

But if attention be, as we suspect, a faculty that operates on the emotions, passions, and desires, as well as the intellect, then we have before us an element of enormous weight in all estimates of human character, and so far from a knowledge of it being of no practical utility, we are convinced that there can be no clear comprehension of the workings of the human soul without admitting this or a similar independent power. As an instance of the manifestation of this faculty, and in proof of the usefulness of a knowledge of mental science, we would mention a fact stated by medical writers concerning the different treatment of *insanity* in different nations. Among the French, melancholy, or monomania, is often cured by the removal of the individual from the scenes and external causes of his malady. Among the Germans such a course is sure to aggravate the disease. The French are deficient in power of concentrated attention, while the Germans possess this characteristic in a marked degree. Now, if attention be only a mode of intellect, then it gives no explanation of this singular fact; but if it be a distinct faculty, we obtain at once a clue to the whole phenomena, and a new principle is established for discriminative treatment in individual cases. It would produce a fixedness of emotion, a dwelling not only upon ideas, but states of feeling, before which the external world would seem dim and dream-like, leaving nothing real but the exaggerated conceptions of a diseased fancy. The sufferer in this case carries his world with him, and may change his skies but not the agony that rends his soul; while distance only adds fuel to the imagination. Here the actual cautery of habit is a severe, but the only remedy. But where there is a deficiency of this faculty, the character takes its hue from the circumstances and events of the moment; and by leaving behind the exciting causes, new scenes and events soon displace mental confusion and uproar.

What our author says of the efficiency of this science as a mentul discipline should be received with a degree of caution. The same mental processes are exercised as fully in the ordinary occupations of men. Not only the judge, the advocate, the politician, the preacher, but every man in the varied exigencies of life, call into play the same intellectual powers as the metaphysician. Besides, we doubt the utility of too incessant and absorbed intellection. It weakens force of character, which can only be gained in the actual battle of life. If we would acquire constraint of our volitions, and the manliness of self-control, we can only do it by mixing in the strife and temptations of the world.

But the bow may be kept too long bent, —the tension may become too great, and then the complete rest from more distracting thoughts afforded by the absorption of mental science, is welcome and useful. The soul of man, torn by care, ambition, passion, folds its wings on the shores of intellect, and sleeps.

The following will commend itself to the reader, in these days when opinion is a power above all laws, the Fate above Jove; — when a vague and ill-defined maxim will convulse a continent, and warring abstractions rend an empire in twain.

"Next to this we have the abuse of words, and the fallacy of associations; compared with which, all other modes of misconducting the understanding are insignificant and trivial. What do you *mean* by what you say? Are you prepared to give a clear account of words which you use so positively, and by the help of which you form opinions that you seem resolved to maintain at all hazards? Perhaps I should astonish many persons by putting to them such sort of questions:—Do you know what is meant by the word *Nature?* Have you definite notions of *Justice?* How do you explain the word chance? What is virtue?

Men are every day framing the rashest propositions on such sort of subjects, and prepared to kill and to die in their defence. They never, for a single instant, doubt of the meaning of that which was embarrassing to Locke, and in which Leibnitz and Descartes were never able to agree. Ten thousand people have been burned before now, or hanged, for one proposition. *The proposition has no meaning.* Looked into and examined in these days, it is absolute nonsense. A man quits his country in disgust at some supposed violation of its liberties, sells his estate, and settles in America. Twenty years afterwards, it occurs to him, that he had never reflected upon the meaning of the word,—that he has packed up his goods and changed his country for a sound. Fortitude, justice, and candor, are very necessary instruments of happiness; but they require time and exertion. The instruments I am now proposing to you, you must not despise,—*grammar*, *definition*, and *interpretation*—instruments which overturn the chains of *logocracy* in which it is so frequently enslaved. * * * * * * * There are men who suffer certain barren generalities to get the better of their undertakings, by which they try all their opinions, and make them their perpetual standards of right and wrong: as thus—Let us beware of novelty; the excesses of the people are *always* to be feared: or the contrary maxims — that there is a natural tendency in all governments to encroach on the liberties of the people; or, that everything modern is probably an improvement of antiquity. Now, what can be the use of sawing about a set of maxims to which there is a complete set of antagonist maxims? For, of what use is it to tell me that governors have a tendency to encroach on the liberties of the people? and is that a reason why you should throw yourself systematically in opposition to the government? What you *say* is very true, what you *do* is very foolish. The business is, to determine at any particular period of affairs, which principle is in danger of being weakened, and to act accordingly like an honest and courageous man; not to lie like a dead weight at one end of the beam, without the smallest recollection that there is any other, and that the equilibrium will be violated alike whichever extreme shall preponderate."

Of all the subjects discussed in this book, the lectures on Wit and Humor possess the greatest interest, not only from the acuteness with which they are treated, but as coming from one who owned a world-wide renown as the prince of humorists. We have winced beneath the sheen of his blade on this side of the Atlantic; and for the sake of the impartiality with which he chastised both friends and foes, at home and abroad, our national vanity has pardoned him, though he sometimes laid down his rapier with its deadly lunge, and stooped to the hammering invective of his countrymen.

After sketching the various theories and definitions of wit laid down by previous writers, he gives his own hypothesis. "Observe," he says, "I am only defining the *causes* of a certain feeling in the mind, called wit;—I can no more define the feeling itself, than I can define the flavor of venison. We all seem to partake of one and the other with a very great feeling of satisfaction; but why each feeling *is* what it is, and nothing else, I am sure I cannot pretend to determine."

Wit he considers to arise from the *surprise* occasioned by the discovery of certain relations or congruities of ideas, while *humor* springs from a similar surprise caused by their incongruities. It must be sheer surprise, however, and unaccompanied by any higher feeling, for the more intense emotions, such as awe, compassion, anger, the sense of beauty and sublimity, diminish or completely destroy the subordinate perception of wit.

"Surprise is so essential an ingredient of wit, that no wit will bear repetition;—at least the original electrical feeling produced by any piece of wit can never be renewed. * * * The relation discovered, must be something remote from all the common tracks and sheep-walks made in the mind; it must not be a comparison of color with color, and figure with figure, or any comparison, which, though individually new, is specifically stale, and to which the mind has been in the habit of making many similar; but it must be something removed from common apprehension, distant from the ordinary haunts of thought,—things which are never brought together in the common events of life, and in which the mind has discovered relations by its own subtlety and quickness. * * * * Now, then, the point we have arrived at, at present, in building up our definition of wit, is, that it is the discovery of those relations in ideas which are calculated to excite surprise. But a great deal must be taken from this account of wit before it is sufficiently accurate; for, in the first place, there must be no feeling of conviction of the utility of the relation so discovered. If you go to see a large cotton-mill, the manner in which the large water-wheel below works the little parts of the machinery seven stories high, the relation which one bears to another,

is extremely surprising to a person unaccustomed to mechanics—but there is a sort of rational approbation of the *utility* and *importance* of the relation, mingled with your surprise, which makes the whole feeling very different from that of wit. At the same time, if we attend very accurately to our feelings, we shall perceive that the discovery of any surprising relation, even of this kind, produces some slight sensation of wit. * * * * * The relation between ideas which excite surprise, in order to be witty must not excite any feelings of the beautiful. 'The good man,' says a Hindoo epigram, 'goes not upon enmity, but rewards with kindness the very being who injures him. So the sandal-wood, while it is felling, imparts to the edge of the axe its aromatic flavor.' Now here is a relation which would be witty if it were not beautiful: the relation discovered betwixt the falling sandal-wood, and the returning good for evil, is a new relation which excites surprise; but the *mere* surprise at the relation, is swallowed up by the contemplation of the moral beauty of the thought, which throws the mind into a more solemn and elevated mood than is compatible with the feeling of wit."

This definition of wit being attacked at the time with much severity, and the objection raised that there were innumerable cases of relations of *facts*, which excited surprise, but not the feeling of wit, (although there was no *rational approbation* to explain its absence as in the instance of the cotton-mill,) he unconsciously leaves his first position, and is forced to the ground that the surprise must be attended by a feeling of *power* or superiority of mind. This superiority is manifested only by the perception of the relations of *ideas*, a province of the highest powers of the understanding, and not by the perception of the relations of facts, which is one of the lowest. There is no wit in finding a gold watch and seals hanging upon a hedge, for it is a relation of facts discovered without any effort of mind. Any man, he says, can ascertain that a calf has two heads, if it has two heads. The reverend lecturer is getting a little personal with his assailants, and must suspect the flaw in his theory. His hypothesis loses its simplicity, and becomes confused aud unsatisfactory.

Congruities of words are certainly as easily discovered as congruities of facts, and require even less of the higher powers of thought. Yet, he admits the pun as a legitimate form of wit, although of a lower caste, and not admitted, in consequence, into good company. The wit of language, he says, is so miserably inferior to the wit of ideas, that it is very deservedly in bad repute. Sometimes, indeed, a pun makes its appearance which seems for a moment to redeem its species; but we must not be deceived by them, he says: it is a radically bad race of wit.

"A pun, to be perfect in its kind, should contain two meanings; the one common and obvious, the other more remote: and in the notice which the mind takes of the relation between these two sets of words, and in the surprise which that relation excites, the pleasure of a pun consists. Miss Hamilton, in her book on Education, mentions the instance of a boy so very neglectful, that he could never be brought to read the word *patriarchs;* but whenever he met with it, he always pronounced it *partridges.* A friend of the writer observed to her, that it could hardly be considered as a mere piece of negligence, for it appeared to him that the boy was *making game* of the patriarchs. Now here are two distinct meanings contained in the same phrase: for to make game of them is, by a very extravagant and laughable ignorance of words, to rank them among pheasants, partridges, and other such delicacies; and the whole pleasure derived from the pun, consists in the discovery that two such meanings are referable to one form of expression."

This is a most inconclusive and indefinite explanation to the phenomena of punning. Every man must recollect numberless instances of puns, which fulfil all of these conditions, and yet differ very materially in the degrees of mirth they excite. Some, indeed, impress us as of the highest order of wit, while others are fairly nauseating in the contempt they inspire.

Concerning Humor, our author justly rejects the hypothesis of Hobbes, who defines laughter to be "a sudden glory, arising from a sudden conception of some eminency of ourselves, by comparison with infirmity (inferiority) of others, or our own former infirmity." It is true, Mr. Smith argues, the object of laughter is always inferior to us; but then the converse is *not* true,—that every one who is inferior to us is an object of laughter; therefore, as some inferiority is ridiculous, and other inferiority not ridiculous, we must, in order to explain the nature of the humorous, endeavor to discover the discriminating cause. This dis-

criminating cause is *incongruity*, or the conjunction of objects and circumstances not usually combined.

"To see a young officer of eighteen years of age, come into company in full uniform, and in such a wig as is worn by grave and respectable clergymen advanced in years, would make everybody laugh, for it is a complete instance of incongruity. Make this incongruous officer eighty years of age, and a celebrated military character of the last reign, and the incongruity almost entirely vanishes: I am not sure we should not be more inclined to *respect* the peculiarity than to laugh at it. If a tradesman of corpulent and respectable appearance, with habiliments somewhat ostentatious, were to slide down gently into the mud, and dedecorate a pea-green coat, I am afraid we should all have the barbarity to laugh. If his hat and wig, like treacherous servants, were to desert their falling master, it certainly would not diminish our propensity to laugh; but if he were to fall into a violent passion, and abuse everybody about him, nobody could possibly resist the incongruity of a pea-green tradesman, very respectable, sitting in the mud, and threatening all the passers-by with the effects of his wrath. Here everything heightens the humor of the scene,—the gayety of his tunic, the respectability of his appearance, the rills of muddy water which trickle down his cheeks, and the harmless violence of his rage! But if, instead of this, we observed a dustman falling into a pond, it would hardly attract attention, because the opposition of ideas is so trifling, and the incongruity so slight."

It is seldom that we meet with as rich a union of the dramatic and the philosophical as the above, the representation of the thing itself, and along with it the acute analysis; and, to leave out the emotion of surprise, which he interposes between the incongruity and the feeling of mirth, and to take the incongruity itself as its true conditions, we believe that it is an approach to the real theory both of wit and humor. If we examine closely into the meaning which our author attaches to the term surprise, we find that he has confounded the emotion which goes by that name, and which we see constantly manifested without the least wit or humor being attached to, or arising from it, with the mere *suddenness* with which the mind shifts from one train of ideas or feelings, to another at variance with it. Now, if we adopt the hypothesis, which our author subsequently disputes, but with little effect, that there is no *humor*, but that of character, that is of emotion (meaning thereby all those mental states which are not intellectual,) and consider still further that *wit* is only another term for intellectual perception, and unattended by laughter, we may perhaps find the key of the whole mystery. In this view, the incongruity which is the condition of humor, is merely the sudden and racking revulsion from one state of feeling to another which is in some respect opposed to it. It is convulsive, often painful, even when yielding a great degree of enjoyment, and, when extreme, produces hysterical laughter. It is a harsh wrenching of the soul from its equilibrium, a sudden collapse from its positive to its negative state. We should observe that all perception of character is emotional. As our author says above of the feeling of wit and flavor of venison, we can only define their conditions. The reason why we cannot define them by the intellect alone is because we cannot perceive them by the intellect alone.

For instance in the case of the respectable tradesman in pea-green, it is his forlorn and helpless condition compared with his intense ferociousness, his piteous appealing distress still struggling with the importance of well-fed and well-feeling respectability. All this is represented on our own consciousness, and we enter intuitively into the feelings of the sufferer, but only in a slight degree, and the consequence is mirth. It may be asked why the object of our amusement is not himself convulsed with laughter since our own proceeds from a mere reflection of *his* feelings. But rage and agony fill his soul, and emotion does not interpenetrate emotion but in each degree commingles in proportions, the more of one the less of the other. Were his nerves of feminine weakness, and not sustaining severe tension, mirth would be manifested in the shape of a painful hysterical giggle.

We believe that no instance of wit or humor, producing laughter, can be shown, in which *character* cannot be proved to be the essential element. The scene described by our author, to refute such a theory, and considered by him as entirely devoid of "character," appears to us to be full of it.

"One of the most laughable scenes I have ever seen in my life was the complete overturning of a very large table, with all the dinner upon it. What of character is there of seeing a roasted turkey sprawling on the floor? Or ducks lying in different parts in the room, covered with trembling fragments of jelly?"

A fortunate intimacy with these dainties veils their absurdity, but a first sight of animals served up for food would be full of caricature. When the subsequent familiarity would be removed by the novel positions into which such an accident would throw them, the mirth-producing causes would be manifest. We are feasted, reader, on roasted racoon, and the best sauce for the dish was the comparison of the creature's present helplessness with the perfect gravity and composed look with which he first looked from the tree-top, under which we afterwards ate him.

Wit, then, we would consider as a confused and inaccurate term, having no distinct meaning, unless it be the old and obsolete one implying a high degree of all the powers of the understanding. There is satisfaction and even acute pleasure attending the exercise of these powers, but it is serene; bright but cold like the upper regions of air; while the pleasure of mirth is warm and tempestuous, like the earth-dwelling emotions which are its conditions.

But the intellect notices these conditions as objects, by language, as facts, and through reason. Intellectual incongruities therefore, when they refer to these objects, necessarily, but accidentally, present emotional incongruities.

This view of the subject would remove the stigma which our author attaches to incongruous *facts* as a vehicle of humor. If these facts are the effects, or serve as the representation of character, they are proper means of inducing mirth. Words too, which are partly sensuous or founded on tones which are the natural language of emotion, often produce the effects of the highest degree of wit. Puns consequently are legitimate wit, where they are not the mere jingling of words, but present at the same time incongruous feelings. In the instance, given by our author of the boy who made game of the patriarchs by persisting in considering them partridges, the humor is found in the incongruity of the dignity belonging to that early form of authority, with the frightened feebleness of a *bevy of patriarchs* cowering and quailing before the arrow of the hunter. The drollery of the thing is heightened by the contrast of the real stupidity of the boy with the cleverness which such an interpretation would attribute to him.

The above hypothesis will explain the close connexion between genius and wit. As the author correctly states, almost all the great poets, orators and statesmen of all times have been witty. Cæsar, Alexander, Aristotle, Descartes, and Lord Bacon, were witty men; so were Cicero, Shakspeare, Demosthenes, Boileau, Pope, Dryden, Fontenelle, Jonson, Waller, Cowley, Solon, Socrates, Dr. Johnson; and so has been almost every man who has made a distinguished figure in the House of Commons. He considers, consequently, that wit is a strong evidence of a fertile and superior understanding. Observation will hardly bear him out in this. The humorist is not necessarily a man of genius; but genius will often stray into the regions of humor, for when human life and human conduct hold such a large share in our knowledge and our attention, restless thought will ever delve in this mine. The wit manifested by men of intellectual ability is consequently often accidental, for, from their quickness of thought, they perceive the intellectual incongruity of jarring feeling, and thus stumble into humor. Like the pieces of flesh thrown over by the merchants into Sinbad's vale of diamonds, so thickly the gems are strewn, that the most careless cast from the strong hand will secure the flashing treasure.

We have dwelt the longer upon the lecture on wit and humor, from the reputation of the author in this respect, and from the curiosity that would be felt for the views of one who so well exemplified them in his writings. But as we turn over the leaves we meet every where the flavor of the Attic salt. It charms us the more, through the rest of the book, from its unexpectedness, most writers on such subjects as Taste, Beauty, Instinct, or the Faculties of man and beasts, deeming it proper to pull a sort of metaphysical gown and wig over their style. Hear this:—

"Every body possessed of power is an object either of awe or sublimity, from a justice

of the peace up to the Emperor Aurungzebe—an object quite as stupendous as the Alps. He had thirty-five millions of revenue, in a country where the products of the earth are, at least, six times as cheap as in England: his empire extended over twenty-five degrees of latitude, and as many of longitude: he had to put to death alone twenty millions of people. I should like to know the man who could have looked at Aurungzebe without feeling him to the end of his limbs, and in every hair of his head! Such Emperors are more sublime than cataracts. I think any man would have shivered more at the sight of Aurungzebe, than at the sight of the two rivers which meet at the Blue Mountains in America, and bursting through the whole breadth of the rocks, roll their victorious and united waters to the Eastern Sea."

This is delicious; and to the purpose too, for the sublime is all the better brought out in this picture by its setting of burlesque.

One of the most interesting of these lectures is that on the faculties of animals as compared with those of men. He treats the subject with his characteristic humor, and with a plain common-sense, which seems really to aim at making the subject clearer, instead of plunging it in deeper mystification. This will lose him his title as a great philosopher, but it suits the reader charmingly. After giving the various theories of philosophers, that of the Peripatetics, which allowed to brutes a sensitive power but denied them a rational one, that of the Platonists which allowed them an inferior sort of reason and understanding, that of Lactantius giving them every thing that men have but religion, that of Descartes making them mere machines destitute of all thought and reflection, not forgetting the theory of the philosophical Jesuit, who considered that each animal had a familiar spirit, and that a devil was roasted with every chicken, dived with every duck, grazed with every ox, and swam with every turbot, he speaks of the usual distinction, drawn between the intelligence of men and of animals, of *instinct* and reason.

"Now the question is, is there any meaning to the term *instinct*? what is that meaning? and what is the distinction between instinct and reason? If I desire to do a certain thing, adopt certain means to effect it, and have a clear and precise notion that those means are directly subservient to that end,—there I act from reason; but if I adopt means subservient to that end, and am uniformly found to do so, and am not in the *least* degree conscious that these means *are* subservient to that end,—there I certainly do act from some principle very different from reason; and to which principle it is as convenient to give the name of instinct as any other name. If I build a house for my family, and lay it out into different apartments, separating it horizontally with floors, and give the obvious principles on which I have done so,—here is plainly an invention of meaning, and an application of previous experience, which anybody would call by the name of reason; but if I am detected making folding doors to the drawing-room, putting up snug shelves in the butler's pantry, and making the whole house as convenient as possible, without the slightest knowledge or suspicion of the utility of these things,—there, it is very plain, I am not constituted as other men are. * *

Bees, it is well known, construct their combs with small cells on both sides, fit for holding their store of honey, and for receiving their young. There are only three *possible* figures of the cells which can make them all equal and similar without any useless interstices; these are the equilateral triangle, the square, and the regular hexagon. It is well known to mathematicians that there is not a *fourth* way *possible* in which a place may be cut into little spaces, that shall be equal, similar and regular, without leaving any interstices. Of the three, the hexagon is the most proper both for conveniency and strength; and, accordingly, bees—as if they were acquainted with these things—make all their cells regular hexagons.

* * * * *

It is a curious mathematical problem, at what precise angle the three places which compose the bottom of a cell ought to meet, in order to make the greatest possible saving or the least expense of materials and labor. This is one of the problems belonging to the higher parts of mathematics, which are called problems of maxima and minima. It has been resolved by some mathematicians, particularly by Mr. Maclaurin, by a fluxionary calculation, which is to be found in the ninth volume of the "Transactions of the Royal Society of London." He has determined precisely the angle required; and he found by the most exact mensuration the subject could admit, that it is the very angle in which the three planes in the bottom of the cell of the honey-comb do actually meet. How is all this to be explained? Imitation it certainly is not; for after every old bee has been killed, you may take the honey-comb and hatch a new swarm of bees, that cannot possibly have had any communication with, or instruction from the parent. The young of every animal although they have never seen the dam,—will do exactly as all their species have done before them. *

* * * It would take a senior wrangler at Cambridge, ten hours a day, for three years together, to know enough mathematics for the calculation of these problems, with which not only every queen bee, but every under-graduate grub is acquainted the moment it is born. * * *

If you shake caterpillars off a tree in every direction, they instantly turn round and climb up, though they had never formerly been on the surface of the ground. This is a very striking instance of instinct. The caterpillar finds its food, and is nourished upon the tree, and not upon the ground; but surely the caterpillar cannot tell that such an exertion is necessary to its salvation; and, therefore, it acts not from rational motives, but from blind impulse. Ants and beavers lay up magazines. Where do they get their knowledge that it will not be so easy to collect food in rainy weather as it is in the summer? Men and women know these things because their grandfathers have told them so; ants, hatched from the egg artificially, or birds hatched in this manner, have all this knowledge by intuition, without the smallest communication with any of their relations. Now, observe what the solitary wasp does; she digs several holes in the sand, in each of which she deposits an egg, though she certainly knows not that an animal is deposited in that egg,—and still less that this animal must be nourished with other animals. She collects a few green flies, rolls them up neatly in separate parcels (like Bologna sausages,) and stuffs one parcel into each hole where an egg is deposited. When the wasp-worm is hatched, it finds a store of provisions ready made; and what is most curious, the quantity allotted to each is exactly sufficient to support it, till it attains the period of wasphood, and can provide for itself. Here the little creature has never seen its parent; for by the time it is born, the parent is always eaten by sparrows; and yet without the slightest education or previous experience, it does every thing that the parent did before it. * * * Insects are like Molière's persons of quality,—they know everything (as Molière says,) without having learned anything. 'Les gens de qualitè savent tout, sans avoir rien appris.'"

We think our author, in these opinions, attributes to a blind unthinking instinct, much that belongs to a superior natural perception guided by an inferior but active reason. The boasted reason of man would be powerless but for a certain intuitive knowledge, which serves as its foundation, and furnishes its data. One of these intuitions is that which relates to the forms and outlines of matter, a mode of this being the perception of angularity. The bee, when he starts from home on his daily toil, circles among tree-tops and banks of bloom, erratic, seemingly without thought but to satisfy his hunger and his avarice. But the whole diagram of his course is plain before his mind, and when his store is complete, he strikes out in a direct unerring "bee-line" for his hive. Books of natural history are full of instances of this trait in animals more common among wild than domesticated. But even domestic animals, though somewhat degraded by civilization, do not entirely lose this power. A horse, when taken by a circuitous route over ground unknown to him, will often make for his distant stable with the same directness as if it was in full sight. Every angle in his journey has been measured intuitively and stereotyped on his memory, the distance between the turns he measures by a knowledge partly intuitive partly the result of experience, and without being able to demonstrate the problem, he understands it. Men have this same knowledge, but crippled by disuse and the substitutes which civilization and reason bring. The Indian and the hunter have it; and the blind man, by its aid, steps with confidence through his starless night. Every one, who attends at all to the operations of his own mind, must have noticed, when alone in forests, that he has a tolerably clear consciousness of his position and bearings with regard to the point of departure, though the country may be entirely new to him. People wanting in this power, invariably break their nose when left in a dark room, before they find the match or the bell-rope. The navigator winds through the seas by the clumsy aid of compass and calculation, while the wild-fowl above his head, by intuitive knowledge, not instinct, reach their destination as surely. Reason is often like a crutch to the healthy limb,—it destroys the natural power.

Such a faculty, guarding and guiding the steps of animals, and clearer in them than in men, may be the source of the architectural skill of the bee. It is not blind instinct, but *knowledge*, understandingly and discriminately applied. He builds his hexagons by the same special intelligence that completes the diagram of his daily wanderings, and leads him homewards with the precision of a magnet. Where the hexagon is useless, he discards

it. If a beetle or other large insect gets into the hive, and cannot be conveniently removed, the bees first destroy the interloper, and then cover him with a smooth dome of wax, of irregular shape according to the size and form of the insect. The exception proves the rule; and we see from this that the little commonwealth comprehend not only the use of the peculiar form of their cells, but the limitation of the use.

If we look for instinct, we must seek it in the simpler pursuits of the animal, and not in those occupations that are almost human in their complexity. Instinct teaches the bee his peculiar food, and sends him to gather pollen to build the roof and sides of his house. It teaches the ant and beaver from what materials to construct their habitations, but leaves them, like the bee and man, to the regular processes of intelligence for the skill to build them.

But instinct is still allied to thought;—it is a subordinate perception, a special faculty, narrow and fixed upon a particular point. We should not confound it, as our author does, with the passions and desires which it only directs to their objects. Ants and beavers lay up magazines of provisions; where do they get their knowledge, he asks, that it will not be so easy to collect food in rainy weather as in summer? But do men toil through the sunshine of life to provide for the cloudy days of old age? Do they not feel deep pleasure in mere acquisition? And do we not see this passion constantly manifested irrespective of future wants? It serves an ultimate purpose unknown to the animal, but so it does with man—at least in the latter case, it gives the incentive which reason could not always give with the same force. To ants and men and beavers, the love of property gives government, and society and laws, and provides for the feebleness of infancy and old age.

In the habits of the caterpillar, mentioned by our author, we find a very striking case of instinctive action. But even here the instinct is not altogether blind. His motto is Excelsior, but like all creeping things he is discreet about it. He does not refuse to crawl downward, if necessary. While turning over the pages of this very book, we noticed one of these insects on a dead branch that projected athwart the window. He crept upward, carefully examining every small twig and projection on his route. On arriving at the end of the branch, and finding none of the juicy harvest, he turned about and marched deliberately down again, at a steady quick jog. His whole movement showed disgust. Here the instinct was not a mere blind impulse, without knowledge of its objects, but was evidently under rational control. The wasp, however, and the unconscious cares of its maternity would seem to be an undeniable case of pure instinct.

In the lectures on Taste and the Beautiful, the philosophy of Alison, denying any power in matter to excite originally these emotions, is rejected. On these points the author's opinions are confused and contradictory. He confounds sensational impressions with the pleasures of mere intellectual perception, and these again with the warmer and very different pleasure excited by the beauty of outward objects. And concerning the power of material objects to arouse emotion, his own views, in different parts of the work, are far from consistent.

"Every man is as good a judge of a question like this as the ablest metaphysician. Walk in the fields in one of the mornings of May, and if you carry with you a mind unpolluted with harm, watch how it is impressed. You are delighted with the beauty of colors; are not those colors beautiful? You breathe vegetable fragrance; is not that fragrance grateful? You see the sun rising from behind a mountain, and the heavens painted with light; is not that renewal of the light of the morning sublime? You reject all obvious reasons, and say that these things are beautiful and sublime, because the accidents of life have made them so;—I say they are beautiful BECAUSE GOD HAS MADE THEM SO! that it is the original, indelible character impressed upon them by Him who has opened these sources of simple pleasure, to calm, perhaps, the perturbations of sense, and to make us love that joy which is purchased without giving pain to another man's heart, and without entailing reproach on our own."

This passage will show some of the errors to which we allude. But the position itself, few, we suspect, will be inclined to dispute. However much we may mystify ourselves concerning the emotion caused by the grander features of nature, such as the sky, the ocean, streams, mountains,

forests, no one, having the true relish for the beauty of the outward world, and appreciating this beauty in the leaf as much as in the tree, in the brook singing among pebbles as well as in great rivers draining continents, finding it in every ordinary aspect of nature, can ever be satisfied with any theory of association. The author, who has this taste in common with all of his countrymen through the whole length of the island from the Cockney to the Highlander, rejects such interpretation of a sentiment that is next to religion.

By refusing this hypothesis, we are not forced to the notion that brute matter can call forth emotions of this high order, for we still have the alternative of the active and living causation that breathes through nature.

In the discourse on the active powers of the mind, the author adopts the philosophical views of Hartley, making association a great moral principle and deriving from it every passion, affection and desire. According to this theory nothing is necessary to make any man whatever he is, than a capacity for feeling pleasure and pain, and the principle of association.

"A young child soon after his birth, has not the least desire to do good or harm to any one; he has no such passions; and it is our business to explain how he gets them. The food he eats or drinks gives him pleasure; but observing in process of time, that the nurse is always present when he receives his food, the sight of the nurse gives him pleasure, because it reminds him of his food; yet in process of time the idea of that food is obliterated, and the sight of the nurse gives him pleasure, and, without the intervening idea that she is useful to him, he loves her immediately *after* his appetite of hunger is satisfied, as well as before: his passion for her, which first proceeded from an interested motive, becomes quite disinterested; and he loves her without the slightest reference to the advantages she procures him. This is the origin of his love for his nurse; and then, as all kindred ideas are very easily associated together, he proceeds from loving her, to desiring her good; for, perceiving that other people like what he likes, it is very natural that the idea of his own gratification in eating, should suggest the idea of the nurse's gratification; and that he should offer her a little morsel of his apple or his cake, or any puerile luxury which he happens to be enjoying. The association is easy to be comprehended, and seems perfectly natural. Besides, a child begins very early to associate his own advantage with benevolence. Cake, and commendation, the parent of cake, are lavished upon the child who shows a disposition to please others. Cuffs, and frowns, and hard words, are the portion of a selfish and a malevolent child: he begins with loving benevolence for the advantage it affords him, and ends with loving it for himself; he is not born with love of anything, but merely with a *capacity* of feeling pleasure; which he first feels for the milk, then for the mother, because she gives him that milk, then for her own sake; then, as she makes him happy, association gives him the idea of making *her* happy; and he gains so much by benevolence, that he loves it first for the advantages it affords, then for its self. Reverse all this, and you will have the history and progress of the malevolent passions. A young child hates nobody. If you were to pinch or scratch him, he would feel pain; but if you were to do it often, he would associate the idea of you with the idea of pain, and would hate you, first on account of the ideas you suggested, then hate you plainly and simply without any cause. Again: a child is deterred from doing anything by threats and by pain; and he perceives that other persons are deterred by similar means; he therefore associates these ideas with prevention; threatens and beats whoever contradicts him; and cherishes resentment as a means of gratifying his will, and effecting whatever object he has in view. It is quite impossible that a child can be born with any feeling of resentment. He can never tell that to prevent another child from beating him, is to beat him again; it would be an enormous thing that he, who does not know black from scarlet, should be acquainted with the dominion which pain has over the mind, and make use of it to accomplish his purposes; and yet, such is the opinion that they adopt, who consider this passion as innate, and coeval with our existence."

They adopt no such opinion;—they no more consider that the child uses this natural weapon of anger from any calculation of its utility, than that it should draw its mother's milk for the sake of the health and strength it gains from it. But such opinions *are* held by the advocates generally of the selfish system of morals; a system to which the Hartleian theory of association is very near akin. And in fact, these two systems are strangely intermingled by our author, as will be seen throughout the whole of the above extract. He presents however, in a lively manner, the main features of a doctrine, barren indeed, but attractive from its simplicity.

The hypothesis assumes that all pleasure is

alike, differing only in degree; that the gratification the child feels at receiving his food is similar to the gratification he receives from the presence of his nurse; and that the pain of a bruise or hurt is similar to the pain attending the passion of resentment or terror. Fear it considers the expectation of pain, and hope the expectation of pleasure.

No one will deny that pleasure or pain may be the *causes* or conditions of affection and resentment, and that these latter feelings might lie dormant without the action of the first to bring them into life; but the doctrine of Hartley regards it as merely a *transference* of emotion. A feeling of complacency it makes, not only the foundation, but the reality of the highest attributes of men; while his most malign passions are only extreme degrees, not of annoyance proceeding from pain, but of the pain itself.

The best refutation of this doctrine, so recommended by our author, he gives to us himself in his sketch of the philosophy of Epicurus.

"In the first place, the plan of solving all the phenomena of the passions by the dread of bodily pain and the love of bodily pleasure, is very simple and beautiful; and I have no doubt that several of the passions commonly supposed to be original, may be proved to be put in motion by these springs of the machine: but it will not do for all; for how shall we explain compassion by it? I learn what pain is in *another man* by knowing what it is in *myself*; but I might know this without feeling the pity. I might have been so constituted as to rejoice that another man was in agony; how can you prove that my own aversion to pain must necessarily make me feel for the pain of another? I have a great horror of breaking my own leg, and I will avoid it by all means in my power; but it does not *necessarily* follow from thence that I should be struck with horror because you have broken yours. The reason that we do feel horror, is that nature has superadded to these two principles of Epicurus, the principle of pity; which, unless it can be shown by stronger arguments to be derived from any other feeling, *must stand as an ultimate fact in our nature.*"

Some of the supicious appearances about the Hartleian system, our author points out himself, and with an ingenuousness that is truly admirable in a science where bigotry and partisan feelings have gone to such furious extremes, and where zealous theorists have even sought to roast each other alive.

"I have heard it said, as an objection against this theory, that there is a neatness in it, an *arrondissement*, which gives it a very great appearance of quackery and imposture. This is very likely; but I am not contending that the theory *looks* as if it were true, but merely that it *is* true. At the same time, there is a great deal of merit in the observation; for discoveries in general, especially upon such very intricate subjects, are more ragged, uneven, and incomplete; here there is little light and there a great deal of darkness; in one place you make a great inroad, and there you are stopped by impenetrable barriers; but here is one master-key which opens every bolt and barrier; a philosophy which explains everything, and leaves the whole subject at rest for ever. All these are certainly presumptive evidences against the theory; but if it perform all that it promise, those presumptive evidences, are, of course, honorably repelled."

This is manly and honest, and in the midst of the special pleading that all men make for their pet theories, it is as refreshing as a "meadow-gale in spring." The careless air, and the book is full of like instances, veils a deep truth. Men that reason closely, but only from a limited number of data, and this is the true metaphysical or scholastic cast of mind, fall invariably into a sort of intellectual bondage to theory. Starting from varied hypotheses, on insecure premises, they are led irresistibly to conclusions wide as the poles asunder. Thrown thus into doubt, torturing to such eager minds, they willingly let circumstances incline them to some favorite doctrine. Shutting their eyes to all else, which their concentration of thought, an element in their acuteness, easily enables them to do, they proceed to measure the universe by their Procrustean systems. They seek truth along the track of preconceived theory, built upon premises too often insufficient, and permit themselves to receive no hues from the numberless influences that bear upon all social and moral questions. They shun the drudgery of induction, but delight to roam through the ramification of hypothesis. It is their natural channel of thought, and their mind sports on its current with ease and delight.

We repeat that the clearness with which the author treats his cloudy subject, and

the interest that his wit gives to topics, not devoid of interest themselves, but, from their apparent dryness, repulsive to the general reader, must render this book in time deservedly popular. Its errors must be viewed with leniency, for it was never meant by the author for publication, but written by him while still a young man and delivered as lectures to a large and mixed audience of both sexes. The necessity before such an audience of giving vivacity and sustained interest to matters, where to sustain attention was indispensable, was well suited for developing the shrewdness, and rich vein of the lecturer. But we can easily see how their evident want of profundity rendered him averse to giving these lectures to the public, while even friendly critical authorities were for a time doubtful of their success: but clear and broad views, and perspicuous expression of thought, are as rare a genius as profundity, and a thousand times more quickly appreciated and trained to utility. T. C. C

SONNETS TO FILL BLANKS.

NUMBER TWO.

"Begin, my pen! write thou another Sonnet:"
There's poetry, sure, in that! Why, yes; and so,
There's architecture in a lady's bonnet,
And tragedy in Punch's puppet-show:
And many a sonneteer, when, all a' fire,
He writes, makes poetry, but never a poem;
His proud ambition and his hot desire
To write and be a poet, only throw him
Into a fine confusion: and, like children,
With drum and penny trumpet, music mad,
He rends Apollo's ear with noise bewilderin',
Harsher, 't endure, than women shrieking "shad,
Fresh shad!" or chimney-sweep, whose howling cry
Does but express his great "desire to sty." *

---

* "Ambition, rash desire to *sty*." i. e. to mount, to ascend.—*Spencer.*

MR. GEORGE PAYNE RAINSFORD JAMES'

POEMS ON AMERICA.

Mr. G. P. R. James, is known to the reading world—which with us comprises nearly the entire community, or at least all the exempts from "bib and tucker" thraldom—as the author of a very extensive number—not assortment—of novels.

He is known as the proprietor of a certain ubiquitous pair of horsemen who always trot over the opening pages, much as a squad of Colonel Postley's Huzzars cavort upon their grocer-wagon steeds, in advance of some civico-military procession in our city. To borrow a Milesian-ism, the horsemen are Mr. James's "Faugh a Ballagh." It may perhaps be but justice to state that the grand entreé, in his last emanation, was effected by *infantry*. Mr. James is known as sole owner of an immortal Methusalasean Corps of characters, comprising a sharp valet, a poaching farmer, a gallant old gentleman, who is pitted against an ancient scamp, a beautiful, accomplished, and particularly stupid heroine, who stands ready to fall plump into a lover's arms upon the first offer—in fact prepared to make very liberal advances to secure so profitable a consignment, a steady and highly respectable young man, who does the marrying, invariably and inevitably, a dashing shrewd careless head-over-heels friend, who is always turning up just in the "nick of time," at unseasonable hours, in the most impossible, unheard of and out-of-the-way places—and in incomprehensible situations, &c., &c. These characters emulate the longevity of that highly respectable individual, Mr. Cooper's "Leather Stocking," who, as Dr. Holmes remarks, was once got by his owner into a "Coffin," but could not be induced to stay there.

Mr. James marries, hangs, or shoots off his puppets regularly in his three volumes, but lo and behold! in the course of a brief month or so, up they pop again, as lively as ever, and ready for a new campaign, requiring but a change of clothes for their next journey.

With sober prose, however, it is not our present purpose to deal.

Mr. James has come among us as a lecturer—to pick up *a la* Buckingham, a few greasy pork-besmeared and corn-fed Cis-Atlantic dollars. He is about to lecture upon the middle ages, of which task,—as he is a middling writer, one who has studied his subject middling carefully, and has attained a middle age himself,—we imagine he will acquit himself middling well. With this last, even, we have little to do, nothing in fact, with him as a lecturer, but yet something as a man to be lectured by.

It is with Mr. James, as a poet, we have to deal, not with his poetry as a whole,—which would be but a small whole, by the way—but with his poems on America. The series has not yet been collected and bound. In fact it would make but a small volume, as it consists of but two pieces, that *we* wot of. Yet we deem it our duty to rescue them from the impending danger of oblivion. The first of these productions evidently came directly from the author's heart, while the second is an inimitable specimen of what our respected friend Samuel Slick, Esq., clockmaker, terms "soft sawder." We will submit both, to the reader, piecemeal, and accompanied by a running commentary, for fear that the whole taken entire, at once, might prove too strong a dose to be palatable.

So very extraordinary a poem as the first, of course required a preface, and accordingly we find the following from the pen of the author's friend, L. (Lever.)

"*Mr. Editor. The accompanying lines I forward for insertion in your Magazine,* EXACTLY AS I RECEIVED THEM, *nor, although not intended for the public eye* (being only Mr. James's private opinion,) DO I FEAR ANY REPROACH FROM THEIR DISTINGUISHED WRITER, IN OFFERING THEM FOR PUBLICATION *un-*

authorized. (Mr. James having said it, do'nt care who knows it.) *They are* BOLD (we believe him,) *manly and* WELL TIMED (perhaps they were *then.*)

"Yours. L.——"

This preface and the accompanying lines appeared in the "*Dublin University Magazine*," in 1846. Mr. James probably wrote them after he had dined, when "wine was in," and must have recited or sung them to his friend "L." at some other time when wine was *going* in.

There is no doubt but that he *felt* them, as they breath a vindictive spirit that none but a good hater could feel, or express, and as a poem they possess infinitely greater merit than any of the very mediocre rhymes which have hitherto trickled from his pen. Mr. James's note to Mr. L. succeeds the preface.

"MY DEAR L. — I send you the song you wished to have. The Americans, when they so *insolently* calculated upon aid from Ireland in a war with England, forgot that *their own apple is rotten to the core.*

"A nation with five or six millions of slaves, who would go to war with an equally strong nation with no slaves, is a mad people.

"Yours, G. P. R. JAMES."

A CLOUD IS ON THE WESTERN SKY.

A cloud is on the western sky,
There's tempest on the sea,
And *bankrupt states are blustering high,*
But not a whit care we.
Our guns shall roar, our steel shall gleam,
Before Columbia's distant stream
Shall own another sway.
We'll take our stand,
And draw the brand,
As in the ancient day.

Vastly well; Mr. James, but about the "bankrupt States," we would just hint, that it is not polite to call names—and that it were wiser in you to first remove the beam from your own eye, and pay off your own "small account." With regard to your guns roaring, we think that Master John would roar rather louder than his guns, if Brother Jonathan did but grapple with him in earnest. You will "draw your brand," as you did in "the ancient day," indeed. In the "ancient day," the brand which you drew, was a brand of disgrace upon your back, a brand of defeat from the same "Washington," whom you so bespatter in poem No. 2, with your unasked for laudation.

"They count on feuds within the isle,
They think the sword is broke,
They look to Ireland, and they *smile,*
But let them bide the stroke.
When rendered *one in hand and heart,*
By *robber war and swindler art,*
Home griefs we cast away."
&c., &c., &c.

This was in 1846, and ere its close we "looked to Ireland," not with a smile, but with a pitying tear. "Swindler art" spread its white sails upon the ocean, and opened its granaries to scatter bounties with a free hand among the starving Irish, who, if they were "one in heart and hand" with their English neighbors, were very far from being one in "purse and pantry."

It is time, however, to introduce a few verses of poem No. 2, which we present as an antidote to the virulence of its precursor. They were written by Mr. James on board the Washington; and the author has taken especial care that they should receive an extensive newspaper publication.

THE WASHINGTON.

"The Washington, the Washington!
How gallantly she goes.
Green fields she finds before her steps,
She leaves them clad in snows.

The green field of the ocean,
The snow flake of the foam;
Receive and follow, as she treads
Her pathway to her home.

God speed thee, noble Washington,
Across the mighty main,
And give thee wings to traverse it,
A thousand times again!

Not wrongly hast thou taken,
The glorious chieftain's name,
Who won his country's liberty,
Amidst the battle's flame."

Turn we now from "soft solder" to "real feelings."

"Oh let them look to where in bonds,
For *help their bondmen cry,*
Oh let them look, ere British hands
Wipe out that LIVING LIE.
Beneath the flag of Liberty,
We'll sweep the wide Atlantic sea,
And tear their chains away."
&c., &c., &c.

'Pon honor, Mr. J.! this is rather potent. America, and American Liberty, a living lie? This "living lie," may account for Mr. James's "scraps" turning into "soft soap" as soon as he is fairly in it. As to

the "Bondsman's Cry," we only wish Mr. J. could hear the negroes give out a few despairing moans at a "corn shucking."

> *"Veil starry banner, veil your pride,*
> The *blood-red cross* before,
> *Emblem of that by Jordan's side,*
> *Man's freedom price that bore.*
> *No land is strong that owns a slave,*
> Vain is it wealthy, crafty, brave!
> Our freedom for our stay.
> * * * * *
> *"Shout, dusky millions, through the world!*
> Ye scourge driven nations, shout;
> The flag of Liberty's unfurled,
> And Freedom's sword is out;
> The slaver's boastful thirst of gain
> Tends but to break his bondsmen's chain,
> *And Britain's on the way;*
> To take her stand,
> And draw the brand,
> As in the ancient day.

With the printer's permission, we will present the remainder of these delectable productions, cozily, side by side, and thus have a better opportunity to compare them.

> No sordid triumph wa s the chief's;
> No sordid triumph thine,
> Though war, unwilling, was his task,
> And thine aim, peace divine.
>
> The links his good sword severed,
> When heavy grew the chain,
> Even of England's brotherhood,
> Thou shalt unite again.
>
> *But links of love the bond shall form,*
> *To bind the east and west,*
> *While child and mother long estranged,*
> *Fly to each other's breast.*
>
> And may'st thou, as thou tread'st the sea,
> Till thy long wand'rings cease,
> Be, like the patriarchial dove,
> *The messenger of peace."*
>
> G. P. R. James.

Hung be our (not heavens, but) "stars" with black immediately, as Mr. James has ordered. The "blood-red cross" is after them, looking very cross indeed.

The said cross may be "emblem of that by Jordan's side," but it looks to us vastly like the mark of the beast upon a certain flag lately very busily employed in poking opium down John Chinaman's throat, the coolest piece of wholesale rascality and dry land piracy, since "the middle ages."

> *"No land is free that owns a slave."*

What say you, Sir Oracle, to the household slaves of "Merrie England" to your miners, ignorant as brutes, ignorant of the blessed light of God's own sun, ignorant of even the respective proprieties of the sexes? What say you to the harnessing of women like horses, in hideous underground caves—slaves indeed!

> *"Shout dusky millions through the world."*

Yes, shout. But why? Mr. James says "Britain's on the way,"—by "Britain" we presume Mr. James modestly means himself, and this must have been the "shadow cast before" the coming advent—*his* advent. We imagine he intends to do all the work with his own hands, and wish Garrison, and Gerrit Smith, Abbey Kelly, and the Black Douglas, (African—not Scot's) joy of their new laborer in the cause.

The other lines we really want patience to criticise. We can stand such abuse, but cannot endure the cloying sweetness of the "soft sawder," the treacle in which the potion of jalop is now enveloped.

We know not which is the most delightfully refreshing, the boastfully impotent swagger of the earlier, or the deliciously cool impudence of patting us on the back, in the latter poem, *We*, Mr. James—

> "We want no *praise*
> And least of all such *praise* as *you* can bring us."

Tom Moore took very good care not to return after inditing his famous and infamous libel. Hall, Hamilton and Dickens, have followed his example. Mrs. Trollope, —honest woman—having swindled her creditors in Cincinnati, ran away and abused us, but staid away. Mr. James, however, has exhibited greater courage—he calls us all the names in the calender, and then asks our good people to give him their "sweet voices."

We trust Mr. James will publish the twain. In large type, on hot-pressed paper, gilt edged, and wide margined, embellished with a correct view of the two horsemen as a frontispiece, and a vignette of a flag—the "emblem of that by Jordan's side" for a tail-piece—and our word for it, it would sell.

We hope to receive a copy from the grateful author, for the suggestion, and to conclude, sincerely wish Mr. James a better temper, or a wiser manner of showing it, and also such success in this country as he may deserve.

LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF CAMPBELL.*

The Biography of Poets has, of late, become a prolific subject. At short intervals we have had the lives of Goldsmith, Coleridge, Southey, Keats, and now of Campbell. It is a high privilege thus to be made acquainted with the intellectual and moral nature, the outward circumstances, associations and influences of their daily life, whose written thoughts alone have hitherto been known to us; but there is a boundary to this privilege, which the delicate mind suggests in reading, and the judicious and honorable mind oversteps not in writing. An author's life belongs but in a degree, to the public, his books being only another portion of his life, cannot be given to the world entirely apart; they bring with them thoughts connected with others, unexpressed, and in receiving what is given, we claim also what remains behind. But only for that portion of his private history which actually bears upon his works, more or less remotely, do we ask; that portion by which we can ascertain whether the experience of actual life has given reality to his perceptions, and how far his own passions and prejudices have colored his delineations; what has led him, more or less, as it may be, to the sublime or the beautiful, to generalization or individuality, to the ludicrous or the tender, the passionate or the philosophic.

Dr. Beattie, in the work before us, has given an over lengthy, and yet not a full or satisfactory life of Campbell. The task devolved upon him through a mutual friendship, and at the repeated request of Campbell, renewed in his last illness.

There is much in the narrative that might well have been omitted. The letters not having the requisite connexion with it in regard to time, an obscurity envelopes the biography which leaves the mind unsatisfied; Trivial events of private life are brought into strong light while matters of deeper interest are left in the mist. It is, to say the least, ill-judged to hint at subjects which may not be fairly and openly discussed; if the interest of curiosity is awakened, the facts are likely to be sought at other sources, and brought out under exaggeration. Of Campbell's literary career the biography affords the same lengthy but broken outline; and we find the poet in various positions of change where no cause is apparent. And here we must add, that notwithstanding the Doctor's over-strained delicacy upon certain mysterious subjects, he has gone in others to the opposite extreme, and officiously introduced specimens of early, hasty, and unrevised verse, which scarcely tend to increase the author's fame. It is remarkable that the nice sense of responsibility which induced the biographer to withhold matters of more importance to the reader and less to the poet, should not lead him to respect the tact and discretion through which Campbell himself consigned such "repented sins" to oblivion. Alas, poor Campbell! "The evil that men do lives after them."

The good Doctor impressed, almost to adulation, with the greatness of his subject, sentimentalizes upon matters of very small moment. He is given to quotations not always remarkably choice, and has an unfortunate way of bringing them in when least expected or called for. If he remarks that the poet was fortunate in his friendships the observation is eked out with

"Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul!"

If we are told that the poet walks upon the borders of a lake, we have the additional information that,

---

* Life and Letters of Thomas Campbell. Edited by William Beattie, M. D. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1850.

"Gay with gambols on its finny shoals
The glancing wave rejoices as it rolls."

In allusion to a quarrel between Campbell and his bookseller, we have the pathetic illustration of

"How sour sweet music is,
When time is broke, and no proportion kept."

and we learn that the poet on his marriage was ready to exclaim, "with a brother poet,"

"The joys of marriage are the heaven on earth!"

Mr. Campbell and his "brother poet," are certainly indebted to the Doctor for a very interesting position.

Campbell's correspondence is light and agreeable, but does not carry out and enlarge, as fully as we might expect it to do, the sentiments that pervade his poems. Admitted to the private correspondence of an admired author, pleasurable anticipations expand, and we look eagerly for the confirmation or dispersion of opinions formed upon his works; but the prose of Campbell is of so wholly different a stamp from his poetry, and so few of his letters are expressive of serious observation and philosophy, that they scarcely enlarge our estimation of the moral, and throw little additional light upon their intellectual character. Still, they afford pleasing illustrations of his well known geniality of temperament, his amiability and generosity, and the enthusiastic fervor of his friendship. In justice to Dr. Beattie, we must add that in the double office of friend and physician, he has proved himself able to give a truthful transcript of the poet's latter days, and if of these lengthening shadows we have a little too much, the Doctor has at least the merit of not crossing them with his own; he has wholly avoided that besetting sin of biographers, egotistical parade.

The biography commences with a lengthy and rather uninteresting genealogical history of the family of Kirnan, of which the poet was a lineal descendant. Campbell attached not that pride and importance to genealogy, which is common to his countrymen. The seal, given to him, bearing the family crest, elicited a no less noble sentiment than—

"Ne'er may the scroll that bears it yield
Degenerate thoughts or faithless words."

The poet's father, a wealthy merchant, engaged in the Virginia tobacco trade, was reduced suddenly to poverty, in his sixty-fifth year, through the immediate commercial difficulties consequent upon the war of 1775; but more solicitous for uprightness than for wealth, he bore the reverse with equanimity. The small surplus remaining after the payment of his debts, he increased by taking young gentlemen of the Glasgow College to board, thus averting what would have been the only unbearable evil of poverty, the inability to give his children such an education as should supply the want of patrimony. Mr. Campbell was a zealous member of the Scotch Kirk, and early instilled the principles of piety into the minds of his children. He had improved his natural abilities by reading and intercourse with society. His friends were among the eminent men of the University; Adam Smith and Thomas Reid, for whom the poet was named, were his intimates.

Campbell held in high veneration and love the memory of his father.

Mrs. Campbell, the poet's mother, possessed far less of the amenity and sweetness ascribed to her husband; but she was of a noble nature, full of energy and firmness. She was fond of reading and of literary society; warm-hearted, shrewd, and vivacious. She was fond of her family, and of her son, and always took occasion to speak of herself as "Mrs. Campbell, of Kirnan," and "mother to the author of the 'Pleasures of Hope.'" It would be difficult to say, from which parent Campbell derived his genius; the mother alone seems to have enjoyed poetry, and through her his infant ear became accustomed to the ballad poetry of his country. Both parents had a taste for music. Mrs. Campbell rocked the cradle of her children to the air of "My poor dog Tray," and in the wane of life, continued occasionally to sing it, when proudly and tenderly she connected with it the verses adapted by her son. The father, too, was fond of naval songs, and it may be that his voice first touched those tender chords, which, in after years, produced the noblest lyrics of the age.

Of the numerous family of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Campbell—eight sons and three daughters,—it is sufficient to know that they were talented and highly respectable. One of the sons married a daughter of

Patrick Henry. The poet was the youngest, and lived to be the sole survivor of the family.

Campbell's talents were of remarkably early development, and passingly it may be observed, that he produced if we except the "Last Man," no great poetical work much after the age of thirty. When only eight years old he was entered at the grammar school under the tuition of Mr. Alison, who, soon perceiving the genius of his young pupil, spared no pains for his improvement. Under his judicious and affectionate training, the natural ambition of the boy, and that strong desire of approbation which was the leading trait of his character through life, produced their usual results. At the age of twelve he wrote translations from the Greek, and received prizes. The Greek poets early became his favorite study, and on them was gradually formed the pure, classic taste which, more than genius, gave to his own poems their beauty and success. This early enthusiasm for the Greek Drama returned forcibly in his declining years; in proof of which "rejuvenescence of youthful taste," the authority is quoted of Mr. St. John, Consul-General at Algiers, who says, "In conversation at table, Campbell never seemed to be aware that he had any particular claim to the merit of a poet. His great ambition—and he made no effort to conceal it—was to be considered a *Greek* scholar." In all respects the boyhood of Campbell foreshadowed remarkably the character of the future man: indeed, in many things, he was through life, a boy. A boy in his affections, his sensibilities, his trustfulness and his weakness. The same love of a practical joke by which he gained a warm seat at the fire side, while his fellow students crowded to read his witticisms and impromptus written on the wall, suggested in after years, the imitation of the nightingale by which he cheated his wife and her friend into exstacies; and the same generous spirit which made him the redresser of wrong among his school-fellows, procured for him afterwards the title of the "Champion of Poland." The same tenderness which appropriated the crown-piece given by his mother for his journey to Edinburgh, to the purchase of the picture she admired—"Elijah, fed by the ravens," appeared in the fervor of his friendships and the felicity of his conjugal life, and still more in the deep pathos which, more than their elegance of versification,—more indeed than any other quality, constitutes the charm of his poems. It was the same keen sensibility to praise or blame which, in his school-days, alternately elevated and depressed his spirits, and sent him, in after life, abruptly from Longman's table and the society of Scott, Davy, Ellis and Young, "because," says Dr. Irving, "he could not attract all the attention to which he evidently thought himself entitled."

At the university, as at school, Campbell maintained a high standing, and was commissioned by Professor Jardine to examine the exercises sent in by other students in the logic class. In his second college session he wrote "The Irish Harper," the first song which has been considered worthy a place in his published works. During the existence of a debating club, of which young Campbell was the leader, his turn for satire, (which seems nevertheless, not to have been remarkably keen or pointed,) made him some enemies;—probably these were the same "malignant scriblers" who, in after time, according to Mr. W. Irving's "*Introductory*," "took a pleasure in misrepresenting all his actions, and holding him up in an absurd and disparaging point of view." Resentment cherished forty years afterwards, was over sufficient for these shafts of boyish ridicule thrown without malice and remembered not beyond the moment by their author. The eloquence of the Scotch Reformer Gerald, at whose trial and execution Campbell was present, made so vivid an impression upon his mind, that on returning to college a visible change was apparent in him. He became subject to fits of abstraction, of which no longer poetry but politics were the theme; probably the liberality of his political opinions, and his admiration of a republican government grew remotely from the excitement of this period. It was not long however, before the muse asserted her legitimate claim, and retiring still more from the society of his young companions, he began to woo her in good earnest. His brother Daniel, who was his room-mate, annoyed by the irregular hours of the poet, took delight in playing off practical jokes in retaliation. One morning, arrangements having been made over night for break-

fasting together early, Daniel, punctual to the minute, waited anxiously in the parlor for his brother whom he had left in an unusual state of forwardness. He waited ten minutes and then called to him; another ten minutes and he gave a second and a third summons, but with no better success.

"At the same instant the Poet entered, and, laying some pages of manuscript on the table, 'There,' said he, with an air of satisfaction, 'there is my apology. A rare thought struck me during the night—I was afraid of its escaping, and having taken the pen in my hand, I could not lay it down until I had reduced it to rhyme. You'll soon see whether I have been idle or not.' 'Very good,' said Daniel, 'let's have a look at it.' 'There it is,' said Tom, handing it to him with one hand, and helping himself to a slice of toast with the other. Daniel was silent for a minute. 'Ha! very good this—very fine indeed!' 'Yes, I thought you would say so.' 'And this is why you had so restless a night?' 'Yes, I had some poetical throes, but you see I have hit it off at last.' 'You *have*, my boy,' said Daniel, appearing to read with much attention. 'Well —what do you think of it?' inquired the Poet, rather impatiently. 'Why,' said the critic, 'to tell you the truth, I think it wants fire, don't you?' 'Perhaps,' said the author, with hesitation. 'Yes—it certainly wants *fire*;' and, suiting the action to the word, Daniel twisted up the manuscript and thrust it between the bars of the grate."

Campbell appears once to have directed his studies towards the church, and subsequently gave his attention to surgery, medicine, and, finally, the law. He also entertained thoughts of a mercantile life.—During some of the College sessions, he was employed in the house of a Glasgow merchant, and, at a subsequent period, soon after leaving the University, made actual preparations to join his merchant brothers in America. An ardent desire to alleviate the infirmities and necessities of his aged father, aroused his energies, and failing, through want of money and patronage in all these objects, he applied to Professors Arthur and Young for advice. Through their influence, a situation was offered as teacher, in a gentleman's family, in the island of Mull, of which, in the interval of his fourth and fifth sessions, he was glad to avail himself. However uncongenial the duties upon which he was about to enter, he had pleasant anticipations of a residence in the Hebrides, expecting to draw inspiration from the wild heaths and shores of a country, with the poetic legends of which he had, from childhood, been familiar.

Had the poet enjoyed more opportunities of studying nature; had he been able to retire more frequently from the tumult of the city and the gossip of Sydenham, to such scenes of rest and refreshment as the Hebrides and the Highlands, we should now, perhaps, be in the enjoyment of richer and more abundant results of his genius. The poem entitled "Caroline," less read, perhaps, than any other in the printed collections, was addressed to a young lady from Inverary, visiting at Sunipol during the poet's residence there. She is said to have made an impression upon his heart; but the passion was probably more ardently expressed than felt; for, nearly at the same time he seems to have addressed a rustic beauty in strains of equal admiration.

Dr. Beattie, with his accustomed daintiness, says: "While he justly admired the queenly rose, he was not inattentive to the lowly violet that grew at its feet."

Returning to Glasgow, he supported himself through the winter by tuition. During the last session at College, he gained two prizes; one for the *Choephoræ* of Aristophanes, and the other a Chorus in the *Medea* of Euripides, which last is included in his printed poems. Taking final leave of the University, Campbell resided at Downie, in the Highlands, where he was engaged as a private tutor, and wrote his Monody on Miss Broderick; a not very successful imitation of Pope's "Elegy to the memory of an unfortunate Lady," and also an "Elegy," which, shortly afterwards, did him the good service of attracting the interest of Dr. Anderson — and here, discouraged by the failure of all his efforts towards a more lucrative and honorable calling than that of a tutorship, out of the disappointment of his hopes arose literally the "Pleasures of Hope;" for he turned to poetry for consolation. Here he found the original of many discriptions, not only of that poem, but of those which afterwards beautified his "Gertrude." The passages alluding to "Green Albion," were chiefly drawn, we are told, from the recollections of Downie and Sunipol. At no

time of the poet's after life does he appear to have been in a situation so favorable to the enrichment of his imagination, as amid those wild and romantic scenes. His favorite haunts, and the farm-house where he lodged, in the neighborhood of his pupil, are thus described by Campbell's successor at Downie:

"On the shore of that great arm of the sea, known as the Sound of Jura, and within an hour's walk southward of the termination of the canal, which connects the northern extremity of Loch Fyne with that Sound, stands the secluded and homely farm house of 'Downie.' This was the abode of the Poet immediately before the publication of his great work, and it was hence that he proceeded—taking his way on foot, by what is now the track of the Crinan Canal—to claim for himself that distinguished place which he afterwards held, and is likely long to hold, among the most highly gifted men of his day."

"On descending towards the bay the visiter directs his steps towards a hill smaller than all the rest, and rising, by a pleasant and gentle ascent, directly from the back of the house. The hill is covered, towards its lower acclivities, by a fine, beautiful green sward, and near the top breaks out into rugged and sterile cliffs. Its summit is the point to which any person in that locality will instinctively direct his steps, in order to obtain an extensive command of the prospect around him. This was 'the Poet's Hill,' a favorite place of resort with Campbell. Scarcely a day passed in which, at one hour or another, he was not to be found on its summit. From that elevation the eye looks down towards the beach, where considerable masses of rock bar all access to the coast; while the vast expanse of the Sound of Jura, with all its varying aspects of tempest and of calm, stretches directly in front of the spectator. The Island of Jura, 'with treble hills,' forms the boundary of the opposite coast. Far southward the sea opens in broader expanse, towards the northern shore of Ireland, which, in certain states of the atmosphere, may be faintly descried. Northward, at a much shorter distance, is the whirlpool of 'Corrievrecken,' whose mysterious noises may occasionally be heard all along the coast.

"The view, in all directions, wide, varied and interesting, presents such a wonderful combination of sea and mountain scenery, as cannot fail to captivate the eye of the spectator, and fix itself indelibly in his memory. All around is now classic ground.

"On re-approaching the house of Downie the visiter will remark a small wing attached to its western side known by the name of the 'Bachelor.' It is entered by an internal wooden staircase, and consists of a small apartment with one window, and a recess of sufficient dimensions to contain a bed. That room was at once the private study, the class-room, and dormitory of the Poet. When I last visited the house—after an absence of more than forty years—I found the whole in nearly the same condition in which it was when occupied by the Poet—only a different family were then its occupants. It was in that room that some of the brilliant episodes of the 'Pleasures of Hope' were brought into the shape in which they were afterwards presented to the notice, and gained the unanimous admiration of the British public."

We find him next in Edinburgh, endeavoring to obtain literary employment from the periodicals, and to find among the booksellers a purchaser for the copyright of his Translations of Euripides and Æschylus; disappointed in which, he was glad to accept, on a very small salary, the office of a copying clerk. At length, his introduction to the author of "The Lives of the British Poets," gave a new turn to his fortunes. The personal beauty of the poet, attracting, as he passed their windows, the admiration of Dr. Anderson's daughters, enquiries concerning him were made of his companion, Mr. Park, who placed in their hands a copy of the "Elegy," with which the Doctor was so well pleased as immediately to invite the author to his house.

Dr. Anderson was Campbell's first patron. Through his recommendation, Mundell, the publisher, offered the poet twenty pounds for an abridgment of Bryan Edwards's "West Indies." This was a work of time, and, during its preparation, he wrote, among other lyrics, that which, of all others, became the most widely popular, "The Wounded Hussar." Its becoming a "street ballad," (the most convincing proof of its popularity,) was a serious annoyance to the sensitive author. In latter years, judging from the following anecdote, he felt differently:

"Coming home one evening to my house in Park Square, where, as usual, he had dropt in to spend a quiet hour, I told him that I had been agreeably detained listening to some street music near Portman Square. 'Vocal or instrumental?' he inquired. 'Vocal: the song was an old favorite, remarkably good, and of at least forty years' standing.' 'Ha!' said he—'I congratulate the author, whoever he is.'—'And so do I—it was your own song,

the Soldier's Dream : and when I came away the crowd was still increasing.' 'Well—' he added, musing, 'this is something like popularity!' "

From Mundell Campbell continued to receive employment, but quite inadequate to his expenses, so that he was obliged still to instruct pupils in the Greek and Latin. "In this vocation" he says "I made a a livelihood as long as I was industrious. But 'The Pleasures of Hope' came over me. I took long walks about Arthur's seat conning over my own (as I thought them) magnificent lines ; and as my 'Pleasures of Hope' got on, my pupils fell off."

Finding that Edinburgh was likely to be the field of his exertions, Campbell induced his parents to remove there. "The Pleasures of Hope" was now ready for the press, but funds were wanting to defray the expenses of printing. Mundell was finally induced to purchase it, at what some of his friends considered a very inadequate value. "The copy-right of my 'Pleasures of Hope,'" says Campbell, "worth an annuity of two hundred pounds for life, was sold out and out for sixty pounds in money and books." It must be considered that, in this estimate, he alluded to an offer made by a London publisher three years afterward, when he had acquired a reputation. Dr. Irving remarks, very justly, that Mundell was not to be censured for illiberality ; the author being an obscure young man, untried and unknown as a poet. Moreover, Campbell's publishers volunteered to him, for several years afterwards, the sum of fifty pounds on every new edition of the poem ; and, notwithstanding, the very common complaint of authors against such "*vampires*," this is not an unusual instance of bookseller's liberality. A recent article in the "North British Review," states, "that there is hardly a publisher in London, however "grasping" he may be, who has not, time after time, paid to authors sums of money, 'not in the bond.'" Campbell was not perhaps more inclined than others of his profession to decry the "Gentlemen of the Row," yet many of his letters indicate a one-sided view of the business of publication ; true, he acknowledges on one occassion that Gerry was friendly beyond what he had "a right to expect," and on another he designates Mr. Murray as "a very excellent gentleman-like man—albeit a bookseller," but the general tone of his feeling and expression towards publishers is complaining and harsh. In regard to Cadell's proposition for an edition of the British Poets to be edited jointly with Scott, Campbell writes thus :

"As to the butteraceous bookseller, I have no objections to him ; but I am sure I should prove a so-so associate with you. I thought it proper, however, to let you know how far I had gone with the London gentry, lest they, devising cunningly to ask our terms separately, should found an over-reaching bargain. They asked my terms for thirty lives, and I gave in the same estimate which Sir James Mackintosh offered—*a thousand pounds*. Now, *verbum sapienti*—they are the greatest ravens on earth with whom we have to deal—liberal enough as booksellers go—but still, you know, ravens, croakers, suckers of innocent blood and living men's brains! . . . One man offered to stake his whole reputation on the work for £150. This was told to me—as a damper is thrown over muslin that is going to be singed—but I still took what Dr. Anderson calls high ground, and talked of a £1000 as a small perquisite for this labor. I told the bookseller that a reputation that was *staked* so cheap, did not deserve to be *impaled* —whereat the bookman laughed, conceiving that it must be wit as it was a pun."

In a letter to Richardson, he complains of finding the London booksellers prone to insult all but the prosperous and independent, and says to Dr. Currie, "I want to haul in from the book-selling tribe as many engagements as possible, of such a kind as will *cost me as little labor and bring as much profit as may be*. The plan I mean is a large, complete, respectable collection of English poetry, of which the compilation *would cost me no great effort*. * * * If you know any bookseller in your place, and possess an aristocratic influence over him, all I wish is that you would drive him into this scheme ! Although you should ruin him by it, it is only ruining a bookseller, and doing a benefit to a friend."

All this, though partly, perhaps, said in jest, gives us a peep at the other side of the canvass. There is certainly a good deal of mistaken opinion afloat upon this subject, and we cannot resist quoting the following from the article before alluded to :

"The cautious publisher is the author's best friend. If a house publish at their own risk a number of works which they can not sell, they

must either go into the Gazette at last, or make large sums of money by works which they *can* sell. When a publisher loses money by a work, an injury is inflicted upon the literary profession. The more money he can make by publishing, the more he can afford to pay for authorship. It is often said that the authors of successful works are inadequately rewarded in proportion to their success; that publishers make their thousands, while authors only make their hundreds. But it is forgotten that the profits of the one successful work are often only a set-off to the losses incurred by the publication of half a dozen unsuccessful ones. If a publisher purchase a manuscript for £500, and the work prove to be a 'palpable hit' worth £5000, it may seem hard that the publisher does not share his gains more equitably with the author. With regard to this it is to be said, in the first place, that he very frequently *does*. But we can hardly admit that publishers are under any kind of obligation to exceed the strict terms of their contracts. If a publisher gives £500 for a copyright, expecting to sweep the same amount into his own coffers, but instead of making that sum, loses it by the speculation, he does not ask the author to refund—nor does the author offer to do it. The money is in all probability spent long before the result of the venture is ascertained; and the author would be greatly surprised and greatly indignant, if it were hinted to him, even in the most delicate way, that the publisher having lost money by his book, would be obliged to him if he would make good a portion of the deficit by sending a check upon his bankers.

"We repeat, then, that a publisher who loses money by one man's books, must make it by another's, or go into the Gazette. There are publishers who trade entirely upon this principle, which, indeed, is a kind of literary gambling. They publish a dozen works, we will suppose, of which six produce an absolute loss; four just cover their expenses; and the other two realize a profit. The publisher, especially if he be his own printer, may find this answer in the end; it may at least just keep him out of the Bankruptcy Court, and supply his family with bread. But the system can not be a really advantageous one either to publishers or authors. To the latter, indeed, it is destruction. No inconsiderable portion of the books published every year entail a heavy loss on author or publisher, or on both—and the amount of this loss may be set down, in most instances, as so much taken from the gross profits of the literary profession. If Mr. Bungay lose a hundred pounds by the poems of the Hon. Percy Popjoy, he has a hundred pounds less to give to Mr. Arthur Pendennis for his novel. Instead of protesting against the over-caution of publishers, literary men, if they really knew their own interests, would protest against their want of caution. Authors have a direct interest in the prosperity of publishers. The misfortune of authorship is not that publishers make so much money, but that they make so little. If Paternoster Row were wealthier than it is, there would be better cheer in Grub street."

To return from our digression. Campbell's circle of acquaintance began now to enlarge. At the house of Dr. Anderson, he formed his earliest connections with men of letters. He made the acquaintance of Gillies and Henry Erskine; and was much in the family of Dugald Stewart, who introduced him to the man whom he delighted to call his "intellectual father,"—Alison, the well-known author of the work upon "Taste." Graham, author of the "Sabbath," and Thomas Brown, the philosopher, were on friendly terms with him.

After disposing of his poem, he retained the manuscript for revision, and, in his "Dusky lodgings, in Rose street," he gave the strictest examination to every line, and closely analyzed every sentiment. Dr. Anderson, who had pledged his word to the public for its merits, was constantly urging him to fresh diligence, while his own fastidious taste at one moment renewed the impulse, and at another drove him to despair. A young painter in his neighborhood, whose room he frequently visited in his discontented moods, endeavored to cheer him one evening, by relating that a mutual friend from Glasgow had that day expressed great glee at seeing, by chance, a stray proof-sheet of the forthcoming poem. Instead of succeeding, it only made matters worse. "Supposing," says Campbell, "they should all find out, one day, as I did this morning, that the thing is neither more nor less than mere *trash;* would not the author's predicament be tenfold worse, than if he had never written a line? They may well call their proof-sheets '*devil's proofs;*' I assure you, that, to-day, I could not endure to look at my own work." On that very evening, supping with Somerville, "he grew wildly merry," and very readily took up his companion's suggestion, of becoming a great man on the strength of a single poem.

The opening lines of the "Pleasures of Hope" were written last. Dissatisfied with

them, as first written, Campbell had made frequent attempts at alteration, and as often abandoned them. One morning, Dr. Anderson called early, found the poet in bed, exhausted by a night of excitement and labor. On a table, by his side, entirely rewritten, lay the manuscript of the admired opening, as it now stands. It was at length announced to the public. The author touched most skilfully upon the subjects of greatest general interest; he had expressed the spirit of the time, and the poem was received as a new and brilliant star. The public seemed to realize the remark of Goldsmith, that "works of genius should not be judged from the faults to be met with in them, but by the beauties in which they abound," and of the merits of the poem there was but one opinion. The young poet, who had tremblingly awaited the decision, was greatly elated by this unlooked for applause; but his own appreciation of the poem was below that of the public voice: he felt that his power of production was not equal to his conception, and that he had not reached the standard of his own refined taste. There is no doubt that the poem was overrated, and no one was better convinced of it than the poet himself.

The episode of "Conrad," which, by its application to her own and her father's misfortunes, touched the feelings and called forth the admiration of Mad. de Staël,* is, for the most part, ridiculously obscure and mawkishly moral. For example, the stanza commencing—

"No! not the quaint remark, &c."

What is the sense of

"Step dame *Nature* every bliss recalls
Fleet as the meteor o'er the desert falls."?

To the question,

"Say, can the world one joyous thought bestow
To Friendship, weeping at the couch of Wo?

We have the answer.

"No! but a brighter soothes the last adieu,—
Souls of impassioned mould, she speaks to you."

A "brighter" *what?* The world? *Who* "speaks to you?"—the world?

"Weep not *she* says at Nature's transient pain."

But now follows the redeeming sentiment,

"*Congenial spirits part to meet again.*"

one of those "golden lines" of which Dr. Beattie says "they have become identified with the language, and familiar as household words."

With consummate skill the poet has the art of finishing each paragraph or stanza, as Pope and others have done before him, with a forcible or brilliant line; in his admiration of which, the reader forgets to criticise what precedes it; just as an audience after witnessing an indifferent ballet, or melo-drama, are sent home overpowered by the machinery of illuminated palaces, castles blown into the air, or brilliant ascensions in the clouds.

Campbell's genius was not of the highest order; it inclined to follow rather than to lead, but it was in harmony with the age, and the political excitements of the time were favorable to him. He knew that the success of the "Pleasures of Hope," might in part be attributed to its adaptation to the reigning enthusiasm in regard to freedom, and partly to the thirst for poetry consequent upon the dearth that had succeeded the time of Cowper and Burns. His greatest satisfaction was perhaps in being admitted to the familiar acquaintance of the same literary men who had been the friends and patrons of Burns: these were Mackenzie, Alison, Dr. Gregory, Stewart, and Playfair; all of whom recognized him as a poet of genius, worthy to succeed the "inspir d peasant."

Campbell now "began to be invited out." His favorite song "Ye Gentlemen of England," heard at a musical soirée, suggested the composition of his first national lyric, "Ye Mariners of England," which was not completed until the year afterward, when in Altona, under a feeling of awakened patriotism, caused by the announcement of a war with Denmark, he finished, and sent it to Perry for the "Morning Chronicle."

The success of his "Pleasures of Hope" braced him up to commence another poem: this was to be an Epic, entitled "The

---

* Stockholm, *ce 5 Janvier*, 1813.

Pendant les dix années que m'ayent séparé de l'Angleterre, Monsieur, le Poëme ánglais qui m'a causé le plus d'émotion—le poëm qui ne me quittait jamais—et que je relisai sans cesse pour adoucir mes chagrins par l'élévation de l'âme—c'est Les de l'Espérance. L'épisode d'Ellinore, surtout, allait tellement à mon cœur, que je pourrais la relire vingt fois, sans en affaiblir l'impression.

Queen of the North;" but though engagements were entered into with a publisher, and even many of the illustrations designed and partly executed, the poem was never finished. He first intended to apostrophize Edina from ship-board by moonlight; then to have transported himself, in imagination, to the castle-height, describing the scenery visible from that point, and whatever of classical or romantic he could connect with it. "One of the places of Mary's Refuge," he says "is to be seen from the top. After a sketch of the murder-closet of Rizio, an episode on the college will conclude the poem."

Our Biographer gives us some specimens—extracts from the fragment which is all that was written of the poem; but those do not incline us to sympatize in the Doctor's regret that the theme was discontinued.

With the purpose of enlarging his views of society, and acquiring perhaps thereby some of that ease of manner, which he might feel to be requisite in the more polished circles into which he was likely henceforward to be admitted, Campbell now made arrangements to travel, and Germany was the point where his wishes chiefly centered. The literature of that country was beginning to be cultivated widely in England, and he longed to hold friendly conference with the authors he admired. He was supplied with letters of introduction to many eminent persons, and among others to the venerable Klopstock. Campbell's letters from Germany are the most interesting of the collection. To his brother in Virginia, he gives a description of the engagement which he witnessed in the taking of Ratisbonne by the French. "It formed" he says, "the most interesting epoch of my life in point of impressions." These "impressions," and the field at Ingolstadt, which he saw the day after the battle, strewn with the slain, produced the celebrated poem of "Hohenlinden," which battle he did *not* witness.

This winter he composed several minor pieces; the first which was sent to the Morning Chronicle was "Lines on visiting a scene in Argyleshire," sketched during a visit to the paternal mansion in 1798, and finished at Hamburgh. He also sent to Perry "The Soldier's Dream." At Altona he became intimate with the Irish Refugees, and among them Mr. Anthony Mac Cann. "It was in consequence" says Campbell, "of meeting him one evening on the banks of the Elbe, lonely and pensive, at the thoughts of his situation, that I wrote the "Exile of Erin." This was sent to Perry and also the "Ode to Content," which indicates that the passion for "Matilda" was of earlier date than the Biographer ascribes to it.

Campbell had laid out a plan of life for himself and his friend Richardson whom he hoped to induce to join him in a continental tour to be performed chiefly on foot. "Nine months' journeying," he writes, "in Bohemia, Bavaria, Austria, Hungary, and Turkey, will do. Then we shall rest to compose poems, novels, and romances, somewhere or other." "Let the place of our retreat be any where but the North of Germany, for that is odious. Salsburg, or Prague, or Hungary." "The classics shall be our household Gods in summer quarters. Livy, Virgil—history and poetry from their purest fountain." * * * "What a stock of knowledge, of conversation, of all that is sacred and valuable to the mind of man, can we not gather from travelling together and alternately resting for years to come!" Campbell was so little aware of the great political crisis at hand, so little did he suspect how soon the term of his residence in Germany must consequently expire, that only a few days before the English squadron appearing off the Danish shore, obliged him to return in haste to his native country, he addressed his friend as follows:—

"We shall make a tour with all the inquisitive activity of minds that wish to receive new impressions themselves, and communicate their effect to others. We shall jot upon our *blotter* the events of the day, extend these remarks at our halting places, when we take lodgings in any of the large towns. We shall mine our way into libraries, and pluck from the shelves every volume that can instruct us in the curiosities of the country which we visit. The labor of quoting, transcribing, arranging, moralizing, shall be in common; we shall intersperse it with studs of poetry, and Poetry, as I have always maintained, is to be indebted to art and study, as well as every other pursuit. Finally, we shall sell our copyright and publish with our joint names. I have already meditated a preface—think of this yourself. I lay, last night, sleepless till seven o'clock in the morning, with filling up

the lights and shades of this picture, of which I give you the outlines:—We are down at Munich in the twinkling of an eye; the expense, I vouch for it, need not, if you will deign to *walk*, exceed three pounds a piece. That place is a glorious field for curiosity, anecdote and description. The adjacent scenery towards Salzburg, exceeds all the world; and greatly sublime, and deliciously verdant as it is, you know, a pair of poets uniting the freeborn rights of travellers to the titles of fiction, need not hesitate to make, by a bold dash of the pen, mountains larger than *life*, and scenes finer than *reality!* But in plain *hodden-grey* truth, the scenery of these parts needs only fidelity of description to make them interesting. Oh, John! what flourishes at every romantic cottage overhanging the steep pathway! What lines of light glimmering obscurely on the rich bottom of the valley! What cataracts and precipices, winding shores and extensive plains, where the spires and battlements of distant cities shine at sunset on the extreme verge of the horizon! Then Hungary! its songs, its music, which we shall get copied and translated for our work. You shall also mineralize; and having discovered new facts in the crystallization of minerals, in these unransacked quarries, we shall calmly sit down to defeat all existing systems on the subject; and with a two-edged sword, give the death-blow to Hutton's hell-fire, and Kirwan's Noah's-Ark-ical theory!"

The first intelligence which greeted Campbell's return was that of his father's death, and with that affectionate generosity which marked through life his conduct towards his mother and sisters, he thenceforward shared with them his scanty earnings. An edition was forthcoming of the "Pleasures of Hope," which the publishers had, with great liberality, permitted him to publish on his own account, by subscription: on the strength of this he contracted a loan to clear off some family debts which were a source of anxiety to his mother;—a "judaic loan" he calls it, which hampered his success for a long time, and became doubled through the interest, before he was able to discharge it.

In the midst of these difficulties he was introduced, at Dugald Stewart's, to Lord Minto, who encouraged him with promises of patronage and success, and invited him to pass the ensuing season at his house in London, where, to avoid a sense of dependence, it was agreed that the poet should perform the service of private secretary. The official duties were light, the "poet's room" was prepared for his exclusive use, and he was now enabled to pursue the suggestions of his own mind without obstruction. It does not however appear that much was produced, in the literary way, during this London winter: the time was chiefly improved to enlarge the poet's circle of acquaintance, and his knowledge of the world and society. He enjoyed a very delightful intercourse with the Kemble family and Mrs. Siddons. At Perry's table he met many distinguished literary characters, and was introduced, according to the biographer, by Lord Holland, but according to Campbell, by Mackintosh, to "The King of Clubs,"—a place dedicated to the meetings of the reigning wits of London. Notwithstanding its brilliancy and erudition, the conversation here displeased the poet from the fact, as he avers, that he found "all eager to instruct and none willing to be instructed,"—and very possibly also, from the operation of the same feelings before alluded to, which overcame him at the table of Mr. Longman. Nevertheless he afterwards refers to these meetings with a kindly recollection, and says, "I long once more to behold those Knights of Literature sporting at their jousts and tournaments in that brilliant circle." The society of Mr. Telford was particularly agreeable to Campbell: and so sincere and lasting was this gentleman's admiration, that at his death, some thirty years afterwards, he willed the poet a considerable legacy.

This winter "Lochiel" was produced, respecting which, and the line so frequently quoted,

> "Coming events cast their shadows before,"

the following anecdote is preserved:

> "He had gone early to bed, and still meditating on the wizard's "Warning," fell fast asleep. During the night he suddenly awoke, repeating—
>
> *Events to come* cast their shadows before!
>
> This was the very thought for which he had been hunting during the whole week. He rang the bell more than once with increased force. At last, surprised and annoyed by so unseasonable a peal, the servant appeared. The Poet was sitting with one foot in the bed and the other on the floor, with an air of mixed impatience and inspiration. 'Sir, are you ill?' inquired the servant. 'Ill! never better in my life. Leave me the candle, and oblige

me with a cup of tea as soon as possible.' He then started to his feet, seized hold of the pen, and wrote down the 'happy thought;' but as he wrote, changed the words 'events to come,' into *coming events*, as it now stands in the text. Looking to his watch, he observed that it was two o'clock!—the right hour for a poet's dream; and over his 'cup of tea' he completed the first sketch of Lochiel."

"What a grand idea!" said Scott to Washington Irving, in allusion to this remarkable line; "it is a noble thought, and nobly expressed." * * * "He left out several fine lines in Lochiel, but I got him to restore them."

One passage of which Campbell seems himself to have regretted the omission, is the following:

Wizard—I tell thee yon death-loving raven shall hold
His feast on the field, ere the quarry be cold;
And the pall of his wings o'er Culloden shall wave
Exulting to cover the blood of the brave."

This is fine and powerful; but with regard to its admission we should demur. The mere *allusion* to the *raven*, as it now stands in the poem, suggesting,—not describing,—is far more sublime.

"For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,
And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood."

How much more effective this *intimation* of the raven than the descriptive passage.

This poem, with that of "Hohenlinden," which appeared at the same time, fully sustaining the author's reputation, encouraged his friends to hope that he might give a fuller sweep to his genius, and exert his powers to attempt something on a grand scale, which should fulfil the public expectation. But the fact was, that advantageous as in many respects was his residence in the family of Lord Minto, he never felt quite at ease there. *Ennui* often overpowered the spirit of poetry, and he declared himself, after writing "Lochiel," to have lost both the faculty and the inclination. The fashionable aristocracy was a new world to him. He felt cold in the atmosphere around "that little thing, called *quality*." He considered the conversation of Lord Minto's guests "not worth coveting," and remarks, that "the human mind at a certain elevation of rank grows more barren than the summit of the Alps and Appenines." The secret of all this may, perhaps, be found in a subsequent confession, "Pride and shyness are always sparring in my inside."

Campbell undervalued prose composition. Returning to Edinburgh, he spent much time in writing what he terms "inglorious articles in prose," for an Edinburgh bookseller, and edited an edition of some Greek tragedies. In writing his continuation of Smollet's History, such was his apprehension of "*losing caste*," in the descent from lofty rhyme to mere historical compilations, that he bound his employers to secrecy. To his friend, Richardson, he confesses the weakness; acknowledging his reluctance and its cause; but to Lord Minto he says, "*the compensation*" was insufficient to induce him to put his name to the work, and adds, "I feel interested even to *enthusiasm* in my undertaking." This is not the only instance afforded of the tendency of the English system of patronage to lower the standard of independence and truth among authors.

The following winter, residing with Mr. Telford in London, Campbell wrote his "Historical Annals," and attended to the new edition of his poems. He had got into an expensive mode of life, and had not the means to support it. He had no definite aim, and was looking anxiously *for some change*, he scarce knew what. The quarto edition at length appeared, and was profitable to him. It contained new poems and was widely circulated, though it was the seventh edition. Its sale enabled the author to shake off pecuniary difficulties, and to think of getting married. If, however, the "cherub content" was written in Germany, three years before, it was not "in the course of *this* summer" that Campbell first fell in love with his cousin, Matilda Sinclair." Be this as it may, they were married, despite the substantial objections suggested by the worldly wisdom of the young ladies father. She is thus described:

"Such was the striking character of Miss Sinclair's features and expression, that in whatever society she appeared, she was sure to command attention. Happening to be at the Opera in Paris with her brother, in 1802, and wearing a turban and feather—her favorite head-dress—the Turkish ambassador, who

sat in the opposite *loge*, was so captivated by her appearance, that he sent his secretary to inquire of one of the company who sat next her, who that '*dame si distinguée*' was? and having ascertained that she was a Scotch lady, he declared that 'he had seen nothing so beautiful in Europe.' Her features had much of a Spanish cast; her complexion was dark, her figure spare, graceful, and below the middle size. She had great vivacity of manners, energy of mind, a sensibility—or rather irritability—which often impaired her health; with 'dark eyes, which, when she smiled, or gave way to any mental emotion, threw over her features an expression of tender melancholy."

Here then was the expected "change." Life now, for a time, put on new and brilliant colors; but, though "Matilda" was his, he could not "part with ambition" nor resign his "gay hopes" at the moss-covered shrine of Content. He did not enter the marriage state without a full sense of its responsibilities, but it was hard to learn the secret of economizing himself or his money. His vital energies were often exhausted under the pressure of an enforced effort to redeem the hours of health which he had wasted. He had yet to learn how he could profitably tax his powers. "Such" he writes, "is the effect of matrimony! I verily believe it has changed me like the aurifying touch of Midas, from dross to gold. Last summer I was an idle dog; this summer I am a sober industrious man, working for my wife and family twelve hours—composing *nearly a sheet a day*. Alas, not poetry—but humble anonymous prose. Destined to face the world unclaimed, unnamed, like a babe in the foundling hospital." Again, a few months later, "I have a little *too much industry*; for the constant consciousness of what I have now to answer for, beats an alarm-bell in my heart whenever I detect myself indolent." * * * "A wife and a boy in the box, are strong temptations to accept of any situation that offers sure support. The woods of Botany Bay were preferable to *uncertainty*." This was in allusion to the vacancy of the Regent's chair [in the University of Wilna, for which he had sent in his name as a candidate, but unsuccessfully as it afterward proved.—Notwithstanding the complaint of "too much industry," Campbell gave so little to the public at this time that it was evident he must have discarded in the morning what he wrote at night. It was this and his "eternal chiselings" that has caused him to be considered a slow writer. In fact he composed rapidly—the "biography" says "a sheet a day" but this is almost beyond belief.

A difficulty with the publisher to whom he had contracted for the "annals," became a source of much uneasiness. The fault seems to have been on the author's side, and his friends had great difficulty in effecting the reconciliation which was peculiarly essential to him. In a letter to Richardson, he alludes to the effect produced by these circumstances on his health, complaining of broken night rest and feverish days; this affords the first insight to "certain habits" respecting which the biographer, up to this point, carefully avoids any allusion. A dreadful fluctuation *between stupor and feverish excitation*. * * * "I have been too much confined this year past, and the *the medicines which I have used have undone my nerves*." Again—"I have secured a good store of Port wine; and yet, I assure you, by the order of my physician, and from better motives, I have *laid aside every propensity to take one glass more than does me good*." This was probably true, but there is no doubt, that if the propensity was laid aside for a time, if was afterward renewed.

At Michelmas, this year, (1804) Campbell removed with his family to Lydenham, where he resided seventeen years. Dr. Beattie thus describes the Poet's domicile. "It stood on a gentle eminence; it consisted of six rooms, two on each floor, the attic story of which was converted into a private study. From this elevation however, he was often compelled, during the summer months to descend for change of air, to the parlor; for in the upper study, to use his own words, he "felt as if inclosed within a hotly seasoned pie." * * * "With its green jalousies, white palings, and sweet scented shrubs and flowers covering the little area in front, it had an air of cheerful seclusion and comfort which harmonized with the tastes and wishes of its gentle inmates!" Dear Doctor! He takes the delight in all this of a little girl arranging her baby-house and fitting her dolls with it.

His fame having preceded him, Campbell was warmly received at Lydenham,

and, notwithstanding ill health and some terrible family afflictions during his long residence there, he had "bright intervals" on which he ever afterwards looked back with pleasure. But though Sydenham was the birth-place of "Gertrude," and "O'Conner's child," there is no great satisfaction in a review of that portion of the poet's life. Seventeen of his best years ought to have been more productive. "There he is," said Jeffrey to Washington Irving, "cooped up in Sydenham, simmering his brains to serve up a little dish of poetry, instead of pouring out a whole caldron."

His sentimental intercourse and correspondence with the Mayos, remind us of Cowper and his female worshippers; but far enough removed was the elegant leisure of Cowper's retirement from the toilsome and anxious hours which alternated with poor Campbell's enjoyments. Besides his own, he had his mother's establishment at Edinburgh to provide for, and to meet these demands he continued to make literary engagements both in prose and verse; compilation, abridgement;—any thing he could obtain;—translations and other matter for the "Star" newspaper, and papers for the "Philosophical Magazine." He wrote doggedly—without the right stimulus:—only occasionally he felt the beating of the poetical vein,—"Lord Ullin's Daughter," "The Turkish Lady," and "The Soldier's Dream" were revised and finished during the second year, also the "Battle of Copenhagen," in which he appears to have imitated the plain strong style of Drayton, in the "Battle of Agincourt." This Poem of twenty-seven stanzas, was afterwards reduced to eight, and published as it now stands,—the "Battle of the Baltic." In a letter to Sir Walter Scott, we have the original, and also the first idea of the "Specimens of the British Poets." In this he applied to Scott for such literary aid as one friend may fairly ask of another; desiring him to mark such passages in Chatterton as he should deem suitable, and to request of Erskine to read Falconer's "Shipwreck," and give report of the best passages. "I am wading through oceans of poetry" he says "where not a fish is be caught." The negotiations for uniting his name with that of Scott, which finally fell through on account of "the difference of terms" with the book-sellers, was a great disappointment; in which state of mind he again addressed Sir Walter.

"I trusted to Longman and Rees' letting you know, as was their duty, the result of the negotiation respecting the 'Poets;' they have been dilatory, I understand. It is probable, however, that Mr. Rees, being in Scotland, would bring the story along with him—a story disgraceful even to booksellers. They have taken Alexander Chalmers into keeping for 300*l.* to perform this task. I expected to have filled this ensuing winter with the pleasing task of co-operating with a friend—and a friend of proud fame—in writing the lives and characters of our Bards. Poor Bards! you are all ill-used, even after death, by those who have lived on your brains. And now, having scooped out those brains, they drink out of them, like Vandals out of the skulls of the starved and slain, served up by the Gothic Ganymede, Alexander Chalmers.

"To drop metaphor, my dear Friend, I have winter approaching, and all the happiness I built on this employment is gone! I hope I shall soon have out a volume of fugitive pieces, and I have several pieces of poetry on the stocks; but I have been worn by pain and sickness, far beyond the power of poetry." * * * "I can now cherish no hopes of any agreeable undertaking, unless your extensive influence over Constable, or some of the Edinburgh trade, can chalk out some plan of which, as in the last intended, I could be your coadjutor. It is for this purpose I write to you. Your extensive thoughts have gone over so many subjects, that there are probably several great works (of prose I mean) in your view; and in some of these it might happen that the exertion of my industry might be employed under your banners. Under the general fits of pain or debility, to which I have been for sometime subject, I am utterly unfit for any *playful* exercise of the imagination; but, having learnt the great art of sitting so many hours a day at my desk—every day that I am not positively overcome with sickness—I know I can now trust much to my industry. The great difficulty is breaking proposals to those who are unfortunately the only patrons of literature. I am no match for them. They know the dependence of my fortune, and they avail themselves of it. Longman & Rees have engaged me to write a small collection of Specimens of Scottish Poetry, and affix a Glossary, with notices of two or three lives. . . . meagrely and miserably cramped down to a most pitiful thing. Yet, having lost every nerve of application to the poetical pieces I was going on with, I took this in hand because it was compatible with

the state of health and spirits, which are the thermometers of my poetry. The selection is a matter of taste, not of historical or antiquarian illustration. I think I have the sources of the work pretty clearly before me; but I shall not consider myself safe, till I have from you—if you will have the kindness to note them down—a list of the best compilations of Scottish poetry which you would recommend. I have finished the few slight sketches of lives which are to accompany the Poems, viz., Burns, Ramsay, Ferguson. As for the two last, perhaps you will say I am chronicling small beer. I hope I shall be able to send you my little volume of originals in a few weeks. Believe me, my dear friend, yours very sincerely,

"Thomas Campbell."

Lockhart, thinks the public had no trivial compensation for the failure of this project, in Campbell's "Specimens of English Poetry."

About this time, under the administration of Charles Fox, and through the interest of Lord Minto and others, Campbell received a pension of £200 per annum. This was however, only the nominal amount: by reductions of taxes &c., it was in reality sunk to £168 per annum. The state of his health was such, that he regarded the pension as his only defence from premature dissolution," enabling him to follow the recommendation of his physicians to go to the sea-side. The improved state of his circumstances gradually restored the tone of his mind and shortly afterward, was written the first sketch of "Gertrude of Wyoming." He was now able to turn his mind to more congenial pursuits. The new poem was in progress, when he had the misfortune to lose one of his warmest friends, Mr. Mayow,—the original of his "Albert." In a letter to Miss Mayow we find the stanza nearly the same as it afterward appeared in the poem.

"The verses I have transcribed. They will not have the least value, unless the circumstances under which they were written be explained. They relate directly and solely, indeed, to the most venerable of mankind; they were written from the contemplation of his character—from the impulse which his benign and beautiful countenance occasioned; but they were not applicable as the testimony of my veneration for him, which, in justice to my own feelings, and in justice to his inestimable memory, I wish to give to the world as exclusively *his* tribute. That must be the task of another hour.

"The case is, I was engaged, about the time of the afflicting intelligence, in a poem, where a character such as his is one of the most important: the description of serenity in mature life—of that composure which is not the result of indifference, but of the fire, fervor, and sensibility of earlier life, subdued and sweetened by reflection. Such were the traits which I thought I saw in his countenance. His mouth most peculiarly appeared to me to indicate extreme sensibility; his front seemed to have the stamp of a proud and delicate sense of honor, which, I may speak freely, must have made his feelings in youth vehement, and strongly determined to their objects. But in his age, I think I see him smiling on this world with love for all that deserved his love, and with pity for all who deserved it not:—

"How reverend was that face, serenely aged
Undimm'd by weakness, shade, or turbid ire!
Where all but kindly fervors were assuaged;
Such was the most beloved, the gentlest sire:
And though, amidst that calm of thought entire,
Some high and haughty features might display
A soul impetuous once—'twas earthly fire
That fled Composure's intellectual ray,
As Ætna's fires grow dim before the rising day."*

There is also, in another letter, a hint that one of the daughters of this gentleman sat for "Gertrude," herself. To the completion of the annals he still felt himself bound; and he relieved the tedium of the labor by going into convivial company, which tended towards the growth of habits little accordant with the high standard of which he was giving a solemn earnest in his poem. Of Gertrude he began to entertain sanguine hopes. He says, "I have given some touches of my best kind, to the Second Part." "I feel a burning desire to add some sweet and luscious lines at certain parts of "Gertrude." "Be not alarmed; I know and see distinctly,—most distinctly—what I have to do with the poem. I feel at the prospect of these new touches, unbounded delight." He then beseeches Mr. Richardson "never to show these vain and conceited expressions." A request, which if not in this instance, certainly in some others of an earlier date, where the innermost recesses and weaknesses of the poet's heart are laid bare to his friend, should, in better faith, have been complied with: we allude more particularly to his first letters from Germany.

* See "Gertrude of Wyoming:" Part 1st., Stanza 8th.

The "Specimens," were still going on; it was a work peculiarly suited to his taste and his ability. The following letter upon the subject will be read with interest:—

"I trust in God and good books, that I shall make the work at once entertaining, and fully fraught with information. Having full confidence in my own internal resources to say a good deal of English Poetry, which has not yet been said, and equal confidence in those external resources, I hope to make the narrative and biographical part as accurate, as the critical and illustrative part will, I trust, be original and amusing.

The plan of the work is a selection of all the genuine English Poetry that can be condensed within reasonable bounds, with literary and biographical dissertations prefixed to each of the poets. I shall admit no specimen that is not of either already acknowledged excellence, or of such excellence as, if hitherto unnoticed, I may be able to vindicate and point out. There is much excellent poetry in our language which no collector has, to this day, had the good sense to insert in any compilation; and there is a considerable portion which is either unknown to the bulk of more tasteful readers, or known and admired among individuals only, and never rescued from neglect by any popular notice. The men of taste seem to keep those admired passages, like mistresses, for their own insulated attachment. I wish to see them brought before the public for general admiration. Did I ever speak to you of some valuable passages in Crashaw? These are specimens of the beauties I allude to, which it is obvious that Milton had warmed his genius with, before he wrote his Paradise Lost. Among these is the soliloquy of Lucifer:—

'Art thou not Lucifer? he to whom the droves
Of stars that gild the morn in charge were given?
The nimblest of the lightning-winged loves,
The fairest, and the first-born smile of Heaven?
Look, in what pomp the mistress-planet moves,
Reverently circled by the lesser seven;
Such, and so rich the flames that from thine eyes
Oppressed the common people of the skies . . .'

"And, in another place:—

'What, tho' I missed my blow? yet I struck high,
And to dare something, is some victory.'

"One sees here the line—

'Which, if not victory, is yet revenge,'

"and Milton, I think it can be proved, saw this in English, although it is a translation.

* * * * *

"Well—I have digressed too far. In the biographical part, it is quite evident that to be accurate, and to enter with simple interest into the short story of each poet, is quite sufficient for my object. Instead of branching out to discover creeks and streamlets in the tide of their history, I shall content myself with the true course of the stream. I shall leave to antiquaries, for instance, to discover the exact number of Milton's house in Bunhill-fields; I shall reserve my full strength of research for the true appreciation of his powers as a poet; of the state in which he found our poetical language, and of the influence which he bequeathed to it; I speak of this as a thing to *be* done, although I have much done already. I give Milton as a specimen of what I mean to do with the great poets from Chaucer downwards; because *you* know, to a tittle, how far I am acquainted with Milton. The poets preceding Milton, and after Spenser, are numerous; I mean to treat them differently. A man, or rather a god, like Milton, is to be described in all his attributes, as a great unity. Those minor beings are to be classed, male and female, according to their tribes. I shall endeavor, with as much industry as I can employ, to analyze them individually, like a natural historian; and then attempt as much philosophical generality as possible. I mean to class them in groups, as one should class the Wordsworths and Darwins of the present day. This classifying labor must apply, however, more particularly to the older poets. We know sufficient of the latter poets, and we live too near them to need such arrangements, or indeed, without prejudice, to be able to arrange them in any but a consequent order."

In the summer of 1809 "Gertrude of Wyoming" appeared; and the extent of the author's already acquired celebrity was evinced, by the enthusiasm of its reception. Jeffrey foresaw its prosperity: in a letter to the author he expressed freely his opinion of its faults and merits. "Many of your descriptions" he says, "come nearer to the tone of the 'The Castle of Indolence,' than any succeeding poetry, and the pathos is more graceful and delicate. But there are faults too, for which you must be scolded. It is too short,—not merely for the delight of the reader—but for the development of the story, and for giving full effect to the scenes. It looks almost as if you cut out large portions of it, and filled up the gaps very imperfectly." Jeffrey objects farther, that "nothing is said of the early love, and of the childish plays of the pair," and "nothing of their parting and the effects of separation on each." It is doubtless an easy matter to

"Give receipts how poems should be made,"

but we must beg leave to opine that had Gertrude been composed after Jeffrey's receipt, at least as far as regards the "children's plays," it would have argued poverty and want of power in the poet. It was the fault of Wordsworth and other poets of that day to dwell upon subjects not sufficiently dignified, but it was never so with Campbell, his subject and his sentiments were serious; and they placed him high in rank among those who contributed to purify and elevate the public taste above the meritricious school of the preceeding century.

In the tender and delicate passion of *Waldegrave* and *Gertrude*, Campbell's genius is exquisitely developed, and any additional touches would have marred rather than improved the delineation.

When Campbell drank with an honest thirst at the sacred fountains, he imbibed health and vigor; but when from any less natural or spontaneous impulse, the result was different. Fresh from the perusal of the ancient classics, and filled with their beauty, he sought, in his earlier poem, to model himself upon their stately elegance; and in so doing, lost the earnestness of his own nature, and produced the effective rather than the true. Without that effort, "Gertrude" is the more purely classic, both in style and in the unity with which the entire action illustrates the pervading sentiment of Love. The former poem addresses itself to the feelings through elocution,—the latter through tenderness and passion. The thoughts are not less glowing nor the imagery less poetic in the "Pleasures of Hope," but they lack the silver cord of continuity which holds together the pearly and delicate beauties of "Gertrude." The first passages of both were re-wrought with long and patient elaboration, and sometimes over polished. "Write," said Jeffrey, "one or two things without thinking of publication, or of what will be thought of them. I am more mistaken in my prognostics than ever I was in my life, if they are not twice as tall as any of your full dressed children." And mistaken he was—as the published specimens collected for the present volume amply testify. The Poet's thoughts *undressed* would never have excited the attention and admiration produced by their artistic finish. It is easy to see where Campbell is true to himself. It is in the pathetic. He was by nature strictly a lyrist; and it is only in the tenderness and passion of the lyric that he reaches his highest excellence. In attempting to paint he always falls into the rhetorical. The interest of "Gertrude" is only sustained by its lyrical action, character and passion.

With the second edition of "Gertrude" appeared the most deeply pathetic, — the most highly finished and powerful of Campbell's productions; — The "O'Connor's Child," a poem that satisfies at once the intellect and the imagination. So closely to our hearts has its deep and serious tenderness allied it, that we shrink from alluding, as in the justice of criticism we must, to that *one line* of bathos, which, following upon an exclamation of dignified grief, disturbs for a moment the earnestness of our sympathy:

> "But oh! that midnight of despair!
> *When I was doomed to rend my hair.*"

We will not pause to smile, but with a feeling almost as if we had committed sacrilege, hasten on to the agonizing catastrophe:

> "Another's sword has laid him low—
> Another's, and another's;
> And every hand that dealt the blow
> Ah me! it was a brother's!"

Then comes the prophecy, and that grand and sublime finale, which we cannot apologize for giving entire:

> "A bolt that overhung our dome
> Suspended till my curse was given,
> Soon as it passed my lips of foam,
> Pealed in the blood-red Heaven.
> Dire was the look that o'er their backs
> The angry parting brothers threw.—
> But now, behold! like cataracts,
> Come down the hills to view
> O'Connor's plumed partisans,
> Thrice ten Innisfallian clans
> Were marching to their doom:
> A sudden storm their plumage tossed,
> A flash of lightning o'er them crossed,
> And all again was gloom;
> But once again in Heaven the bands
> Of thunder spirits clapped their hands."

This exquisite poem was a portion of the new school of passion, in which nothing had been previously written, if we except the "Monody" of Cowper, who, after all, may be said to have given the key note, not

only to Campbell, but to Byron, Wordsworth, and Scott.

The admiration expressed by Goethé, of Campbell's power of exciting high emotions was probably called forth by the perusal of "O'Connor's Child." Goethé, no doubt, dipped as lightly into Campbell as he did into other English poetry, and would be likely to select that poem as shorter and more easily comprehended. He would not so highly have commended either of the longer poems, they being far less in accordance with his peculiar taste; far less Goethian.

In April, 1812, Campbell gave his first lecture on poetry, at the Royal Institution. Sir Walter Scott, in allusion to it, says:—"I hope that Campbell's plan of lectures will succeed. I think the brogue will be got over, if he will not trouble himself by attempting to get over it, but read with fire and feeling." Campbell's own account of his plan is as follows:

"I begin my first lecture with the Principles of poetry—I proceed in my second to Scripture, to Hebrew, and to Greek Poetry. In the fourth I discuss the poetry of the Troubadours and Romancers, the rise of Italian poetry with Dante, and its progress with Aristo and Tasso. In the fifth, I discuss the French theatre, and enter on English poetry — Chaucer, Spencer, Shakspeare. In the sixth, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Thompson, Cowper, and Burns, are yet unfinished subjects."

This course of lectures was eminently successful; he had crowded audiences and warm applause. "Sidney Smith," he says, "patronizes me a little too much—but I forgive him." "A second course," we are told, "was applauded to the echo." Campbell was now at the zenith. About this time he was introduced by his "Chieftain's lovely daughter," Lady Charlotte Campbell, to the Princess of Wales, of which honor the poet expresses a fear that it may prove "too much luck." "I shall be obliged," he says, "to go to the opera, in consequence of having told the great personage that I loved operas to distraction!" "Then why dont you go often to them?" she demanded. "They are so expensive," quoth I. * * * * Next day a ticket for the opera arrived! God help me! This *is* loving operas to distraction! I shall be obliged to live in London a month to attend the opera-house — all for telling one little fib." Here is patronage again!

The poet's health again declining, he went, by order of his physician, to Brighton, where he met with Herschel, the astronomer, — "the great, simple, good, old man," as he calls him. "He is seventy-six, but fresh and stout; and there he sat, nearest the door, at his friend's house, alternately smiling at a joke, or contentedly sitting without share or notice in the conversation. Any train of conversation he follows implicitly; anything you ask he labors, with a sort of boyish earnestness, to explain." * * * "He described to me his whole interview with Buonaparte; said it was not true, as reported, that Buonaparte understood astronomical subjects deeply; but affected more than he knew." * * * "In speaking of his great and chief telescope, he said, with an air, not of the least pride, but with a greatness and simplicity of expression, that struck me with wonder,—'I have looked further into space, than ever human being did before me.'"

In 1802, Campbell was in Paris, and visited the Louvre in company with Mrs. Siddons, where he was excited to tears by the beauty of the Apollo. He was not so much overpowered, however, but that he could take out his pencil, in the full presence of the God, — "within two yards" of him,—and write:

"Oh, how that immortal youth, Apollo, in all his splendor—majesty—divinity—flashed upon us from the end of the gallery!" * * * "He seems as if he had just lept from the sun." * * * "The whole is so perfect, that, at the full distance of the hall, it seems to blaze with proportion. The muscle that supports the head thrown back — the mouth, the brow, the soul that is in the marble, are not to be expressed." * * * Many years afterwards, referring to the period he wrote in allusion to Mrs. Siddons, "Engrossed as I was with the Apollo, I could not forget the honor of being before him in the company of so august a worshipper; and it certainly heightened my enjoyment to see the first interview between the paragon of Art and that of Nature. She, like a true admirer, was not loquacious; but I remember she said,—'What a great idea it gives us of God, to think that he has made a human being ca-

pable of fashioning so divine a form.' At this time, though in her forty-ninth year, her looks were so noble, that she made you proud of English beauty—even in the presence of Grecian sculpture."

Soon after his return to England, the poet received, through the death of his Highland cousin, Mac Arthur Stewart, a legacy of five hundred pounds, left to him for a reason highly creditable to himself. "The old man, when giving instructions for his settlement, observed that little Tommy, the poet, ought to have a legacy, because he had been so kind as to give his mother sixty pounds yearly out of his pension."

Thenceforward Campbell had need to struggle no longer against the ills of poverty. He continued to reside at Sydenham, and his health and spirits improved. About this time, he met with a genuine Irish bull, which he communicated to Sneyd Edgeworth for the use of his sister. So many are spurious, that we cannot help noticing it. It was a letter to a dead woman, adddressed,—"Hunter, No. 5, Floog street, London," and ran thus:

"June 3, 1410.

"Madam, I have received a letter from London Dated the 5th of May spakeing of your Death and Desireing me to go to London to administer to the property as the undwrighting do not agred I take to give you this notice to wright to me to undecave, or er this I will be on the London Road the wrighter deceris me to Derect to James Web at Mr. Daniels No 59, Lecestoer Squair pray wright by Return of post while I am getting Redy for the Jurney we are all well in our Hulbs and believe me your Senceir Cousin John M'Lun."

The "Specimens" had been suspended through the non-fulfillment of a promise given by Richard Heber for the loan of some rare volumes which Campbell thought absolutely necessary to his farther progress. The Bibliomaniac finally redeemed his pledge, and the work was renewed. His Lectures also were now being arranged for the press. Scott made a proposal which, had Campbell accepted,—the remaining Biography might have afforded more gratifying testimonies of the poet's future eminence. Dr. Beattie hesitatingly suggests what, no doubt would have proved true, that had Campbell, through a professorship become identified with the University of Edinburgh, new energies would have been called forth, and in the use and application of his fine classical knowledge, much might have been enlarged in poetry. The old encumbent of the History chair in the University had not lectured for some years, and it was supposed the office of colleague, with the prospect of succession to the chair, might be agreeable to Campbell; but for some reason unexplained, it was declined.

Dr. Beattie alludes in this place, and on other occasions, to the early friendship subsisting between Campbell and Washington Irving. The Doctor has an inflated way of speaking of all Campbell's associates as if they were dear friends: He doubtless had many, and those most warmly attached, but, if we except the "Scotch Brotherhood," he was on terms of close intimacy with very few of the leading literary men of the day. A dinner given at his house in Sydenham, to Crabbe, Rogers, and Moore, seems to have been a memorable era in his life. Mr. Irving's acquaintance with him commenced in 1810, through Mr. Archibald Campbell, at whose request he negotiated for the poet, with an American publisher; they did not meet until several years later, and then the acquaintance "though extending over a number of years, was never intimate." "To tell the truth," says Irving, "I was not much drawn to Campbell." "I knew little but what might be learned in the casual intercourse of general society."

At the request of Mr. Roscoe, the "Lectures" delivered in London, were repeated, with some difference of arrangement, before the "Royal Institution of Liverpool." The only poems, worthy of his reputation, written within the last three years, were the celebrated Ode to the Kemble Festival, and the "Rainbow;"—but, "in the fire" as he expresses it, "not yet red hot enough for the anvil," he had another (Theodoric,) on which he built hopes never to be realized.

In May, 1820, with the view of gathering materials for his lectures, and consulting the public libraries, he re-visited Germany. Before leaving England he entered into an agreement with Colburn, the Publisher, to edit, on his return, the New Monthly Magazine, for a term of three years, to commence the first of January. At Bonn he renewed acqaintance

with Schlegel, of whom he says "He is ludicrously fond of showing off his English to me,—accounting for his fluency and exactness in speaking it, by his having learnt it at thirteen. This English, at the same time, is in point of idiom and pronunciation, what a respectable English parrot would be ashamed of." "He talks without listening, even to questions, upon subjects on which he has not information." * * * "At times, when he dwells on a subject of which he is really master he is quite his own original and animating self; but when he has nothing to say, he proses away, like the clack of a mill where there is no corn to grind."

Leaving his son, now in his sixteenth year, at Bonn, under the care of the Professor of Physics, Dr. Meyer, Campbell returned to England and commenced the duties of his editorship. He met with some discouragement in the refusal of contributions from the highest sources, to which he first applied; but notwithstanding this, he filled his contribution list respectably, and, devoting for a season all his time and energy to the work, was able to make a fair start, and redeem the promise given to the public. The pressure of these duties obliged him to remove from Sydenham to London.

During the remainder of this year, the calm of domestic life was ruffled by anxieties in regard to his son, who unexpectedly returned; and by the now evident premonitions of his approaching insanity, dissipated all the parental hopes. Only a short time before, poor Campbell had said "the beam of expectation that has dawned upon me within these few months that my boy will yet be an ornament to us, creates an era in my existence." It was long before the unhappy parents could bring themselves to view the case in its proper light. The disease was undoubtedly hereditary. Campbell had married his cousin; her sister had already been under the discipline of an asylum, while Mrs. Campbell herself is frequently alluded to as being in a nervous and irritable state. After mature consideration, and by the best advice, the young Campbell was placed in a lunatic asylum, where he remained for several years, and though afterward sufficiently recovered to be removed, his health appears not to have been fully restored during his father's lifetime. The mother's delicate constitution gave way under the afflictions and she survived but a few years.

Among Campbell's contributions to the New Monthly this year was the "Last Man" by many considered equal if not superior in poetical conception and expression to all his preceding efforts. It was the last, the parting song, the requiem of his genius. From this time he seems to have written nothing quite worthy of himself.

The scheme for establishing in London a University, which had long dwelt in Campbell's mind, was now suggested publicly. It was to have no church influence nor rivalship; "it was to combine various points in the German method with whatever seemed most eligible in the systems pursued at home." To collect facts and to test the system by clear observation, Campbell went again to Berlin; but his health had been greatly impaired by his recent anxieties, and a gentleman who met him there says "All appear to share the surprise experienced by myself at his (Campbell's) decrepid appearance."

Campbell founded some fallacious hopes upon having originated the University scheme, which he called the only important event in his life. No mention is made of the presidency or even of a professorship being offered him. He must have anticipated a different result; for in answer to a communication he had received, stating, that a strong party among the students of Glasgow were desirous of his election to the Rectorship of that University, he writes, "Whatever be the issue, believe me, that I shall feel equally sensible of your kindness whether it be that I sup with *you*, as Lord Rector, at Glasgow; *or that you dine and condole with me for my non-rectorship in London.* There was great enthusiasm among the students of Glasgow in regard to their new Lord Rector, (for Campbell accepted unhesitatingly, the call.) Contrary to all precedent, he was elected a second and even a third time; though on the latter occasion Sir Walter Scott was set up against him. His popularity with the collegians never declined; to his latest day he always spoke of them as his "darling boys," and his heart was in the duties of the office.

In commemoration of the third election,

the more advanced students instituted a literary association which they called "the Campbell club." It was at first exclusive, but became more general in its character, and so continues to the present day. The anniversary of Campbell's election is still celebrated, and they now drink in solemn silence to the memory of him whose health used to be received with acclamations.

Within a year after the death of Mrs. Campbell, the poet removed from his house in Seymour street to a much larger one, fitted up expensively at Whitehall. "In making this change" says Dr. Beattie, in his most beatific manner, "he acted upon the suggestions of an amiable and accomplished friend, deeply interested in his welfare, and destined, as he fondly imagined to restore him to the happiness of married life." The name of the "amiable and accomplished" lady,—able so soon to console the poet for his late bereavement, is not given. The sort of whispering mysteriousness with which the biographer endeavors to throw over the affair a veil of romance, has the effect to excite various unsatisfactory conjectures. All that our curiosity is able to make out with certainty is the name of "Mary;"—that she was a tory, not youthful, and had resided at Sydenham. Placing the facts together, and "*hoping we dont intrude*" we turn back to a short poem, written during the earlier years of his *married* life at Sydenham, one stanza of which runs thus:

"Beside that face, beside those eyes,
More fair than stars, e'er traced in skies
By Newton or by Galileo.
Oh how could'st thou, although a brute,
Upon that face when gazing mute—
How couldst thou crush the gentle foot
Of Mary Wynell Mayow!"

Campbell himself, in a letter to Scott, alludes lightly to the affair and says, "I laughed at the regrets of my Edinburgh friends about my intended marriage with a certain lady. * * * The baseless fabric of a vision!"

In 1831, the editorship of the New Monthly and also the "Biography of Sir Thomas Lawrence" which he had commenced, were resigned; the former because "he got into scrapes and lawsuits," the latter, because the booksellers "hurried" him. Finding himself largely in arrears with the publisher of the New Monthly he embarked in another editorial in order to free himself; but disappointed in this, mortgaged his poems and rented his new house to defray Colburn's debt.

In the interval between his resignation of the "New Monthly" and commencing with "The Metropolitan," he went, for relaxation and the benefit of sea air to St. Leonards, where he wrote his "View of St. Leonards," the following two lines of which he has designated as "his best."

"And here the *Spring dips down her emerald urn*
For showers to glad the earth."

Here, in his small lodgings, "hung over the sea, like the stern of a ship," we find him in renewed health and spirits, at the age of fifty-two, leading off "bevies of fair maids" in moonlight walks along the cliffs of Hastings, "listening to the nightingale, repeating poetry and picking up wild flowers" like another "Apollo among the muses."

In a letter to his sister, he writes:—"I am now more than ever in love with St. Leonards, and, during my convalescence, you might have seen me skipping and sauntering among the rocks, as happy as a whelp or a child—the two happiest things in nature, except a convalescent poet." The following is a ludicrous account of a visit from some young ladies, who came with their aunt, not exactly knowing whether they were to see a Mr. or a Miss Campbell, and being received by the poet, in his "night-gown and black cowl." "It was not," says Campbell, "till I called apon their grandmamma, dismounting from a handsome steed—whip in hand—my best blue coat half-buttoned over a handsome waistcoat, with dandy spurs and trowsers, and all the airs of 'a fine young man,' that they gave up considering me as an elderly spinster."

We have seen a portrait of Campbell in his favorite "blue coat," but it was by an inferior artist, and gave us no very high idea of the personal beauty which has been attributed to him. It bore no intellectual resemblance to the following description:

"He was generally careful as to dress, and had none of Dr. Johnson's indifference to fine linen. His wigs were always nicely adjusted, and scarcely distinguishable from natural hair. His appearance was interesting and

handsome. Though rather below the middle size, he did not seem little; and his large dark eye and countenance bespoke great sensibility and acuteness. His thin quivering lip and delicate nostril were highly expressive.—When he spoke, as Leigh Hunt has remarked, dimples played about his mouth, which, nevertheless, had something restrained and close in it—as if some gentle Puritan had crossed the breed, and left a stamp on his face—such as we see in the female Scotch face rather than the male. . . In personal neatness and fastidiousness—no less than in genius and taste—Campbell in his best days resembled Gray. Each was distinguished by the same careful finish in composition—the same classical predilections and lyric fire, rarely but strikingly displayed. In ordinary life they were both somewhat finical."

When Sir Thomas Lawrence was painting his portrait, the poet exhibited great solicitude. At one time he writes, "If you see Lawrence again, implore him to say what he decides about my 'lovely portrait.' I have got so smoky and old-looking, that I wish to get back my imaginary beauty, just to see how I shall look when I grow young again in heaven. That is the merit of Lawrence's painting; he makes one seem to have got into a drawing-room in the mansions of the blessed, and to be looking at one's self in a mirror."

The Metropolitan, after passing through various hands, became at last the property of Marryatt, the novelist. Campbell and Marryatt were joined by Moore, and, for a time, all went on prosperously. When or why Campbell's connection ceased with this magazine, we are not informed.

The cause of Poland had, for the last two years, occupied a large portion of his thoughts and time. The Polish Association was gotten up entirely through his exertions. He was at the same time engaged in writing his "Life of Mrs. Siddons," a task enjoined upon him almost with her latest breath. She had been one of his earliest friends, and his allusionss to her in his "correspondence," are frequent, and in the warmest strain of admiration and respect. In his retrospective notes he says:

"Mrs. Siddons was a great simple being, who was not shrewd in her knowledge of the world, and was not herself well understood, in some particulars, by the majority of the world. The universal feeling towards her was respectful, but she was thought austere: but with all her apparent haughtiness, there was no person more humble when humility became her. From intense devotion to her profession she derived a peculiarity of manner—the habit of attaching dramatic tones and emphasis to common-place colloquial subjects, but of which she was not in the least conscious, unless reminded of it. I know not what others felt; but I own that I loved her all the better for this unconscious solemnity of manner. . . She was more than a woman of genius; for the additional benevolence of her heart made her an honor to her sex and to human nature." . . . "In the following passages," he adds, "Joanna Baillie has left a perfect picture of Mrs. Siddons:—

Page. Madam, there is a lady in your hall,
Who begs to be admitted to your presence.
Lady. Is it not one of our invited friends?
Page. No: far unlike them. It is a stranger.
Lady. How looks her countenance?
Page. So queenly, so commanding, and so noble,
I shrunk at first in awe; but when she smiled
Methought I could have compassed sea and land
To do her bidding.
Lady. Is she young or old?
Page. Neither, if right I guess; but she is fair;
For time hath laid his hand so gently on her,
As he too had been awed. . . .
So stately, and so graceful is her form,
I thought at first her stature was gigantic;
But, on a near approach, I found in truth
She scarcely does surpass the middle size.
Lady. What is her garb?
Page. I cannot well describe the fashion of it—
She is not decked in any gallant trim,
But seems to me, clad in the usual weeds
Of high habitual state.
Lady. Thine eyes deceive thee, boy,
It is an apparition thou hast seen.
Friberg. It *is* an apparition he has seen,
Or---it is Jane de Montfort!
JANE DE MONTFORT, *Act. II., Scene* I."

Campbell, no doubt, entered upon her Biography with enthusiasm, and it was eagerly received by the public, but its celebrity was only for the day.

From the close of his connection with the "New Monthly," may, perhaps, be dated the gradual decline of Campbell's literary celebrity. The cold reception given to Theodoric had been a deep mortification to him. He seems now to have exhibited an occasional asperity and irritability, wholly contrary to the natural sweetness of his disposition. He wrote little, and that not in his best manner, for he no longer had, what he required, the stimulus of an assured success. Stars of magnitude had arisen in the literary horizon, where, for a time, he had shone alone. His taste, so cultivated and refined, was

not to be cheated; he was not only "afraid of the shadow *his own fame* cast before him," but he also felt that theirs was a wider and higher range, and he shrank from attempting it. It was better—so his Scotch shrewdness had taught him,—to rest upon the laurels he had won, than to go forth to battle, when the strength of the god-head was with them,—not him. "It is unfortunate for Campbell," said Mrs. Campbell to Irving, "that he lives in the same age with Scott and Byron." Campbell loved to be familiarly recognized in his poetic character, and often to his friends designated himself as "your poet," but there was not in his life so much of the visionary as is commonly attributed to the "sons of song." He read men as they are; had few idiosyncracies; and, in his companionship and principles especially, enjoyed the actual more than the ideal. It is not unfair to say, that his ardor in the cause of Poland was stimulated by the gratitude of the exiles, and by his being kept, through it, in a position of public importance. He fed, as it were, his own enthusiasm, until it became almost a monomania. "I was with him," says Dr. Madden, "the day he received an account of the fall of Moscow. Never in my life did I see a man so stricken by profound sorrow! * * * * I feared that if this prostration of all energy of mind and body continued, his life or his reason must have sunk under the blow."

Disappointed in his political ambition, and no longer "the observed of all observers," as the most admired poet of the day, he was happy to be distinguished as the Friend of Poland. As the vision of a poetic immortality faded before him, his hand relaxed its grasp, and he turned to other sources for consolation;—and those were not wanting of a more enduring nature.

"He spoke frequently, if led to it, of his feelings while writing his poems. When he wrote 'The Pleasures of Hope,' fame, he said, was everything in the world to him: if any one had foretold to him *then*, how indifferent he would be *now*, to fame and public opinion, he would have scouted the idea; but, nevertheless, he finds it so now. He said, he hoped he really did feel, with regard to his posthumous fame, that he left it, as well as all else about himself, to the mercy of God:—'I believe, when I am gone, justice will be done to me in this way—that I was a pure writer. It is an inexpressible comfort, at any time of life, to be able to look back and feel that I have not written one line against religion or virtue.'

"Another time, speaking of the insignificance which, in one sense, posthumous fame must have, he said:—'When I think of the existence which shall commence when the stone is laid above my head—when I think of the momentous realities of that time, and of the awfulness of the account I shall have to give of myself—how *can* literary fame appear to me but as—nothing! Who will think if it then? If, at death, we enter on a new state for eternity, of what interest, beyond this present life, can a man's literary fame be to him? Of none — when he thinks most solemnly about it.'"

A highly interesting scene, illustrative of the decline of Campbell's popularity is related in Mr. Irving's "Introductory,"

"It was at an annual dinner of the Literary Fund, at which Prince Albert presided, and where was collected much of the prominent talent of the kingdom. In the course of the evening, Campbell rose to make a speech. I had not seen him for years, and his appearance showed the effect of age and ill health; it was evident, also, that his mind was obfuscated by the wine he had been drinking. He was confused and tedious in his remarks; still, there was nothing but what one would have thought would be received with indulgence, if not deference, from a veteran of his fame and standing; a living classic. On the contrary, to my surprise, I soon observed signs of impatience in the company; the poet was repeatedly interrupted by coughs and discordant sounds, and as often endeavored to proceed; the noise at length became intolerable, and he was absolutely clamored down, sinking into his chair overwhelmed and disconcerted. I could not have thought such treatment possible to such a person at such a meeting.

"Hallam, author of the Literary History of the Middle Ages, who sat by me on this occasion, marked the mortification of the poet, and it excited his generous sympathy. Being shortly afterwards on the floor to reply to a toast, he took occasion to advert to the recent remarks of Campbell, and in so doing, called up in review all his eminent achievements in the world of letters, and drew such a picture of his claims upon popular gratitude and popular admiration as to convict the assembly of the glaring impropriety they had been guilty of—to soothe the wounded sensibility of the poet, and send him home to, I trust, a quiet pillow."

In his visit to Algiers in 1834, the total

change of climate, scenery, society and mode of life seemed almost miraculously to revive his energies. He found there, in a pamphlet published about the colony, his own opinions in the New Monthly, quoted, with honorable mention of himself;—and, on the eve of publication, a translation of his poems. The glory of his youth seemed, for a brief space, renewed. His private letters are full of vivid description, and surpass his "Letters from the South," sent to the New Monthly. He returned to England, looking younger than when he left; and even Dr. Beattie admits that, for a time, "the company and conversation of the African traveller, were more courted than those of the poet."

The "Life of Petrarch," which as in other instances, he had rashly undertaken from a short lived enthusiasm, and found himself unable to complete to his own satisfaction, was advancing slowly, and had become an irksome labor.

In the winter of 1841, he took a lease of a house in Victoria Square, Pimlico, and made a proposal to Mrs. Alexander Campbell to resign to his care his niece, her daughter, expressing his intention to provide for her. It was about this time that he exhibited occasional aberrations which excited at once ridicule and pity. Fascinated with a child whom he had met in the street, in one of his evening walks, he resorted to the singular alternative of the following newspaper advertisement to discover her name:—

Aprit 19*th*.---A gentleman, sixty-three years old, who, on Saturday last, between six and seven, p. m., met, near Buckingham Gate, with a most interesting-looking child, four years of age, but who forbore, from respect for the lady who had her in hand, to ask the girl's name and abode, will be gratefully obliged to those who have the happiness of possessing the child, to be informed where she lives, and if he may be allowed to see her again. A letter will reach the advertiser, T. C., at No. 61, Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.

Another anecdote is related denoting the same irregularity:—Hearing of the benefit derived from the German baths, he abruptly and without preparation embarked for Rotterdam, without money sufficient for his expenses, and leaving his friends in a state of anxious uncertainty. He wrote from Wiesbaden to Doctor Beattie, requesting him to send the bank notes he would find in the bed-room press, in the house in Victoria Square. The servant left in charge of the house showed the Doctor and his solicitor, whom he took with him, the bed-room where the press stood. This repository seemed not to have been locked, and was occupied by articles of dress, books, &c., all of which were carefully examined—but no money was discovered. Portmanteaus, table-drawers, coat-pockets and even canisters were emptied, with no better success: after re-reading the letter, to be sure that there was no mistake, the press was ransacked again—but in vain; the search was concluded to be hopeless, when, in shutting the press-doors, the point of an embroidered slipper stood in the way. Taking it in hand to push it back, it felt hard: on examination it was found to be stuffed with white paper matches, such as are used to light candles. One of these twisted like a whip cord was unrolled, and turned out to be a ten pound Bank of England note. Here was the treasure: every bit of paper untwisted disclosed the same. The full amount contained in both slippers was three hundred pounds.

This year the "Pilgrim of Glencoe and other Poems" appeared,—a volume made up chiefly of minor pieces composed at various times. The Launch Ode is good, but neither the occasion nor the execution raise it to an equality with "The Mariners of England."

Campbell was now so evidently "breaking up," that, says the Biographer, "those who met him in the street saluted him with ill-dissembled sorrow."

In 1848, he left London; and taking his niece, Mary Campbell with him, went to reside permanently at Bologne. His friends seem not to have admitted the expediency of this step; they took leave of him with a feeling that he could return to them no more; and it was not long before he began himself to know that his days were numbered. The following spring Dr. Beattie was summoned by Miss Campbell to the death-bed of his friend.

The following are extracts from a journal of the last two weeks:—

"We entered the library, adjoining the Poet's bedroom, and the next minute found us at his side. We were all greatly shocked; for he was sadly changed. The arrival of

old friends seemed to revive him. His words were, as he held my hand—'Visits of angels from heaven,'—thinking, perhaps, of the dreary interval since we parted in London. He spoke to each with a faint smile, but in few words, and with that peculiar lightening of the eye which gave forcible expression to all he said.

It was thought doubtful at one time this morning whether he was quite conscious of what was said in his presence. Of the fact, however, a little artifice soon furnished us with proof. We were speaking of his poems. Hohenlinden was named; when, affecting not to remember the author of that splendid lyric, a guess was hazarded that it was by a Mr. Robinson. . . . 'No,' said the Poet, calmly, but distinctly, 'it was one Tom Campbell.'"

"*June 12th.*—He has passed a tolerable night—sleeping at intervals—and taking a little food when it was offered to him; but there is nothing encouraging—no actual improvement; and if at all changed since yesterday, it is for the worse.

"By his desire, I again read the prayers for the sick; followed by various texts of Scripture, to which he listened with deep attention; suppressing, as much as he could, the sound of his own breathing, which had become almost laborious. At the conclusion he said: 'It is very soothing!' At another time I read to him passages from the Epistles and Gospels; directing his attention, as well as I could, to the comforting assurance they contained of the life and immortality brought to light by the Savior. When this was done I asked him, 'Do you believe all this?' 'Oh yes!' he replied, with emphasis—'I do!' His manner all this time was deeply solemn and affecting. When I began to read the prayers he raised his hand to his head—took off his nightcap—then clasping his hands across his chest, he seemed to realize all the feelings of his own triumphant lines:—

> 'This spirit shall return to Him
> Who gave its heavenly spark;
> Yet think not, Sun, it shall be dim
> When thou thyself art dark!—
> No! it shall live again, and shine
> In bliss unknown to beams of thine,
> By Him recall'd to breath,
> Who captive led Captivity,
> Who robb'd the Grave of victory
> And took the sting from Death!'

"*June 14th.*—All night at the sufferer's bedside. Never shall I forget the impression these night-watches have left on my mind. . . . his words are few—pronounced with an effort—and often inarticulate; but there is no murmur; no complaint; and he repeats the same answer—'tolerable.' . . . . . The respiration is becoming more difficult and hurried: his lips are compressed—the nostrils dilated—the eyes closed—and the chest heaves almost convulsively. *Quam mutatus ab illo!* He is still conscious, however; and the very compression of the lips discovers an effort to meet the struggle with firmness and composure.

"At two o'clock he opened his eyes, and then, as if the light of this world were too oppressive, closed them. He is now dying. The twilight dews of life are lying heavy on his temples.

* * * * * * *

"At a quarter past four in the afternoon, our beloved Poet, Thomas Campbell, expired, without a struggle. His niece, Dr. Allatt, and myself, were standing by his bedside. The last sound he uttered was a short faint shriek—such as a person utters at the sudden appearance of a friend—expressive of pleasure and surprise. This may seem fanciful—but I know of nothing else that it might be said to resemble.

"*Sunday.*—This evening, between nine and ten o'clock, the body was removed from the upper chamber, and placed in its leaden coffin—near 'his own chair'—in the drawing-room. The ceremony was witnessed by the immediate friends and servants of the family. It was very impressive—aided by the deep silence—and the recollection that this room was but recently fitted up for the social enjoyments of life. The body was removed from the bed on the coffin-lid—without discomposing a limb or a feature. The stars were shining through the windows at the time—along the staircase and passage, lights were placed—just sufficient to direct the steps of the bearers—and if the silence was interrupted, it was only by a sigh or a whisper."

There was an uncertainty in regard to the Poet's remains being interred at Westminster, but, after some preliminaries with the Dean of Westminster, it was determined, and accordingly they were taken to London, and on Wednesday, July 3rd, 1844, attended by a large multitude of all ranks and conditions, deposited in a grave at the extremity of an angle formed by the monuments erected to the memory of Addison and Goldsmith, and closely adjoining that of Sheridan.

When the coffin was lowered into the grave the crowd pressed eagerly round; and when the Rev. Mr. Milman arrived at that portion of the ceremony in which dust is consigned to dust *Col. Szyrma*, one of the numerous body of Poles who were present, brought a handful of earth, taken for the purpose from the tomb of Kosciosko, and scattered it over the coffin.

CONGRESSIONAL SUMMARY.

CORRECTION. — Owing to a mistake in the Telegraphic Report of the President's Message of August 6th, and which was unfortunately transmitted throughout the country in every direction, the President was made to say, that "the claim of title on the part of Texas appears to Congress to be well-founded in whole or in part."

The above mistake crept into the last number of this journal. The true wording is as follows: "*If* the claim of title on the part of Texas appears to Congress to be well-founded in whole or in part, it is in the competency of Congress," &c.

On Friday, September 6, the Texas Boundary Bill, from the Senate, amended by the Bill for the Territorial Organization of New Mexico, (this amendment was afterwards concurred in by the Senate,) passed the House of Representatives, by a vote of 108 to 98. The vote was as follows:

AYES—(For the Bill.)

Indiana—Albertson, W. J. Brown, Dunham, Fitch, Gorman, McDonald, Robinson–7.

Alabama—*Alston*, W. R. W. Cobb, *Hilliard*–3.

Tennessee—*Anderson*, Ewing, *Gentry*, I. G. Harris, A. Johnson, Jones, Savage, F. P. Stanton, Thomas, *Watkins*, *Williams*–11.

New York—*Andrews*, *Bockee*, *Briggs*, *Brooks*, *Duer*, *McKissock*, *Nelson*, *Phœnix*, *Rose*, *Schermerhorn*, *Thurman*, *Underhill*, Walden, *White*–14.

Iowa—Deffler–1.

Rhode Island—*Geo. G. King*–1.

Missouri—Bay, Bowlin, Green, Hall–4.

Virginia—Bayly, Beale, Edmunson, *Haymond*, McDowell, McMullen, *Martin*, Parker–8.

Kentucky—Boyd, *Breck*, G. A. Caldwell, *J. L. Johnson*, *Marshall*, Mason, *McLean*, *Morehead*, R. H. Stanton, *John B. Thompson*–10.

Maryland—*Bowie*, Hammond, *Keer*, McLane–4

Michigan—Buel–1.

Florida—*E. C. Cabell*–1.

Delaware—*J. W. Houston*–1.

Pennsylvania—*Chester Butler*, *Casey*, *Chandler*, Dimmick, Gilmore, *Levin*, Job Mann, McLanahan, *Pitman*, Robins, Ross, Strong, James Thompson,–13.

North Carolina—*R. C. Caldwell*, *Deberry*, *Outlaw*, *Shepperd*, *Stanly*–5.

Ohio—Disney, Hoagland, Potter, *Taylor*, Whittlesey–5.

Massachusetts—*Duncan*, *Eliot*, *Grinnell*–3.

Maine—Fuller, Gerry, Littlefield–3.

Illinois—Thos. L. Harris, McClernand, Richardson, Young—4.

New Hampshire—Hibbard, Peaslee, *Wilson*–3.

Texas—Howard, Kaufman–2.

Georgia—*Owen*, *Toombs*, Welborn–3.

New Jersey—Wildrick–1.

Total for the bill, 108.

NAYS—(Against the Bill.)

New York—*Alexander*, *Bennett*, *Burrows*, *Clark*, *Conger*, *Gott*, *Holloway*, *W. T. Jackson*, *John A. King*, PRESTON KING, *Matteson*, *Putnam*, *Reynolds*, *Ramsey*, *Sackett*, *Schoolcraft*, *Silvester*—17.

Massachusetts—ALLEN, *Fowler*, *Horace Mann*, *Rockwell*–4.

North Carolina—Ashe, *Clingman*, Daniel, Venable–4.

Virginia—Averett, Bocock, Holliday, Meade, Millson, Powell–6.

Illinois—*Baker*, Wentworth–2.

Michigan—Bingham, SPRAGUE–2.

Alabama—Bowden, S. W. Harris, Hubbard, Inge–4.

Missouri—A. G. Brown, Featherston, McWillie, Jacob Thompson–4.

South Carolina—Burt, Colcock, Holmes, Orr, Wallace, Woodward–6.

Connecticut—*Thomas B. Butler*, Waldo–2.

Ohio—Cable, *Campbell*, Carter, *Corwin*, *Crowell*, *Nathan Evans*, GIDDINGS, *Hunter*, Morris, Olds, ROOT, *Schenck*, Sweetzer, *Vinton*–15.

Pennsylvania—*Calvin*, *Dickey*, HOWE, *Moore*, *Ogle*, *Reed*, *Thaddeus Stevens*–7.

Wisconsin—*Cole*, Doty, DURKEE–3.

Rhode Island—*Dixon*–1.

Georgia—Haralson, Joseph W. Jackson–2.

Indiana—Harlan, JULIAN, *McGaughey*–3.

Vermont—*Hebard*, *Henry*, *Meacham*, Peck–4.

Arkansas—Robert W. Johnson–1.

New Jersey—*James G. King*, *Newell*, *Van Dyke*–3.

Louisiana—La Sere, Morse–2.

Maine—*Otis*, Sawtelle, Stetson–3.

Missouri—Phelps–1.

New Hampshire—TUCK–1.

Total nays, 98.

Absent or not voting:

Ashmun, Mass.	Bocock, Va.
Bissell, Ill.	*Hampton*, Penn.
Cleveland, Conn.	Harmonson, La.
A. Evans, Md.	*Hay*, N. Jersey.
Freedley, Penn.	*Nes*, Penn.

Goodenow, Me.	*Risley*, N. York.
Gorman, Ind.	*Spaulding*, do.
Gould, N. York.	*Stepens*, Ga.
Hackett, Ga.	WILMOT, Pa.
Hamilton, Md.	Wood, Ohio—20.

Votes for the Bill:

Northern Whigs, 24	Northern Dems. 32
Southern do. 25—49	Southern do. 27—59

Total, - - 108.

Votes against the Bill:

Northern Whigs, 44	Northern Dems. 13
Southern do. 1—45	Southern do. 30—43

Special Free Soilers, - - - 10.
Total, - - 98.

Total voting, 206. Absent, 20. Speaker, 1.
Vacant, 2 seats (in Mass.)

On the following day, the Bill for the Admission of California, and the Utah Territorial Organization Bill, in the shape in which they came from the Senate, passed the House of Representatives. The California Bill was passed by the decisive vote of 150 to 57, and the Utah Bill by 97 to 85.

The first section of that bill enacts as follows:

That all that part of the territory of the United States included within the following limits, to wit: bounded on the West by the State of California, on the North by the Territory of Oregon, on the East by the summit of the Rocky Mountains, and on the South by the thirty-seventh parallel of north latitude,—be, and the same is hereby created into a temporary government, by the name of the Territory of Utah; *and, when admitted as a State, the said Territory, or any portion of the same, shall be received into the Union, with or without slavery, as their Constitution may prescribe at the time af their admission: Provided,* that nothing in this act contained shall be construed to inhibit the Government of the United States from dividing said Territory into two or more Territories, in such manner and at such times as Congress shall deem convenient and proper, or from attaching any portion of said Territory to any other State or Territory of the United States.

On the 9th of September, President Fillmore signed the Texas Boundary, New Mexico, California, and Utah bills, and they are consequently laws.

On the 12th, the Fugitive Slave bill, from the Senate, passed the House of Representatives, unamended, by a vote of 109 to 75.

The first and second sections of this bill provide that the United States Courts shall appoint Commissioners, before whom claims for runaway slaves shall be examined.

Section 3. Provides, that the number of these Commissioners shall be, from time to time, enlarged, so as to afford reasonable facilities for the reclamation of fugitives from labor.

Section 4. Provides that, upon satisfactory proof being presented by the agent, or owner, the Court, or the Justice of the Peace, or the Commissioner, shall grant certificates to the claimants, with authority to remove the fugitive to the State or Territory whence he fled.

Section 5. Provides, that it shall be the duty of the United States Marshals and deputies to execute all warrants issued under the provisions of this act; and that if the Marshal neglect his duty of endeavoring to secure a fugitive under demand, he shall pay a fine of one thousand dollars; and that if the slave escapes from him, when once in his possession, he shall pay the value of the slave; and that the *posse comitatus* shall be subject to be called out by the officers of the law in its execution.

Section 7. Provides, that any person resisting the law, or aiding in the escape of a fugitive, shall be subject to a fine not exceeding one thousand dollars, and imprisonment not exceeding six months, and shall pay to the party thus deprived of the services of the fugitive, the sum of one thousand dollars for each fugitive so lost.

In the Senate, September 10, the bill for the suppression of the slave trade in the District of Columbia being under discussion, Mr. SEWARD moved in amendment: That slavery in the District be entirely abolished:—that its abolition depend on the vote of the inhabitants; and that in case, on such vote being taken, it should be in favor of emancipation, the sum of two hundred thousand dollars be appropriated to pay the owners of the slaves for whatever loss they may suffer.

Mr. BALDWIN, of Connecticut, objected to this proposition, as tending to embarrass the harmonious action of the two Houses on this subject. He preferred that Congress should act finally upon this bill, before entering upon the consideration of any other proposition, which, however desirable, there is less reason to believe will be immediately successful.

Mr. MANGUM, of North Carolina, observed that, under proper auspices, he should have voted for the abrogation of the slave trade in the District. He should now change his course. He should vote for no proposition of that kind. He was convinced that it was impossible to satisfy certain gentlemen. They would urge on their objects, though they should cause blood to flow knee-deep over the whole South, and over the wreck of this Union.

Mr. DAWSON, of Georgia, called the attention of the country to the feeling which existed among some of the members of this body. When Congress were endeavoring to harmonize the conflicting interests and pas-

sions of the country, and had begun to hope that the best of feeling had been restored, not only here, but throughout the Union, we still find a disposition to raise and agitate quistions which have been already decided. The question arises, whether this is the offspring of that kind of patriotism which ought to burn in the breast of every American, or whether it is not an emanation from disappointed political aspirations. Whether it is not an effort now making to divide this great country for mere purposes of political aggrandizement; whether it is not an effort on the part of individuals to hold up one plank of the wreck of a certain established political platform; whether it is not to save a sinking party that has risen up in this country, not for the purpose of elevating the character of the Union, or the happiness of the people, but to aggrandize and elevate a few individuals. Sir, said Mr. DAWSON, I am sorry, extremely sorry, to see any man who would go into the country, and throw a firebrand, as it were, into the midst of the magazine, for the purpose of creating alienation, and inciting one portion of the country against another.

Mr. DAYTON, of New Jersey, opposed the proposition offered by Mr. Seward, for the reason that it opened an entirely new question to increase the agitation, already sufficiently alarming, on these subjects. The public mind has not been called to this question. Public sentiment has not been felt. The Senate, standing here, would, of itself, take the initiative in a new proceeding, when its plain duty was to calm the present excitement of the country. I cannot but see, said Mr. Dayton, that the adoption of this amendment would defeat the very bill now before the Senate. The original bill harmonizes and brings into action the kind feelings of a large portion of this chamber—brings to a common centre the good feeling of the North and South. But adopt the amendment of the Senator from New York, and you destroy all.

Mr. WINTHROP, of Massachusetts, opposed the amendment, not because he thought it destined to dissolve the Union, but because he considered it a proposition of a crude and hasty character, and calculated to embarrass the action of individuals upon a question of the deepest importance. He regretted that the Senator from New York should have thought proper to spring such a proposition upon them without previous notice, and in this immediate connexion.

"What is the proposition? It begins by a proclamation of immediate emancipation to every slave in the District of Columbia. But what follows? I had almost said that it holds out a false promise on its face. It says slavery shall instantly cease in the District of Columbia! But does it cease even under the amendment? No, sir; not at all. The question is to be put to a popular vote in the District. We are to have, under this amendment, a grand election in this District six months hence, to decide in favor of emancipation or against emancipation. Notice is to be given, in the mean time, to all the slaves in the District, that their freedom or servitude depends on the result of this election. If a majority of the votes cast, shall be against emancipation, slavery is to be prolonged and perpetuated. In that event, too, the slave-trade, the suppression of which is proposed by this bill, will remain as it now is; for the honorable Senator has moved his proposition as a substitute for the whole bill. He has not proposed to leave any part of this bill to accomplish the great object of putting an end to the odious and abhorrent traffic which has so long brought reproach upon the American capital, in case his own scheme should be voted down by the people.

"Sir, I cannot but regard this as a very crude and hasty proposition, in the first place. And I cannot but regard it, in the next place, in a most unseasonable and untimely proposition. I deeply regret that it has been brought forward in connexion with this bill—under the present circumstances of the country—at a moment when the public mind is so greatly agitated on questions of this sort, and at a moment, moreover, when we are endeavoring to accomplish another object, which is perhaps within our reach, and which has been so earnestly desired by all who have the interests of humanity at heart. When the abolition of these accursed depots for carrying on the slave-trade in the District of Columbia seems just within our grasp, I must repeat, sir, that I do most deeply deplore that the honorable Senator from New York should embarrass and perhaps defeat our action, by a proposition so indiscreet, so ill-digested, and so impracticable every way as that which he has offered."

On the following day Mr. SEWARD desired to withdraw his proposition, but objection being then made, the amendment after some farther remarks by Messrs. HAMLIN, CLAY, FOOTE, and others, was put to the vote and rejected.—Yeas, 5; nays, 45; as follows:—

YEAS—Messrs. Chase, Dodge of Wisconsin, Hale, Seward and Upham.

NAYS—Messrs. Atchison, Badger, Baldwin, Barnwell, Bell, Benton, Berrien, Bright, Butler, Clay, Davis, of Mass.; Davis, of Miss.; Dayton, Dickinson, Dodge, of Iowa; Douglas, Downs, Ewing, Felch, Fremont, Greene, Hamlin, Gwin, Houston, Hunter, Jones, Mangum, Mason, Morton, Norris, Pierce, Pratt, Rusk, Sebastian, Shields, Smith, Soule, Spruance, Sturgeon, Turney, Underwood, Wales, Whitcomb, Winthrop, and Yulee.

The Slave-bill finally passed the Senate, September 16th, in the following shape:

A BILL to suppress the Slave Trade in the District of Columbia.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That from and after the first day of January next, it shall not be lawful to bring into the District of Columbia any slave whatever, for the purpose of being sold, or for the purpose of being placed in depot, to be subsequently transferred to any State or place to be sold as merchandise. And if any slave shall be brought in the said District by its owner, or by the authority or consent of its owner, contrary to the provisions of this act, such slave shall thereupon become liberated and free.

SEC. 2. *And be it further enacted*, That it shall and may be lawful for each of the Corporations of the cities of Washington and Georgetown, from time to time, and as often as may be necessary, to abate, break up, and abolish any depot or place of confinement of slaves brought into the said District as merchandise, contrary to the provisions of this act, by such appropriate means as may appear to either of said Corporations expedient and proper. And the same power is hereby vested in the levy court of Washington county, if any attempt shall be made within its jurisdictional limits, to establish a depot or place of confinement for slaves brought into the said Districts as merchandise for sale contrary to this act.

The vote was — yeas, 33; nays, 19, — as follows:

YEAS—Messrs. Baldwin, Benton, Bright, Cass, Chase, Clarke, Clay, Cooper, Davis of Massachusetts, Dayton, Dickenson, Dodge of Wisconsin, Dodge of Iowa, Douglas, Ewing, Felch, Fremont, Greene, Gwin, Hale, Hamlin, Houston, Jones, Norris, Seward, Shields, Spruance, Sturgeon, Underwood, Wales, Walker, Whitcomb, and Winthrop—33.

NAYES—Messrs. Atchison, Badger, Barnwell, Bell, Berrien, Butler, Davis of Mississippi, Dawson, Downs, Hunter, King, Mangum, Mason, Morton, Pratt, Sebastian, Soulé, Turney, and Yulee—19.

On the following day, this bill passed the House of Representatives, without amendment, by a vote of 125 to 49.

MISCELLANY.

Mail Steamers to the Coast of Africa. —We give the following digest of the Report of the Committee on Naval Affairs, concerning the establishment of a line of steamers from the United States to the coast of Africa, with the object of promoting the colonization of free persons of color, of suppressing the African slave trade, of carrying the mails, and of extending the commerce of the United States.

This proposition involves an extension of that system, recently commenced by Congress, creating a powerful steam navy, by means of private enterprize and through the assistance of Congress: to be used in time of peace for objects partly public and partly private, and in time of war to be called wholly into the service of the Government. The nccessity that exists for such an extension can best be shown by presenting the ends sought after by this measure, and by a brief statement of the comparative extent of our present steam navy.

In the Report of Secretary Bancroft to the Senate, on the 2d March, 1846, it was stated that the steam navy of Great Britain amounted to one hundred and ninety-nine vessels, of all classes; that of France numbered fifty-four; that of Russia, without the Caspian fleet, thirty-two; while the steam navy of the United States consisted of only six small vessels, and one in process of building.

Since that time, Congress has provided for the building of four war steamers, and for the establishment of several lines of steamships engaged in carrying the mails, consisting of seventeen large vessels, suitable for war purposes, and at all times liable to be taken for the public service. Of these latter, nine will run between New York and European ports; five between New York and Chagres; and three between Panama and San Francisco.

But this increase in our force has not kept pace with that of other nations. The steam navy of France consists of sixty-four steam vessels of war, besides a reserved force of ten steam frigates now ready, and six corvettes and six smaller vessels nearly ready. The French Government is also about establishing lines of steamers to be employed in commerce and for carrying the mails, but at all times subject to public requisition.

England, also, has added largely to her steam navy by increasing her lines of mail steamers. In the year 1839, that Government resolved to turn the vast expenditures required in naval armaments to the purposes of commerce. A contract was entered into with Mr. Cunard and his associates, for the conveyance of the mails from Liverpool, via Halifax, to Boston, in five steamers of the first class, for about $425,000 per annum. They were to be built under the supervision of the Admiralty, subject to inspection on being received into the service, and capable in all respects of being converted into ships of war, and of carrying ordnance of the heaviest description. In 1846, this contract was enlarged by adding four steamers between Liverpool and New York, and the compensation raised to $725,000 per annum.

In 1840, a contract was made by the same Government, at $1,200,000 per annum, for fourteen steamers to carry the mails from Southampton to the West Indies, the ports of Mexico on the Gulf, and to New Orleans, Mobile, Savannah, and Charleston. These ships are to make twenty-four voyages a year, leaving and returning to Southampton semi-monthly. Two more vessels have lately been contracted for, to run between Bermuda and New York.

In 1840, a contract was entered into for seven steamers, from England to the East Indies and China, at $800,000 per annum. This line passes from Southampton, via Gibraltar and Malta, to Alexandria in Egypt; thence the route continues overland to Suez, at the head of the Red Sea, whence the steamers again start, touching at Aden, Bombay, and at Point de Galle, in the island of Ceylon, whence they proceed to Singapore and Hong Kong. A branch line connected with this runs from Point de Galle to Calcutta, touching at Madras.

In 1846, a contract was made for a line of British steamers, four in number, to run from Valparaiso to Panama, touching at intermediate ports, and connecting overland, from Panama to Chagres, with the West India line.

In 1848, there were twelve more lines of Government steamers running between Great Britain and the Continent of Europe; making a grand aggregate of one hundred and fifteen

ocean steamships fitted for war purposes. Recently, the British Parliament have resolved to extend the mail steamship system to Australia.

The Committee do not propose that our Government should emulate this vast network of steam navigation with which England has encompassed the globe; but they believe that the recent increase of our territory, on the Pacific and the Gulf of Mexico, demands an augmentation of our steam navy, either by direct addition to the navy proper, or by the encouragement by the Government of these lines of steam packets. The latter plan proposes that the ships shall be built under the inspection of Government and at the expense of private individuals, that they shall be commanded by officers in the navy, and be at all times ready for the public service. The interests of the contractors will lead them to adopt all improvements in machinery and in the means of propulsion, and to keep their vessels in good repair, and being commanded by a naval officer, each ship will carry a certain number of midshipmen for watch officers, thus giving active employment and practical improvement to a considerable portion of the *personnel* of the service. A corps of trained engineers and firemen will be attached to each ship, who no doubt, would generally remain with her when the ship should be called into the public service.

Some large steamships of this description, the Committee believe it is very desirable to possess for national exigencies. In this capacity, to carry fuel sufficient for long voyages, and to transport large bodies of troops, and to place them rapidly in a fresh and vigorous condition at any point where they might be required, such vessels would possess great advantages over small ships.

But the great and beneficent objects of this measure are the opportunity it gives for the removal of free persons of color from this country to the coast of Africa, and the means it presents for the suppression of the slave-trade. The latter of these has been the subject of treaties by our Government with other nations with whom we have engaged to maintain a large naval force on the coast of Africa, to assist in suppressing this traffic; while the emigration of the free blacks has long been an object of great interest to both the free and the slave-holding states. In no part of the Union do they enjoy political or social equality, while in some of the slave-states they are so much an object of distrust that manumission is discouraged, except on condition of their removal. Stringent prohibitions have been adopted, and unpleasant controversies with free states thereby engendered. The emigration of this entire population beyond the limits of the country is the only effectual mode of bringing these evils to an end.

The Committee believe that while the proposed measure will conduce to extensive colonization, it presents the only effectual mode of extirpating the slave-trade. Its successful operation, they consider, will render the African squadron wholly unnecessary, and thus reimburse a large portion of the expense, and at the same time better accomplishing the object for which the squadron is maintained. Colonization has succeeded, by means of the influence of the Republic of Liberia, in suppressing the slave-trade along a coast of several hundred miles in length; while the combined squadrons of Europe and America have been far less successful on other portions of that unhappy shore. In 1847, no less than 84,356 slaves were exported from Africa to Cuba and Brazil. In the opinion of the Committee, it is highly important to prevent the further Africanizing of the American continents, and to effect this, the success which has already crowned the infancy of Liberia, points out the only effectual mode.

To show that the territory of Liberia is eminently adapted to colored emigrants from the United States, that the establishment of this line of steamships will promote colonization, that the slave-trade will be sustituted by a valuable and legitimate commence, and that christianity and civilization will eventually follow, the Committee present the following facts.—

The Republic of Liberia extends about 400 miles along the coast, embracing the tract of country between the parallels of 4° 21′ and 7° North latitude. The first settlement was made by free Negroes from the United States, in the year 1820, under the auspices of the American Colonization Society. The objects of that society were, to raise the free blacks of the country from their political and social disadvantages; to spread civilization, morality, and true religion throughout Africa; to destroy the slave-trade; and to afford slave-owners wishing to manumit their slaves, an asylum for their reception.

The funds of this society have seldom exceeded $50,000 per annum; but they have purchased territory, have enabled nearly 7,000 free people of color to emigrate, and have provided for the subsistence of such of them as required it, for six months after their arrival. In 1847 an independent government was formed, which has been recognised by France, England, and Prussia. Eighty thousand natives have been civilized and become citizens of the Republic. Their commerce is flourishing; they have purchased territory from time to time of the natives and are gradually extending themselves up to the British settlement of Sierra Leone and down to the Gold Coast; and they have suppressed the slave-trade within their own borders and have

made treaties with several tribes for the discontinuance of the traffic. Their interior settlements run back to from ten to thirty miles from the coast and can be enlarged at a moderate amount in that direction. The land in the vicinity of the ocean in Liberia is generally low and in some places marshy, but further back becomes more elevated, and within fifty miles of the coast becomes quite mountainous. This back country is very healthy and with increased emigration will soon be occupied. But even on the coast the emigrants enjoy better health than can be obtained in some of our Western States, in their first years of settlement.

Each emigrant receives a grant of five acres of land, and can purchase as much as he pleases at one dollar an acre. The people are moral, well-conducted, and prosperous. The value of their exports is at present 500,000 dollars per annum, and increases at the rate of fifty per cent. annually.

There are upwards of 500,000 free blacks in the United States, and the annual increase is about 70,000. Shch numbers as these, Liberia is at present incapable of providing immediate employment and subsistence for, but the Colonization Society has heretofore provided for its colonists for six months after their arrival. The cost of such provision has averaged thirty dollars a head; in addition to the cost of transportation.. This last item will be greatly reduced by the proposed system of mail steamers, and the funds of the society, augmented probably twenty fold by the impulse it thus receives will be almost wholly available for the comfortable establishment of the emigrants in their new homes. In addition to the increase of private subscriptions in assistance of colonization, tbere is no doubt that, if the government gives its high sanction to the cause by the proposed line of steam ships, the Legislatures of the different States will turn their attention to the subject, and make large appropriations. Already the State of Maryland has laid out $200,000 in this work, and the Legislature of Virginia has lately voted $40,000 per annum for the same purpose. These state subscriptions will doubtless greatly increase, when the cause of colonization is espoused by the General Government.

It is estimated that, by the time the two first ships are ready for sea, a large body of emigrants will be prepared to take passage in them, and that for the next two years each ship will take from 1000 to 1500 passengers on each voyage, or from 8,000, to 12,000 in each of those two years. To furnish each family, wishing to devote themselves to agricultural pursuits, with a suitable dwelling, a piece of land of sufficient extent cleared and planted, together with the necessary farming implements, and a stock of provisions, will cost the society a sum equal to $30 or $40 for each emigrant, allowing each family to consist of five persons. Those families intending to follow trading and mechanical pursuits, will be attended with less expense, but the average cost for the whole of the emigrants may be estimated at $50 a head, including all the expenses of transportation,—making a total of from $400,000 to $600,000 per annum for the first two years. As the colony increases in population, and the interior becomes settled, any number of emigrants will be readily absorbed, as there will be a demand for all kind of laborers, and mechanics, and the expenses of providing for their means of obtaining subsistence will be greatly diminished.

The Colonization Society will, as heretofore, regulate the character of the emigration, and keep up a due proportion between the sexes. The Society also has power, reserved when it ceded its territory to the Republic, to secure the protection of the emigrants.

Prosperous colonies established on the coast of Africa will, in the course of time, greatly augment the commerce of this country. British commerce with that continent amounts already to $25,000,000 per annum. The belief is now confidently held in Great Britain that an immense commerce may be opened by putting an end to the slave trade, and stimulating the natives to the arts of peace. There is little doubt but that the proposed line of steamers will open entirely new sources of trade. The following particulars are worthy of notice:

Palm Oil, from the nut of the palm tree, is produced in the greatest abundance throughout Western Africa. The average import of this production into Liverpool for some years past is at least 15,000 tons, valued at $2,000,000; and the demand for it steadily increases.

Gold, washed by the natives from the sands of the rivers, is found at various points of the coast in the vicinity of Liberia. It is calculated that England has received from Africa gold to the value of $200,000,000.

Ivory is obtained at all points, and is an important staple of commerce.

Coffee, a quality superior to Java and Mocha, can be cultivated in Liberia with great ease, and to any extent.

Cam-wood, and other *dye-woods*, are found in immense quantities, covering vast tracts of country. In fact, there is not a single production of the East or West Indies which may not be found in equal excellence in Western Africa.

The soil is exceedingly fertile. Two crops of corn, sweet potatoes, and many other vegetables, can be raised in a year. One acre of land will produce three hundred dollars' worth

of Indigo. Half an acre may be made to grow half a ton of arrow-root.

The above considerations place the advantages of the proposed measure above all question; and its constitutionality, the Committee think, cannot be reasonably doubted. The Government has already a powerful steam navy, giving incidental encouragement to great commercial interests. In this instance, we have the additional motive of the suppression of the slave trade and the withdrawal of the African squadron. We have the authority of Mr. Jefferson, Chief Justice Marshall, and Mr. Madison, that the United States have power to establish colonies of free blacks on the coast of Africa, and it is to be observed that the first purchase in the colony of Liberia was made by the General Government.

This proposition involves no merely sectional considerations. It interferes with neither slavery nor emancipation, but is common, in its usefulness, to both the North and the South; for the removal of free blacks is a measure in which all sections and all interests are believed to be equally concerned.

The Committee propose that the line consist of three steamships, making monthly trips to Liberia, and touching on their return at certain points in Spain, Portugal, France, and England, thus;—one ship will leave New York every three months, touching at Savannah for freight and mails; one will leave Baltimore every three months, touching at Norfolk and Charleston for passengers, freight, and mails; and one will leave New Orleans every three months, with liberty to touch at any of the West India islands. On their return, they will touch at Gibraltar, with the Mediterranean mails; thence to Cadiz, or some other specified port in Spain; thence to Lisbon; thence to Brest; and thence to London—bringing mails from all those points to the United States.

Each ship is not to be less than 4,000 tons burden, and the cost of each not to exceed $900,000; the Government to advance by instalments two-thirds of the cost of construction, the advance to be made in five per cent. stocks, payable at the end of thirty years, and to be repaid by the contractors in equal annual instalments, beginning and ending with the service. The ships to be built under plans approved by the Secretary of the Navy, and to be so constructed as to be convertible, at the least possible expense, into war steamers of the first class. Each steamer is to be commanded by an officer of the navy, who, with four passed midshipmen, as watch officers, shall be accommodated in a manner suitable to their rank, without charge to the Government. The Secretary of the Navy, at all times, to have the right to place on board of each ship two guns of heavy ordnance, and the men necessary to serve them, to be provided for by the contractors.

The contractors are required to carry on each voyage, as many persons of color, not exceeding 25,000 for each trip, as the Colonization Society may send; the Society paying in advance $10 for each emigrant over twelve years of age, and $5 for each one under that age; these sums to include the transportation of baggage, and the daily supply of sailor's rations. The necessary agents of the Society or Government to be conveyed free of cost.

Two of the ships are to be ready within two and a half years, and the other within three years after the execution of the contract.

In compensation for the stipulations of this contract, which is to last fifteen years, the Government is to pay $40,000 for each and every trip.

The expense of running these ships, the Committee estimate as follows:

Interest on $2,700,000, (cost of three ships,) at 6 per cent.	$162,000
Wear and tear, and repairs, 10 per cent.	270,000
Insurance 7 per cent.	189,000
Cost of running the ships, $50,000 per voyage, 12 voyages per annum.	600,000
Total annual expense,	$1,221,000

PROFITS.

Estimating 1,500 passengers for each voyage, and 12 voyages per annum, we have 18,000 passengers. These $10 for adults, and $5 for children, may average a profit of $3 each, making	$54,000
Government pay	480,000
	$534,000
Balance of Government pay and and profit of emigrants,	$687,000

This calculation leaves the contractors an expense of $57,250 for each voyage, to be covered by the contingent profits of commerce. This the contractors whose memorial is now before Congress, feel assured of, and the committee do not doubt their confidence will be rewarded to a considerable extent.

JUNCTION OF THE ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC—(condensed from the Westminster Review.)—Numberless signs denote that Central America will be the theatre of some of the most remarkable changes likely to be wrought by advancing civilization, and the world is becoming alive to the fact. Statesmen, merchants, navigators, colonizers, and students of natural science, are at last awakened to its future importance; and a demand has arisen

for books and maps giving more thorough and general information concerning this remarkable country.

Until now, notwithstanding its solemn charm, the idea of a communication between the Atlantic and Pacific has been treated only as an interesting engineering problem. In reality, its practicability has long since been placed by the estimates of engineers beyond all doubt. But the capitalist, when appealed to by projectors, unconvinced as to whether the project would pay, has always replied with fears of its feasibility. From this has arisen the popular prejudice on this subject. Men of business were to be warmed into enthusiasm by the prospects of a future per centage, and not by sublime estimates of the influence of the enterprize on the destinies of the world. But with a demonstrable dividend before them, every mechanical difficulty would disappear, and the glories and the magnificence of the enterprize would be instantly revealed.

This result — the pecuniary success of the experiment—has been settled by the discovery of the wealth of California, and, in a shorter time than most persons are prepared to expect, not only a communication, but a choice of communications will be opened up. These will be respectively at Panama and Nicaragua; the former by railway and steamboat in the first instance, and ultimately by railway entirely; the latter chiefly by steamboat in the first instance, and ultimately by a complete canal both for steamboats and sailing vessels.

The Panama line is to consist of a railroad from Navy Bay on the Atlantic to Panama on the Pacific, at an estimated cost of $5,000,000. The portion of the line to be constructed first is twenty-two miles of road reaching from Panama to Gorgona at the head of navigation on the Chagres river. This can be completed for $1,000,000, and the shareholders will thus be in the receipt of revenue while the remainder is being finished. The whole of the latter amount has already been subscribed in New York; the entire line has been surveyed, and the grading of the distance from Panama to Gorgona contracted for, at $400,000, which is within the original estimate. The grant to the Company by the Republic of New Grenada, gives them an exclusive privilege for forty-nine years, subject to a right of redemption by the Republic at the end of twenty years on payment of $5,000,000; at the end of thirty years on payment of $4,000,000; and at the end of forty years on payment of $2,000,000. This privilege is to date from the completion of the road, for which eight years are allowed; and it is accompanied by a concession of exclusive harbor rights at the ports on each side, and also of the necessary land throughout the line, besides three hundred thousand acres in perpetuity for the purposes of colonization. The Company are to be allowed to import every thing necessary for the road and for the workmen engaged on it, free of duty; and are to be furnished by the Government with the assistance of three companies of sappers. The only obligation imposed as to the character of the road is that it shall be capable of transporting passengers from one ocean to the other in the space of twelve hours.

On this route, a line can be laid down, not exceeding forty-six miles in length, with a summit of less than three hundred feet above the level of the sea, and with curvatures having no where a radius of less than fifteen hundred feet. Native workmen can be obtained, whose training, though at first difficult, is ultimately successful. The engineers, in fact, bringing with them a large number of natives, habituated to this species of labor, from the state of New Granada. And, as the climate presents no obstacles, arrangements for obtaining foreign labor will be made.*

The explorations of this survey have led to the discovery of large groves of mahogany, and rich mineral deposits, the knowledge of which will be highly important to the Company in locating lands under their grant. The island of Manyanilla is the terminus of the railway on the Atlantic side, and the harbor is described as perfectly accessible and safe in all seasons and winds, and able to contain three hundred sail.

The second line which may now be considered definitely arranged, is that of a ship canal in connexion with the lakes of Nicaragua. By the contract made August 1849, between the State of Nicaragua and the Atlantic and Pacific Ship Canal Company of New York, the canal is to be finished in twelve years. The Company to pay the State $10,000 for the ratification of the contract; $10,000 more annually, till the completion of the work; and to make a donation of their stock to the amount of $20,000. When completed, the State is to receive one fifth of the net profits for twenty years, and

* We notice in a New Orleans paper of Aug. 1st., that a body of one hundred men had just left that port for Navy Bay, being the advance guard of laborers to commence operations on the railroad. Every thing in the way of material, tools, supplies, etc., has gone forward, and it is expected that a force of five hundred men will follow in a few weeks. We understand that with a view to facilitate travel and transportation, the route is to be graded and a plank road laid for the whole distance, which can be promptly completed and kept in operation until the regular railroad is finished, In a very short time the whole distance from ocean to ocean can be travelled in comparatively a few hours, and with greatly lessened expense.—*Ed. Whig Rev.*

afterwards one quarter. It is also to have ten per cent. on the profits of any minor line of communication the Company might open during the progress of the grand work. The first payment of $10,000 has been made.

In return the privileges bestowed on the Company are the exclusive right of constructing the canal, and of inland steam navigation; grants likewise are to be made of eight sections of land on the banks of the canal, each section to be six miles square.

In 1835, when the project of the Nicaragua canal was first put forward in England, the cost was estimated at £4,000,000. This estimate, considered large at the time and rendered still more so now, in consequence of the depreciation of the value of capital and materials, will hardly be considered as under the mark. Taking the business done on the canal at 900,000 tons, and the toll then contemplated being 10s. for European and 20s. for United States vessels, the whole would produce about £600,000, which, after leaving two per cent, for maintenance and one per cent. for sinking fund, would yield a return of twelve per cent. on the capital.

These estimates are extremely vague;—too much reliance was placed on the change of route to India; and the proposed difference of toll on American ships would never have been tolerated. But since these calculations were made, the traffic with South America, Australia, and New Zealand has greatly increased, and, above all, California and its mines have been discovered.

While the Panama railway will take the whole of the passengers for the western ports of South America, the Nicaragua route by the distance it saves, must command the entire traffic with California. The increasing emigration to that country, the fact that the emigration is a shifting one, flowing and returning, the inexhaustible nature of the mines, the consequent profits of labor and the certainty that this colonization will continue until the value of labor there is lowered, all serve to prove the certainty of the successful operation of this work. The growing importance of Oregon must not be overlooked, nor the crowd of small steamers that will rapidly accumulate in the Pacific from the smoothness of its waters and the abundance of the easily worked coal of Vancouver's Island.

The distance from San Juan on the Atlantic, by the river San Juan, to the lake of Nicaragua is one hundred and four miles; from the lake to the Pacific there are three different routes, the best of which remains to be determined, though none of them present any great natural difficulty. One runs from the Southwestern point of the lake to the port of San Juan del Sur, the extent of which would be fifteen miles, with an elevation to be overcome, in one part, of four hundred and fifty seven feet. Another route which has been proposed but not surveyed, is from the same part of the lake to the port of Las Salinas, lying within the boundary claimed by Costa Rica. This is about the same length, and presents no greater elevation than one of two hundred and seventy feet. A third proposal is, to proceed from the northern part of the lake by the river Tipitipa, twenty miles in length to the smaller lake called Lake Leon, and thence by a canal of eleven miles, through a district which offers no greater rise than fifty one feet, to the river Zosta, which communicates at eighteen miles distance with the port of Realejo. Should the impulse received from California give commerce a northward direction, this last route would be undoubtedly the most available one.

The certainty of these two routes of Panama and Nicaragua being speedily carried out in a more or less perfect degree, brings before the mind a glimpse of the great destinies of Central America. A strip of country scarcely one hundred and fifty miles in width, yet commanding the ocean intercourse with Europe on one side and with Asia on the other, favorable to health, and abounding, at the same time, with every natural product that can be found distributed elsewhere between Scotland and the tropics, containing besides two calm yet deep and extensive lakes, that seem, as we look upon them in the map, like huge natural docks in the centre of the world, intended to receive the riches of a universal commerce,—and we are forced to find here the future seat of a vast dominion.

Central America, no one can doubt, possesses all the essentials to attract a dense and vigorous population. The researches of travellers show that it was once largely peopled by an aboriginal race of a remarkable character; and the size of its principal towns and its architectural remains, manifest comparative prosperity under the old Spanish rule. Leon, the principal city of Nicaragua was formerly very opulent, and contained 50,000 inhabitants; while now it has only one-third of that number, and the principal part of the place is in ruins. This is owing to incessant revolutionary contests, invariably got up by a handful of military vagabonds, who would be swept away in the course of four and twenty hours, if a hundred Englishmen or Americans were in the district to stimulate the well-disposed to confidence.

The health of Central America even now is decidedly above the medium order; and as the country is opened, and means afforded to the inhabitants to take advantage of its varieties of climate, there is little doubt but that, in spite of its tropical position, it will be more than ordinarily salubrious

In point of riches it is hard to decide which of the different States has the greatest capabilities. In the plain of Nicaragua the fields are covered with grass, studded with noble trees and herds of cattle. Cocoa, indigo, rice, Indian corn, bananas and cotton are here produced, and mahogany, cedar and pine abound in the forests. There are farms on which are herds of from 10,000 to 40,000 head of cattle. It is thought that with the same labor sugar can be manufactured at one-fourth of its cost in the West Indies. Mineral riches abound in the mountains. As you leave the lakes and descend the San Juan, each bank of the river is covered with valuable wood of all sizes and descriptions, and the land is of prodigious fertility.

Surrounding Nicaragua are the States of Costa Rica, San Salvador, Guatemala and Honduras. In Costa Rica, as in Nicaragua, the soil is singularly productive; and all the articles peculiar to intertropical regions are grown in abundance, except cochineal, cotton, and the vine, which are liable to be destroyed by the periodical rains. Coffee is the staple export, and, as well as indigo, tobacco and cocoa, which are also produced, is remarkable for its quality. Woods, drugs, grain, fruits, poultry, form part of the commerce of this little republic. Mines of gold, copper, and coal have been found, though at present neglected. The population amounts to 100,000, 10,000 of whom are Indians. The trade is carried on almost exclusively with England in British bottoms; but the shipments taking place on the Pacific side, the tedious route by Cape Horn is a serious drawback. San Jose, the capital, is 4,500 feet above the level of the sea, and from this a cart-road of seventy-two miles leads to the port of Punta Arenas. Costa Rica is the only one of the republics of Central America, that for any lengthened period, has been free from anarchy, and the result is that she is steadily advancing to prosperity.

The State of Salvador is the smallest of the five republics, but relatively the most populous, the number of her inhabitants being 280,000, and her natural resources and position on the Pacific is admirable. She has, however, been incessantly ravaged with internal discord, and the enterprize of her citizens discouraged by the exorbitant contributions to which men of wealth are subjected. The chief production of San Salvador is indigo, but she has also the highest capabilities for tobacco, coffee, sugar, and cotton. Gold, and rich silver mines, copper, lead, and iron ores, are found in different parts, and would produce abundantly with the encouragement a steady Government would give to their working.

The State of Honduras has a population of 236,000, and possesses excellent capacities, both in soil and climate, but is chiefly remarkable as a mining district. It contains gold and silver mines, long neglected, owing to the ruin and insecurity occasioned by the constant revolutions. Lead and copper, also, in various combinations, as well as opals, emeralds, asbestos, and cinnabar. An abundance of timber and dye-woods is likewise found, and vast herds of almost profitless cattle range over its wild lands.

Guatemala has a population of 600,000, and nearly all the surface of the State is mountainous. From its salubrity, extent of available lands, and quality of soil and climate, it is peculiarly adapted for European immigration. Excellent maize, wheat, and rice, are raised; the tropical fruits and vegetables are good, and in great variety; while European fruits and leguminous plants are equal to those raised in higher latitudes.

Convention with Great Britain.—The following is a carefully digested abstract, prepared for this journal, of the articles of convention between the United States of America and Her Britannic Majesty:

The Nicaragua Treaty, as ratified by the Governments of the United States and Great Britain was exchanged and promulgated at Washington on the fourth of July, 1850. This treaty provides for the establishment of a communication between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, by means of a ship canal, to be constructed by way of the river San Juan de Nicaragua, and either or both of the lakes of Nicaragua or Managua, to any port or place on the Pacific ocean:

Article I. of this treaty provides that the Governments of the United States and Great Britain will, neither the one nor the other, obtain or maintain exclusive control over this canal; that neither will occupy, fortify, colonise, or assume dominion over any part of Nicaragua, Costa Rica, the Mosquito coast, or any part of Central America; and that neither Government will take advantage of any alliance or influence that either may possess with any of the states or territories through which the said canal may pass, to acquire for the citizens or subjects of the one, any privileges which shall not be offered, on the same terms, to the citizens or subjects of the other.

Article II. provides that vessels of the United States or Great Britain, traversing said canal, shall, in case of war, be exempted from blockade, detention, or capture by either of the belligerents: and this provision shall extend to such a distance from the two ends of the said canal as may hereafter be found expedient to establish.

Article III. provides that if any parties shall undertake the construction of said canal with the authority of the local governments through whose territory it shall pass, their property used for this object shall receive the protection, from violence or confiscation, of the Governments of the United States and Great Britain.

Article IV. provides that both Governments shall use their influence with the local Governments to further the construction of this canal. And furthermore that they shall use their good offices, whenever it may be most expedient, to procure the establishment of two free ports, one at each end of this canal.

Article V. provides that, on the completion of the canal, both parties shall guarantee its protection from interruption or unjust confiscation, so that the capital invested shall be secure, and the canal remain forever open and free, and its neutrality secure. But this guarantee of security and neutrality is conditional, and may be withdrawn by both or either of the Governments, should the persons or company controlling it make unfair discriminations in favor of the commerce of either of the contracting parties, or make oppressive regulations concerning passengers, vessels or merchandise. Neither party shall, however, withdraw such protection without six months notice to the other.

Article VI. provides that the contracting parties in this convention engage to invite every State, with which either holds friendly intercourse, to enter with them into these stipulations. They also agree to enter into treaty stipulations with such of the Central American States as may be deemed advisable, to carry out the more effectually the design of this convention; and to lend mutual assistance in carrying out such treaties; and should difficulties arise between the local Governments as to right of property over the territory through which said canal shall pass, and such differences should in any way impede the construction of the canal, the Governments of the United States and Great Britain shall use their good offices to settle such differences so as shall best promote the interests of said canal.

Article VII. provides that, to save time in the commencement of this work, the contracting parties shall give their support and encouragement to such persons or company as shall first offer to undertake the same, with the necessary capital, the consent of the local authorities, and on such principles as shall agree with the spirit and intention of this convention. And if any persons have already a contract with any of the local Governments, to the stipulations of which neither of the contracting parties shall have just cause of objection, and such persons have expended time and money in preparation, they shall have priority of claim, and shall be allowed a year from the date of the exchange of the ratifications of this treaty, for concluding their arrangements, and presenting evidence of sufficient capital subscribed.

Article VIII. provides that, the object of this convention being not only to accomplish a particular purpose, but also to establish a general principle, the Governments of the United States and Great Britain agree to extend their protection to any other practicable communications, whether by canal or railway, between the Atlantic and Pacific, and especially those now proposed to be established by way of Tehuantepec and Panama. In granting, however, their joint protection to such canals or railways as are by this article specified, it is understood that the parties constructing the same shall make no other charges or conditions of traffic than the Governments of the United States and Great Britain shall consider equitable; and that the canal shall be open to the citizens and subjects of every other State, which is willing to grant such protection as the aforesaid Governments engage to afford.

Assault upon Haynau, the Austrian Butcher, in London.—Yesterday morning, shortly before twelve o'clock, three foreigners, one of whom wore long moustachios, presented themselves at the brewery of Messrs. Barclay & Co., for the purpose of inspecting the establishment. According to the regular practice of visiters, they were requested to sign their names in a book in the office, after which they crossed the yard with one of the clerks. On inspecting the visiters' book, the clerk discovered that one of the visiters was no other than General Haynau, the late commander of the Austrian forces during the Hungarian war. It became known all over the brewery in less than two minutes; and before the general and his companions had crossed the yard, nearly all the laborers and draymen were out with brooms and dirt, shouting out, "Down with the Austrian butcher," and other epithets of rather an alarming nature to the General. He was soon covered with dirt, and, perceiving some of the men about to attack him, ran into the street to Bankside, followed by a large mob, consisting of the brewer's men, coal heavers, and others, armed with all sorts of weapons, with which they belabored the General. He ran, in a frantic manner, along Bankside, until he came to the George public house, when, forcing the doors open, he rushed in, and proceeded up stairs into one of the bed-rooms. The furious mob rushed in after him, threatening to do for the "Austrian butcher," but fortunately for him, the house is very old-fashioned, and contains a vast number of doors, which were all forced open except that of the room in which the General was concealed. The mob increased at that time to several hundreds, and it was with great difficulty that the police rescued him from their hands, and got the General out of the house. A police galley was at the wharf at the time, into which he was taken, and rowed towards Somerset House, amidst the shouts and execrations of the mob.—*London Times.*

There are few that will read this account of well-administered Lynch law in England, without wishing well to the honest fellows that did good service to the cause of humanity. Haynau had carried out in Hungary the instructions of his vindictive Government. The Austrians, when they called upon Russia for assistance, had been completely checked and beaten back by the Hungarian forces. Both the Government and its General had consequently a private account of animosity to settle with this unfortunate people, and strictly did his sanguinary nature exact it to the last drop of blood. His career was watched with shuddering both in this country and in Europe. Deeds were heard of that would shame a North American Indian, for, even among savages, *women* were spared public punishment and torture.

But now thrust out of the presence of men, and in disgrace with his own government who have kicked aside their worthless tool, his fate serves one good purpose, as a sign of the times. Universal Peace Societies and the extinction of war, may be nothing, but the dream or amusement of philanthropists; but there is nothing Utopian in the *fact* that mitigation of the atrocities of war has kept uninterrupted face with the progress of civilization. From the Feegee cannibal who roasts and eats his foe, and the red man, more humane, who roasts without eating, up to the modern prisoner of war, who goes at large on parole, there has been a steady improvement in the treatment of captives. The cruelties of Russia in Poland, and of Austria in Hungary, made doubtful for a while the permanency, and even the reality, of this improvement. Not a cabinet Europe raised its voice agginst the barbarians that filled with desolation the plains of Western Europe, and repeated the dark days of the infancy of its nations; making true a second time the lament of the Sclavonian poet, that its soil was "cut up by the tramp of horses, fertilized by human blood, and white with bones,—where sorrow grew abundantly."

But courts and cabinets are no longer the sole controllers of events. Humanity has at last learnt the republican lesson of fighting its own battles. From the unpremeditated nature of the attack on General Haynau, the rapidity with which a mob gathered when his presence became known, and the little sympathy shewn for the General by the British press, we have reason to think that if Lord Palmerstone had vigorously and peremptorily remonstrated with the Austrian Government for its treatment of the Hungarian insurgents, he would have been upheld by the voice of the whole nation. We have seen how his interference saved Kossuth and his companions from their clutches. And we see, from the present occasion, how a still more generous course would have given him a wider and more lasting popularity than any selfish policy, however successful, could have gained. Russia, however strong for the future, is at present hardly able to make good the bold and domineering attitude she assumes; for like all young countries, she lacks the sinews of war—money. Austria, always has been, and must be, a weak and ill-cemented monarchy;—and she is now completely impoverished by her efforts in suppressing the Hungarian insurrection. Backed up by Russia, she is tyranical, as weakness always is when resting on the strength of others. But neither of these powers, nor both of them, would dare to stand out against the universal sentiment of the east of Europe; with revolutionary Germany between, eager to cast the sword into the balance.

We may find something then, in the spirit which prompted the coal-heavers and porters of London, to drive out from among them such a wretch as Haynau, which will teach a lesson to tyrants, and give uneasiness even to Czar Nicholas in the midst of his Tartar hordes.

The London Times endeavors to extenuate the cruelties of the Austrians in Hungary, and gives a list of the executions authorised by the Hungarian leaders, and of the excesses of the peasantry in the earlier days of the insurrection. The Times is the Government organ, and winces benhath the rebuke administered by this movement of the London populace to the lukewarmness of the Cabinet. For what parallel is there beneath the first ill-directed fury of an outraged people, bursting into revolution, and the organized and cold-blooded malignancy of its conquerors? The very fact of revolution bears complete evidence of tyrannical rule, for *nations* never fight for theories. Despotic governments may create armies, or a prosperous people may use the superabundance of its energies in war; but a truly national war, in which the whole population is aroused, and the father, the son, and the grandsire fight shoulder to shoulder, is never seen but for dire cause. Before the old man will leaee his rest, or the man of middle years his ease, wrongs and insults must be piled high around every individual. He must feel the tyranny on his back, in his pocket, on his table, and in the pale faces of his children. Hope must forsake him, and death must wear a friendly face to him, and retaliation against the local instruments of his oppression will ever be his first thought.

But, were the crimes of the insurgents fifty times as great, (and we notice in the list no instance of the flogging of women,) it would give no justification of the subsequent inhuman treatment by the Austrians of a subjugated country. To decimate a whole people for the crimes of a small portion of it, is not punishment, nor even revenge, but the blind rage of a wild beast, which rends whatever stands in its path. The fact is, the course of the Austrians in Hungary is a feeble imitation of the terrible policy of Russia in Poland. To crush the life and heart out of the people by a steady, unrelenting severity, to cut down all who, by their talents, give promise of raising their countrymen from their bondage, to spread dismay and horror, and to check rebellion, by making too sure the dreadful reward of failure, is a lesson of barbarous expediency that Vienna has learnt from St. Petersburg.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

The *Lorgnette;* or Studies of the Town by an Opera-goer. Second edition, set off with Darley's designs. New York: Printed for Stringer & Townsend. 1850.

The author of this little work seems not only to have been an opera-goer but to have gone everywhere; and one of the few faults we have to find with his agreeable pages is, that he *shows* rather too much knowledge of Paris and London. An unexplained allusion to the Surrey Gardens or Boivins in the Rue de la Paix is unbecoming in an essay written for New York or Boston, and is so much of a departure from the purity of the Addisonian essay. The topics of this work are of such circumstances and phases of life as fall under the observation of a genteel travelled bachelor, living at his leisure from lodging to lodging, and dipping into various "sets" of society with a spirit of criticism not severe or ill-natured, but something betwixt the man of the world blazé, and the philosophic moralist degagé, or of no religion.

New York Ladies; Fashionable people; Lions; Modes of getting into Society; the Opera; Family and Ancestors, and the various polished follies of the town pass in succession before the *foci* of this gentleman's opera-glass; and he comments upon all easily, elegantly and sometimes humorously and wittily. He is well read, one might guess, in Theophrastus and La Bruyére, and has a copy of Rabelais in his book-case—perhaps. He is not unfamiliar with the classics, and is possibly an excellent French scholar, though to decide upon this point with certainty would be as impossible as to determine whether Addison was as well read in Greek as in Bayle's Dictionary. We are acquainted with but one writer, known to the public, whose style in the least resembles that of the author of the "Lorgnette" but there seems to be no impossibility that *two* such authors should exist together in the Universe.

Mr. Lorgnette has handled critics with such humor and delicacy and such an anticipative scorn, we feel nervous of meddling with him. He has not indeed abused us or our Journal, nor even named us slightingly, a neglect for which, as small author and critic, we feel bound to show some little indignation, and do hereby formally discover it, as a matter of course.

The Lorgnette is a book written for men of taste and observation, and for ladies in good society, and we discover nothing to bar its popularity among polished and sensible people every where, unless it be a dash of moralism which occasionly makes its appearance and produces an odd sensation such as one might feel at seeing Mr. Greeley in an opera-box. We unwittingly gave our promise to the polite and sensible publisher to say something good of his book before we had read it, but after reading two-thirds of it in an evening, with almost unqualified satisfaction, we confess ourselves in a mood of thanks for not having been obliged by a hasty promise to speak well of a work which we do not like. The Lorgnette we do like, both for its style and its intent; and believe that it will be as useful as a corrective and polisher of republican manners and morals, as it is agreeable for its ridicule of the follies and absurdities of the time.

Mr. Darley's illustrations, especially the one which represents a literary lion, the King of beasts, and prince of bores, writing autographs, are a worthy and humorous accompaniment for the essays.

Languages and Literature of the Slavic Nations. With a sketch of their popular Poetry: By Talvi, with a Preface by Edward Robinson, Author of "Biblical Researches in Palestine." New York: George G. Putnam. 1850.

The contents of this volume are sufficiently indicated by its title. As we have by us, in manuscript, an elaborate review of it, which will shortly appear, it seems unnecessary for us to speak critically of it on the present occasion.

Five Years of a Hunter's Life in the Far Interior of South Africa: With Notices of the Native Tribes, and anecdotes of the chase of the Lion, Elephant, Hippopotamus, Giraffe, Rhinoceros, &c. By Ronaleyn Gordon Cumming, Esq., of Altyre: With Illustrations. Harper & Brothers. New York: 1850.

This very extraordinary book has been quoted without comment and apparently without suspicion,—whatever comes from England being of course above suspicion—by the most discriminating prints of the day. From internal evidence chiefly of a moral character, we judge it to have been written in London, by some author of much less skill and imagination than Dr. Mayo, the author of Kaloola, and who was perhaps never out of England. It is a narrative of most extraordinary adventures conceivable. Bruce's Abyssynia is nothing to it, and for impudent composure and audacity of narrative exceeds everything we have ever seen, even from the pen of the redoubtable

John Bull himself. Had the author been a Titan or a Centuar and his weapons furnished him from an armory of Dives or Genii, he could not have accomplished greater wonders in the destruction of lions, snakes and elephants. If the narrative of this author be true, he is the Nimrod of Hunters, if false, he is the Nimrod liars.

Lives of Eminent, Literary and Scientific Men of America. By James Wynne, M. D. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 1850.

A moderate octavo volume, containing lives of Franklin, Edwards, Fulton, Marshall, Ritterhouse and Whitney. A volume well suited for country circulating libraries; comprehensive and cheap. The typography is elegant. We cannot pronounce upon the execution of the work.

Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Romaa Empire. With Milman's Notes.

The House of Harper & Brothers have now issued the sixth volume of this magnificent and inimitable History. It is an elegant and satisfactory library edition; with a very full general index, and by no means expensive.

Margaret Percival in America. A Tale. Edited by a New England Minister. Being a sequel to "Margaret Percival," a Tale, edited by Rev. William Sewell. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1850.

This seems to be a Protestant effort to turn the tables upon an English Puseyite; and defends the liberty of the American churches.

The Recent Progress of Astronomy; especially in the United States. By Elias Loomis, Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, in the University of New York. Harper & Brothers: New York. 1850.

Professor Loomis is well known in the scientific world of America, as one of our most accurate and learned savans. It is a patriotic and creditable effort on the part of Prof. Loomis to show the present state of Astronomical science in America, and what has been done by our own faithful and ingenious Astronomers.

George Castriot, surnamed Scanderbeg, King of Albania.

This is a reproduction of the history of Scanderbeg, by Jaques Labardin, which was translated into English in 1596. Labardin's history, in the present work, has been concentrated by rendering the language more concise, and leaving out matters unimportant to the progress of the story. The hero, Scanderbeg, resisted, with a small army, twenty-three years, the power of the Ottoman Empire, under Amarath the Second, and his greater son. It is considered to be a part of genuine history.

Elements of Natural Philosophy. By W. H. C. Bartlett, L. L. D., Professor of Natural and Experimental Philosophy, at West Point. Section First—Mechanics. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York: H. W. Derby & Co., Cincinnati. 1850.

The present volume is the first of three, which its author is preparing for academies and colleges; and embraces the subject of mechanics, — the groundwork of Natural Philosophy. Everything has been added, in its preparation, to ensure a complete treatise of mechanics for college and library. It is a large octavo volume, printed in the improved style of American books. The type leaded, neat and clear; the illustrations finely drawn and simple.

Reminiscences of Congress. By Charles W. March. New York: Baker & Scribner.— 1850.

This work is, in fact, the history of the brilliant Congressional career of Dauiel Webster, and his friends and antagonists, during the days of nullification. It is a work, in this country, unique in character, and, of its kind, unequalled in execution, and may be regarded as one of the most brilliant productions of the day. Every page of it is interesting, and the reader must not suppose that the extracts given in the daily prints on the first appearance of this book, being read, serve either to diminish its value or lessen its interest.

The Ichonographic Encyclopedia. Rudolph Garigue. New York.

Another number of this inestimable work, which we have already repeatedly and favorably noticed.

Dictionary of Mechanics and Engine Work.

This splendid work of the Appletons, has now reached the letter G., and continues, thus far, to maintain the unequalled elegance and value of its first numbers. No expense is spared by the publishers on illustrations.

Disturnell's Railroad, Steamboat, and Telegraph Book. Being a Guide through the Northern, Middle, and Eastern States and Canada. Giving also the great lines of Travel South and West, and the Ocean Steam Packet Arrangements. With Tables of Distances, Telegraph Lines, and Charges. Lists of Hotels, &c., &c., together with a Map of the United States and Canada. J. Disturnell, 137 Broadway, and the Booksellers generally.

The publisher of this indispensable little work laid upon our table, a few days since, a new colored Map of the United States, including all the Territories, with the boundaries of Utah, Texas, New Mexico, and California, laid down tastefully and accurately, as the boundaries have been lately fixed by acts passed in Congress. This Colored Map of Disturnell's is the only complete one extant of our States and Territories.

Shakspeare's Dramatic Plays. Boston: Phillips, Samson & Co. 1850.

The twenty-third number of the Boston Shakspeare, with a splendid ideal Portrait of Queen Margaret, in Henry Sixth.

History of Pendennis. By THACKERAY. Harper & Brothers: New York.

The sixth number of Thackeray's best novel, which will be completed in seven numbers.

Domestic History of the American Revolution. By Mrs. ELLET, author of "The Women of the Revolution." New York: Baker & Scribner. 1850.

The object of this work is to exhibit the spirit and character of the Revolutionary period, to portray, as far as possible, in so brief a record, the social and domestic condition of the times, and the state of feeling among the people. It is a book of Revolutionary anecdote, digested in the order of History.

The Bible and Civil Government: In a course of Lectures. By J. M. MATHEWS, D. D. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers. 1850.

The author of this work, an accomplished and dignified clergyman of New York, and sometime Chancellor of the University in that city, has discovered in its composition and style the same elegance and urbanity that mark his manners and his character. Of the importance of the work one may judge by the subjects treated of: Civil government among the Hebrews; Influence of emigration on national character; Education indispensable to civil freedom; Agriculture auxiliary to civil freedom. These lectures were delivered a year since before such a dignified audience as can be assembled only at the City of Washington. Dr. Mathews was encouraged in attempting his work by several distinguished statesmen who remarked to him on the injurious tendency of the age, which seeks to separate political and divine justice.

In the opening lecture the proposition is advanced, that not only is civil government the ordinance of God, but that "the essential principles of civil freedom carry the seal of his authority." In communicating the great principles of government to the Hebrews, through their prophets and wise men, the Creator of the world communicated the same to all his children; not indeed in any particular form, but in spirit only. Civil liberty is founded in divine justice. "The principles of stable and equitable government form one of the most complicated of human sciences. None but comprehensive and enlightened minds can fully understand them. The wise and great men who were the fathers of our Republic found the application of them long after they had been tried elsewhere, to be a work which tasked their powers as statesmen to the utmost." From the darkness and the barbarism of the Hebrew people, our author argues that they must have come into the possession of their political freedom through the peculiar favor of God, communicated to them through his immediate servants.

The author dwells, in his third lecture, upon the happy and wise construction of the Hebrew Commonwealth, and of its favorable influence upon surrounding heathen nations. He compares our own people with them; instances our enduring strength and activity, our unity of sentiment, our elastic, enterprising, spirit, our consciousness of the great work in which we have been engaged; and indirectly inculcates the necessity of bearing steadily in mind the grandeur of our destiny and the real divineness of the principles which lie at the foundations of our state.

The fourth lecture dwells upon the means of education in the Hebrew commonwealth, and the importance attached to their literature by the sacred writers and rulers of the Hebrews. The Hebrews were, and have always been, since the foundation of their government, an educated people; for the most part highly and seriously educated. Our author makes application to ourselves, of much that is found in Scripture touching this point.

The fifth lecture treats of agriculture as an auxiliary to civil freedom, and as a source of wealth; the necessary foundation of national prosperity and strength.

He describes the rich and careful agriculture of the Hebrew people, from which they derived almost their entire wealth. It made their country like a continued garden; the very rocks being covered with mould to produce vegetation; and the hills tilled to their highest summits. He speaks of the care taken of the poor; of provison for poor debtors; of the "Exemption of the Homestead" as illustrated by similar provisions in the Hebrew laws. The general observations of our author, in this lecture, on the right kind of public economy and statesmanship, are given with a peculiar beauty and clearness of style, which indeed marks the entire work.

Billiards without a Master, illustrated by fifty-five copper-plate engravings, &c. By MICHAEL PHELAN. New York: published by D. D. Winant, 71 Gold street. 1850.

Reader! Billiard-playing reader, dost thou know "Michael"—not the arch-angel, but "Michael"; the illustrious "Michael" who has discovered more knacks and ways of solving the problem of the "resolution of forces" than any man since the days of Archimedes; who beats Vauban hollow in giving circuitous motions to projectiles; who could teach Carnot the organizer, to shoot round corners, and who, superior to any statesman or warrior known to history or us, when the balls are flying about him is never without his cue? Well, Michael has become an author—laid down his white stick for the nonce, and pen in hand, proceeds with most artistic ease, to knock about paper bullets of the brain, to "cannon," or as he will have it, *carrom* his ideas on yours, and the public's, if you or it have any, and

will pocket, we hope, many a literary ace thereby. An author, has "Michael" become indeed, and an author of no ordinary stamp. To him the whole universe, the rolling of worlds, "the music of the spheres," the fall of dynasties, the catastrophes of politics, all is a "game of billiards." From his infancy to this hour, his whole mind, and a mind it is of singular clearness and grasp, his whole soul, and a generous, good soul as ever was in the world it is, have been concentrated on four ivory balls and a white stick; and they have won for him, or he has won for them, immortality, celebrity transcendent, wide as civilization and infinitely more harmless. The immortality of the most exquisite billiard player in this or any other continent.

Here, in the book before us, we have his experiences. They are written in a clear, easy, fluent, and unpretending style, admirably suited to his purpose. As a scientific curiosity, the book is matchless. You could not, until you read it, possibly fancy how a man could discover so many extraordinary and out of the way modes of going direct to a point. You may throw your hat or coat on the table, build a wall of brick across it from cushion to cushion, or even drive a Shetland pony and carriage over it—he will circumvent the coat, make his ball leap the wall to descend after the fashion of Carnot's vertical fire, and roll it through and about, every foot of the pony with a single blow, and with a supreme and easy contempt for the difficulties which beset him. His plans and modes of doing so are here laid down before us, engraved and explained, so that the merest novice can, by the aid of this work alone, attain in a very short time, proficiency. In fact any man who will venture hereafter to call himself a billiard player without having read "Michael's" "Without a Master," deserves to be laughed at in a billiard room, and meet the scorn of a discerning public. We welcome Mr. Phelan to the literary world, and heartily commend his book to all our readers.

Three Years in California. By Rev. Walter Colton, U. S. N., late Alcaide of Monterey, New York: A. L. Barnes & Co. 1850. Illustrated.

To us, this is the most agreeable book on California that we have yet seen. It conveys to *our* minds at least, a better account of the great phenomenon of the age, than any other, though we must confess to a knowledge of but a few of them. The work is in the form of a personal diary, commencing before the declaration of war with Mexico, or at least before it was known in California. It gives a better idea of the country and the preliminary operations to its acquisition than we have elsewhere seen. The capacity of the soil, the manners and customs of the inhabitants, &c., previous to the grand discovery of the precious dross that has absorbed all other considerations, are portrayed by Mr. Colton's lively pen in a most graphic and agreeable manner. The book is gotten up in a beautiful style and is illustrated by portraits of the more distinguished of the enterprising men who have given the new empire a start, as well as admirably drawn and lively sketches of scenes and incidents of a humorous kind. The book is well worth possessing.

Auto-Biography of Leigh Hunt. 2 vols. 12mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Lovers of literature and literary gossip will find a rich treat in these two volumes. Hunt is the connecting link between the literary men of the present and the last generation, and there seems to be nothing better adapted to his character of mind, vivacious style, and somewhat egotistical habit of thought, than just such a personal and literary history as the one before us. Readers not carried away by the charm of his vivacity and unfailing *good-heartedness*, will perceive a somewhat ostentatious benevolence of sentiment, and a too ad-captandum method of insisting upon the theological dogma on which his intellect relies in support of his natural disposition. He will have numerous readers who need not be warned, that the great question has been otherwise settled.

Latter Day Pamphlets. Edited by Thomas Carlyle. No. 8. *Jesuitism.* Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

This number of the Latter Day Pamphlets is a violent attack upon Jesuitism in every shape; which our author defines as a kind of moral pruriency, more insatiable and more wicked than even the grossest sensual desire, and which leads, by an inevitable result, to every degree of hypocrisy and falsehood;—as a system, or rather, as vice leading to a system, which ends in the substitution of the false for the true, and of slavery and baseness for freedom and sincerity, in every part of life. This pamphlet is marked by all the peculiarities of the author's style, and notwithstanding great brilliancy and power, wearies by the excess of those peculiarities.

Unity of the Human Races Proved to be the Doctrine of Scripture, Reason, and Science. With a Review of the present position and theory of Professor Agassiz. By the Rev. Thomas Smith, D. D. New York: George P. Putnam. 1850.

This work is claimed by those who have examined it, to be a successful vindication of the assumed Scripture doctrine of the unity of the human race. We commend it to our readers, as the representative of that side of the question which it is held most important to defend. It is a small octavo volume; not expensive.

In arguing this question from the Scripture point of view, it is necessary,

1. To prove that the Scriptures of the Old Testament affirm, clearly, and undeniably, and conclusively, and with a view to the establishment of this very doctrine, the unity of all races of men; in order to establish which it is necessary to show, contrary to the opinion of many eminent Divines and Rabbins, that the story of Adam and Evo is a literal and not a parabolic narrative; and that the narrative of the Deluge is to be accepted, not as a poem or song illustrating the early dealings of God

with the human race, but as an exact and scientific history, written by a Seer, inspired not only with divine thought, but with a correct geological theory. The difficulties in the way of such a demonstration are immense. What success its defenders have hitherto met with, we leave our readers to determine, after an examination of the work before us. For our own part we will never admit, no, not for an instant, that the eternal salvation of the human race can be made to depend upon the skill of a Hebrew grammarian.

Poems. By H. W. Parker. Auburn: N. Alden. 1850.

Several of Mr. Parker's poems, such as "The vision of Shelly's Death," "The Shadow," and that very beautiful piece, "The Loom of Life," having appeared in the American Whig Review, it is not necessary for us to say, that we think they will give pleasure to our readers. Criticism from us, under the circumstances, would be unbecoming.

The same volume contains several prose papers, entitled "New Wonders of the Mammoth Cave," "An Under-Ground Railroad," "Von Blitzen's Experiment," and others, with some of which our readers are already familiar. As a tale writer and a versifier Mr. Parker is equally successful. His manner is elegant and pleasing, his versification, and his prose, pure and harmonious. He is a writer, fanciful and sweet, and an amiable and kindly spirit distinguishes his writings.

Impressions and Experiences of the West Indies and North America. By Robert Baird, A. M., Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard, 1850.

This work contains important observations on slavery and the slave trade in Cuba, and the British West Indies. To those who are interested in that subject, that is to say, to every intelligent man in the nation, this little book of Mr. Baird's containing the information collected in it may be considered important.

Travels in Siberia, with excursions Northward, down the Obi to the Polar Circle, and Southward to the Chinese Frontier. By Adolph Erman. Translated from the German by W. B. Cooley. In two volumes: Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard, 1850.

Mr. Erman, as a traveller, has been classed by great authority with Humboldt himself. His observations are minute, and with all that form of accuracy and care which distinguishes the works of German Travellers. It is a book from which to increase ones Geographical and anthropological knowledge. It is moreover abundantly interesting in the narrative, and well stocked with pleasing anecdotes.

Turkey and its Destiny; the result of journeys made in 1847 *and* 1848. By Charles McFarlane, Esq., author of "Constantinople in 1828." Two volumes octavo: Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard, 1850.

A sketchy and descriptive book of travels, which gives the personal impressions and feelings of the author, during a long residence and constant intercourse with the people in Turkey. There is no attempt in these volumes at breadth of style; everything is minutely related, and directly from the narrow front view. It raises a train of foreign and singular images, which pass before the eye like the movement of a motley caravan. The author endeavors to excite an immediate and personal interest to the persons, places, and things which he describes; and from a very superficial examination of the work, dipping here and there into it, he seems to us to have succeeded in his attempt.

The Illustrated Domestic Bible. By the Rev Ingraham Cobden, M. A., New York: Samuel Hueston, 139 Nassau st.

A magnificent quarto Bible, to be completed in twenty-five numbers. Some of these illustrations are the most useful of their kind that we have ever seen. They are beautifully executed drawings from the ancient monuments of Egypt and Mesopotamia, representing the customs and the manners of the people of antiquity. Others represent the scenery of Asia, Arabia, and Egypt.—Others are taken from Greek marbles, and all excellent and unexceptionable. It is an edition of the Scripture which we can safely recommend, for use in churches and in families.

Shakspeare's Dramatic Works. Philips, Sampson & Co's, Illustrated edition.

We have several times called the attention of our readers to this magnificent illustrated edition of Shakspeare's works. The 20th and 21st nos., lie upon our table, and are in no way inferior to those which have preceded them.

Appleton's Dictionary, of Mechanics, Engine Works and Engineering.

D. Appleton and Company continue to issue the successive number of their splendid and useful publication. We have already given our sincere opinion of its merits. We have received the 14th and 15th numbers—Price 25 cts. a number.

Miscellanies. By William R. Williams. New York: Edward H. Fletcher, 141 Nassau st.

Mr. Williams, a well known Baptist preacher of New York, and for learning, grace and modesty of character, one of the great ornaments of his Church, has embodied in this volume several elaborate essays, of a religious and literary character. The one entitled "The Conservative Principle in our Literature," an address delivered before a literary society, has raised the author's reputation as

a writer and a scholar, to a very high rank among men of his order. The style is elaborately beautiful, a model in its kind ; corrected with the most scrupulous care, and yet retaining great freedom and even eloquence. It shows almost unlimited learning, and a spirit aspiring and philanthropic, yet chastened with a remarkable modesty and earnestness. To those of our readers who are already familiar with the spoken discourses of this author, the above criticism will seem an unnecessary eulogy.

Mr. Dalton's Legatee—A Very Nice Woman. By Mrs. Stone. New York: Stringer & Townsend. 1850.

Although "Mr. Dalton's Legatee" properly belongs to a class of books for which we have no particular affection—the fashionable novels—yet it is one of the best of its kind. The plot is intricate and interesting, and the characters amusing and well sustained.

Stubbs Calendar, or the Fatal Boots. By W. M. Thackeray. Illustrated by Cruickshank. New York: Stringer & Townsend.

A re-print of an old and amusing tale. The illustrations are of course capital, and the book beautifully got up.

"*Europe Past and Present,*" a comprehensive Manual of European Geography and History, with separate descriptions and statistics of each State, and a copious index. By Francis H. Ungewitter, L. L. D. New York: G. P. Putnam. 1850.

This is, without exception, the most perfect and useful book of reference that we have ever met with in so small a compass. Every small State is described, aud its history, form of government, cities, products, &c, carefully noted. To the editors of our daily papers, who have been lately introduced to a vast number of new names in European geography, this book must be of great value.

The promise held forth in the title page is fully sustained in the volume ; and we may mention as a proof of this, that the index contains over ten thousand names. The "getting up" reflects much credit upon the publisher.

The Rebels, or Boston before the Revolution. By the author of "Hobomok." Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1850.

A pleasant book, introducing real characters, and describing real events in Boston, during the critical period which immediately proceeded our Revolution.

Among the characters the noted humorist Dr. Byles holds a prominent place, and is made the organ of many good, and some extremely bad witticisms, a portion of which tradition has handed down to us as the product of the Doctor's quizzical brain.

Although devoid of any pretentions to plot, the book is sufficiently amusing, and will repay the time spent in perusal.

Norvel Hastings, or the Frigate in the Offing. By a "Distinguished Novelist." Philadelphia: A. Hart. 1850.

"Distinguished novelists" not being much in the habit of hiding their lights under a bushel, we are inclined to believe this a misprint, and that "distinguished," should read "extinguished." The "distinguishing" mark of the book is an extreme and all-pervading thinness in the characters, plot, and volume itself. It is of the "Ingraham" variety of the "yellow cover" species of light literature.

The Initials; a story of modern life. Philadelphia: A. Hart. 1850.

"*Equal to Jane Eyre,*" says the publisher, upon the topmost verge of the odious yellow paper cover, which he has so inaptly imposed upon this admirable book—while between the two there can exist no comparison. The healthy tone of the "Initials," the delightful simplicity of many of the characters, the extreme purity of sentiment, differ as widely as may be, from the very dubious morality and unnatural excitement of "Jane Eyre."

In a short notice we cannot do justice to a book so deserving as the one at present under our consideration, and we can only heartily and honestly commend it to all of our readers, and at the same time advise the publisher to present it to the reading world in a more fitting dress and appearance.

A Treatise on English Punctuation. Designed for letter writers, authors, printers, and correctors of the press ; with an Appendix containing hints on proof reading, &c. By John Wilson. Boston: 21 School st. 1850.

The American and English Press have not hesitated to give its merited praise to this work. The careless punctuation of American writers is a sufficient proof that no such work as this has hitherto been in popular use. It contains all the necessary directions for self-taught writers and editors, a very large class in this country, and is a book of a kind absolutely necessary to be read by every type-setter and proof-reader who intends to be a master of his art.

Every person who intends publishing his own productions, or those of others, should have Mr. Wilson's book upon his writing-desk—unless he is already to compose such a book for the use of others. A great deal of very excellent writing is spoiled by the want of proper punctuation, and many a tolerable article, as we know by sad experience, has been entirely ruined by the ignorance of the proof-reader.

Rural Hours. By a Lady. New York: G. P. Putnam. 1850.

It is seldom that any author has made a debut before the American literary world under such advantages as Miss Cooper. The prestige of her father's name, and the acceptance of the book in England, combined, have attracted our unwonted, but not our unmerited attention.

There can be no doubt but that, unaided by such adventitious circumstances, great merit would have ultimately gained for the work its present proud position in public favor.

To those of our readers who may be so unfortunate as not to have met with "Rural Hours," we would say that, in plan and idea, it is similar to "Howitt's Book of the Seasons," or Miss Martineau's "Year at Ambleside," but, in our opinion, superior to either.

We copy one of Miss Cooper's delightful cabinet pictures:

"What a noble gift to man are the forests! What a debt of gratitude and admiration we owe for their utility and their beauty! How pleasantly the shadows of the wood fall upon our heads when we turn from the glitter and the turmoil of the world of man! The winds of heaven seem to linger amid these balmy branches, and the sunshine falls like a blessing upon the green leaves; the wild breath of the forest, fragrant with bush and berry, fans the brow with greatful freshness; and the beautiful wood-light, neither garish nor gloomy, full of calm and peaceful influences, sheds repose over the spirit. The view is limited, and the objects about us are uniform in character; yet within the bosom of the woods the mind scarcely lays aside its daily bitterness, and opens to higher thoughts, in silent consciousness that it stands alone with the works of God. The humble rose beneath our feet, the sweet flowers, the varied shrubs, the great trees, and the sky gleaming above in sacred blue, are each the handiwork of God. They were all called into being by the will of the Creator, as we now behold them, full of wisdom and goodness. Every object here has a deeper merit than our wonder can fathom; each has a beauty beyond our full perception; the dullest insect crawling about these roots lives by the power of the Almighty; and the discolored shreds of last year's leaves wither away upon the lowly herbs in a blessing of fertility. But it is the great trees, stretching their arms above us in a thousand forms of grace or strength, it is more especially the trees which fill the mind with wonder and praise."



Edward Everett.

THE

AMERICAN WHIG REVIEW.

No. XXXV.

FOR NOVEMBER, 1850.

TO THE POLITICAL READER.

Our political friends will find in the present number an article illustrating further the policy of Great Britain, as developed by the conduct of her agents in Central America.

In another article we have given a general view of her commercial policy, explaining, in very simple language, and by popular illustrations, some things supposed to be peculiarly dark and difficult.

Our developments of British arrogance and assumption have excited a violent jealousy in the minds of some persons, as we discover by the vituperations of a certain, or rather uncertain, portion of the public press. We can only say that we shall suffer no opportunity to escape us of laying correct information before our readers, not only of the public proceedings, but of public insults and contempts politicly cast upon us by the present British Ministry, miscalled "Whig," and their agents, employed or volunteer.

The present Ministry of Great Britain is playing a very interesting part in the great game of "Who is the strongest?" with all the powers of the earth. Political writers seem to be in doubt which of the five powers, Russia, Prussia, Austria, France, or England, ought to be considered the strongest; that is to say, the most dangerous to the rest of the world. On our side of the Atlantic, no question, Great Britain is the most important and conspicuous power, not only because of her immediate influence here, and her proximity, but because she is hitherto our superior in the trade of nations, and in the home production which maintains that trade.

She has succeeded, through her literary and political influence on this continent, in breaking down our system of independent industry, to the incalculable advantage of her own home industry, both agricutural and mechanical. Her importance to the Southern States, as a buyer of cotton, has given her an almost absolute control over those States, who look to her, in the event of a dissolution of the Union, as their sole friend among the nations. That she has encouraged in every way the contemplated movement in the South, we have good evidence. In place, however, of documentary proofs, we will suggest to our readers a few political considerations, such as may be supposed to actuate a far-sighted British Ministry in the adoption of an imperial policy for a long course of years.

1. The *immediate* effect of a dissolution would be a temporary suspension of intercourse between the Southern and Northern States. Great Britain would make her own terms with the latter, take their cottons, and send her manufactures to Charleston in exchange—a proceeding liable to some slight interruptions, however, by the navies of the North, whose amiable feelings towards GreatBritain would not be increased by her officious interference in a "brothers' quarrel."

2. War gradually growing up between the North and South, there would follow, during the first year of our misery, slave insurrections and stampedes, interrupting the production of cotton. In the course of a year or two the South would be very generally in a state of confusion, and the negro business would become quite unmanageable. The experience of Great Britain is large in that species of calamity. It would be a state of things very favorable to the plans of universal abolition, which make an essential member of the great free trade system.

3. The Northern States, driven to despair by the desertion of the South, and the interruption of their own industry, would be exasperated more and more. Every negro who set foot beyond Mason and Dixon's line, would then, of necessity, be protected by the entire military power of the North.

4. Cotton would, of course, rise to an exorbitant price, but Great Britain would be only temporarily injured by that rise, as she would have the monopoly of the manufacture and of the trade, and could demand a compensating price for cotton cloths.

5. The permanent rise of value in cotton would immediately make possible the cultivation of cotton by free labor, or by labor supposed to be free, upon soil comprehended under the British Empire, the soil of Mosquito, and of other parts said to be of the British Empire, and of India and the West Indies. The cultivation of cotton by free labor on British soil, is at present kept down by American competition. In the event of a dissolution, and consequent destruction of the slave system in the Southern States, Great Britain would be able to use cotton cultivated by her own serfs, parias, free negroes, coolies, and paupers.

Instead of giving up the Canadas, England is expending some four millions sterling annually upon them, and proposes to spend more in internal improvements. In the event of a dissolution, and consequent destruction of the slave power, and a temporary suspension of Northern industry, the Canadas must rise into importance.

Instead of withdrawing from this Continent, and directing her attention upon her own internal affairs, Great Britain is engaged in *seizing*, by force and fraud, every foot of territory not under our own *immediate* protection in the region south of Mexico and bordering upon that feeble State. In the event of dissolution, and the expected destruction of the slave system, and of the American cotton manufacture, she will need all the available territory in the world for the cultivation of cotton upon a basis of her own, which cannot be put into practice until the slave power is destroyed.

Nothing is too large for the conception of the present managers of the British Empire, and nothing is too remote from truth to be used by their defenders as a mask for their policy. The British Empire never grew more rapidly, or by more unscrupulous acquisitions, than during the present age.

Our Southern friends will not suppose, from the direct and naked style of the above representation, that we have faith in the *ability* of Great Britain to carry out her plan of grand monopoly; all that we ask of them is to take an accurate survey of British proceedings, and then determine for themselves whether all that she has done, and is doing through her present Ministry, does not place her in the attitude not only of a competitor in the world's markets, but of an active and dangerous rival, using every means in her power to break up and change the present system of this continent. If the Union stands, and the American system is carried out, with the necessary addition of vindicating the honor and influence of the Republic on this continent, we stand the equal of Great Britain; if we suffer her political managers not only to sow dissension among ourselves, but, in mere contempt of us, and in anticipation of our ruin, to seize, without remorse, the territory of our republican neighbors, we remain her justly despised inferior and servant.

THE GREAT SHIP CANAL QUESTION.

ENGLAND AND COSTA RICA *versus* THE UNITED STATES AND NICARAGUA.

Recent events have directed public attention, in a marked manner, towards the central parts of the American continent. The acquisition of California by the United States, the extraordinary mineral wealth which has been discovered there, and the still more extraordinary emigration which has taken place in consequence, and which has already raised California from a little known and sparsely populated province, to be a powerful and rapidly growing State of the Confederacy, have given an immediate importance to the long talked-of project of opening a ship-canal between the two oceans. And it is now very well understood that the preliminary steps to this great enterprise have been taken by a Company of citizens of the United States, styled the "American Atlantic and Pacific Ship Canal Company." The only feasible route for a work of the kind proposed, it is generally if not universally conceded, is that *via* the river San Juan and Lake Nicaragua, to the Pacific Ocean. This Company has secured a grant or charter from the Government of Nicaragua, the only power competent to bestow it, for the construction of the work, upon certain conditions, which are very well known, and to which it is unnecessary to refer, further than to say that the term is for 85 years from the completion of the work. When it is known that not less than fourteen or fifteen contracts had previously been entered into for the same work, all of which had been forfeited for non-compliance with their conditions, it can readily be understood that the Nicaraguan Government would not entertain any propositions for a new arrangement, except under circumstances calculated to inspire confidence in the parties applying, and under strong collateral assurances of their good faith and ability. It was not therefore, until an American Minister was sent to Central America, invested with plenary powers to treat, on behalf of the United States, with the several Republics of that country, Nicaragua included, and specially authorized to extend the guarantees of his Government to any charter of a proper character, which any Company of American citizens might secure, for the construction of the proposed work,—it was not until then, that the Government of Nicaragua felt itself justified in re-opening the matter. Under these circumstances, however, it granted a charter more liberal than any before conceded, and which is the one to which we have alluded.

There seems to exist some misapprehension in the public mind of America, and much in that of England, as to the motives which actuated the American Government in taking so active an interest in the matter of the proposed canal. Some persons, through unpardonable ignorance or evil disposition, have even gone so far as to say that our Minister was not authorized in committing the United States, in any manner, in respect to the undertaking. The instructions under which that gentleman acted have however recently been published, in answer to a call of Congress, and so fully vindicate the high principles and motives which governed the Administration of Gen. Taylor, in its relations with this contemplated work, and so completely exonerate the gentleman upon whom was devolved the duty of carrying them into effect, that we cannot do better than to copy a few passages from them, relating to this specific point.

After reviewing in an able and unanswerable manner the British pretensions on the Mosquito shore, and the encroachments on the territories of Nicaragua forcibly effected under them, Mr. Clayton proceeds to say:—

"Against the aggressions on her territories, Nicaragua has firmly struggled and protested

without ceasing; and the feeling of her people may be judged from the impassioned language of the proclamation of her Supreme Director, of the 12th of Nov., 1847. 'The moment,' says he, 'has arrived for losing a country with ignominy, or for sacrificing with honor the dearest treasures to sustain it. As regards myself, if the power which menaces sets aside justice, I am firmly resolved to be entombed in the ruins of Nicaragua, rather than survive her ruin.' The eloquent appeal of the Minister of Nicaragua to this Government, is evidence not less striking and impressive of the disposition of an injured people to resist what they believe to be injustice and oppression. Will other nations interested in a free passage to and from the Pacific, by the river San Juan and Lake Nicaragua, tamely allow that interest to be thwarted by the pretensions of Great Britain? As regards the United States, the question may be confidently answered in the negative.

"Having now," continues the Secretary of State, "sufficiently apprised you of the views of the Department in regard to the title to the Mosquito Coast, I desire you to understand how important it is deemed by the President, so to conduct all our negotiations on the subject of the Nicaraguan passage as not to involve this country in any entangling alliances on the one hand, or any unnecessary controversy on the other. We desire no monopoly of the right of way for our commerce, and we cannot submit to it if claimed for that of any other nation. If we held and enjoyed such a monopoly, it would entail upon us more bloody and expensive wars than the struggle for Gibraltar has caused to England and Spain. The same calamity would infallibly be cast upon any other nation claiming to exclude the commerce of the rest of the world. We only ask an equal right of passage for all nations on the same terms—a passage unincumbered by oppressive restrictions, either from the local Government within whose sovereign limits it may be effected, or from the proprietors of the canal when accomplished. To this end we are willing to enter into treaty stipulations with the Government of Nicaragua, that both Governments shall protect and defend the proprietors who may succeed in cutting the canal and opening water communication between the two oceans for our commerce. Without such protection it is not believed this great enterprise would ever be successful. Nicaragua is a feeble State, and capitalists, proverbially a timid race, may apprehend from the rapacity of great maritime powers the obstruction and even the seizure of the canal. Similar apprehensions on their part, from revolutions in the local government, from the oppressions and exactions of temporary chieftains, and from causes not necessary to be explained, may operate to retard a work in regard to which it may be safely predicated, that, when successfully accomplished, its benefits to mankind will transcend those of any similar work known in the history of the world. All these apprehensions may and will be removed by the solemn pledge of protection given by the United States, and especially when it is known that our object in giving it is not to acquire for ourselves any exclusive or partial advantages over other nations. Nicaragua will be at liberty to enter into the same treaty stipulations with any other nation that may claim to enjoy the same benefits, and will agree to be bound by the same conditions. In desiring that our citizens may obtain the charter or grant of the right to make the canal, we do not mean to be misunderstood. Our purpose in aiding American citizens to obtain the grant is to encourage them in a laudable effort; relying as their own Government does, more on their skill and enterprise than on that of others. If they themselves prefer to unite with their own the capital of foreigners, who may desire to embark in the undertaking, this Government will not object to that. We should naturally be proud of such an achievement as an American work; but if European aid be necessary to accomplish it, why should we repudiate it, seeing that our object is as honest as it is openly avowed, to claim no peculiar privileges, no exclusive right, no monopoly of commercial intercourse, but to see that the work is dedicated to the benefit of mankind, to be used by all on the same terms with us, and consecrated to the enjoyment and diffusion of the unnumbered and inestimable blessings which must flow from it to all the civilized world. You will not want arguments to induce Nicaragua to enter into such a treaty with us. The canal will be productive of more benefit to her than any other country of the same limits. With the aid of the treaty it may—without such protection from some power equal to our own it cannot—be accomplished. Let your negotiations with her be frank, open, and unreserved as to all of our purposes.

"The same reasons for our interference must be avowed to the capitalists who engage in the work. Before you treat for their protection, look well to their contract with Nicaragua. See that it is not assignable to others; that no exclusive privileges are granted to any nation that shall agree to the same treaty stipulations with Nicaragua; that the tolls to be demanded by the owners are not unreasonable or oppressive; that no power be reserved to the proprietors of the canal or their successors to extort at any time henceforth, or unjustly to obstruct or embarrass the right of passage. This will require all your vigilance and skill. If they do not agree to grant us passage on reasonable and proper terms, refuse our protection and countenance to procure the contract from Nicaragua. If a charter or grant of the right of way shall have been incautiously or inconsiderately made, before your arrival in the country, seek to have it properly modified to answer the ends we have in view."

Such were the principles and motives which induced and regulated the interference of the United States in respect to the proposed canal, and Mr. Squier, in his negotiations, followed the letter and spirit of his instructions, so far as it was possible to reduce them to practice. Upon this point the treaty arranged by him with the Nicaraguan Government, and which now awaits the action of the United States Senate, is the best evidence. The following article embraces the essential points of the treaty. It will be observed that it secures for the United

States every desirable privilege in her intercourse, commercial or otherwise, with Nicaragua, and opens the way to intimate and profitable relations with that important region. And yet the privileges secured to the United States are in no wise exclusive; they will accrue to every other nation upon precisely the same conditions; conditions to which no nation except England can possibly object, and she only in the event of insisting upon her preposterous pretensions on what is called the Mosquito shore.

"ARTICLE XXXV.

"It is and has been stipulated, by and between the high contracting parties—

"1st. That the citizens, vessels, and merchandise of the United States shall enjoy in all the ports and harbors of Nicaragua, upon both oceans, a total exemption from all port-charges, tonnage or anchorage duties, or any other similar charges now existing, or which may hereafter be established, in manner the same as if said ports had been declared Free Ports. And it is further stipulated that the right of way or transit across the territories of Nicaragua, by any route or upon any mode of communication at present existing, or which may hereafter be constructed, shall at all times be open and free to the Government and citizens of the United States, for all lawful purposes whatever; and no tolls, duties, or charges of any kind shall be imposed upon the transit in whole or part, by such modes of communication, of vessels of war, or other property belonging to the Government of the United States, or on public mails sent under the authority of the same, or upon persons in its employ, nor upon citizens of the United States, nor upon vessels belonging to them. And it is also stipulated that all lawful produce, manufactures, merchandise, or other property belonging to citizens of the United States, passing from one ocean to the other, in either direction, for the purpose of exportation to foreign countries, shall not be subject to any import or export duties whatever; or if citizens of the United States, having introduced such produce, manufactures or merchandise into the State of Nicaragua for sale or exchange, shall, within three years thereafter, determine to export the same, they shall be entitled to drawback equal to four fifths of the amount of duties paid upon their importation.

"2d. And inasmuch as a contract was entered into on the twenty-seventh day of August, 1849, between the Republic of Nicaragua and a company of citizens of the United States, styled the 'American Atlantic and Pacific Ship Canal Company,' and in order to secure the construction and permanence of the great work thereby contemplated, both high contracting parties do severally and jointly agree to protect and defend the above-named Company, in the full and perfect enjoyment of said work, from its inception to its completion, and after its completion, from any acts of invasion, forfeiture, or violence, from whatever quarter the same may proceed; and to give full effect to the stipulations here made, and to secure for the benefit of mankind the uninterrupted advantages of such communication from sea to sea, the United States distinctly recognizes the rights of sovereignty and property which the State of Nicaragua possesses in and over the line of said canal, and for the same reason guarantees, positively and efficaciously, the entire neutrality of the same, so long as it shall remain under the control of citizens of the United States, and so long as the United States shall enjoy the privileges secured to them in the preceding section of this article.

"3d. But if, by any contingency, the above-named 'American Atlantic and Pacific Ship Canal Company' shall fail to comply with the terms of their contract with the State of Nicaragua, all the rights and privileges which said contract confers shall accrue to any company of citizens of the United States which shall, within one year after the official declaration of failure, undertake to comply with its provisions, so far as the same may at that time be applicable, provided the company thus assuming said contract shall first present to the President and Secretary of State of the United States satisfactory assurances of their intention and ability to comply with the same; of which satisfactory assurances the signature of the Secretary of State and the seal of the Department shall be complete evidence.

"4th. And it is also agreed, on the part of the Republic of Nicaragua, that none of the rights, privileges, and immunities guaranteed, and by the preceding articles, but especially by the first section of this article, conceded to the United States and its citizens, shall accrue to any other nation, or to its citizens, except such nation shall first enter into the same treaty stipulations for the defense and protection of the proposed great inter-oceanic canal which have been entered into by the United States, in terms the same with those embraced in section 2d of this article."

To understand fully the provisions and effects of this article, some portions of the contract to which it refers, and on which it is, to some degree, dependent, must be taken in view. In accordance with his instructions, Mr. Squier procured the insertion in the contract of the following articles:—

"ARTICLE XXXVI.

"It is expressly stipulated that the citizens, vessels, products, and manufactures of *all nations* shall be permitted to pass upon the proposed canal through the territories of Nicaragua, subject to no other nor higher duties, charges, or taxes than shall be imposed upon those of the United States; *provided always*, that such nations shall first enter into the same treaty stipulations and guarantees, respecting said canal, as may be entered into between the State of Nicaragua and the United States.

"ARTICLE XXXVII.

"It is finally stipulated that this contract, and the rights and privileges which it confers, shal

be held inalienably by the company herein named, and that it shall never, in whole or part, be transferred or assigned to any other company, nor become dependent upon or connected with any other company, whatever may be the objects of the same."

In respect to the rate of tolls, it was provided in Article XVIII. that "they shall be fixed at the lowest possible rate consistently with the interests of the State and Company," and that they shall not be changed at any time, except with six months' previous notice, both in Nicaragua and all the principal sea-ports of the United States.

"These provisions," says Mr. Squier, in his Despatch No. 4, published among the documents before us, "include all the suggestions made by the Department, with a single exception, viz., the specific determination of the rates of toll or transit. This I found impracticable, for reasons which must, I think, be conclusive. In the first place, no work at all corresponding either in extent or character with the proposed canal exists in the world, which might serve as a basis to proceed upon. Secondly, *the cost* of the work must be an important consideration in fixing these rates; and this without a careful survey must be a matter upon which no reflecting man would venture even a conjecture. Besides, whether the rates should be on tonnage or otherwise, is a matter which cannot now be determined. The commissioners of the Company and the Government were alike in utter ignorance of what these rates would or ought to be, and of the basis upon which they should be calculated. Under these circumstances I thought it best to leave the matter entirely open."

To these preliminary facts, which are necessary to a proper understanding and appreciation of what is to follow, we shall only add the following paragraph, from the Despatch of Mr. Squier just referred to, n relation to the guarantee extended to the canal by the provisions of his treaty :—

"The Government was at first extremely anxious that this guarantee should be extended over the entire territory of the State; but to this I replied, that such a step would be in contravention of the settled policy of the United States; that the protection extended to the Canal Company was a departure from this policy only warranted by the admitted fact, that without such intervention, a work of immense importance not only to our own interests, but to those of the whole world, could not be constructed; and that, although we sympathized deeply with the Republic, and were willing to exert ourselves in all proper ways to preserve her integrity, sustain her rights, and promote her interests, yet we could not take a step which, if adopted as a precedent, would be sure to involve us in inextricable difficulties. That the exclusion of foreign influences from the affairs of this continent could be better effected by the promotion of trade and commerce, the cultivation of friendly relations, and the growth of confidence between the several nations grouped upon it, than by a resort to the system of alliances, protections, and counter-alliances which had made Europe the theatre of dark intrigues and devastating wars. Whether convinced by my arguments or otherwise, the Government came early into my views, with a good grace, and the terms of the treaty were arranged accordingly."

The policy adopted by Gen. Taylor's Administration, in respect to the proposed canal, needs no vindication beyond that which is furnished by the facts and proceedings which we have thus briefly presented. We come now to a consideration of other collateral matters connected with this great enterprise.

The question of the territorial limits of Nicaragua is no longer one of exclusively local interest, inasmuch as it connects itself with the subject of inter-oceanic communication, and is consequently involved in the relations which have been established between that Republic and the United States. Until within a few years no one had the hardihood to dispute the sovereignty of the Republic of Nicaragua over the territories embraced in the province of that name, under the Spanish rule, nor to call in question her right to make such disposition of those territories as suited her own interests or inclination. She occupied the whole of the isthmus from one sea to the other, extended her laws over the ports on either ocean, made contracts and disposed of lands,—in short, exercised all the rights of sovereignty and property, without opposition or dispute.

No sooner however did the increasing commerce of the Pacific direct attention more particularly than before to the subject, and the importance of improved means of communication across the central parts of the continent became more apparent,—no sooner, in fact, did the matter begin to assume a practical aspect, than the world was astonished by pretensions set up to a large and most important portion of the territories of Nicaragua, on the part of Great Britain, as the self-constituted "pro-


MAP OF
CENTRAL AMERICA
Showing the Pretensions of Gr. Britain on the Mosquito Coast.
G U L F OF
M E X I C O
Bay of Guasacualco
Tuxtlas Mts.
Tuxtlas R.
Proposed R. R. to Tehuantepec
Belize
BALIZE
Gulf or B. of Honduras
Guanaja I.
Roatan I.
C. Honduras
R. Romaan
Black R.
C. Camaran
R. Patook
Tehuantepec
S. Christobal
Sacapulas
Gulf of Tehuantepec
Ometa
Truxillo
Tinto R.
Grant to Herrick
GUATIMALA
Sesagua R.
Motagua R.
Gracias
Comayagua
HONDURAS
C. Gracias a Dios
Guatimala
Tegusigalpa
St. Salvador
SAS. SALVADOR
Lempa R.
Dantí
Matagalpa
Segovia
Segovia R.
La Union
Fonseca B.
Isapa
Acajutla
NICARAGUA
MOSQUITO COAST
C. Old Providence
Great River
Estero Real
C. of Fonseca
Leon
Managua
Tipitapa
Port Realejo
Granada
Nicaragua
Port San Juan de Sur
Line now Claimed by Costa Rica
Mosquito Coast, Claimed by Nicaragua and Others
Mosquito Shore
Blewfields R.
San Juan de Nicaragua
San Juan R.
R. Sarapiqui
R. Sarre or Swarre
Boca del Toro
San Jose
Chagres
Gulf Dulce
COSTA RICA
Panama
NEW GRENADA
BAY OF PANAMA
95
90
Lon. W. from Greenwich
85
80
15
10

tector" of an obscure and insignificant tribe of savages,—without religion, laws, or written language, without civilization, and destitute of a single claim to be regarded as a sovereign people. Under these pretensions, and by a significant conjuncture of time, at the moment when it became certain that California would fall into the possession of the United States, Nicaragua, early in 1848, was deprived of her only port on the Atlantic by a British force under the command of Capt. G. C. Loch of the British Navy. These pretensions have been from time to time extended, as shown by the accompanying map, (which we republish for the sake of easy reference,) so as to include, besides the port of San Juan, two thirds of the river San Juan, and nearly if not quite one half of the territories of Nicaragua.

When in 1847 Lord Palmerston first gave an official form to these pretensions, it was only claimed that the so-called Mosquito Kingdom, extended, on the south to the river San Juan. But upon the representations of Mr. Chatfield, and subsequently of Mr. Christy, British peripatetic agents, a claim was set up to the whole coast below that river, extending to the northern boundaries of New-Grenada. The suggestion upon which the British Government acted in making this extension is contained in one of Mr. Chatfield's despatches, published by the British Parliament among other documents on the subject, and is too significant in its terms to be allowed to pass without special notice. "*Moreover*," he says, "*looking to the* PROBABLE DESTINIES *of these countries*, CONSIDERABLE ADVANTAGES *might accrue* IN AFTER TIMES, *by reserving for settlement with Central America in Costa Rica, the rights of Musquito* BEYOND *the San Juan river*." Mr. O'Leary, British Minister to New-Grenada, also suggested to his Governmeut "*the extent and importance of the coast situated between the San Juan and Chiriqui Lagoon*," and added, "If the Mosquitian pretensions could be maintained to this extent, the Chiriqui Lagoon, *which affords good anchorage*, would likewise form a secure frontier." Whether regard for the British or Mosquitian marine prompted these allusions to good harbors and "safe anchorages," or what were the "considerable advantages," which were, according to Mr. Chatfield, "to accrue in after times," it is not undertaken to say.

Although the claim to the territory south of the river San Juan was "put on record," to be called up if necessary, yet it has never been insisted upon for two reasons: 1st, (and this is the least important, so far as the British Government is concerned,) there is, if possible, less foundation for it than for the pretensions to the northward of the river; and, 2d, it was found that Costa Rica might be controlled just as easily as Mosquito, and that a *quasi* protectorate over the former was quite as effective and much more respectable than an avowed one over the latter. So the "*rights of Mosquito beyond the San Juan*" were quietly put in abeyance, while the requisite intrigues were set on foot to obtain control in Costa Rica. It is within our power, but not necessary to our present purpose, to expose the whole course of these intrigues, and to show the results at which they aimed.

Suffice it to say, under influences which need not be named, and for objects too obvious to require to be indicated, the so-called Republic of Costa Rica has within a year or two put forward pretensions to a large portion of the territories of Nicaragua, including all that part lying to the southward of the river San Juan and Lake Nicaragua, and comprehending a large part of the waters of the lake, as also a joint, if not an exclusive right to the navigation of the river. A portion of this claim has a basis just broad enough to admit of discussion; but the most important part, and that which from circumstances is most interesting to the United States, has not even the shadow of a foundation. Had the scheme which was set on foot soon after the seizure of San Juan, and which at the period of Mr. Squier's arrival in Central America was on the eve of consummation, but which the information which he communicated to the Department of State had the effect to defeat, viz., of taking Costa Rica under British protection, *a la Mosquito*,—had this scheme been perfected, these pretensions would have constituted another cause of difference between the United States and Great Britain, nearly as serious as that which exists in respect to the Mosquito shore. But as the matter now stands, England appears, to adopt the language of the duello, only as "*the friend*" of Costa Rica, in her territorial squabbles. Her Minister in the United States has disavowed any "protectorate" in the case,

but he insists on the validity of the Costa Rican pretensions, and is very pertinacious that the United States should concur with Great Britain in placing the disputed port of San Juan under Costa Rican sovereignty. Now Costa Rica never pretended to sovereignty over San Juan, while England has all along stoutly maintained that it belonged incontrovertibly to Mosquito! The explanation of all this is probably to be found in the fact, that Costa Rica has granted to a British company a charter for a canal from San Juan, via the river San Juan and Lake Nicaragua, to the Pacific! This contract is now brought forward in England under the especial patronage of the British Government, in opposition to that negotiated by the American Company, and to which we have already alluded. Its provisions have not been made public; but the English press, following the lead of the Government, have come forward in its support, and to the disparagement of the American Company. The *Times*, *Post*, *News*, *Chronicle*, *Colonial Magazine*, etc., not to mention a number of pamphlets on the subject, have given up to it a considerable share of their respective pages; and as these supporters represent every shade of party, their concurrence is worthy of remark, and indicates a prospective spirited controversy between the American and British Companies for the favor of capitalists. It may be that this rivalry will terminate in a consolidation of interests, which would clearly be the most sensible thing the parties could decide upon. But if the work is built, it matters little whether it is by one company or another, so that it is made, as it should be, free to the world, and placed under the guarantee of all nations. Not even our national sympathies incline us to favor particularly either set of speculators. We have only to deal with the question of territorial rights, as between Nicaragua and Costa Rica,—a question which has been raised by the British Government in its *quasi* protectorate over the latter State, by its Minister here, and by the public press of England. In all their discussions of the question of the canal, the territorial rights of Nicaragua have been rudely denied, and the conduct of the United States, in its qualified recognition of them, abundantly vilified, but, as we shall conclusively show, without the slightest reason. In what we may say, in presenting this territorial question in its true light, we shall leave out of view the Mosquito pretensions, which are alike wicked and absurd, and which can only be sustained by the most unblushing mendacity.

The *London Daily News* of the 28th of September, in an article on this subject, says:—

"It is well known that certain American citizens had obtained from the State of Nicaragua a contract for the construction of a water communication between the two oceans, the American press having, about this time last year, been actively agitated on their behalf; but it was not so generally made public that the neighboring State of Costa Rica had likewise conceded rights and privileges for that purpose to British subjects. The claims of the latter, although not so clamorously urged, were not the less entitled to just consideration, and more especially so on the part of the British Government."

In a pamphlet entitled, "*State of the Great Ship Canal Question*," we find also the following paragraph:—

"The territory of Nicaragua and Costa Rica embraces, with Mosquito, the ground which is open to be traversed by a ship canal; Nicaragua, as reaching to the Gulf of Fonseca on the north, and as possessing the harbors of Realejo and San Juan del Sur in the Pacific, as well as including in its territory the Lake of Managua; further, likewise, as possessing the northern bank of the Lake of Nicaragua, as also that of the river San Juan down to the Machuca Rapids; Costa Rica, as possessing the port of Salinas in the Pacific, and the southern banks of both the Lake of Nicaragua and the river San Juan to the sea; Mosquito, as possessing the northern bank of the San Juan from the Machuca Rapids to the port of that river, now designated Grey Town. It is, therefore, obvious that Nicaragua cannot alone dispose of this channel of communication. * * * The State of Nicaragua has the pretension to grant a right of steam navigation to the New-York Company, in the river San Juan and Lake of Nicaragua, exclusive of all the world, for eighty-five years. It was not within the competency of Nicaragua to have given any such privilege," &c. &c.

Such is the British statement of the case. As *we* understand it, having been on the spot, and deriving our information from authentic sources, the issue, as between Costa Rica and Nicaragua, may be stated thus:

Costa Rica claims that her northern boundary extends from the mouth of the river San Juan, through that stream to Lake Nicaragua, and through the lake in a direct line to the mouth of the river Flor on the Pacific—including the large and populated district or department of Nicoya or Guanacaste.

Nicaragua, upon the other hand, asserts

that her southern boundaries are the river Salto de Nicoya or Alvarado, (emptying into the Gulf of Nicoya,) and a line extending thence direct to a point on the Atlantic, midway between the port of San Juan and that of Matina,—that is to say, about thirty-five miles south of the former port. She however has been willing, as a means of compromise, that the line should be determined as running to the lower mouth of the San Juan, i. e. about fifteen miles below the port. These limits include, of course, the department of Nicoya or Guanacaste.

Previously to the revolution of the Independence of Central America, all the States known under that designation were included in the Viceroyalty or kingdom of Guatemala. By the act of independence, it was understood that the various provinces, which corresponded very nearly to the colonies of our own country, became distinct and sovreign States. They so declared themselves in their fundamental laws, and as such they elected a national Constituent Assembly, and entered into a confederacy known as the "Republic of Central America."

Each one of the old provinces comprised large tracts of unsettled and unexplored country. And as, under the rule of the Viceroys, it was not essential that the boundaries should, in these parts, be accurately fixed, the provincial limits were, in some cases, very vaguely defined. It being possible, under these circumstances, that territorial disputes might arise, provision was made in Art. 7 of the Constitution of the new Republic, that the limits of the States should be fixed by a law of the General Congress. This provision was intended to authorize interference only when disputes might arise; the fundamental principle that each State comprised, and of right, all the territories which appertained to it as a province or colony, being in no degree impaired. It was a power conceded to the General Government, to be exercised for the common good, and only in cases of necessity.

To determine then the true boundaries of Nicaragua and Costa Rica, it is only necessary to ascertain their limits as provinces under the kingdom, and as fixed in their fundamental laws. Here we are without difficulty; for upon this point we have abundant evidence of a historical and other nature, which will admit of no dispute. Says Juarros, the accredited historian of the old kingdom of Guatemala:—

"Costa Rica extends from the river Salto, which separates it from Nicaragua, to the district of Chiriqui, in the jurisdiction of Veraguas (New Grenada); and from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. Its limit on the Atlantic is from the mouth of the river San Juan to the little island called the *Escudo de Veraguas*, and on the Pacific, from the mouth of the river Alvarado, (*i. e.* Salto,) the boundary of the province of Nicaragua, to the river Boruca, which terminates the kingdom of Terra Firma," &c. (Ed. 1812, vol. i., p. 56.)

The river here called "*Salto*" is indiscriminately known as the "*Salto de Nicoya*," or "*Alvarado*," as is explained by the historian here quoted, (vol. i. p. 47,) and is the river which empties into the Gulf of Nicoya at its head, more than one hundred miles *southward* of Lake Nicaragua.

The same limits are again assigned to Costa Rica by Juarros, on page 202 of vol. ii., upon the authority of a royal cedula, which still exists, granted to Don Diego Ostieda Chirinos, the first Governor of Costa Rica. In defining the territory of Nicaragua, the same authority informs us that

"The Intendency of Nicaragua comprises *five* departments, viz.: Leon, which is most important, and Realejo, Subtiaba, Matagalpa, and *Nicoya*, which are *corregimientos*, and are under the jurisdiction of the Intendant of the Province, who has his deputies in each department." (Vol. i. p. 47.)

Nicoya, or as it is now sometimes called, Guanacaste, lies to the southward of Lake Nicaragua, between that and the Gulf of Nicoya, and is included in the Anglo-Costa Rican claim.

"This department," says Juarros, "is the most *southern of the province of Nicaragua, and adjoins Costa Rica.* It extends along the coast of the Pacific," &c. (Vol i. p. 55.)

Alcedo, in his American Geographical Dictionary, published in 1788, says of the department of Nicoya:—

"It adjoins Costa Rica, and is bounded on the north by Lake Nicaragua, &c. It has an extensive coast, and is part of the province of Nicaragua, the Governor of which names its officers."

But it is useless to multiply evidence upon this point. That the department of Nicoya pertained to Nicaragua, and that the entire lake of Nicaragua and the river San Juan were included in that province and State, does not stand in need of proof. It was so understood and admitted by Costa Rica her-

self, in her primary Constitution of January 21, 1825, which, in Chapter II. Art. 15, declares :—

"The territory of the State extends from the river Salto (de Nicoya), *which divides it from Nicaragua*, to the river Chiriqui, bounding the Republic of Colombia. Its limits on the Atlantic are from the mouth of the river San Juan to the Escudo de Veragua; and on the Pacific, from the mouth of the river Alvarado (Salto) to that of Chiriqui (Boruca)."

The boundaries were also so defined in the Constitution of Nicaragua: indeed the question seems to have been perfectly understood upon both sides. Upon the independence, the department of Nicoya continued, of course, with Nicaragua, and sent delegates to her Constituent Assembly in 1825. Such continued to be the state of the matter, without dispute or difference upon either side, until a decree was issued by the Federal Congress on the 9th of December, 1826, as follows :—

"*For the present, and until the boundaries of the several States shall be fixed*, in accordance with Art. 7 of the Constitution, the department of Nicoya shall be separated from Nicaragua and attached to Costa Rica."

No such arbitrary act as this, even in it conditional form, was contemplated by the Article of the Constitution, under cover of which it was effected. The motives which dictated it were probably a jealousy of the power of Nicaragua on the part of the other States, as also a desire to give more importance to Costa Rica, then numbering not more than 50,000 inhabitants.

The State of Nicaragua, while obeying the decree, nevertheless energetically remonstrated against it, demanding its revocation, and setting forth not only the right which the State possessed to the territory in question, but also the injustice of the separation to the only parties properly interested. The inhabitants of the district joined in the remonstrance, protesting against the annexation even as a temporary measure, and even went to the length of refusing to take the oath of allegiance to Costa Rica, on the ground that the decree was provisional, and unconstitutional. The Government of Costa Rica itself, on the same grounds, prohibited its officers from selling the public lands of the department, lest injury should result to the purchasers upon its devolution to Nicaragua.

The Federal Congress never proceeded to define the limits of the States, and in 1838 the Republic was dissolved, both Costa Rica and Nicaragua assenting to the dissolution. Up to that time, Nicoya had remained attached to Costa Rica, in virtue of the provisional decree of the Congress, it being well understood, however, upon all sides, that the aggregation was temporary.

The whole question, so far as this department is concerned, might be closed here. By the dissolution of the Republic, the rights, territorial as all others, of the several States reverted to them again in their sovereign capacity. None of the *provisional acts* of the Federal Congress could be longer binding ; the temporary alienation of Nicoya ceased, and it reverted to its true proprietor, whose rights, at the most, had only been suspended. This is a sound and impregnable position for Nicaragua.

The following historical facts therefore, while they can in no degree affect the question of right here involved, are nevertheless essential to the proper understanding of the *present condition* of the relations of the two States in respect to territory, and of the *exterior influences* which have controlled Costa Rica in setting up new and absurd pretensions.

The Republic having ceased to exist, on the 30th of April, 1838, Nicaragua called a Convention for revising its Constitution, so as to make it conform to the new posture of affairs, and Costa Rica also proceeded to do the same. Pending the meeting of the Nicaragua Convention, a *projet* was published, by the 2d Art. of which the ancient limits of the State were re-established, including of course the department of Nicoya, in accordance with the desires of the inhabitants of the department themselves.

The *projet* having reached Costa Rica, the Government of that State at once sent a commissioner to Nicaragua, Don F. M. Oreamuno, for the purpose of obtaining a modification of the proposed Article, and for adjusting general limits. He proposed several means for effecting the latter object, and submitted a basis which, amongst other things, asked of Nicaragua the acknowledgment *ad perpetuam* of the annexation of the department of Nicoya to Costa Rica. Nicaragua refused the basis peremptorily, but in deference to the wishes of Costa Rica, added to the proposed Article the following clause :—

"The dividing line of the two States shall be fixed by a law, which shall constitute part of the Constitution."

This partial concession was made from motives of policy, and for the purpose of avoiding any immediate differences between the States, whose forces it was desired to unite in opposition to Gen. Morazan, then struggling with the aid of San Salvador to restore the Central Authority. It was nothing more than an expedient for getting rid, for the moment, of the only question which might embarrass the contemplated co-operation of the States in general affairs.

Meanwhile Morazan was driven out, and the distractions attending the event were such as to completely divert attention from the pending question of limits. Nicaragua became involved in a war with San Salvador and Honduras, and Costa Rica was racked by internal dissensions, which ended in the dictatorship of Carillo. Morazan, however, after a period of exile, returned with a few followers to Costa Rica, and deposed Carillo, being apparently sustained in the movement by the whole population of the State. This alarmed Nicaragua, with which that State had previously acted against Morazan, and which had waived the question of Nicoya for the sole purpose of securing the union against him. The Legislative Chambers of the State therefore, looking upon Costa Rica as recreant to her obligations, and no further motive existing to influence a reserve in the matter, enacted a law in conformity with the Article of the Constitution just quoted, and authorized the Executive to take possession of the department in dispute. But as Costa Rica soon after rose against Morazan, the cause of ill-feeling between the two States was removed, and the contemplated violent restoration of Nicoya was not carried into effect. Besides, Nicaragua now began to indulge hopes of effecting a consolidation of the States, and was as anxious as before to avoid any measures which might endanger the project by alienating Costa Rica. She accordingly, in 1843, sent a commissioner to Costa Rica, in order to effect an amicable arrangement; but as new influences were at work, his mission was without any result, beyond a proposition, on the part of Costa Rica, "to submit the question anew to the consideration of the Legislative bodies of the two States, with the object that they should respectively designate the terms upon which it should be arranged."

Nothing further was done for some months, when correspondence on the subject was renewed by the two Governments, in a very conciliatory spirit, and the Costa Rican Constituent Assembly inserted in the Constitution of the State the following provision in respect to boundaries:—

"The boundaries between the State and Nicaragua shall be fixed definitely when Costa Rica shall be heard in the National Representation, or in default of that (i. e., the National Representation) the question shall be submitted to the judgment of one or more of the States of the Republic."

In the correspondence which at this time took place between the two States, in respect to the question, it is to be observed that Costa Rica based her right to retain Nicoya upon the ground that "it had received it as a *deposit* from the Federal Government, and that it could not yield possession of it, except at the order of the same authority, without compromising its responsibility as depositary." To this Nicaragua replied, that "Costa Rica equally with herself had asserted the dissolution of the Confederacy, and in virtue thereof had resumed her original rights as a sovereign and free State; that consequently Nicoya ought to revert to Nicaragua as an original and integral part of her territory, and especially as her rights could only be regarded as temporarily suspended by the Federal decree of 1825." It contended further, "that Costa Rica having received the deposit of Nicoya, her authority to hold it ceased with the powers of the depositor, and that knowing to whom it belonged, she was under every obligation to return it to its original and legitimate owner." It enforced its position by the parallel of a minor, who might clearly recover his estate upon arriving at lawful age, even in case of the disappearance of the administrator to whom it had been confided. These points were made with all proper force and fulness.

In the meantime movements towards a new confederation were made, in which Costa Rica interested herself, in common with Nicaragua. But, unfortunately, they were interrupted by new disputes, originating in the intrigues of certain foreign agents, whose malign influence had procured the overthrow of the Republic, and who had fomented many of the disorders which followed

These agents were particularly active in Costa Rica, with what result will be seen in the sequel.

The question of Nicoya remained in *statu quo* pending the war between Nicaragua, Honduras, and San Salvador, in 1844–45. At its close, the entire *personelle*, and, it was supposed, the general policy of Nicaragua having changed, Costa Rica, deeming the opportunity favorable, sent a commissioner to Nicaragua to arrange, not only a treaty of commerce and general relations, but also a treaty of limits. Upon the part of Nicaragua two of its most eminent and moderate men, Messrs. Zavala and Pineda, were appointed to meet this commission. They met in the city of Masaya, on the 6th of December, 1846. The representative of Costa Rica adhered tenaciously to the pretensions of that State to Nicoya, but urged nothing in support of the claim except the decree of the Federal Congress. The question of limits beyond that department now, for the first time, came up, and was discussed. The results of the conferences of the commissioners were three treaties, or conventions, which were concluded on the 12th and 14th of the same month.

1. The first provided for the general relations of the States, and for the common defense. It also provided for sustaining Nicaragua in case its Atlantic coast should be attacked, (the Mosquito affair then, for the first time, assuming importance,) and contained certain stipulations looking towards the establishment of a general government.

2. The second provided for regulating the navigation of the river San Juan, through which Costa Rica found it more convenient to conduct its foreign trade than through its own ports. It stipulated that Costa Rica should be allowed to carry on her commerce through that river, by conforming to the laws of Nicaragua. It fixed the transit duties which her imports should pay at San Juan, and made other necessary collateral provisions. It also provided that Costa Rica might establish a provisional Customs Agency or Registry, at a point on the Serapiqui river called San Alfonso, between 20 and 30 miles above the confluence of that river with the San Juan—i. e., from 20 to 30 miles to the *southward* of the San Juan.

3. The third treaty was in respect to limits. As before said, the question of boundary through the uninhabited region between Nicoya and the Atlantic now, for the first time, came up. That it was understood by the Costa Rican commissioners, that the right of Nicaragua to the territory along the San Juan, and at least 25 or 30 miles to the southward, was undisputed, is evident from the provisions of the former treaties, and from the fact that Costa Rica had always and without complaint paid the transit and other duties fixed by Nicaragua. But as the question of boundary could not be determined except by a settlement of the Nicoyan question, nothing definite transpired. The treaty provided "that the question of general boundary by the San Juan should remain undecided, until an arbitration should be effected;" and meantime either party might use the uninhabited district, for all useful purposes, without hindrance from the other, except for important reasons, upon giving the second party proper notice of its intention and purposes. In respect to Nicoya it was agreed that the question should be submitted to arbitrators, whose decision should be final. These arbitrators were to consist of the Government of Honduras on the part of Nicaragua, and Guatemala on the part of Costa Rica. The two might choose an impartial third, which might be, in their discretion, a foreign State. It also stipulated that the territory in question should never be alienated to any foreign power, and that if, after the award of the arbitrators, the State to which Nicoya might be declared to pertain should alienate any part of the same to any foreign power, it would thereby forfeit the possession of the district, in favor of the other party.

The Legislative Chambers of Nicaragua, with the good faith which has characterized all their relations with Costa Rica, and which has never been reciprocated by the latter State, at once ratified these treaties in due form. Nothing however was heard of the action of Costa Rica, and the Chambers, on the eve of adjournment, in a liberal spirit, passed a law extending the term fixed for the ratifications to six months, and inserted a provision in the act, authorizing the Government to accept any proper modifications which Costa Rica might propose. Nicaragua was anxious to arrange the differences with Costa Rica, even in this undecisive manner, for the reason that it had been drawn into a controversy with England in respect to the Mosquito shore, and wished to

be released from all other embarrassments in order to meet the question more directly. Costa Rica, however, which had now become the theatre of the intrigues of Mr. Chatfield, the British Consul General, *took no action whatever upon the treaty negotiated by its own fully empowered Commissioners*, notwithstanding the disposition evinced by Nicaragua to receive and favorably consider any modification which it might suggest. Already, there is reason to believe, inducements were held out to her, by parties which had no right to interfere in the matter, to prevent her from settling the points at issue with Nicaragua. The result will shortly be seen.

Soon after these events a Diet was convoked by several of the States to meet at Nacaome in Honduras. This Diet was called with the concurrence of Costa Rica, and to this, it was previously understood, any disputes which might exist between any of the States should be referred for settlement. *No delegates, however, appeared from Costa Rica!* To the remonstrances of Nicaragua evasive answers were given, and it soon became obvious that the object of Costa Rica was only to gain time, in order to profit by the turn which the dispute between Nicaragua and Great Britain might take. Indeed, it is notorious that in this, as in most other matters, the Government of that State was wholly controlled by the British Consul General. By his intrigues the attempt to unite the several States upon a sounder basis than before, in which the most patriotic men of Central America had been laboring for years, was defeated. *A new Federation would have proved a formidable if not insurmountable obstacle to the success of British designs on the Mosquito shore.*

In less than six months after the events which we have recounted, a British force seized upon San Juan. That event took place upon the 17th of February, 1848, and one week thereafter, upon the 24th of the same month, and before the fact could be known in Guatemala, Mr. Chatfield had concluded the terms of a treaty with Costa Rica, by which that State was secured certain rights in San Juan, besides being recognized as an independent State, and placed under virtual British protection. This fact was not made known until the month of December of last year, and fully explains the conduct of Costa Rica at that time and subsequently.

Nicaragua now demanded that Costa Rica, having virtually refused to submit the question of Nicoya to the Diet, should comply with the terms of the 25th Article of her Constitution, already quoted, which provides that it should be submitted to the arbitration of the other States. To this evasive answers were given, and it was rendered certain that Costa Rica, relying upon British support against her most powerful neighbor, had no desire to settle the matter in dispute. She, in fact, repudiated all of her own propositions, and exhibited in her duplicity a striking contrast to the frank and conciliatory course of Nicaragua,—which State, had it been so disposed, might any day have taken possession of Nicoya, and held it against all the efforts of Costa Rica.

Upon the 28th of May following the seizure of San Juan, and after a treaty or arrangement had been concluded with Great Britain, by which Costa Rica acquired the right of transit through San Juan, this State addressed a communication to the Government of Nicaragua, announcing that it had authorized the opening of a road through the unsettled territory to the Serapiqui river. It said that it did not suppose, since what had transpired at San Juan, this could in any way affect the rights of Nicaragua; and added that it should not enter into the question of territorial right in the case, but regard that as settled beyond appeal! To this insolent proceeding Nicaragua replied with moderation and dignity. It said that it was not disposed to obstruct any enterprise which might tend to the advantage of Costa Rica, nor would it interpose any obstacles to the proposed road through its territories, provided that an arrangement should previously be made concerning it. To this end it was willing to receive any commissioner which Costa Rica might accredit for that purpose; but until such previous arrangement was made, it advised against any practical operations on the part of Costa Rica. That State however proceeded, without reply, in the construction of the road, making such minor arrangements as it thought convenient, with the British agents at San Juan. Nicaragua thereupon sent a formal protest against the infringement on its territories, but the sole reply was a communication from the British agent in San Juan, Mr. Christy, assigning new limits to the pretended Mosquito kingdom, and extending

them more than *thirty miles* above the Serapiqui river, so as to cut off Nicaragua from that stream, and relieve Costa Rica from all further trouble! *Such* has been the course and tendency of British interference in Central America!

In the autumn of 1848, Don Felipe Molina was named Minister to England from Costa Rica, and was also empowered to visit Nicaragua, in reference to the question of boundary. He arrived in due time in Leon, and the conciliatory Government of Nicaragua went so far as to name a commissioner to treat with him. It does not seem that any real design of settling the question, on the basis of previous understandings, was entertained by Mr. Molina; and, as was to be anticipated, no result was effected. The propositions and counter propositions have all been published by the Nicaraguan Government. Costa Rica proposed, amongst other things, to submit the question of Nicoya to the decision of England, Belgium, Venezuela, or Chili; to which Nicaragua replied that the arbitration had already been solemnly provided for, that the arbitrators had been agreed upon, and that it was ready, at any time, to comply with its stipulations. The question of boundary, aside from Nicoya, Nicaragua expressed a willingness to submit to arbitration, and proposed a reference to the United States. Costa Rica, nevertheless, refused to comply with her agreement in respect to Nicoya or Guanacaste, without however assigning any reason for her bad faith; and her commissioner, instead of yielding to the proposition to refer the remaining questions of boundary to the United States, proceeded to assert that the northern boundary of Costa Rica was the river San Juan, for a distance of about two thirds of its length above its mouth, to the Castillo Viejo, and thence in a right line to the mouth of the river Flor on the Pacific! It should be observed that the new territorial limits of "Mosquito," as defined by Mr. Consul Christy, extended to the rapids of Machuca, but a few miles below the aforesaid castle! This castle was then, and had always been, garrisoned by a Nicaraguan force, as was admitted, it will be observed, by Mr. Molina.

The Nicaragua Commissioner responded to Mr. Molina by saying that Costa Rica had always admitted the rights of Nicaragua over the San Juan and its shores, and that it could not now, with any show of consistency, set up pretensions to that stream as a boundary. Mr. Molina replied by suggesting that if this stream were made the boundary, Costa Rica would be willing to make a compensation therefor. In fact, an offer of $100,000 was made to the Nicaraguan Government by the British Vice Consul, on behalf of Costa Rica, to procure the extinguishment of its title to the south bank of that river. These are important admissions.

But, as before said, the Commissioners agreed upon nothing, and their conferences ended by a formal protest on the part of Nicaragua—

1. Against any occupation of the territory in question, whether for roads conducting to the Serapiqui, or for any other work by which possession might be alleged on the part of Costa Rica.

2. Against any use of the waters of the Serapiqui or San Juan by giving them any other than their natural course, and against any use of them for purposes of commerce, except with the consent of Nicaragua—it being understood that any appropriation of them for the above purposes would be regarded as acts of violence, and as effected by force of arms.

3. Against the detention of Nicoya, from day to day; against all acts of jurisdiction over the people of the same, and against all foreign intervention, whereby Costa Rica may seek to dismember the State, or alienate any portion of the old Federation.

To these protests Mr. Molina entered counter protests, and thus the final attempt at arrangement ended.

When Mr. Molina arrived in England, Mr. Castillon, the representative of Nicaragua, proposed that a basis of agreement should be determined upon, but Mr. Molina made objection, on the score of Mr. Castillon's powers; yet expressed a willingness to proceed with the business, *provided he would consent to be bound by the decision of the British Government!* Mr. Castillon, satisfied that Molina was negotiating with England for her support and protection, enclosed, on the 27th of January, 1849, a copy of the protests of the Nicaraguan Commissioner (above quoted) to Lord Palmerston, with the object, as expressed in his note, "to impede whatever arrangement might be meditated with Mr. Molina, which might affect, in any manner, the rights of Nicaragua."

What the relations which then existed between Costa Rica and Great Britain were, may be inferred from the fact that when Mr. Christy, the Anglo-Mosquitian agent, advised the English Government that Nicaragua contemplated a war against Costa Rica, Lord Palmerston sent Mr. Addington, Under Secretary of State, to Mr. Castillon, to ask explanations, and to make known to him that the relations which existed between England and Costa Rica were of such a nature as not to permit the first to regard any such proceeding with indifference.

Before proceeding further, and at the risk of extending this article to a tiresome length, we may sum up the facts and points thus far developed and established, as follows. In respect to Nicoya, or Guanacaste—

1. That it pertained incontestibly to the Province of Nicaragua; and that therefore it subsequently pertained to the sovereign State of Nicaragua. As such, it elected members to the Constituent Assembly of the same.

2. That it was provisionally separated by the Federal Congress from the State of Nicaragua and attached to Costa Rica, in opposition to the wishes of its inhabitants, and under their protest and that of the State thus dismembered.

3. That Costa Rica accepted it, not as an integral part of its territories, but as a deposit.

4. That by the dissolution of the Federal Government, assented to both by Nicaragua and Costa Rica, it reverted, and of right, to Nicaragua,—the claims of which State were in no degree invalidated in consequence of its having, from motives of policy, failed decisively to re-assert them.

5. That Costa Rica, by her Constitution, by the conventions of her authorized agents and plenipotentiaries, and by the letters of her Government, agreed to submit the question of restitution to a Diet of all the States, or to the adjudication of two of them.

6. That she has subsequently refused to comply with her own stipulations, although repeatedly urged to do so by Nicaragua, and now asserts an unconditional territorial right over the district of Nicoya!

In respect to the territory bordering, and to the southward of the San Juan river and Lake Nicaragua, it appears—

1. That it was included in the Province of Nicaragua, and consequently falls within the sovereignty of that State.

2. That this has been admitted by Costa Rica herself in her Constitution, which only claims a line of boundary extending from the mouth of the river Salto to that of the San Juan—within which is included no portion of the latter river; by the fact that for a long period she paid transit duties to Nicaragua upon her imports passing through the rivers and adjacent territories; by the fact that she has treated for that river and its southern branches as the property of Nicaragua; and by the further fact that, as late as 1848, she offered $100,000 for an extinguishment of the Nicaragua title.

3. That the entire river San Juan has always been occupied and controlled by Nicaragua; that San Juan was created a port of entry by the King of Spain, under the name of San Juan *of Nicaragua*, and placed by the same act under the control of the Intendant of that province; that for its defense military stations, also under the government of Nicaragua, were erected upon both sides of the river, from its source to its mouth; that some of these still exist, and are now, as always before, occupied by the people and troops of Nicaragua; that the Nicaraguans established and held a fort at the mouth of the Serapiqui, until driven off by the English as late as 1848; and finally that the nearest point designated by any official act of the Spanish Government, as pertaining to Costa Rica, is the port of Matina, *fifty miles to the southward of the San Juan.*

It is therefore clear that Costa Rica has not the shadow of a title to any portion of the San Juan river, nor to either of its banks, nor yet to any portion of the Lake of Nicaragua or its shores, nor to the department of Nicoya; and that any pretensions to territorial sovereignty which she may set up are false and indefensible, and can only be made for unwarrantable purposes.

We come now to recent events. After all that had transpired, as above recounted, and with a full consciousness of the impropriety and utterly unjustifiable nature of the proceeding, Mr. Molina arranged in England (whether with the co-operation of the English Government, or otherwise, is not known) a number of contracts for various purposes, one of which was for a canal from the Atlantic to the Pacific, by way of the river San Juan, Lake Nicaragua and the

river Sapoa, to the Gulf of Salinas. He went upon the assumption, it would seem, that Costa Rica had a right to control the territories and waters involved. He also arranged the terms of a contract for improving the navigation of the Serapiqui river,—as if Costa Rica had absolute proprietorship over that stream! Also a scheme of colonization on lands bordering the San Juan and Lake Nicaragua,—as though Costa Rica had an undisputed right to those territories! These contracts were made by Mr. Molina as the representative of Costa Rica, and it is fair to conclude, under powers from his Government. They are founded on assumptions involving the most sweeping territorial pretensions, and such as it is very clear would not be made against a more powerful Republic of Nicaragua, except under the assurance of support from other powers.

These proceedings exhibit the most flagrant and criminal disregard of the obligations which Costa Rica is under to Nicaragua for her moderation and forbearance, and would justify the latter State in a resort to the ultimate redress of war. Costa Rica seems to have anticipated such a result, and therefore sought shelter behind the power of England,—very reasonably concluding from the operations of the latter on the Mosquito shore, that should it be made to her interest to sustain the pretensions of the former, it would matter very little whether or not they were founded in justice. Nor was England long in perceiving that as *quasi* protector of Costa Rica she would be likely to get a better hold on the important isthmus south of the San Juan, than she could well secure as protector of his sable Majesty of Mosquito. It would be going rather far, even for England, to pretend that this fictitious sovereign had a title to the continent from sea to sea, and British designs would be but imperfectly subserved unless she could control not only one of the termini, but the whole line of the only practicable canal across the continent. The sturdy Republicanism of Nicaragua was in the way: to have seized openly upon her territories was a step too likely to attract the attention of the world, and provoke the inquiry of nations. Costa Rica was therefore incited to make pretension to enough of her territory to cover the proposed line of canal, under the assurance of direct British protection. But the intervention of the United States has rendered any direct protection out of the question, and the original design has been modified accordingly. As we said at the outset, we are now assured that there is no such protection; yet it is notorious that practically the relationship amounts to the same thing. The so-called Government of Costa Rica is under the entire control of British agents; Downing street sustains there its stipendiary Flores, who is *de facto* the Government, and as we have seen by recently published intercepted letters, an active co-laborer with Mr. Chatfield. The affected fairness of Great Britain in this matter is mere pretence. She will sign as many treaties as may be presented to her, so that they are pointless, and do not affect the vital questions at issue; and she will flood the State department with diplomatic letters, as plausible as evasive, if thereby she may deceive the American Government. But the fact that she this day holds virtual sovereignty over more than half of Central America, comprehending nearly the whole coast from Yucatan to New-Grenada, is not to be disguised; and it is one which is not to be got over by constructive treaties, nor by "having the honor to be" of Foreign Ministers. We have had enough of both.

WHAT CONSTITUTES REAL FREEDOM OF TRADE?

CHAPTER IV.

The corner-stone of the modern English system is, as has before been stated, to be found in the following comparative view of agriculture and manufactures:—

"So far, indeed, is it from being true that nature does much for man in agriculture and nothing in manufactures, that the fact is more nearly the reverse. There are no limits to the bounty of nature in manufactures; but there are limits, and those not very remote, to her bounty in agriculture. The greatest possible amount of capital might be expended in the construction of steam engines, or of any other sort of machinery, and after they had been multiplied indefinitely, the last would be as powerful and efficient in producing commodities and doing labor as the first. Such, however, is not the case with the soil. Lands of the first quality are speedily exhausted; and it is impossible to apply capital indefinitely, even on the best soils, without obtaining from it a constantly diminishing rate of profit. The rent of the landlord is not, as Dr. Smith conceives it to be, the recompense of the work of nature remaining, after all that part of the product is deducted which can be considered as the recompense of the working man. But it is, as will be afterwards shown, the excess of produce obtained from the best soils in cultivation, over that which is obtained from the worst—it is a consequence not of the increase, but of the diminution of the productive power of the labor employed in agriculture." (M'Culloch's Principles, p. 166.)

Dr. Smith regarded labor, applied to the work of cultivation, as being that which tended *most* to facilitate the acquisition of the necessary conveniences and comforts of life. Mr. M'Culloch regards labor so applied as being that which *least* tends to produce that effect, and here is to be found the difference in the base of the two systems. How far the latter one tends to the production of freedom of trade we may now examine.

The two great commodities that are the subjects of exchange are, as has been shown, *labor* and *land*. The system of Mr. M'Culloch teaches, that with increase of population there arises a necessity for cultivating soils "of constantly increasing sterility," with "diminution in the productive power of the labor employed in agriculture," and that with each step in the progress of diminution the landowner takes an increased *proportion* as rent, leaving necessarily a diminished *proportion* of the diminished quantity to the laborer, until at length the landholder must be entitled to claim the whole, as is shown in the table given in a former chapter,* with a view to exhibit the working of Mr. Ricardo's system.†

It is clear that with a diminished power of production, resulting from increase of population, the laborer must become less and less able to determine with whom he will exchange his labor, or what shall be its price. It is also clear that as the soils in cultivation become more and more sterile men must separate more widely from each other, and that the power of voluntary association must *diminish*, while the power of the landlord to compel men to associate for

---

* See the table of distribution at page 231.

† The extraordinary difficulty attendant upon making any two parts of this unnatural system correspond with each other, will be seen from the following facts. Mr. M'Culloch, following Mr. Ricardo, asserts that as the productiveness of labor decreases rent increases, and that the landowner who receives nothing when production is great, receives much when it becomes small. It is obvious that the laborer's *proportion*, according to the theory, is a *diminishing* one. The fact, however, is known to be the reverse, and that in opposition to the theory, the laborer's proportion is a constantly *increasing* one, and this is accounted for on the plea of necessity, as will be seen by the following extract:—

"It is plain that the decreasing productiveness of the soils to which every improving society is obliged to resort, will not, as was previously observed, merely lessen the *quantity* of produce to be divided between profits and wages, but will also increase the *proportion* of that produce falling to the share of the laborer. It is quite impossible to go on increasing the cost of raw produce, the principal part of the subsistence of the laborer, by forcing good, or taking inferior lands into cultivation, without increasing wages." (M'Culloch, Principles, p. 486.)

We thus see that the same law which *diminishes* the laborer's proportion also *increases* it. The smaller the quantity obtained the larger is the proportion *taken* by the landlord, and the larger that which is *left* for the laborer. Such is the modern English political economy!

the purpose of working in the fields, or for that of carrying arms and making war upon their neighbors, must *increase;* and, therefore, that trade in the greatest of all commodities, labor, must become less and less free with each step in the growth of population. Voluntary association is essential to the increase in the productiveness of labor, and with the diminution in the power to associate, labor must become less productive of commodities to be exchanged. The power to trade in commodities must, therefore, diminish with diminution in the power freely to exchange labor, and such, according to the theory, are the inevitable consequences of increase in wealth and population.

With a population steadily increasing, accompanied by a constantly diminishing productiveness of labor, and a constantly increasing power on the part of the landlord to demand rent, the laborer must daily become more and more a slave to the landowner, and a slave to his necessities, with a daily approach to the state of things anticipated by Mr. Mill, when "wages will be reduced so low that a portion of the population will regularly die from the consequences of want."*

The "natural inclinations of man" lead him to association, and especially to the formation of that intimate association which leads to increase of population; and the object of the *Wealth of Nations* is that of proving that the more perfectly he is permitted to act in accordance with those "inclinations" the greater will be the power to produce and the power to trade. The object of the modern school is that of showing that indulgence of his "natural inclinations" leads to diminished productiveness of labor, diminished power to trade, poverty, wretchedness, and death.

By one of the recent writers of this school† marriage is held to be "a luxury" in which the poor have no right to indulge. By another we are told that it is "an enjoyment," and that the poor "have no right to marry till they have made provision for the maintenance of the expected family."‡

Restraints on that species of commerce which follows from that earliest of God's commands, *be fruitful and multiply,*—that command, to obey which man is most prompted by his "natural inclinations,"—that command, obedience to which tends most to bring into activity the best feelings of his nature,—lie at the base of modern English Political Economy, which professes to follow in the footsteps of Adam Smith, and to belong to his free-trade school. To what extent the views of late writers on this subject are carried, and how far they tend towards promoting the freedom of man in the indulgence of those "natural inclinations" implanted in him by the Deity, and for the wisest and best of purposes, may be seen by the following passage:—

"Every one has a right to live. We will suppose this granted," says Mr. Mill, (Pol. Econ. i. 428.) "But no one has a right to bring creatures into life to be supported by other people. Whoever means to stand upon the first of these rights must renounce all the pretensions to the last. If a man cannot support even himself unless others help him, those others are entitled to say that they do not also undertake the support of all the offspring which it is physically possible for him to summon into the world. Yet there are abundance of writers and public speakers, including many of most ostentatious pretensions to high feelings, whose views of life are so truly brutish, that they see hardship in preventing paupers from breeding hereditary paupers in the very workhouse itself! Posterity will one day ask, with astonishment, what sort of people it could be among whom such preachers could find proselytes.

"It is conceivable that the State might guarantee employment at ample wages to all who are born. But if it does this, it is bound, in self-protection, and for the sake of every purpose for which government exists, to provide that no person shall be born without its consent. If the ordinary and natural motives to self-restraint are removed, others must be substituted. Restrictions on marriage, at least equivalent to those existing in some of the German states, *or severe penalties* on those who have children when unable to support them, would then be indispensable. Society may feed the necessitous, if it takes their multiplication under its control; or it may leave the last to their discretion, if it abandons the first to their own care. But it cannot take half of the one course and half of the other. Let it choose that which circumstances

* Mill's Political Economy, p. 16.
† Thornton on Over-Population.
‡ Edinburgh Review, October, 1849.

or the public sentiment render most expedient. But it cannot with impunity take the feeding on itself, and leave the multiplying free."

It is thus denied that provision should be made for the support of the poor, because the belief that his family will be supported tends to lead the poor laborer to seek companionship in his misfortune by obtaining a wife, and such conduct is held to be "a sin," the correction of which is to be found in permitting parent and child to pay "the penalty" by allowing them to starve. That the reader may fully understand how far the system tends towards the enfranchisement of man, and the growth of power to follow the bent of his natural and laudable inclination towards association, the following passage from the latest writer on the subject is submitted for his perusal, and he is requested particularly to note, first, that the italics are the author's own; and, second, that while he disclaims any intention of advising that the poor should be permitted to starve to death, he does not disclaim his belief that true policy would teach that they should be left to suffer every "penalty" short of "positive death":—

"The second class is by far the most numerous; and it is in dealing with this class that the radical error of our social philosophy is most apparent and most injurious. The idle, the dissolute, the dawdling;—the Irish peasant, who will beg for a penny rather than work for a shilling;—the Irish fisherman, who burns his boats for firewood, and pawns his nets, instead of using them to fish with;—the agricultural laborer, who waits listlessly in his hovel till work finds him out, instead of diligently setting out to seek it, in every direction, for himself,—and who remains a burden on his parish, when manufacturing enterprise in the next town is hampered and delayed for want of hands;—the Sheffield grinder, who being able to earn a guinea a day, will only work two days in the week, and drinks the other five;—the spinners and weavers in manufacturing towns, who waste hundreds of thousands of pounds in *strikes* for higher wages, which always end in the impoverishment of both themselves and their employers, and in leaving numbers of them permanently unprovided;—the unionists, who, like the weavers of Norwich, the ship-builders and sawyers of Dublin, and the lace-makers of Nottingham, have, by violence and unreasonable demands, driven away trade from their respective localities;—and, finally, the thousands who, in spite of exhortation, in spite of the bitter warnings of experience, persist in spending every week the last farthing of their earnings, as if prosperity, and youth, and health could always last:—all these are the laborious architects of their own ill-fortune,—all these are destitute by their own act, their own folly, their own guilt. Those parents, again, who marry with no means of bringing up a family, with no provision for the future, no sure and ample support even for the present;—those who (like a hand-loom weaver whom we knew) bring up eleven children to an overstocked and expiring trade, which, even to themselves, affords only insufficient earnings and unsteady employment; and those who spend in wastefulness and drinking wages which, carefully husbanded, might secure a future maintenance for their offspring;—these all bring into the world paupers, who are destitute by their parents' culpability,—and the sins of the father are visited upon the children.

"Now, with regard to these classes, whatever aid the sentiments of Christian charity may prompt us, as individuals, and in each individual case, to administer, or however it may be occasionally necessary for the State to interpose for the actual salvation of *life*, it is important to pronounce distinctly that, on no principle of social right or justice, have they any claim to share the earnings or the savings of their more prudent, more energetic, more self-denying fellow-citizens. They have made for themselves the hard bed they lie on. They have sinned against the plainest laws of nature, and must be left to the corrective which nature has 'in that case made and provided;'—a corrective which is certain to operate in the end, if only we do not step in to counteract it by regulations dictated by plausible and pardonable, but shallow and short-sighted humanity. But let us not lose sight of the indubitable truth, that *if we stand between the error and its consequence, we stand between the evil and its cure,*—if we intercept the penalty (where it does not amount to positive death) we perpetuate the sin."

Such are the doctrines of the "free-trade" school of England, and they follow naturally from those of Mr. Ricardo, and of Mr.

M'Culloch, the latter of whom teaches in opposition to Dr. Smith, that so far is labor applied to agriculture from being the most productive, we should err little in saying that it was that in which nature least aided his efforts, because land was becoming daily more and more sterile, while steam engines and ships could now be built at least equal in capacity with any that had preceded them. Were the author of "The Wealth of Nations" alive, he would indignantly disclaim all connection with a school which taught that freedom of commerce was to be found in making of the indulgence of man's most "natural inclination" a crime, "the penalty" for which was to be any species of bodily and mental torture and exhaustion, short of "positive death." He could hold no fellowship with such men.

Every act of association has, as we have already said, commerce for its object. The husband gives his care, his labors and their products, for the maintenance of his wife and for the improvement of her condition, and the wife does the same by him. The father aids the child in his youth, and the child does the same by him in his age. The people of the village associate for the making of roads and the maintenance of churches and schools, and the blacksmith, the carpenter, the mason, and the laborer associate for the building of the houses, the schools, the churches, and the market-houses; and the more rapid the increase of population the greater will be the power of association, the more productive the labor, and the greater the power to maintain commerce. Mr. M'Culloch teaches the reverse of all this. He holds that to render labor productive, men must abstain from the commerce of the sexes, and that the more widely they separate from each other, the more advantageously will labor be employed, and the larger will be the power to trade. The ship and the wagon are in his estimation as productive as the plough and the harrow, because with him *dispersion* is the road to wealth; whereas Dr. Smith looked to *concentration* as the means of dispensing with both ship and wagon, and thus rendering more productive the labors of those who followed the plough and drove the harrow. Which of the two systems it is that tends most to facilitate the power to exchange labor for labor the reader may now decide. Should he on full consideration arrive at the conclusion that men who are far distant from each other can combine their exertions more readily than men who live near each other, he will be fully qualified to enroll himself as a member of the modern "*free-trade*" school. Should he, on the contrary, believe that men who are near each other combine their exertions more readily than those who are distant, he will find himself fitted to enroll himself among the disciples of Adam Smith, who taught *freedom of commerce* among men.

We may now look to see how the modern British system tends to affect the trade in the second great instrument of production, land.

The great machine of production is the land, and if the whole be monopolized by a single individual, or by a government, it is obvious that in this there can be *no trade whatever*. If owned by a few individuals there can be little trade. If divided among a large number of people, there will be frequent exchanges, and consequently much trade. The system of Adam Smith looked to the division of land, and consequently to the increase of trade in land. That of Mr. M'Culloch is opposed to its division, and consequently to any increase in the number of exchanges to be made of it.

With every increase of population, labor is, according to his theory, less advantageously applied, and the landholder obtains as rent a large *proportion* of the product, enabling him, of course, not only to retain his old possessions, but to add to them by enclosing, or by purchasing, new ones. The laborer obtains a smaller *proportion* of the diminished quantity, and becomes, therefore, from day to day less able to obtain food, and consequently less and less able to purchase land, or to retain the little patch that he may have enclosed and cultivated. The tendency of the system is therefore to diminution in the amount of commerce in land.

Such being the theory, we find Mr. M'Culloch, as might naturally be expected, an advocate of the system which tends to tie up land by means of laws of primogeniture, entails, and settlements, in regard to which he says:—

"It has long been customary in this, as well as in many other countries, when estates consist of land, to leave them wholly or principally to the eldest son, and to give to the younger sons and daughters smaller portions in money. Many objections have been made to this custom, but mostly, as it appears to me, without due consider-

ation. That it has its inconveniences there is no doubt, but they seem to be trifling compared with the advantages which it exclusively possesses. It *forces* the younger sons to quit the home of their father, and makes them depend for success in life on the fair exercise of their talents; it helps to prevent the splitting of landed property into too small portions; and stimulates the holders of estates to endeavor to save a monied fortune adequate for the outfit of the younger children, without rendering them a burden on their senior. Its influence in these and other respects is equally powerful and salutary. The sense of inferiority as compared with others is, next to the pressure of want, one of the most powerful incentives to exertion. It is not always because a man is poor that he is perseveringly industrious, economical, and inventive; in many cases he is already wealthy, and is merely wishing to place himself in the same rank as others who have still larger fortunes. The younger sons of our great landed proprietors are particularly sensible to this stimulus. Their relative inferiority in point of wealth, and their desire to escape from this lower situation, and to attain to the same level as their elder brothers, inspires them with an energy and vigor they would not otherwise feel. But the advantage of preserving large estates from being frittered down by a scheme of equal division, is not limited to its effects on the younger children of their owners. It raises universally the standard of competence, and gives new force to the springs which set industry in motion. The manner of living in great landlords is that in which every one is ambitious of being able to indulge; and their habits of expense, though somewhat injurious to themselves, act as powerful incentives to the ingenuity and enterprise of other classes, who never think their fortunes sufficiently ample, unless they will enable them to emulate the splendor of the richest landlords; so that the custom of primogeniture seems to render all classes more industrious, and to augment at the same time the mass of wealth and the scale of enjoyment." (Principles, p. 259.)

It seems scarcely to have occurred to Mr. M'Culloch that if the accumulation of land in the hands of a few persons tended to produce, in so great a degree, all these advantageous effects, the accumulation of the whole in the hands of one person would tend to produce them in a much greater degree; and that, therefore, the perfection of his system of ownership of landed property would be found in India, where the government is sole proprietor. Leaving, however, for the present, the consideration of this subject, we may now look to see how far the system tends to extend or to diminish the power to exchange the products of land for labor expended on the land itself, in regard to which we are told that "the father cannot do many things advantageous to himself and beneficial to the property, without the consent of the son, and the son cannot make a settlement on his marriage without the consent of the father," and that "cases do sometimes occur of father and son driving hard bargains with each other."* It is obvious from this that the system tends to shut out from land the employment of much labor that might beneficially be applied to its improvement, and that would be so applied, were that system non-existent. Throughout Scotland an entailed estate can be distinguished, we are told, by the fact of its greatly inferior cultivation.† The system tends, therefore, to diminish the power of voluntary combination between the laborer and the landowner, and to diminish the amount of trade in both labor and land.

To carry it out, there exists a necessity for incumbering estates with settlements in favor of wives, widows, younger sons, and daughters, and the reader needs not to be told that such incumbrances operate always as a bar to the division, and most generally to the improvement of land. On this head we are told that "There is a point of great and immediate importance on which we must say a few words. We have seen that in settlements successive tenants for life have powers given them to jointure wives, and to provide for younger children, the latter being effected by means of charges upon the inheritance. The result, broadly stated, is, that the present possessor has to bear the burdens imposed by his predecessors; and this goes on from generation to generation. The fee-simple is, consequently, never entirely free from debt; and there is a sort of running partition of it between its possessors and those in whose favor family provisions are made. We are far from objecting to this, if the proper relative proportion be maintained. The great aim ought to be not to permit the inheritance to be too much incumbered; and on the whole this object has, in England, been steadily kept in view. We must say with regret, however, that we have detected a tendency recently to violate this wholesome principle. A practice is creeping in by which the inheritance is laden with larger family provisions than it can properly bear. The result is already manifest in much uneasiness and embarrass-

* Quarterly Review, July, 1848. Art. Entails of Lands.

† North British Review.

ment. It is time to convey a warning to landowners. This practice may not be a general one as yet, but its extension cannot be too energetically protested against. We venture to think that it had its origin from the following circumstance:—that—whereas the jointures for widows, of course, expire with their lives—the provisions for younger children are made substantial charges on the inheritance, and are not regarded in the same light as are other incumbrances. Proprietors do not, consequently, sufficiently exert themselves to free their estates from them; and not only are they permitted to remain undischarged, but are frequently made the subject of separate settlements. Now such of our readers as attend to these matters at all are aware that an Act was passed in 1846, empowering the owners of estates to borrow public money for a limited amount to aid them in the drainage of land. The land to be benefited is charged under the Act with payment to the Crown, for twenty-two years, of a rent-charge of 6*l.* 10*s.* a year for 100*l.* advanced. The calculation was, that at the end of the term the advances would be fully repaid, principal and interest. This Act has been extensively acted upon, and we must ask whether some, if not all, of the burdens which are usually imposed on the inheritance in English settlements, might not, with advantage, be thrown into the shape of similar tenantable rent-charges? Mr. M'Culloch suggests this with reference to Scotland—but why not apply it also to England? Our machinery of trustees is complete—ready to our hand: they might receive the rent-charges as they arose, and invest them in proper security, and they might be armed with the usual powers for compelling payment. The advantages of such a plan appear obvious. The present possessors would be made to feel more sensibly the necessity of not overloading their properties with incumbrances, by having themselves to liquidate either the whole or a portion of the principal as well as the interest, in place of throwing the weight of such incumbrances on posterity—and the inheritance would from time to time be freed from preceding burdens while it assumed others."

We have here, in addition to all the old modes of fettering land, a system of trusts for its improvement, the necessary consequence of which must be still greater difficulty in every operation connected with commerce in the great instrument of production, land.

In the days of Adam Smith about one fifth of the surface of Scotland was supposed to be entailed, and he saw the disadvantages of the system to be so great that he denounced the system as being "founded upon the most absurd of all suppositions, the supposition that every successive generation of men have not an equal right to the earth and all that it possesses; but that the property of the present generation should be retained and regulated according to the fancy of those who died perhaps five hundred years ago." Instead of changing the system, and doing that which might tend to the establishment of greater freedom of trade in land, the movement has been in a contrary direction, and to such an extent that one half of Scotland is now supposed to be entailed; and yet this is the system advocated by Mr. M'Culloch, the follower in the steps of Adam Smith, as being the one calculated "to render all classes more industrious, and to augment at the same time the mass of wealth and the scale of enjoyment." If it could do this, it would be by facilitating combination of action between the laborer and the landowner for the improvement of the land. How far it does so may be judged from the following passage from another of the disciples of the schools of Messrs. Ricardo and Malthus, Mr. J. Stuart Mill:—

"In Great Britain, the landed proprietor is not unfrequently an improver. But it cannot be said that he is generally so. And in the majority of cases he grants the liberty of cultivation on such terms, as to prevent improvements from being made by any one else. In the southern parts of the island, as there are usually no leases, permanent improvements can scarcely be made except by the landlord's capital; accordingly the South, compared with the North of England, and with the Lowlands of Scotland, is extremely backward in agricultural improvement. The truth is, that any very general improvement of land by the landlords, is hardly compatible with a law or custom of primogeniture. When the land goes wholly to the heir, it generally goes to him severed from the pecuniary resources which would enable him to improve it, the personal property being absorbed by the provision for younger children, and the land itself often heavily burthened for the same purpose. There is therefore but a small proportion of landlords who have the means of making expensive improvements, unless they do it with borrowed money, and by adding to the mortgages with which in most cases the land was

already burthened when they received it. But the position of the owner of a deeply mortgaged estate is so precarious; economy is so unwelcome to one whose apparent fortune greatly exceeds his real means, and the vicissitudes of rent and price which only trench upon the margin of his income, are so formidable to one who can call little more than that margin his own; that it is no wonder if few landlords find themselves in a condition to make immediate sacrifices for the sake of future profit. Were they ever so much inclined, those alone can prudently do it, who have seriously studied the principles of scientific agriculture; and great landlords have seldom seriously studied anything. They might at least hold out inducements to the farmers to do what they will not or cannot do themselves; but even in granting leases, it is in England a general complaint that they tie up their tenants by covenants grounded on the practices of an obsolete and exploded agriculture; while most of them, by withholding leases altogether, and giving the farmer no guarantee of possession beyond a single harvest, keep the land on a footing little more favorable to improvement than in the time of our barbarous ancestors,

> ——immetata quibus jugera liberas
> Fruges et Cererem ferunt,
> Nec cultura placet longior annua.

"Landed property in England is thus very far from completely fulfilling the conditions which render its existence economically justifiable. But if insufficiently realized even in England, in Ireland those conditions are not complied with at all. With individual exceptions, (some of them very honorable ones,) the owners of Irish estates do nothing for the land but drain it of its produce. What has been epigrammatically said in the discussions on 'peculiar burthens,' is literally true when applied to them; that the greatest 'burthen on land' is the landlords. Returning nothing to the soil, they consume its whole produce, minus the potatoes strictly necessary to keep the inhabitants from dying of famine; and when they have any notion of improvement, it consists in not leaving even this pittance, but turning out the people, to beggary if not to starvation. When landed property has placed itself upon this footing, it ceases to be defensible, and the time has come for making some new arrangement of the matter."

So great does Mr. Mill believe to be the disadvantages of the system, that he holds that the people have a right to discard the landowners; the claim of the latter to the land being altogether "subordinate to the general policy of the State." Widely different is all this from the teachings of Adam Smith, who saw that improvement in the condition of man, and perfect respect for all the rights of property, went hand in hand with each other. Security of property is essential to the growth of commerce, and yet the modern system of "free trade" is based upon the doctrines of Mr. Ricardo, which constitute the best defence of the modern French ideas on the subject of the right to property. The best text book in the world for Red-republicanism, and for communism, is that gentleman's "Principles of Political Economy."

Being favorable to a continuance of the system which tends to limit, and almost altogether prevents, commerce in land, by means of purchase and sale, Mr. M'Culloch, as might naturally be expected, favors also that mode of tenancy which tends most to prevent combination of action between the landowner and his smaller neighbor, who would desire to cultivate his land, paying rent for its use. He, therefore, informs us that "the opinions of the great majority of those who, from their acquaintance with agriculture, are best enabled to decide on such matters, are exceedingly hostile to the small farming system." He thinks that the occupants of small farms cannot "accumulate capital," and therefore that it is not "superfluous to enforce the propriety of letting land in preference to large farmers, even although small tenants are willing to pay higher rents than could be obtained from the larger one." The more *middle-men* the better. He prefers the ship and the wagon to the plough and the loom—the merchant and the sailor to the farmer and the planter—and the large tenant, surrounded by hired laborers who make their homes in distant villages, to the small occupants of a dozen acres each, who deal directly with the great landowner, even although they obtain from the land so much more that they can afford to pay a higher rent. His views and those of the school he represents, in regard to the exchanges of labor and land, the great instruments of all production, are diametrically opposed to those of the author of the *Wealth of Nations*, and therefore it is that they find the ideas upon which his system rests to be "fundamentally erroneous." Dr. Smith looked to the division of land, the diversification of employment, and the combination of action among men. His successors look to the centralization of land, the *territorial* division of labor, and the dispersion of men. The former is based on the plough and the loom, working in connection with each other. The latter, on the ship and the wagon passing between the plough and the loom.

The steam-engine that grinds the grain is deemed preferable to the great machine which produces the grain, because, while the

soil is becoming daily more sterile, each successive engine may be equal to the last; and, for the same reason, the wagon which carries the grain to market, and the ship which transports the cotton, are deemed to be entitled to a preference over the earth which produces both. If, however, the supply of grain be not maintained, we do not need more engines, and if that of cotton be diminished, we need fewer ships. To maintain the power of the land for the production of either, it is necessary to return to the land the refuse of its products; and if the policy of England tends to prevent such return, the necessary consequence must be that the farmers and planters of the world must produce less grain and less cotton, and that thus the effort to make the cultivation of the land "merely subsidiary to foreign commerce" by augmenting the number of steam-engines and ships, must be that of diminishing the power of foreign countries to maintain trade, to take the place of the great domestic trade which is thus abandoned.

A steam-engine *produces* nothing. It diminishes the labor required for converting wool into cloth, or grain into flour; for freeing mines from water; or for transporting wool, or grain, or coal. The gain from its use is the wages of that labor, *minus* the loss by deterioration of the machine. Labor applied to fashioning the earth produces wages, *plus* the gain by improvement of the machine. The more an engine can be made to yield the worse it will become. The more the earth can be made to yield the better will it become. The man who neglects his farm to employ himself and his engine in the work of fashioning or exchanging the products of other farms, obtains wages, *minus* loss of capital. He who employs himself on his own farm obtains wages, *plus* profits resulting from the improvement of the farm, to the extent that that improvement exceeds the loss from the deterioration of the spades, ploughs, engines, or other machinery that is used.

To test the correctness of this view, we submit two cases to the consideration of the reader. A and B have each a horse and cart, and a farm from which they can have three hundred bushels of wheat, or its equivalent. An offer is made to give them each that quantity, but the distance is so great that the hauling will occupy precisely the same time as the raising would do. A accepts, and B does not. A spends his time, and that of his horse and cart, on the road. B stays at home. When it rains, A stops in the road-side tavern. B spends the same day at home, repairing his house. When A's horse feeds and rests, his master has nothing to do. B grubs up an old root, or repairs a fence. A's horse deposits his manure in the road. That of B goes on his farm. A's horse hauls every day, and the service performed, nothing remains. B opens a marl pit, and puts on his land manure for two or three years. At the end of the year A's horse and cart are worn out, while B's are almost as good as new. The farm of A has deteriorated, while that of B has greatly improved. Both have done the same number of days' work, and both have received the same compensation, yet A is poorer and B richer than at first. Every diminution in the quantity required of the machinery of exchange tends to increase the quantity of labor, both of body and mind, that may be applied directly to production, and labor so applied is rewarded not only with an increased return, but with an increase in the powers of the machine itself. Such has been the case in all time past, and such must it ever continue to be.

It is by this almost insensible contribution of labor that land acquires value. The first object of the poor cultivator of the thin soils is to obtain food and clothing for himself and his family. His leisure is given to the work of improvement. At one place he cuts a little drain, and at another he roots out a stump. At one moment he cuts fuel for his family, and thus clears his land; and at another digs a well to facilitate the watering of his cattle, and thus keep his manure in the stable yard. He knows that the machine will feed him better the more perfectly he fashions it, and that there is always place for his time and his labor to be expended with advantage to himself.

A piece of land that yields £100 *per annum* will sell for £3,000. A steam-engine that will produce the same, will scarcely command £1,000. Why should this difference exist? It is because the buyer of the first knows that it will pay him wages and interest, *plus* the increase of its value by use. The buyer of the other knows that it will give him wages and interest, *minus* the diminution in its value by use. The one

takes three and a third per cent., *plus* the difference: the other ten, *minus* the difference. The one buys a machine that improves by use. The other, one that deteriorates with use. The one is buying a machine produced by the labor of past times, and to the creation of which has been applied all the spare time of a series of generations; and he gives for it one third or one half of the labor that would be now required to produce it in its present state, were it reduced to its original one. That of the other is bought at the actual price of the labor that it has cost. The one is a machine upon which new capital and labor may be expended with constantly increasing return; while upon the other no such expenditure can be made. We have now before us an account of recent operations at Knowsley, where an expenditure of £7 10*s.* per acre for draining, was rewarded by an increase of 20*s.* in rent, or more than thirteen per cent. In another case, where land had been abandoned as totally worthless, labor to the amount of 40*s.* per acre was attended with a gain of 10*s.* per acre to the owner, and 10*s.* to the tenant, making fifty per cent. per annum: without taking into consideration the gain to the laborer in the increased facility of procuring the necessaries of life. Lord Stanley, who furnished this statement, said, and we are sure most truly, that although he and his father had for several years laid a million of tiles per annum, they felt that as yet they had only made a beginning.* We believe that they have, even yet, scarcely begun to think upon the subject. They are only beginning to wake up. We have also before us an account of a field so completely worn out that it produced, with manure, but five hundred weight of turnips, but which, by being treated with sulphuric acid and bones, was made to yield two hundred and eighty-five hundred weight; and another, which gave to coal ashes and coal dust but eighty-eight hundred weight, gave to the acid and bones, two hundred and fifty-one hundred weight. Such profits are not to be found in any other pursuit; and yet England has been wasting her energies on ships, colonies, and commerce, having at her feet an inexhaustible magazine asking only to be worked.

* Thirty years since, all the tiles laid in the United Kingdom amounted to but seventy-one millions per annum.

The improvement above described is remarkable, only because concentrated within a short space of time. Had the land described by Lord Stanley been cultivated by the owner, and had he felt that agriculture was a science worthy of his attention, the drainage would have taken place gradually, and the improvement would have been marked by a gradual growth in the power to pay better wages and more rent. We have before us a notice of land rented for nine hundred pounds, at the close of a long lease at one hundred and thirty pounds. During all this time, its owner has had interest on his capital, and at the close of the lease, his capital has increased seven times. His investment was better than it would have been in steam-engines at ten per cent., because *his* engineer paid him for the privilege of building up his machine, whereas the steam-engineer would have required to be paid while wearing the machine out. Everybody is content with small interest, and sometimes with no interest, from land, where population and wealth are rapidly growing, because *there* capital is steadily augmenting without effort. Such is the experience of all men who own landed property where population and wealth are *permitted* to increase: for they *will* always increase if not prevented by interferences like those which have existed in England, and to a still greater extent in France. The great pursuit of man is agriculture. There is none "in which so many of the laws of nature must be consulted and understood as in the cultivation of the earth. Every change of the season, every change even of the wind, every fall of rain, must affect some of the manifold operations of the farmer. In the improvement of our various domestic animals, some of the most abstruse principles of physiology must be consulted. Is it to be supposed that men thus called upon to study, or to observe the laws of nature, and labor in conjunction with its powers, require less of the light of the highest science than the merchant or the manufacturer?" It is not. It is the science that requires the greatest knowledge, *and the one that pays best for it;* and yet England has *driven* man, and wealth, and mind, into the less profitable pursuits of fashioning and exchanging the products of other lands; and has expended thousands of millions on fleets and armies to enable her to drive with

foreign nations the poor trade, when her own soil offered her the richer one that tends to produce that increase of wealth and concentration of population which have in all times and in all ages given the self-protective power that requires neither fleets, nor armies, nor tax-gatherers. In her efforts to force this trade, she has driven the people of the United States to extend themselves over vast tracts of inferior land when they might more advantageously have concentrated themselves on rich ones; and she has thus delayed the progress of civilization abroad and at home. She has made it necessary for the people of grain-growing countries to rejoice in the deficiencies of her harvests, as affording them the outlet for surplus food that they could not consume, and that was sometimes abandoned on the field, as not worth the cost of harvesting; instead of being enabled to rejoice in the knowledge that others were likely to be fed as abundantly as themselves: and such is the necessary result of the policy advocated by the modern free-trade school of England, which teaches the dispersion of man in opposition to the concentration of man, advocated by the founder of the real free-trade school, whose system has been long repudiated by those who profess to hold him in reverence as the founder of the school in which they have constituted themselves professors. They have yet to learn, what their master well knew, that every increase in the *necessity* for ships and wagons tends to diminish the freedom of man, the freedom of trade, and the power to maintain trade. Their views are precisely those described by him in the following paragraph: "The inland or home trade, *the most important of all,* the trade in which an equal capital affords the greatest profit and creates the greatest employment to the people of the country, was considered as subsidiary only to foreign trade. It neither brought money into the country, it was said, nor carried any out of it. The country, therefore, could never become richer or poorer by means of it, except so far as its prosperity or decay might indirectly influence the state of foreign trade."*

Adam Smith cautioned his countrymen against the then existing system as tending "to produce an improper and dangerous distribution of population at home, with diminution in the wages of British labor and the profits of British capital, and as tending at the same time to prevent the proper, necessary, and natural distribution of employments abroad, and therefore as a "manifest violation of the most sacred rights of mankind." He saw that the ship, the wagon, the spindle and the loom—the machinery of exchange and of conversion—were useful to the extent that they enabled man to employ more labor in the work of production, and no further, and that their substitution for machines of production tended to diminish both the power to produce and the power to maintain trade. The steam-engine economizes the labor required for converting the wheat into flour, and if that labor can be applied to producing more wheat, or grass, or wool, or of any other of the commodities useful to man, the substitution is advantageous; but if, by reason of restraints on the owners of land, it cannot be so applied, the engine is not only not useful, but *positively injurious.* If it dispenses with the labor of a hundred men, they are discharged to seek other employment, and if it cannot be obtained, they must nevertheless eat food, wear clothes, and have shelter—even if it be the poor-house. Instead of receiving these things in return for labor, they must now receive

* How perfectly the views of some of the American disciples of the modern English school correspond with those denounced by Dr. Smith, may be seen from the following passage which we take from the Patent Office Report, for 1848. The commerce of the family is nothing, nor is that of the neighborhood anything. It is the trivial amount which enters into the general commerce of the world that is to be alone regarded:—

"When we revert to first principles in political economy, we think it must be admitted that *the surplus of any crop or commodity which is sold by the producer, and enters into the general commerce of the world, is the only part of it which has, in truth, so far as the accumulation of wealth by the nation is concerned, any value.* That portion of his own production which the farmer consumes in his family or on his farm is of no account or value whatever in the general commerce of the world, and has, in fact, no price. It is the surplus which enters into commerce only that has price; and that only, strictly speaking, it is of importance to estimate. Therefore, to be precisely correct, *the true rule would be to call the amount of wheat consumed by the producer nothing, and estimate only the amount which he has to sell.*"

The most important portion of the domestic trade adds nothing to the accumulation of wealth! The object of Dr. Smith's work was the denunciation of the idea that "England's Treasure" was to be found in "Foreign Trade," and yet we have it here repeated by *one of his disciples.*

them out of taxes paid for their support, and at the hands of the parish beadle. Their habits of industry and their self-respect are thereby destroyed, while the condition of the remainder of the community is in no way improved, because the quantity of commodities to be consumed is not increased, nor is the number of mouths to be fed diminished. Nor is this all. While productive, under these circumstances, of no single advantage, it is the cause of many and serious evils. The discharge of this hundred men tends to render labor surplus, the consequence of which is a reduction of wages all around, which enables the engine proprietor to make larger profits than before. The general productiveness of labor is lessened—the state of morals is deteriorated—the *proportion* of the capitalist is increased, and the laborer obtains a diminished *proportion* of a diminished product, and with each and every step in this direction there is diminished power to maintain trade, as we shall have occasion to show when we come to examine the actual working of the system advocated by these followers in the steps of Adam Smith, who differ from him in every single idea. Were he now here, he would unite with us in saying that labor-saving machinery is an unmixed good when the labor saved can be applied to increasing the amount of production, because it then tends towards the improvement and equalization of the condition of both laborer and capitalist: but when it cannot be so applied, it is an unmixed evil, because it tends to promote deterioration and inequality in the condition of both, enabling the one to monopolize land and live in splendor, while driving the other to seek a refuge in the tavern and the poor-house.

The great machine is that of production—the Earth. The small machines are those of conversion and exchange, spindles, looms, engines, and ships. In a natural state of things, the savings of labor effected by the latter are useful, because they increase the quantity that may be given to the former; but when the former is monopolized to such an extent that labor cannot find employment upon it, then the only effect of the latter is to give to individuals another monopoly, by aid of which the monopoly of the earth may be increased and extended. The thousand small machines scattered throughout the country, by aid of which their thousand owners and a thousand laborers were enabled to obtain moderate wages, are rendered useless, and the same work is now done by eight or ten steam-engines and a hundred and fifty men, women, and children, occupying the lanes and the cellars of Manchester, and aiding to swell the possessions of men who amass fortunes, purchase land, and perhaps obtain titles. With each step in this direction, land accumulates in fewer hands, voluntary combination diminishes, and with it there is a diminution in the power of production, diminished power on the part of the laborer to control his own actions, and diminished power to maintain trade.

The system is that of centralization, and produces great activity near the heart, with diminution of activity near the extremities; and this effect gradually extends itself throughout the whole system, as will be seen on an examination of the various parts of the British Empire: the result of which will be to show, that colony after colony has been exhausted, whilst at home the little occupant has been gradually sinking into the day-laborer, and passing from that to the condition of a pauper, living at the cost of others, and losing all control over the disposal of his own labor or its products.

With each step in his descent he becomes more and more reckless. Hope leaves him. The whip of the tax-gatherer is deemed necessary to animate him to exertion.* His former habits of sobriety, care and economy disappear, to be replaced by those of drunkenness and waste; and thus it is that, with the diminished productiveness of labor that is necessarily consequent upon the adoption of the modern "free-trade" system, there is a steady deterioration of the moral as well as the physical condition of man. The habit of voluntary association before existing now passes away, and day by day the productive power still further diminishes, with further diminution in the power to maintain trade. We see, thus, that it is in the direction of centralization—in the direction indicated to us by the modern system which leads to the separation of the producer from

* "To the desire of rising in the world, implanted in the breast of every individual, an increase of taxation superadds the fear of being cast down to a lower station, of being deprived of conveniences and gratifications which habit has rendered all but indispensable; and the combined influence of the two principles produces results that could not be produced by the unassisted agency of either."—*M'Culloch.*

the consumer of his products—in that which tends to substitute the territorial for the local division of labor—that we must look for diminution in the freedom of man, and in the power to maintain that commerce with his fellow-man to which Adam Smith referred, and for increased power over their fellow-men on the part of those whose only idea of commerce is expressed in the sentence, "Buy in the cheapest and sell in the dearest market."

With diminution in the habit of association, and with increase in the tendency towards dispersion, there is increased difficulty in obtaining education, and deterioration of intellectual condition follows in the train of moral and physical deterioration, with further diminution in the productive power, and increased inequality among the various portions of society. The love of peace passes away to be replaced by turbulence and love of discord, with a tendency to combination for the commission of acts of violence, increasing with every step of diminution in the power of self-protection, and in the feeling of independence and self-respect. Production still further diminishes, and the difficulty of accumulating capital to be used in aid of further production increases, while the *proportion* taken by the capitalist steadily increases as its productiveness diminishes, and that claimed by the government as steadily increases, while the productiveness of taxes diminishes, with increased difficulty in obtaining revenue. Increasing weakness on the part of the laborer is followed by weakness on that of the owners of capital, whether employed in land or in trade, and that in turn is followed by weakness on the part of the nation, until at length the whole is involved in one common ruin, the natural result of the adoption of the system of the modern politico-economical school of England, which teaches freedom of trade and leads to the total destruction of the power to maintain trade. Such is now the tendency, daily increasing, throughout the whole British empire.

It is an order of things that is opposed to "the natural inclination of man." It is the creation of those purely "human institutions" denounced by Smith as the causes of the existence of the great cities of the earth, built up out of the spoils of the cultivators of the soil, and therefore it is that other nations have been driven to measures of resistance with a view to its annihilation and the establishment of real freedom of trade.

The system described by Adam Smith, and which he fondly desired to see established among men, looked to the concentration of man and the extension of commerce among men, resulting from the growth of the power and the habit of voluntary association, whether for the purpose of peopling the earth, increasing its products, or facilitating the application of labor to the increase of those products, their conversion into forms that fit them for the use of man, or their exchange among men. The nearer men could live to their neighbor men, the greater, as he saw, would be the commerce maintained among themselves, and the greater the power to maintain commerce with distant men.

The system reprobated by Adam Smith, and which his successors fondly desire to see established among men, looks to the dispersion of man, and the diminution of commerce among men and women—land-owners and laborers—producers and consumers—in the vain hope of building up a great trade with distant men while destroying the power to produce commodities in which to trade.

The one looked to an increased amount of trade, resulting from an increased power to trade: the other desires to obtain the same result by increasing the necessity for trade. With the one the best form of society was a true pyramid. With the other it is an inverted one.

MEMORANDA, ETHICAL, CRITICAL, AND POLITICAL.

I.

We forget, in our judgments of others, that virtue is a scale, and not a limit. From social drinking to sottishness, and from a white lie to malignant perjury, the degrees are numberless. Our judgments of men are consequently as incorrect as our estimates of distances by the eye. In theory, the moral law is more exact and absolute than the pure mathematics; but in its applications, of necessity, loose and vague. *Very* good mathematicians, it is said, are rarely good measurers or machinists.

II.

The hardest calumny to bear is the being reviled by a contemptible enemy, for a vice which you feel is accidental to yourself, native to him.

III.

A knave is disgraced by nature; his being detected in villainy is an accident, and changes nothing but opinion.

IV.

Though the advocate be a knave, the cause may be just. Though the preacher be no saint, his precepts may be divine.

V.

Right of property, like right of freedom, seems to have its root in instinct. The bird defends her nest, the dog his kennel, the man his homestead.

VI.

The fool is he who forgets his experience.

VII.

There are three superstitions—of Society, of State, and of Church.

The first reveres Aristocracy.
The second reveres Power.
The third reveres Sanctimony.

There are also three Reverences.

The first is the reverence for Great Men.
The second is the reverence for Law.
The third is the reverence for Truth.

VIII.

Only the honorable man can regain lost honor. The knave cannot regain what he never had. He can only operate on opinion.

IX.

"The poorer classes" are those only who must continue poor, from father to son. With us, then, there are, in strictness, no "poorer classes;" the fathers are poor, but the sons may be rich.

X.

To attain general knowledge through experience of *things*, and high moral principles through experience of one's own passions in dealing with *men*,—is not that the best that we can do for ourselves as intelligences?

XI.

As the most sublime landscape is that which affects us least in the detail, and most powerfully in whole effect, so, perhaps, the grandest character is the farthest removed from peculiarity and eccentricity.

XII.

None can love all alike but the Universal Father; and he who has no country to be jealous for, and no enemy to hate, is either a god, a hypocrite, or a fool.

XIII.

Show me a true patriot, and I will show you that he has both courage, true love, and honor.

XIV.

Though each man has his singular defects, there is an entire virtue in the nation. *I* am deficient, but my countrymen, together, have all the virtues. My country has godlike valor, heroism, irresistible enterprise, and a will that nothing can shake. How then can I fail to revere my country? The great problem of government is to attain a full and perfect representation of the national grandeur in public affairs.

XV.

When the General Government is fearful and vacillating, it no longer represents the virtue and courage of the country.

XVI.

Poetry and the legitimate drama represent the rebellion of the passions against God, or against what the modern philosophers call Reason, the image of God, and the ancients, Fate, and the will of Jove, i. e., the supreme law of the universe.

XVII.

Corrupt poetry and the melodrama represent the triumph of the passions over the supreme law, a triumph purely fictitious.

XVIII.

Great men have usually but one point of grandeur, they illustrate but one law of the universe,—as Will, Justice, Truth. When men suppose that the entire image of God appears in one human form, in its full roundness and infinitude, they deify it.

XIX.

Moral power has light, (*truth*,) heat, (*love*,) and power, the informing and transforming ray. By this symbol (the sunbeam) Egyptian theology indicated its first or grand trinity.

XX.

It is said that republics are based upon virtue. Would it not express the truth more clearly to say that they are based upon the masculine virtues: strength of individual will, justice, (equality of man and man,) and confidence, a certain consciousness of the agreement of human and Divine intention, in the affairs of this world.

XXI.

If the above is true, the great Republic will stand as long as its affairs are entrusted by the people to men of great strength of will and great justice and self-reliance.

XXII.

Thomas Carlyle has most bitterly insulted and abused the people of America; and yet, for every virtue that he worships the great Republic is a country of heroes. He is a Balaam, who, upon the Ass of English prejudice, prophecies for us against his will.

XXIII.

"There is great difficulty," writes Colonel Trumbull to General Washington, before Boston, "to support liberty, to exercise government, and maintain subordination, and at the same time prevent the operation of licentious and levelling principles, which many very easily imbibe. "The pulse of a New-England man beats high for liberty; his engagement in the service he thinks purely voluntary; therefore, when the term of enlistment is out, he thinks himself not holden without further engagement. This was the case in the last war. I greatly fear its operation among the soldiers of the other colonies, as I am sensible this is the genius and spirit of our people!" (Letter to Washington. Sparks, I. 164.)

XXIV.

Every man in business may make his own affairs a school of justice, as effectually as any magistrate. Business rests upon good faith (credit); credit is the common bond of all men, superior to all conditions, and to all ranks and relationships. The system of the universe is a system of credit, and there are "days of grace" allowed for perturbations.

XXV.

The acts of great men seem to be creative, as the hand of God is creative, only through the performance of universal laws.

XXVI.

There are some things in which the wisdom of ages cannot instruct us, namely, the form of our government, the profession we should choose, and the friendships we should form.

XXVII.

In order to be right we must go too far and be a little wrong. The patriot must be more than patriotic,—he must be hot and prejudiced for his country; and so, the lover for his mistress, the parent for the children.

XXVIII.

The days of the old thirteen colonies have gone by; we are now not only a nation but an empire; our thoughts, or policy, and our national bearing should therefore be imperial.

XXIX.

Can there be good men who are bad citizens? What if patriotism, warm, full and proud, be an essential element of goodness? We live by our country, more truly than by

our parents; it goes with us and protects us long after they have left us; is not the love of the universal country a sublimer passion than that of child or parent?

XXX.

If the above is true, then we distinguish the good citizen from the bad by a very simple test. The good citizen carries the laws, or rather those peculiar republican principles from which the laws originate, and by which they are reformed, in his own breast, and he instinctively illustrates them in his life.

TRANSLATION OF THE DEDICATION OF GOETHE'S FAUST.

AGAIN ye come, ye visions fair, but fleeting,
Which in the early morning-tide of life
My earnest boyhood's troubled glances meeting,
Forced on my spirit a perpetual strife.
Shall I attempt to grasp your changeful seeming?
Do I *still* feel my yearning heart inclined
Toward that too dear, but ah! deceptive gleaming
Of phantom bliss more fickle than the wind?

Ye press still on, and ye *may* hold dominion
Over my longing bosom, as ye list,
Rising so lightly on angelic pinion
Out of the silver veil of cloud and mist:
The wizard breath that atmospheres your train
Brings to my heart my youthful years again.

Ye bring with you the thoughts of days Elysian,
And many dear beloved shades appear;
While like an olden, half-expired tradition,
First love and friendship with them, faint, draw near:
The pangs renewed and tender plaints repeating,
The wandering, labyrinthine course of life,
The dear loved names, whom fickle fortune, cheating,
Long time agone has ravished from the strife.

They hear me not, when I am sadly singing,
The souls to whom I sadly sung at first;
The echo of that song no more is ringing,
The friendly throng is now, alas! dispersed.
My sorrow, too, to stranger souls is chiming,
Even whose applause sickens my very heart;
Aud all who once looked proudly on my rhyming
Live (if they still live in this toiling mart)
Of the great whole a straying, scattered part.

Now seizes me an unaccustomed longing
After that pensive, solemn spirit-day;
It waves even now in half-formed, shadowy thronging,
Æolian harp-like, o'er my lisping lay.
A tremor grasps me, and in tears dissolving,
I feel my austere heart from sternness flee,
What I *have* see I distantly revolving,
And what is lost becomes reality.

P.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

(*Concluded.*)

The attention of the President was now, however, suddenly diverted from the domestic affairs of the nation, to more important matters relating to its intercourse and understanding with foreign governments. While the trial of Burr was in active progress at Richmond, an excitement of a character far different and more intense was raging at the neighboring city of Norfolk, and ere long it had spread its contagious fires from Maine to the Mississippi. It seemed as though some latent torch of the Revolution had recaught its expiring flames, and was again on the point of kindling into a patriotic blaze that defied all extinction save in the blood of our ancient oppressor, now turned into a haughty and insulting enemy. The cause of such emphatic and unanimous hostile demonstrations we shall now proceed to narrate, as prefatory to the most interesting epoch of the Jeffersonian administration, and which cannot be justly passed over in a review intended to reach the whole of Jefferson's public life.

The 22d day of June, 1807, was signalized by an act of aggression and outrage on the rights and honor of the nation, which, even at this distance of time, must excite a feeling of anger and mortification in all American bosoms. For some months previously to this date, a British squadron, under command of Admiral Berkeley, had been anchored near Norfolk, with the expressed intention of enforcing His Britannic Majesty's recent proclamation, requiring all subjects of Great Britain to be forcibly impressed, wherever found on the high seas, into British service. With this view, a demand had been made by the British Consul at Norfolk on Commodore Barron of the frigate Chesapeake, then lying at Norfolk, for four seamen on board his vessel, claimed as deserters from British ships. With the advice and privity of the Cabinet at Washington, Com. Barron peremptorily refused to comply, assigning as a reason that he had been cautious in making up his crew, and that he had no deserters on board. He then, in obedience to orders, put to sea on his destination to the coast of Barbary, unfit and unprepared, as yet, for sustaining an action, and never dreaming that an attack would be made on him by an armed enemy lying within the jurisdiction of his own government, and in the very eyes of the whole American people. But such did, indeed, actually occur. The Chesapeake had scarcely got out of Hampton Roads, and was yet off Cape Henry, when the British vessel Leopard, of fifty-four guns, detached itself from the Admiral's squadron, and put to sea in pursuit. The Chesapeake was soon overhauled, and the four sailors again formally demanded. The American commander again refused, when the Leopard cleared for action, and forthwith began a heavy fire on the American frigate. Strange to say, the Chesapeake offered not the slightest resistance; but after having stood under the fire of the British guns for near half an hour, losing some thirty men in killed and wounded, besides sustaining heavy damage in her hull, the frigate's colors were struck, and a message was sent to the British commander that the Chesapeake was his prize. An officer from the Leopard came on board, mustered the crew, and having seized the four sailors in question, returned without offering the slightest apology. The Chesapeake was then released, and Commodore Barron, disabled and humiliated, put back into Hampton Roads.

The news of this transaction excited at once the deepest sensation. Indignation meetings were called, and resentful resolutions passed in every town and city, from Passamaquoddy Bay to the Gulf of Mexico; and the whole Union rose as one man to

demand the means of redress at the hands of the Executive. Nor was the administration at all behind the spirit of the nation. Jefferson acted with becoming promptitude, and turned the whole weight of his influence on the popular side. A proclamation was issued, setting forth succinctly and vividly our causes of aggrievance at the hands of the British Government, and peremptorily ordering all armed vessels bearing commission from that power, then within the harbors or waters of the United States, to depart immediately from the same; also interdicting the entrance of all harbors or waters to all vessels, of every description, commissioned by the offending power. Warm responses came in from every quarter. Federalists and Democrats waived their party animosities, and rallied around the administration. The British Minister resident was called upon, but failing to give due satisfaction, dispatches were forthwith sent across the waters, and an explanation demanded at the very doors of the royal palace.

But while this was yet pending, and the American mind still festering and rankling under the atrocious outrage, the British Government rose to a still higher and more insolent pitch of arrogance, and ordered that even merchant vessels, trading peaceably under the guarantee of mutual good understanding, should be stopped and searched for British subjects. And, as if intending to push matters to the extremity, and so far from pausing to redress grievances already alleged, an order in council was adopted yet more destructive to American commerce, pretended as an answer to the recent decree of the French Emperor. But we are anticipating; and in order to proceed intelligibly we must retrace, and, crossing the Atlantic, survey the condition of Europe.

The successes and bold schemes of Napoleon were, at this time, the source of absorbing interest to the civilized world. His coronation as Emperor had been followed immediately by the great battle of Austerlitz, which had prostrated Austria at his feet, and reduced the Czar of Russia to so humiliating a condition as ended in the total disruption of his confraternity with the Germanic powers. The battle of Jena, fought in October of the succeeding year, demolished Prussia, and placed her capital in the conqueror's hands. Elated with this important victory, Napoleon now meditated the most gigantic and startling ideas ever put forth. The whole continent of Europe was now under his influence; and the world beheld the singular spectacle of a solitary island power, with a population of scarce twenty millions, and protected by the ocean alone, boldly struggling against a despotism which looked, and seemed likely to attain, to universal dominion. The orders in council, adopted in the month of May previous, had established what was derisively termed a *paper blockade* along the entire coast of France and Germany, from Brest to the mouth of the Elbe. As this order forbade all commerce to neutrals, in defiance of international law, and was aimed especially against France, Napoleon, seated in the royal palace of Berlin, burning with resentment against England, and filled with the idea of *conquering the sea by the land*, indited and promulged the famous decree of November 21st—the first of that series of measures afterwards known as his continental system. It declared the British islands in a state of blockade, and prohibited *all commerce* and *intercourse* with them. But it is worthy of remark, that Gen. Armstrong, our Minister at Paris, was officially notified that the Berlin decree was not to be enforced against American commerce, which was still to be governed by the rules of the treaty established between France and the United States. This significant exception aroused the jealousy of England, and her ministry were impelled into a policy that closed all avenues to a friendly adjustment of the difficulties already existing between her Government and ours. The orders in council, adopted on the 11th of November, 1807, as retaliatory of the Berlin decree, contained provisions which bore intolerably hard on American commerce. Among the most odious of these, was that which condemned all neutral vessels which had not first paid a *transit duty* in some *English port* before proceeding on their destinations; thus bringing the merchandise of neutrals within the limits of the Berlin decree, as also of that of Milan, which soon followed, and in which Napoleon *denationalized all vessels* sailing from any English port, or which had submitted to be searched.

From a calm consideration of these retaliatory documents, thus promulged by the two great belligerent powers, it is evident that had any American vessels put to sea

after December of 1807, or during the winter and spring of 1808, they would inevitably have been sacrificed;—those bound to France or her dependencies, to British, and those bound for the British dominions, to French cruisers. And this leads us, having thus succinctly premised, to the consideration of the great measure of Jefferson's second administration. It will be understood, of course, that we allude to the Embargo,—a restrictive law of Congress, recommended by the Executive, withdrawing the whole American commerce from the ocean.

Now that the excitement and evil passions of those eventful times have died away, or been absorbed in other questions more intensely interesting and momentous, we may calmly review the causes and the justification of this much abused measure. It must be remembered that the last war with England dates its origin to the disputes which began in 1804. During this year, the Jay treaty with England, effected in 1794, under the administration of Washington, and which had bred serious dissensions at the time of its adoption, between the friends and enemies of the then Executive, had expired by its own limitation. Jefferson had been one of its earliest and most inveterate opponents, had denounced it as crouching, submissive, incomplete; and now, in the day of his power, refused the overtures of the British ministry to renew it for the period of even two years. In consequence of this refusal, and in view of the serious inconveniences arising from the absence of any international compact, Mr. Monroe was dispatched to England as an adjunct with Mr. Pinckney in promoting satisfactory negotiations and adjustment. After many long conferences and tedious correspondence, these commissioners agreed on a treaty which contained satisfactory clauses as concerned the rights of commerce, and of free trade, and of paper blockades—all prominent grounds of discordance. But in regard to the all-engrossing subject of *impressment*, they had been enabled to obtain only a sort of bond or certificate from the British ministers, unengrafted on the treaty, and scarcely dignified even with the uncertain name of protocol, declaring that, although his Britannic Majesty could not *disclaim* or *derogate* from this *right*, yet that instructions should be given to all British commanders to be *cautious*, in its exercise, not to molest or injure the citizens of the United States, and that prompt redress should *always* be made in case injury was sustained. The treaty, with this appendage signed by the British negotiators, was concluded in December, 1806. It was sent over immediately to Mr. Erskine, the English minister resident in the United States, and by him submitted to Jefferson and his Cabinet. The omission of a special treaty stipulation concerning *impressment* was deemed a fatal error; and taking the ground that any succeeding ministry might, at pleasure, *withdraw* the paper accompanying the treaty, Jefferson, on his own responsibility, and independent of any action on the part of the Senate, then in session, sent it back as rejected. We must believe that Jefferson's interpretation of this paper (a stranger, any way, to the diplomatic world) was correct; but at the same time we incline to the opinion that, in view of the magnitude of the subjects in issue, and of the momentous results involved, it was his duty to have sought the advice of the Senate, two thirds of which body, and the President, constitute, under our government, the only treaty-making power.

The questions at issue, thus adjourned and unadjusted, added to the fact that no treaty existed between the two countries, led to many other disputatious differences. The treaty had scarcely been returned to the negotiators in London, thus black-marked by the American Executive, before the offensive proclamation of the British monarch, already alluded to, was widely promulged. The affair of the Leopard and the Chesapeake soon followed, and then came the orders in Council, and the Berlin and Milan decrees, all widening the breach betwixt our own and the British Government, and throwing us in a state of *quasi* hostility with France. Under these circumstances only two courses were left for the American Government to adopt, viz., war with both the great belligerent powers, or an embargo. The first of these, in our then enfeebled state, would have been a mad as well as a most ridiculous course. Besides, no adequate cause for war existed against France, who had actually gone far to show herself our friend. The history of the times proves, that however severe the Berlin and Milan decrees may have been in their effects on American commerce, they were yet allowable precautionary and retaliatory measures, the consequents

of England's atrocious and unparalleled conduct. With regard to us, England was the only aggressive power; and it was not until our interests clashed directly with the provisions of the imperial decrees as they bore against England, that France gave us the least cause of complaint or offence. Then, indeed, in the plenitude of his power, Napoleon committed outrages on America which left us no alternative but unfriendliness. But to have submitted, as Jefferson himself justly argued, to pay England the tribute on our commerce demanded by her orders in council, would have been to aid her in the war against France, and given Napoleon just ground for declaring *war* against the United States. The state of this country, thus situated as to the two belligerent powers, was therefore exceedingly embarrassing. It required the skill of an unshrinking, but a discerning and discriminating pilot, to steer clear of overwhelming difficulties. That pilot was eminently fulfilled in the person of Thomas Jefferson; who, with a sagacity that rarely failed him, adopted promptly the only remaining alternative of an embargo.

On the 18th of December, 1807, accordingly, Jefferson communicated the Berlin decree, the correspondence betwixt Gen. Armstrong and Champagny, the French Minister, and the proclamation of George the Third, to the two Houses of Congress, together with a message, as before intimated, recommending such measures as he deemed necessary for the protection of American commerce. The Embargo Act was immediately introduced, carried through both Houses by large and significant majorities, and took effect on the 23d of the same month. It had scarcely become a law, before it encountered the most factious, violent, and well-directed opposition ever before exhibited. The whole Federal press, from New-Hampshire to Georgia, raised its hand to beat it down, and thundered forth volleys of abuse and vituperation. It was denounced as oppressive, tyrannical, and wicked; as having been dictated by Napoleon; as a sacrifice of the dearest interests of the nation, and as unconstitutional. The clamor which had assaulted the Alien and Sedition Laws of 1798 was nothing to that which now poured its indignant torrents on Congress and the Executive. The entire cordon of Eastern States were kindled into the most appalling and intense excitement. The columns and segments of mystic flame which irradiated their northern horizon, seemed to glow with increased lustre, as if doubly reflected from the fires which burned and roared beneath. The most monstrous and improbable cause was assigned as the justification of this ferocious and ruthless opposition. The embargo was reprobated as a measure intended to combine the South and West for the ruin of the East. The more that unprincipled demagogues and silly enthusiasts repeated the declaration, the more fervently it was believed by honest people, too mad or too ignorant to be pacified with reason or truth. Ships were angrily pointed to, rotting at the wharves of Boston and of Newport. Idle, drunken sailors, in reeling hordes, clamored for employment, swearing that they could exist only on the seas, and that they were unfit for aught else but reefing sails or manning halyards. Wharfingers and shipbuilders united in a common chorus of discontent. Merchants, from behind their groaning counters, sent forth grumbling calls for relief; and seemed willing to sell themselves, their piles of goods, and their country to the common enemy, could they only obtain release from the embargo, and fill the hostile seas with their commerce. At length, dark hints of meditated *treason* were whispered about, and stunned the ears of Jefferson and his Cabinet. The crime which had just been charged against Aaron Burr, and on the mere *suspicion* of which he had been placed by an angry Government on a trial for his life, was now openly advocated, and the opposition prints teemed with threats of *dissolving the Union.* Then it was that Jefferson's own bad teachings and mischievous principles were hurled mercilessly at his own government. The pernicious ultraisms of the Kentucky and Virginia Resolutions of '98 rose scowlingly and warningly to his vision, and would not "down" at any "bidding." He had condemned and ridiculed the means used by Washington to suppress the Whiskey Insurrection in '94; and it seemed now as though the "poisoned chalice" had been "commended to his own lips." He had defended and justified the Shay Rebellion of '87, declaring that "no country could preserve its liberties unless its *rulers* were warned from time to time that the *people* preserved the power of *resistance*,

and washed the tree of liberty in the *blood* of patriots and tyrants." That *resistance* was now everywhere and undisguisedly preached; the *people* were invited to join in a crusade against the *rulers*, and, in case of a rupture, it seemed not unlikely that the *blood* of the first apostle of Nullification and Secession would be first offered as a propitiatory sacrifice on the altars of *dissolution*. So sure it is, that the evil counsels of selfish and unrestrained ambition will recoil, in an unexpected hour, and cover their propagator with confusion and dismay!

But notwithstanding this factious clamor and insane opposition, a calm consideration of the circumstances and situation of the country, at the period in question, will lead us to the conclusion that the embargo was a wise, salutary, and prudent measure. It was the only available or practicable remedy against the withering policy of England and France, then engaged in a war of extinction. But at the same time it is not to be denied that, as a measure of coercion to obtain redress from foreign powers, and to be continued until such redress was obtained, it certainly was a most severe, and, we may add, bold experiment on the interests as well as on the patience of an active and enterprising people. If, however, the embargo had not been adopted; if American vessels had been suffered, as of yore, to put forth on the high seas, it as certainly is not to be denied but what they would have been universally seized and confiscated. This would have produced unprecedented bankruptcy. Insurance offices and mercantile houses would have been speedily engulfed in hopeless ruin; and scenes of calamity and distress, only equalled by the explosion of Law's famous Mississippi bubble in the beginning of the eighteenth century, would have pervaded this Union from one extreme to the other. The plunder of our ships and the captivity of our seamen would have operated to augment the resources of the belligerents, and enfeeble ourselves. We should thus have suffered all the worst consequences of war, without the chance of obtaining any of its compensatory advantages. Under these circumstances, it was evidently more politic that our vessels should remain at our wharves, the property of our merchants, than that they should be carried to England or France, the prey of pirates and of privateers. Besides this, by unfettering American commerce at such a time, with the risk of having our ships seized and ruthlessly sequestered, we would have been pursuing a course eminently calculated to multiply the difficulties already existing as barriers to a good understanding and amicable relations with the hostile powers over the water. We should again, as in the case of the Chesapeake with England, and of the Horizon with France, have been reduced to the mortification of negotiating for reparation in vain. We should have been ultimately goaded into a fierce war, after having been defeated in our endeavors to escape it, and deprived of the most efficient means for its prosecution.

The charge of French influence in connection with the embargo was confidently attributed to Jefferson at the time, and Federal writers continue to urge it to this day. But the charge has never been adequately proven, and cannot, we think, be at all sustained. That Jefferson cordially despised England and its Government we do not doubt; nor does he anywhere attempt to conceal his dislike. Nor do we doubt but that his sympathies were in favor of France, from the beginning of the struggle in 1792, to its melancholy close after the battle of Waterloo in 1815. He retained, to his dying hour, lively and cherished recollections of his residence in that country. He had known and been intimately associated with all her leading statesmen and warriors. He had formed social attachments in the hospitable circles of Paris that outlived absence and survived separation. He had been domesticated in France during the opening scenes of her eventful strife with England, and while yet the memory of British outrages during the struggle for American independence was fresh and green. He had, therefore, imbibed the double hatred of American and of Frenchman against British arrogance and British pretensions. These feelings were rife within his bosom when he came home from his mission, and had been fanned and sedulously nurtured throughout the whole eight years of Washington's administration. They were not smothered in his subsequent fierce conflicts with the Federal party, and his arduous competition for the Presidency with the elder Adams. And now that he was at last on that eminence which crowned his towering ambition, and had been long the

goal of his ardent aspirations, it was not likely that, as regarded the interesting attitudes which marked the two great hostile powers of Europe during his administrative career, he should forget his early prejudices against England, or his strong prepossessions in favor of France. But we have been unable to satisfy our minds that he was actuated by undue influences in the adoption of his foreign policy. The history of his whole official conduct in connection with the Embargo, the Non-intercourse Act, and his diplomatic dealings with the belligerents, shows that he acted as became an American President, and lifts him triumphantly above all unworthy imputations. Throwing aside all other considerations, Jefferson was not a man to bear being dictated to, even by Napoleon. He felt the influence and power of his high official station, and showed that he felt them. It was rather his weakness to believe that he could coerce and dictate to France, knowing, as he did, the deep anxiety of Napoleon to enlist the United States as his ally against England. And, indeed, the French Emperor, even while committing outrages on American vessels, pleaded *necessity* as his apology; and while throwing the whole blame on the British ministry, plied the American Executive with artful and flattering laudations. With this view, Napoleon, unconsciously playing into the hands of Jefferson's Federal opponents at home, affected to consider the embargo as a friendly interposition on behalf of the American Government to aid his continental system,—a system professedly devised to humble and weaken English ocean dominion. In the saloons and reception-rooms of the Tuilleries he made a show of boasting of the United States as his ally, and constantly and publicly assured Gen. Armstrong, our Minister, of his great respect and friendship for the American people and their Government. "The Americans," said the French Minister, speaking for the Emperor, "a people who involve their fortunes, their prosperity, and almost their existence in commerce, have given the example of a great and courageous sacrifice. They have prohibited, by a general embargo, all commerce and navigation, rather than submit to that tribute which the English impose. The Emperor applauds the embargo as a wise measure." (Pitkin's Statistics, p. 385.)

This speech was, of course, directly communicated to the President of the United States, and speedily finding its way into the newspapers, was seized upon and turned against Jefferson and the embargo, as *prima facie* evidence of a collusion with the French Emperor. There is every cause to believe, as well from his own letter in answer to the one communicating the above, as from other circumstances, that this commendation of Napoleon was exceedingly grateful and pleasant to Jefferson; and there can be no doubt that, in his public communications relative to our foreign affairs, he sought to inculpate England far more than France. He regarded England as the first and principal aggressor on the rights of America, while France was reluctantly involved, and forced to retaliate that she might preserve her own integrity against the insidious and ruthless policy of the British ministry. The object of the President was, then, especially in view of his unquestioned predilections, to turn popular indignation mainly against the first power, and leave the conduct of the French Government palliated by the unanswerable plea of stern *necessity*. It must, therefore, have been deeply mortifying to Jefferson, when dispatches reached him of Napoleon's sudden change of mind in regard to the operation of the Berlin and Milan decrees; declaring that America should be no longer exempted, that she should be *forced* to become either his ally or his enemy; that there should be no *neutrals* in the contest betwixt himself and the British; and that all vessels belonging to American merchants then lying in the ports of France should be condemned and confiscated. It is said that this news had reached Jefferson in an authenticated form, anterior to the delivery of his embargo message; and his enemies charge him with having wilfully kept back this important paper (a letter from Gen. Armstrong) solely with a view to relieve France from the storm of anger and indignation which was gathering against England. Jefferson has not explained this, and his friends have been silent also. If he had received such news, it was, undoubtedly, his duty to have communicated the same to Congress along with the offensive orders in council and the Berlin decree. It may have been, and most probably was his motive, to give Napoleon time to get over his passion and retrace his steps before throwing himself irrevocably in opposition to his former

conciliatory policy. It was well known that when Bonaparte heard of the last order in council, and while preparing to fulminate his Milan decree in retaliation, he had openly said, "that he could not doubt but that the United States would now immediately declare war against England, and become his associate." On learning that war had not been declared, Napoleon became exasperated; and although, for the reason that he might better justify his outrages, he afterwards professed to be pleased with the embargo, he resolved from that day to adopt a policy that might, it was hoped, *coerce* the Americans to become his allies. It will be thus perceived that Napoleon shifted his policy three times, and in very short intervals. Jefferson may very naturally have been embarrassed; but on learning that Napoleon had ordered the confiscation of American vessels, he forthwith communicated the letter of Gen. Armstrong to Congress, leaving them to take the proper retaliatory course. The Embargo Act was well intended, and ought to have been made a powerful weapon in procuring redress from England. We give Jefferson all due credit for recommending it in lieu of war, which was not then practicable. But he was highly culpable on account of his imbecility and vacillation in enforcing it, even after having been invested with the fullest powers by Congress. Properly carried out, the embargo would have greatly incommoded the English colonies in obtaining the necessaries of life, and would have injured her trade and naval power by withholding supplies of raw material and stores. But it was most flagitiously violated. The greatest license was given to smugglers and contraband dealers; and these made rapid and unhallowed fortunes at the expense of the honest and law-abiding citizens. Its deleterious effects were thus most severely felt at home, and were impotent to conduce and force the beneficial consequences from abroad so confidently predicted. It failed in a great measure to answer its main objects, and failed as much in consequence of Jefferson's imbecility and lethargy, as of the factious, disorganizing, and Jacobinical clamors which pealed in from the Eastern States. An impartial judgment must pronounce, therefore, unfavorably as concerns the conduct of the President in this instance. That conduct would justify a very harsh sentence at the hands of an independent disquisitor; and that sentence would be, that while Jefferson was bold to originate, intolerant and obstinate in the exercise of power when conscious of being sustained, he was yet faint-hearted and time-serving when assaulted by popular clamor and denunciation. It will be readily conjectured that the embargo could not stand long under such circumstances. It was accordingly repealed on the first of March, 1809. It was stamped in the dust by Federal rancor, and consigned by its enemies to unmerited infamy. And although its action was countervailed by the imbecility of its friends and the opposition of its enemies, its failure is attributed alone to its intrinsic insufficiency and to its so-called iniquitous conception. It is even now pointed to as one of the errors and weaknesses of Jefferson's vicious administration. And yet it was sanctioned by illustrious precedent—another proof that its failure in 1807 was attributable to the bad conduct of its enemies and to the bad management of its friends. It had been authorized to a much fuller extent in 1794, and was sanctioned as a wise measure equally by Federalists and Democrats. Washington had, in fact, been empowered to lay an embargo whenever *he* should think the public safety required it, and to take what course *he pleased* to enforce it. (Vide Olive Branch, pp. 138, 139, 140.) This discretionary power was conferred, and this dictatorial privilege given, at a time much less portentous and critical than in 1807. And it answered its full purpose; because, thus empowered, it was known that Washington was a man who would *act*, if occasion should require. He had shown this in his whole public conduct, and quite recently and effectively in forcibly suppressing the Whiskey Insurrection. The embargo ceased, or was raised, on the first of March. It was succeeded by an act declaring *non-intercourse* with both the hostile powers. England felt it severely; and under less exciting circumstances, or in the absence of other causes of difference than mere commercial discordances, it would doubtless have led to an amicable adjustment. As it was, the Erskine arrangement came very near succeeding. But Napoleon was exasperated on hearing of its passage beyond all reasonable bounds, and vented his fury in offensive reproaches and incoherent taunts to the American Minister resident. At this

time, however, ceased also Jefferson's official connection with the government. He retired from the Presidency on the fourth day of March, 1809, and was succeeded by Mr. Madison. It is not, therefore, legitimately within the objects of this review to pursue further a history of governmental affairs. We pause on the verge of the war, and must leave the interested reader to search the pages of his histories for further satisfaction, hoping that we have succeeded in pointing out to him a proper clew to the elicitation of hitherto neglected branches.

After retiring from the Presidency, Monticello became the permanent residence of Jefferson. He never afterwards appeared on the stage of political action. His time was quietly spent in superintending the business of his farms, in the pursuit of literature and science, and in familiar correspondence with his numerous friends. The Virginia University, however, soon became a pampered *hobby*, and enlisted his ardent interest and sympathy. He lived to see it flourish under his fostering care; and it yet continues to flourish, a noble monument of his public spirit and laudable enterprise of character.

One other subject now began to engage his reflections seriously and deeply. It was that of religion—the *Christian* religion. He never thought it worth while seriously to investigate the claims or merits of any other. Compared with the religion of Christ, that of the Jews or of Mahomet was, in his estimation, mere superstition or gross imposture. At the same time, it is quite apparent that he had studied closely both the ancient and modern systems, with a view to compare them with the religion of Jesus. For many long years, in the midst of political bustle as well as in the quiet of retirement, did Jefferson devote his thoughts to serious meditations and minute inquiries on this important subject. The fourth volume of his correspondence abounds with letters on Christianity, and unfolds beyond any question the religious opinions of its distinguished author. We hesitate not to say that his inquiries ended with a firm and total disbelief in the divine inspiration of the Bible. He argued an entire dissimilarity between the God of the Old Testament and the Supreme Being taught by Jesus; viewing the first as an angry, a bloodthirsty, and vindictive being—the last as merciful, forbearing, just, and paternally inclined. He denounces the doctrines of Moses, but extols those of Jesus. He looked on Jesus as a *man* only—the most excellent and pure that ever lived, but still no part or essence of Divinity. The doctrine of the Trinity was to him an incomprehensible and inexplicable mysticism—too refined, too inconsistent with the weakness of human understanding, and too subtle to have been inculcated by so plain and unsophisticated a teacher as Jesus Christ. He admits that it is more than probable that Jesus thought himself the subject of divine inspiration; because it was a belief incident to his education, and common among the Jews, that men were often inspired by God. But he denies that Jesus anywhere attempts to *impose* himself on mankind as the Son of God. The four Gospels were regarded by him as inaccurate and exaggerated biographies of some lofty-minded and splendid character, whose conceptions were too towering for the "feeble minds' of his "*grovelling*" companions. (See p. 326, vol. IV.) "We find," he says in the letter referred to, "in the writings of his biographers, matter of two distinct descriptions. First, a groundwork of vulgar ignorance, of things impossible, of superstitions, fanaticisms, and fabrications. Intermixed with these, again, are sublime ideas of the Supreme Being, aphorisms and precepts of the purest morality and benevolence, sanctioned by a life of humility, innocence, and simplicity of manners, neglect of riches, absence of worldly ambition and honors, with an eloquence and persuasiveness that have not been surpassed. ... Can we be at a loss in separating such materials, and ascribing each to its genuine author?" In a letter to John Adams on the same subject, found on page 240, volume fourth, our author says again: "The Christian priesthood, finding the doctrines of Jesus levelled to every understanding, and too plain to need explanation, saw in the *mysticisms* of Plato materials with which they might build up an *artificial* system, which might, from its indistinctness, admit of everlasting controversy, give *employment* to *their order*, and introduce it to *profit*, *power* and *pre-eminence*. The doctrines which flowed from the lips of Jesus himself are within the comprehension of a child; but *thousands of volumes* have not yet explained the Platonisms engrafted on them: and

for this obvious reason, that *nonsense* can never be explained."

And again, the letter to Dr. Rush, found in volume third, on page 506, holds this language: "I am, indeed, opposed to the corruptions of Christianity, but not to the *genuine precepts* of Jesus himself. I am a Christian in the *only* sense in which *he* wished any one to be; sincerely attached to his doctrines in preference to all others; ascribing to himself every *human* excellence, and believing he never claimed *any other*." The last extract we shall quote is found on page 349, vol. fourth, in a letter to Dr. Waterhouse: "Had the doctrines of Jesus been *preached* always as pure as they came from his lips, the whole civilized world would now have been Christian. I rejoice that in this blessed country of free inquiry and belief, which has surrendered its creed and its conscience to neither kings nor priests, the genuine doctrine of *one only* God is reviving; and I trust that there is not a *young man* now living in the United States who will not die an *Unitarian*. But much I fear, that when this *great truth* shall be re-established, its votaries will fall into the fatal error of fabricating formulas of creed and confessions of faith, the engines which so soon *destroyed* the religion of Jesus, and made of Christendom a mere Aceldama; that they will give up *morals* for *mysteries*, and Jesus for Plato."

These extracts fully confirm the analysis of Jefferson's religious views we have given on a preceding page, and leave no doubt of their character or extent. He admired the *morality* of Christ's teachings, but denied the divinity both of system and of teacher. The apostles and their writings met with no favor from Jefferson. He speaks of them more than once "as a band of *impostors*, of whom Paul was the great Coryphæus;" and we have abundant evidence to show that he doubted not only the genuineness of the Pentateuch and of the prophecies, but of the whole writings of the Old Testament. Still we cannot consent that Jefferson shall be ranked as an infidel, as most of the orthodox world demand. He protests himself against such a sentence, and we have been unable to detect such tendency in his writings. He admired and adopted Christianity as an inimitable and unsurpassed system of morality, and inculcates and defends its principles. But he examined its merits and viewed its transcendent teachings through the medium of reason and plain common sense. Where these stopped, and where the foggy empire of *faith* began, there he abruptly halted. His mind was so constituted as neither to be terrified by dogmas, nor seduced by imaginary beauties, and illusive, speculative mental vagaries. He regarded the tenets of Calvin with ineffable and undisguised abhorrence. The doctrine of *one* God, indivisible and indissoluble, made into *three* parts, and these three parts yet *one* only,—a Unity made Trinity at pleasure, or to suit particular cases; the doctrine of *moral necessity*,—the necessity of the eternal perdition of one part for the salvation of another part of mankind, and for the perfect glory of God; and the doctrines of the immaculate conception of the Virgin, and of the mystical incarnation of Jesus Christ, he had taught himself to regard as mere fanciful theories of a selfish priesthood, designed only to establish and support an independent "order" of clergy. A theory that announced as its basis incomprehensibility and infinitude, yet attempting to explain and elucidate acknowledged mysteries; which claimed reason in defence, and denounced it as unlawful in antagonists; which shuts out free inquiry, and seeks shelter from human efforts within the untrodden precincts of an inexplicable and undefinable *faith*; which proscribes doubt, interdicts examination, denounces as blasphemous the exercise of judgment, and intrenches itself in dogmatism and prejudice; which claims to be infallible, yet teaches the consistency of sectarianism,—such a theory and such religion were totally rejected by one accustomed to such bold latitude of thought and severe mental discipline as Thomas Jefferson. It is no part of our task, nor is it our inclination, to examine the correctness or the fallacy of these views. But when reviewing so important a subject, and the character of so distinguished a personage, we feel bound, in candor, to give both the subject and the character the full advantage of undisguised array. Such were the private and well "digested" religious opinions of Jefferson, and by such, fairly set forth, he must be judged. It would be unfair to expose him to censure, while smothering the *grounds* of his belief or disbelief. And if, in the perusal of these pages, any reader shall feel aggrieved on any point of conscience by this *exposé* of our

author's doubts and skepticisms, let him, while preparing to grasp the vengeful dart, pause and reflect, that many as good and great, if not *better* and *greater* than Thomas Jefferson, have been honestly perplexed by like doubts, and mystified by like skepticisms.

The volumes before us close with the celebrated "Ana." As a material part of the memoirs of one of the leading representative men of America, it should not be passed over lightly or inadvertently. We view its character, contents, and objects as forming quite a suspicious feature in the public character of our distinguished subject. We shall not aver that it is unfair or unallowable to treasure what we may casually hear in the course of general conversation among distinguished personages, with a view to profit by the same in making up an estimate of character and principle. We believe that free conversation is the surest index to honestly conceived opinions. It is the apposite and quick expression of thoughts induced by reading, or by previous casual reflection—the more to be relied on, inasmuch as it is usually unprompted by cold calculation, and is unrestrained by policy or timidity. But to note down table talk at dinings, evening parties, and at cabinet consultations in difficult, novel, and trying times, as Jefferson has done in his Ana, is not only culpable, but is violative of all rules which govern free social and political intercourse. During the administrations of Washington, republicanism was in its infancy, and the government in its chrysalis state. The hopes of freemen were suspended on a thread. The capacity of the people for self-government was an untried experiment. The best and the wisest were doubters; and among these was Washington himself. Hamilton was an open and professed skeptic, and did not scruple to declare, as his firm opinion, that monarchy was the most reliable form of government. Old John Adams believed the same way, and even James Madison indulged apprehensions. But all of these had resolved that the experiment should have a fair trial. Hamilton was urgent and strenuous in his advocacy of the policy, and joined with Madison and Jay in producing a series of papers remarkable for ability and power in support of a popular form of government, and of the Constitution. These papers were embodied into a volume which has attained to a world-wide celebrity under the name of the "Federalist." And yet it is principally to defame Adams and Hamilton that Jefferson indited the Ana, although every member of Washington's administration came in for a full share of espionage. Indeed, if Jefferson is to be regarded as a credible and an unbiased witness, the fathers of the government, excepting Madison and himself, must have been the most corrupt and selfish cabal of politicians that ever disgraced the history of any country. He spares Washington, truly, but in a manner not very complimentary to the intellect of that illustrious and venerable personage. He represents him as having, indeed, a good heart, but a weak, vacillating head; as being entirely under the influence of Federal advisers, and as indecisive and wavering in time of action.

But it is altogether unfair to judge either Hamilton or his associates by opinions expressed at the time in question, especially on the subject of popular government. The experiment, fairly tried under their auspices, was incontestably proven and demonstrated; and, like all demonstrations, carried conviction. Its proof was unquestionable. Washington modified his original views so far as to admit its practicability, but died seriously doubting its permanency. Hamilton's conduct evinced his satisfaction at the result, in the undeviating support he gave to the judicial and popular branches of the government. The election of Jefferson to the Presidency, a few years afterward, showed a general confidence in the success of the scheme, and the acquiescence of the Federalists, then one of the most formidable and powerful parties that ever existed, was the clearest evidence of the triumph of republicanism.

Under these circumstances, and being cognizant of these facts, we can find no excuse for the author of the Ana in thus noting down and publishing conversations uttered at an unsettled and a trying period of political affairs; and when opinions, far from being firmly fixed, were hastily formed, according to the ever shifting complexion of the experiment, and expressed less with a view to convince or persuade, than to elicit information. We confess to an instinctive distrust of talk-gatherers. When we find or hear of a politician mingling in social circles, or among his adversaries

around the festive board, listening attentively to conversation, while cautiously and rarely giving utterance to his own opinions, and then noting down or retailing the results of his observation, we feel an involuntary apprehension of mischief, and are inclined strongly to suspect foul play. By this rule we are constrained to judge Jefferson in this instance. That he squared his conduct, in after days, from the notes and information thus suspiciously gleaned, is quite evident both from his unrelenting jealousy of Hamilton, and from his remorseless persecution of Aaron Burr.

In view of this, as well as of other cogent reasons, it might have been supposed that a relative, justly proud of his distinguished ancestor's fame, would have spared the readers of his book the mortification of perusing these unpleasant revelations—the evidences of an aspiring and a jealous mind, resorting to a most questionable and unworthy *espionage* in working out the overthrow of unwary adversaries. But the *candor* of Mr. T. J. Randolph was stern proof against all prudential suggestions or delicate considerations. A very natural and pardonable unwillingness to reduce the profits of his work, and to lop off the main value of his grandfather's bequest, may also have had some influence in scotching his candor against the invitations of delicacy and prudence. Nothing, however, is more certain than that the publication of the Ana has operated to detract largely from the private character of Jefferson, and to tarnish his claims to fair play and candid opposition in political warfare. We may, then, safely assert, that while Mr. Randolph very prudently counted the cost of suppression as weighed against the profits of publication, the memory of his illustrious and venerable ancestor has expiated dearly the fruits of his speculation.

Our task is completed. We have now little else to do than briefly to sum up the prominent representative features in the character of our distinguished subject, and then to leave the merits of our review to the impartial judgment of the reader.

The influences of Jefferson's character have been sensibly impressed on the people of this country from the dawn of the Revolution to the present hour; and they have been, and continue to be, secondary alone to those of Washington. Our conclusion has been that his influence has produced baneful and most deprecative effects on the moral tone of our political world. His opposition to all the essential features of the Constitution, and to our present form of government, was deep-rooted, insidious, and unceasing. His political and governmental theories were eminently and dangerously Jacobinical. Deeply tinctured with the ascetic and disorganizing principles of the French Revolution, he worshipped an ideal of democracy that bordered on downright Utopianism. On all points touching the practicability or durability of popular governments, he was almost fanatically radical and ultra. He advocated the largest reservations of power in favor of the people in their collective capacity, and the most unlimited right of suffrage. He mistrusted and denounced the well-guarded prerogatives of our federal Executive, and grumbled at the least *restraining* exercise of even delegated power. And yet, during his own Presidency, his practice afforded a most singular contrast to his theories, as we think we have abundantly shown in the preceding pages. No President was ever so peremptory in demanding to be intrusted with hazardous and questionable powers, and none so arbitrary as regarded manifest infractions of the Constitution. He openly defied and overruled judicial authority; suggested to his Congress the enactment of laws whose operation threatened a violent severance of the Union; demanded and obtained a severe enforcing act; invaded the Treasury at will to aid his policy or to gratify his caprices; and boldly assumed a stretch of executive power, without precedent or parallel, by rejecting, at his single discretion, a treaty that ought to have been submitted to the Senate as required by the Constitution, and especially while that body was in session.

As the founder and leader of the Democratic party, and the consequent promoter, originally, of the fierce party dissensions which have since distracted the country, we are forced to pronounce the representative example of Jefferson pernicious beyond computation. We regard the influence and progress of that party as eminently deleterious to the political welfare of the Union, and as the incipient step and prime mover towards a severance of the States—if, indeed, that calamity shall ever befall us. Their disorganizing and pestilential teach-

ings began with the very dawn of the government. The democratic members of the Convention which formed the Constitution maintained, during its session, an active correspondence with Jefferson on each and every element proposed as its basis. Their cabals and caucuses were as frequent as the meetings of the Convention. Their efforts were directed to the adoption and introduction of Jacobinical features calculated to countervail and to mar all that was practical, or that looked to durableness. Regarding society more as it ought to be, than it is, or ever has been, or is ever likely to be; seduced by theories more plausible than solid; applying to a free elective government, deriving all its powers and authorities from the voice of the people, maxims and precautions calculated for the meridian of monarchy; they turned all their views and directed all their influence towards depreciating and weakening the Federal Government. Against this, as the Hydra-headed monster of all their professed apprehensions, their combined batteries of talent and of national influence were solely directed. Had they prevailed, the General Government would have been completely shorn of all its efficiency; and mankind would have been treated with the singular spectacle of a powerful and growing people, belonging in classes to thirteen separate and independent sovereignties, seeking a precarious union in an instrument allied with anarchy and founded in the grossest radicalism. But what they failed to obtain directly, they have contrived and managed to effect indirectly, with almost perfect success. The history of the country has clearly shown that the root of evil and the elements of destruction lie, not in the Federal Government, but in perverted construction of the rights and powers of the State Governments, and supposed reservations to the people. To secure the ascendency and popularity of this doctrine, the Democratic leaders have fallen on any and every species of party tactics, as cases or circumstances warranted. They have resorted, alternately, to a latitudinous construction of the Federal Constitution, and to a strict construction; first, they have contended for restriction, and then for unlimited extension of federal power; first closing the door to all constitutional admission of foreign territory, and then abruptly breaking down every barrier to acquisition and conquest, and bringing in *new States* formed out of territory reaching from the tropic of Cancer to the fiftieth parallel of north latitude, washed severally by the waves of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. With Jesuitical unscrupulousness, they have pursued their ambitious ends, little regardful of the means used for the accomplishment. Consistency has been reckoned a virtue only so long as it accorded with expediency. Principle has been made the handmaiden of policy. Party and power have been the watchwords through all phases of political or sectional differences, and among all the strifes of ambitious and aspiring rulers. And, as the crowning point of their incongruous system, it may be stated as a remarkable and an instructive fact, that the Democratic party, while using the whole enginery of political power to hang Burr for *suspected* designs against the *Union*, and while threatening the *Nullifiers* with the cannon of the General Government, has yet been the apologist for every popular outbreak and revolutionary movement, from the time of the Massachusetts insurrection to the Dorr rebellion in Rhode Island. The connection of Thomas Jefferson with all these disorganizing principles has been sufficiently explained in the foregoing pages. We regard him as the master-spirit of former mischievous inculcations, and his influence as the main prompting cause of all succeeding political malversations of "the progressive Democracy." In fact, and at the best, the impartial reviewer is constrained to measure the public character of Thomas Jefferson by a rule of *selfishness* that shone conspicuous through his whole political career, and which must ever detract materially from his claims to gratitude and veneration as a statesman. And while all unite in ascribing to him great powers of mind, vast cultivation and information, and much that elicits and merits thankfulness in connection with our Revolutionary history, his memory will be mainly perpetuated, and his admirers must consent mainly to hand him down, as the eldest Patriarch of radical Democracy.

With all his budding honors in the political world, Jefferson had been through life, in another and tenderer connection, a man of afflictions and sorrows. Death had visited his family circle more than once. One by one its loved members had been snatched

away. While yet at the starting point of elevation, and while the halo of future honors gleamed but faintly in the distant political horizon, he beheld the grave close over all that had been affectionate and beautiful in her who had blessed his youth with her love, and made happy the earliest home of his manhood. She left him two little daughters, and the memory of her love; and these were the sole pledge and token of their union. Her memory found its shrine in the warmest affections of his heart, and his love was never shared by another. The daughters, under his paternal care, survived the trials of youth, and grew to be accomplished and fascinating women. They married; and his home and fireside were left cheerless. In a few years, the elder of the two sickened and died, before the father had even grown familiar with her absence. This was in the meridian of his first Presidency; but the pomp, and circumstance, and splendor of high office could not assuage the anguish of a wounded heart. The blow fell heavily and unexpectedly. Henceforth his earthly affections were absorbed in the love of his only remaining child and her children. And while yet the chastening rod of death was suspended, and he was bending beneath its trying inflictions, and when the ease and emolument of office were approximating to a close, a new source of anxiety and of misfortune was sprung. Forty years of his life, and more, had been abstracted from his own and given to the affairs of the country. As property possesses no self-preserving principle, that of Jefferson had suffered seriously and alarmingly under such long neglect. He left the Executive mansion deeply embarrassed, and returned to Monticello heavily oppressed in mind and circumstances. His books, his apparatus, his literary and scientific pursuits were all impotent to chase off these mortifying reflections, and the rich treasures of intellectual research were soiled by a commixture with the less welcome but necessary employment of lottery draughts and financial calculations. The generous interposition of Congress enabled him to keep his library; and the forbearance and liberality of those he owed, added to other matters, helped him to avoid the sheriff's clutches. His estate, however, was never relieved, and his principal bequest to those he left behind consisted of the papers which compose the volumes we have just closed.

On the fourth of July, 1826, just fifty years from the memorable day which had witnessed the birth of American Independence, and simultaneously with that of John Adams, the spirit of Jefferson took its flight from earth. He died at Monticello, in the arms of his surviving daughter, at the ripe age of eighty-three years. His last conversations showed that the waning faculties of mind were busy with the long past eventful scenes of his life. His thoughts wandered from the strifes and unpleasant personal collisions with old political friends which had blurred the latter years of his public career, and seemed to dwell amid the consecrated shades of Independence Hall, and the stirring scenes of the Revolutionary era. His last wish was "that he might be permitted to inhale the refreshing breath of another Fourth of July." And the wish was granted.

J. B. C.

Longwood, Miss., Oct., 1850.

MEMOIR OF THE PUBLIC LIFE OF EDWARD EVERETT.

[Our principal authorities in the preparation of the earlier part of the following sketch, are an article in the National Portrait Gallery, vol. 4; a memoir in the New-England Magazine for September, 1833; and some shorter papers in different publications. For the later period of Mr. Everett's life, we have relied on other sources of information, which we believe to be authentic.]

Edward Everett was born in Dorchester, in Norfolk county, Massachusetts, in April, 1794. The late Alexander Hill Everett, our Minister to Spain in Mr. Adams's administration, was his elder brother. They descend from one of the earliest settlers of Massachusetts Bay, who established himself at Dedham, now the shire town of Norfolk county, where the family still remains. Oliver Everett, the father of Messrs. Alexander and Edward Everett, was in his youth apprenticed to a carpenter in Dedham. His health failed, however, in this occupation, and, after he had attained his majority, he began to prepare himself for college. He entered Harvard College in 1775, at the age of 23. He graduated in course, and, in 1782, was settled as the minister of the New South Church in Boston. Dr. Allen, in his Biographical Dictionary, says of him, that "after a ministry of ten years, and after having acquired a high reputation for the very extraordinary powers of his mind, the state of his health induced him to ask a dismission from his people in 1792." The late President Kirkland was his immediate successor in the New South Church. After retiring from the ministry, Mr. Oliver Everett settled upon a very small farm in Dorchester. In the year 1799, he was appointed a Judge of the Common Pleas in Norfolk county, which office he filled to general satisfaction until his death in 1802. The few persons who still remember him speak with enthusiasm of his fine intellectual abilities, giving him credit for an especial fondness for metaphysical study. He left eight children, of whom the subject of this memoir is the fourth.

Dorchester, Mr. Edward Everett's birthplace, is immediately adjacent to Boston. It is one of the oldest towns in Massachusetts, having received its name from the early Puritan settlers in token of the love which they bore Dorchester in England, "the magazine of rebellion," and one of the head-quarters in England of the Massachusetts Company.

Mr. Everett received the greater part of his schooling at the public schools of Dorchester and Boston, to which town the family removed after his father's death. In Boston he also attended, for about a year, a private school kept by the late Hon. Ezekiel Webster, (brother of Daniel Webster.) He passed the two last terms of the year preceding his entrance into College, at the Academy at Exeter, New-Hampshire, of which the late Dr. Benjamin Abbott was the distinguished head-master. To the circumstances attending this school career frequent allusions are made in Mr. Everett's published addresses. An affectionate tribute of gratitude to Dr. Abbot, which he made at the "Exeter festival" in 1838, is printed in the new edition of his addresses lately published.*

Mr. Everett entered Harvard College in 1807, when he was a few months more than thirteen years old. His distinguished brother Alexander was a year younger when he entered College in 1802. Each was the youngest member of his class, and each left College with its first honors.

Only seventeen years old when he left College, Mr. Everett seems to have been undecided as to his future profession. In one

* Everett's Orations and Speeches, vol. ii. p. 281.

of the biographical notices referred to above, it is said that his preference was for the study of the law, but that he changed his views at the instance and advice of President Kirkland, and of his family pastor, the celebrated Mr. Buckminster, and turned his thoughts to the study of divinity. He pursued this study for two years at Cambridge, where, during a part of that time, he filled the office of Latin tutor. In the year 1813, when he was not yet twenty years of age, he succeeded his friend Mr. Buckminster in the Brattle street church in Boston. The position is a very arduous one. His labors in it were quite beyond his years and his strength, and materially impaired his health. His discourses, delivered here, earned for him, at that early age, the reputation of hearty, earnest eloquence, and gave birth to the expectations with which, in after years, his efforts in other walks, as a public speaker, were awaited. In addition to the regular course of his professional duties, he wrote at this time and published a work of considerable compass, entitled, "A Defence of Christianity." It was an answer to a treatise of the late Mr. English, who had revived the arguments of Collins and other Deistical writers. Mr. Everett's "Defence," although a juvenile performance, and probably below the present advanced standard of critical learning, answered its purpose in its time. It was regarded as a successful effort. We remember that it is quoted with respect, as the work of an able writer, by as good a judge as Dr. Kaye, the present learned Bishop of Lincoln. This is in his account of the writings and opinions of Justin Martyr.*

In 1814, a gentleman, since known to be the late Samuel Eliot, Esq., a much respected and liberal merchant in Boston, established, anonymously, a foundation at Cambridge for a professorship of Greek Literature. Mr. Everett was invited to accept an appointment as the first Professor on this foundation. This proposal was rendered more tempting by permission to visit Europe with a view to recruit his impaired health. He was inducted into his professorship in the spring of 1815, and before he had attained the age of twenty-one years.

* We have never seen this work, but we learn the fact alluded to from the Christian Examiner, vol. vii. p. 337.

Before commencing his duties at Cambridge, Mr. Everett embarked at Boston for Liverpool, in one of the first ships that sailed after the peace, intending to repair immediately to the continent of Europe. On the arrival of the vessel at Liverpool, news was received of Napoleon's escape from Elba. Mr. Everett was detained in London till after the battle of Waterloo, and was the near witness of the excitements produced by it. From London he went, by the way of Holland, to Göttingen, the seat of a University at that time the most famous in Germany. He remained there more than two years to acquire the German language, to ascertain the state of philological learning and the mode of instruction in the German Universities, and to study those branches of ancient literature appropriate to his professorship. During this time, he employed his vacations in travelling in Prussia, Saxony, and Holland. These excursions gave him the opportunity of forming the acquaintance of many of the men of letters in those countries.

Having completed his residence at Göttingen, he passed the winter of 1817–18 in Paris, devoted to the studies subsidiary to his department, and especially to the acquisition of the Romaic, as a preparation for a tour in modern Greece. At this time he formed the intimate acquaintance of Koray, whose writings contributed so materially to the regeneration of Greece. It was, no doubt, from his intercourse with this eminent Grecian patriot, that Mr. Everett derived a portion of the interest afterwards manifested by him in the fortunes of Greece, and the progress of her revolution. In the spring of 1818, he went from Paris to London, passed a few weeks at Cambridge and Oxford, and made the usual tour through Wales, the Lake country, and Scotland. While in England, Mr. Everett made the acquaintance and acquired the friendship of some of the most eminent men of the day; among others, of Scott, Byron, Jeffrey, Campbell, Gifford, Lord Holland, Sir James MacIntosh, Sir Samuel Romilly, Sir Humphrey Davy, and other persons of distinction in the political and literary world.

In the autumn of this year, (1818,) in company with the late General Lyman of Boston, he commenced an extensive tour in the East of Europe. After visiting the most interesting portions of the south of France,

Switzerland, and the north of Italy, they divided the winter and early spring between Florence, Rome, and Naples. While in Italy, Mr. Everett devoted himself assiduously to the study of ancient art in its connection with ancient literature. He had constant access to the library of the Vatican, obtained for him by Canova, whose acquaintance and friendship he enjoyed. Toward the end of March, 1819, the travellers started for Greece; passing through the lower part of the kingdom of Naples, at that time almost a *terra incognita*, and crossing from Otranto to Corfu. The following animated sketch of the approach of a traveller from the West of Europe or from America to Greece, which occurs in Mr. Everett's memoir of John Lowell, jr., the founder of the Lowell Institute, is no doubt drawn from his own recollections and experience:—

"When the traveller from Western Europe or America finds himself sailing along the channel which separates the Ionian Islands from the shores of continental Greece, he feels himself, at length, arrived in the bright clime of battle and of song. In Italy and Sicily, he is still in the modern and the Western World, although numberless memorials of the past remain, and a foretaste of Eastern costume and manners presents itself. But he realizes, with full consciousness, that he is indeed on his pilgrimage, when his eyes rest upon those gems of the deep, which the skill of the Grecian minstrel has touched with a spark of immortality; when he can say to himself, as he passes along, 'On this spot was unfolded the gorgeous web of the Odyssey; from that cliff Sappho threw herself into the sea; on my left hand lay the gardens of Alcinous,—and the olive, and the grape, and the orange still cover the soil; before me rises the embattled citadel which Virgil describes; on my right are the infamous Acroceraunian rocks of Horace; and within that blue, mountain barrier, which bounds the horizon, were concealed the mystic grove and oracle of Dodona—the cradle of the mythology of Greece.' When to these recollections of antiquity are added the modern Oriental features of the scene;—the dress of the Grecian peasant or boatman, seen as you coast along the islands; the report of the musket of the Albanian,—half shepherd, half bandit,—as he tends his flocks on the hill-sides of the mainland; the minaret, the crescent, and the cypress grove, which mark the cities of the living, and the resting-place of the dead; you then feel yourself departed from the language, the manners, and the faith of Christendom, and fairly entered within the vestibule of the mysterious East."

Mr. Everett crossed from Corfu to the coast of Albania, and made a visit to Yanina, its capital. He was furnished with letters of introduction from Lord Byron to Ali Pacha, and from Ignatius, the Metropolitan of Prevesa, to Muchtar Pacha, the oldest son of the aged vizier and governor of Yanina. These letters secured distinguished civilities to Mr. Everett and his friend and companion. After a few days passed at Yanina, they crossed Mount Pindus into Thessaly, visited Veli Pacha, second son of Ali, at his residence at Turnavo, and having examined Pharsalia and Thermopylæ, crossed the mountains, and passed by the way of Delphi and Thebes to Athens. Having spent two or three weeks at Athens, they made the tour of the Morea, and recrossing Parnassus into Thessaly, took passage from the Gulf of Volo for the plain of Troy and Constantinople. Off Mount Athos they encountered a storm in which their vessel sprung a leak. They left her at the island of Lemnos, and made the rest of the passage to the Troad in an open caïque. After passing the month of June in Constantinople, they returned to the West of Europe through Wallachia, Hungary, and Austria.

Mr. Everett returned to America in the autumn of 1819, after an absence of four and a half years. He entered at once with diligence upon the duties of the professorship at Cambridge. Soon after his return, he was invited by a club of literary and scientific gentlemen, who owned and edited the North American Review, to become one of their number, with a view to his assuming the chief editorship of that journal. The North American had been established for some years at this time. It appeared once in two months. But, though supported by contributors of great learning and ability, it had, as yet, acquired but a very limited circulation. Under the auspices of its new editor, the circulation was at once greatly enlarged. A new series was commenced, and so rapid was the increase of the demand for it, that it became necessary to print a second edition, and even a third of some of the numbers. This was the first instance in which a critical journal succeeded in establishing itself firmly in the United States.

The early fortunes of the North American Review have a place in our literary history sufficiently important to justify us in dwelling on some of these details. Mr. Everett not only had the assistance of its former editors and contributors, but of several new ones, of whom we may mention

* Orations and Speeches, vol. ii. p. 401.

his brother, Alexander H. Everett, and his kinsmen, Messrs. William and Oliver Peabody. In 1824, the editorship passed into the hands of Mr. Sparks, and afterwards, successively, into those of Mr. A. H. Everett, on his return from Spain, and Dr. Palfrey. During all this period Mr. Edward Everett continued a regular and frequent contributor.

From his first connection with it, he attempted to give to it an American character and spirit. He made it a special object to defend the country against foreign tourists and essayists. During his long residence abroad, he had observed that writers of these classes assailed American principles, while they affected to assail American customs. America was vilified under their pens, that Republican institutions might be disparaged and made contemptible. One of the ablest of these writers, Capt. Marryatt, afterwards substantially avowed this as the object of his work on the United States! The North American Review, under Mr. Everett's charge, distinctly met such attempts. In his second number, he began a series of papers in systematic vindication of the country. This was in commenting on "Walsh's Appeal from the Judgments of Great Britain." To this article one of the contributors to the London New Monthly Magazine made a flippant reply. The New Monthly was then in its infancy, under the direction of the poet Campbell. To this paper Mr. Everett rejoined. At the close of the year, in the preface prepared for the annual volume of the New Monthly, Campbell alluded to his rejoinder in the following liberal terms :—

"Under this plea, (the impossibility of exacting an entire conformity with the editor from a large body of contributors,) the editor has no desire to excuse himself for one article which has given offense rather too justly on the other side of the Atlantic. He inserted it without reflection, but had observed its unfairness, and felt dissatisfied with himself for having published it, long before the fair and temperate reply which Mr. Everett made to it had reached him."

Mr. Campbell himself then proceeded to make a handsome defense of America and Americans, against several of the charges most frequently brought against them by English writers, and concluded with this observation :—

"If any ill-natured remarks should be made on this apology, which the editor has offered the people of the United States, he can promise his critics one advantage, that he will (in all probability) make no reply to them. But the sober part of the British community will scarcely require an excuse for his having spoken thus respectfully of the Americans. It was a duty particularly imposed upon him by the candid manner of Mr. Everett's reply ; and it was otherwise, as he felt in his heart, deservedly claimed by a people eulogized by Burke and Chatham ; by a land that brings such recollections to the mind as the wisdom of Washington and Franklin, and the heroism of Warren and Montgomery."*

Our younger readers, who have never examined the old files of periodicals, and the other volumes of the English press enough to know its original tone, with regard to America and American institutions, can hardly feel the force of the terms in which Campbell thus made the *amende honorable*. Mr. Everett, as we have said, followed up his article on Walsh's book by a series of others, in the same strain. We cannot doubt that this series has had its influence in bringing about the altered tone which has, more and more, up to our time, pervaded the comments which foreign presses have made on the United States.

The charge of the North American Review, however, was but an accompaniment of Mr. Everett's laborious regular duties as Eliot Professor at Cambridge. He prepared and delivered there a complete course of lectures on the history of the Literature of Greece, comprising an account of the life and works of every Greek classic author from the earliest period to the Byzantine age. He delivered several shorter courses also ;—two of which, on "Antiquities and Ancient Art," were repeated before large popular audiences in Boston. Before this time, Professors Peck, Gorham and Bigelow had delivered popular scientific lectures in Boston ; but we believe Mr. Everett's were the first of the class of purely literary lectures ever delivered there, before large general audiences. At this time, Professor Everett published a translation of Buttmann's Smaller Greek Grammar, and a Greek Reader on the basis of Jacob's.

The political situation of Greece had always excited his deepest sympathies. "The Restoration of Greece" was the subject of his oration at Cambridge, in 1814, when he took his second degree there. His visit to Greece, where he personally witnessed the oppressions of the Turkish Government,

* Campbell's New Monthly, 1821 ; pref. p. xii.

greatly increased this early interest. In 1822, he received in manuscript the Appeal of the Messenian Senate of Calamata, the first organized body of the Greek revolution. Their Commissioners at Paris transmitted it to him, and at their request he translated it, and published it for the information of our countrymen. It failed however at the time to attract much notice.

In October, 1823, Mr. Everett wrote an article on the Greek Revolution, in the North American Review, accompanied with a complete translation of the Constitution of Epidaurus. Great interest in the cause of Greece was excited throughout the country by this fervid appeal. Numerous meetings were held, and considerable funds raised. At the next session of Congress, Mr. Webster took up the subject, and commended it with all the power of his eloquence to the sympathy and respect of the civilized world. Two or three years later, the correspondence of Mr. Everett with leading members of the government of Greece, being communicated to the late Matthew Carey, Esq., of Philadelphia, gave the impulse to the active and efficient exertions of that warm-hearted philanthropist, and other American *Philhellenes*, which resulted in the dispatch of several cargoes of clothing and provisions for the supply of the suffering Greeks.

In 1824, Mr. Everett delivered the annual oration at Cambridge, before the Phi Beta Kappa Society. The occasion was signalized by the attendance of Lafayette, whose personal acquaintance Mr. Everett had made a few years before at Paris. The entire discourse was very favorably received; but the peroration—being an apostrophe to Lafayette—touched a chord of sympathy in an immense audience, already highly excited by the unusual circumstances of the occasion. This was the first of a series of Orations and Addresses, delivered by Mr. Everett on public occasions of almost every kind, during a quarter of a century. They probably constitute that part of his literary efforts by which he is best known to the country, and have undoubtedly contributed materially to elevate the standard for productions of this class. They have lately been collected in two volumes octavo, the first of which is a re-impression of one which was published in 1836, containing the addresses which had been delivered previous to that time.

Up to the year 1824, Mr. Everett had taken no active interest in politics. In this year, the late Mr. Fuller, who had represented the Middlesex District in Congress for eight years, declined a re-election. It was a time of great political harmony; the ancient political distinctions had almost wholly sunk into oblivion. The young men of the district (whose fathers had belonged to both the former political parties) were desirous of selecting a candidate who could be supported on higher grounds than mere party preference. Mr. Everett's articles in the North American Review, above alluded to, had evinced his acquaintance with the great interests of the country; and the oration delivered in the presence of Lafayette had brought him prominently before the public, just at the time when a nomination was to be made. Under these circumstances, and without having been himself previously consulted on the subject, his name was brought forward at a volunteer Convention of the young men of the district. The nomination was received with great favor by the people of Middlesex, and he was elected by a handsome majority over the regular candidate.

Mr. Everett was thus brought into public life as a member of Congress, without any preliminary training in State politics. He was re-elected four times successively, by large majorities. He seems, as a member of the House of Representatives, to have taken a view of his duty, which we wish we could impress on other members, young or experienced. This was, in a word, to devote himself mainly *to the discharge of that part of the public business* which devolved on him. He did not take the floor so often as might have been expected (in those days when it was not, as now, almost impossible to take the floor) from one as much accustomed as he was to public speaking, and as able as he to command the ear of the House. On reference, however, to the transactions of the ten sessions for which he was a member, it will be found that he took part in almost every debate of importance. During his whole service in Congress he was on the Committee of Foreign Affairs. In the Twentieth Congress he was appointed its Chairman, by Mr. Stevenson, then Speaker—acting on the principle, that an Administration, although in a minority in the House, is entitled to the chair of that Committee, as a

position of peculiar confidence. Mr. Everett was a member of the most important Select Committees raised while he was in Congress: such as that on the Indian relations of the State of Georgia; that on the Apportionment Bill; and that on the Bank of the United States, (the Committee which sat in Philadelphia in 1834.) He drew the majority or the minority report in all the instances where he thus served. He formed, with the Hon. John Sergeant, of Philadelphia, the minority of the celebrated Retrenchment Committee in the Twentieth Congress; and he drew those portions of its report which relate to the Departments of State and of War. When he had just entered Congress, he drew the report on the mission to the Congress of Panama, the leading measure of the first session of the Nineteenth Congress, though he was the youngest member of the Committee. Together with the late Henry R. Storrs, he led the opposition to the Indian policy of General Jackson, (the removal of the Indians, without their consent, from lands guaranteed to them by treaty,) and he replied, on that subject, to the speech of the Chairman of the Committee on Public Lands. Mr. Madison's celebrated letter on Nullification, in 1830, was addressed to Mr. Everett, and appended (with Mr. Madison's permission) to an article on that subject by Mr. Everett. This article appeared in the October number of the North American Review for that year. It will, we believe, be generally remembered, by those who have taken any interest in that stormy time. The unsoundness of the doctrine of Nullification, which had then been treated with all the gravity of a distinct system, was completely exposed in it; and a singular novelty of illustration and great strength of argument called attention to it, and gave force to it wherever it was read. There is a speech of Mr. Everett's on the tariff policy, delivered at this same period, to which no answer was ever attempted. It demonstrates the fallacy of one of Mr. Calhoun's favorite doctrines,—that the duty on goods imported is paid, not by the consumer, but by the Southern planter, as a large producer of the exported article given in exchange. Mr. Everett shows that, admitting the principle that the duty is paid by the producer of the article given in exchange, still it is paid by the consumer; for he is, of necessity, the ultimate producer of the article finally given in exchange, and therefore the payer of the duty, even on the Southern statement of the principle.

The last act of Mr. Everett as a member of Congress was the minority report of the Committee of Foreign Affairs on the French controversy in 1834–1835, and a speech on the same subject in the House. We have been told, on good authority, that the late King of the French paid the highest compliment to the liberal spirit evinced in this report and speech, and to the knowledge of the subject involved.

In the autumn of 1834, Mr. Everett had announced his intention of retiring from Congress. In the winter of 1835 he was nominated as a candidate for Governor of Massachusetts, and he was chosen in the autumn of that year. The subjects of local administration, in which he was most interested, are of so great general importance that we should hardly hesitate to call to them the attention of the readers of this Review, but that our limits warn us that we must bring this sketch toward a close. We content ourselves with saying, that, while he was Governor, the Commonwealth gave its liberal assistance to the Western Railroad; that the Board of Education was established; that a sound currency was preserved in the State during the panic of 1837; that the elaborate scientific surveys of the State were prosecuted, and the Criminal Law Commission appointed, all in a series of measures, which had his full concurrence and efficient support. It was while he was Governor that the surplus revenue was distributed. In one of his recent speeches* we find his narrative of a plan, not less magnificent than feasible, which he had formed for the disposal of the share of this distribution which fell to Massachusetts. He wished that she would appropriate $1,000,000 to pay her subscription to the Western Railroad. He would have had the remainder, which was then estimated at more than $700,000, divided between the State's colleges, the common schools, and an astronomical observatory. If such a disposition had been made, Massachusetts would now have a fund yielding a regular interest of 80,000 dollars. But other counsels prevailed, and the surplus was divided among

* Second Speech in aid of the Colleges; Orations and Speeches, vol. ii. p. 616.

the several towns, in the proportion of their population.

Mr. Everett's efforts, however, for the cause of education in Massachusetts, to which in his public addresses he had often lent his best aid, were not confined to this unsuccessful plan. In his Annual Speech to the Legislature of 1837, he earnestly called their attention to the subject of the schools, and among other things recommended the establishment of a Board of Education. About the same time, a very liberal donation was announced for the expenses of Normal Schools, and of an active Secretary of such a Board,—a donation made by the late Mr. Edmund Dwight,—though, till his death, his name was concealed. In the course of the session the Board was established, and Mr. Horace Mann named as its first Secretary. On this subject, we may quote as our best authority the following passage from an able article in the Christian Examiner, on the subject of the Massachusetts Board of Education. The article is by Hon. Charles W. Upham, of Salem, a distinguished member of the Massachusetts Senate :—

"The Board of Education was organized in the Council Chamber, on the 29th of June, 1837. The Governor was of course Chairman, and Horace Mann was elected, by ballot, Secretary. The novelty of the movement, the immense extent, diversity, complexity, and minuteness of the objects within its scope, the inadequacy of its powers and means, the vague and exaggerated expectations of wonderful results, to be reached at once, entertained by many of the most sanguine and busy friends of the cause, political jealousies, with the use made of them by intriguing partizans, and, more than all, sectarian opposition, embarrassed the Board exceedingly during the earlier years of its operations, which were, besides, years of peculiar financial difficulty in the community at large. The value of the services of Governor Everett, under these disadvantageous and perplexing circumstances, cannot be overestimated. He wrote the several Annual Reports of the Board, and, as Chairman of most of the sub-committees, he also discharged a great amount of labor, and bore the constant burden of responsible care. His indefatigable fidelity, his conscientious and enlightened prudence, his extraordinary discretion as a statesman, and his profound enthusiasm in the cause, were what the crisis absolutely needed. While justice to the Secretary demands the tribute which we are about to render, it also requires us to acknowledge that no other hand, perhaps, than that which then held the helm of State, could have safely 'piloted the little bark through the rough sea of jealousy and opposition.'"*

* Christian Examiner, Nov., 1849, p. 397.

Mr. Everett held the office of Governor till 1840. At that period the political parties of Massachusetts were very closely balanced; and, in the election of November, 1839, local questions connected with the License and Militia Laws defeated his election. Judge Morton, the Democratic candidate, succeeded by one vote, out of more than a hundred thousand.

Thus relieved from public duty, Mr. Everett was led by domestic reasons to visit Europe a second time. He sailed with his family in June, 1840. They spent the summer in Paris, and the following year in Florence and its vicinity. We have understood that the same reasons which dictated this residence in a climate milder than that of New-England, would have induced Mr. Everett to pass another winter in Italy, but political occurrences changed his destination. In the spring of 1841, General Harrison was elected President, and Mr. Webster became Secretary of State. The ban under which the Whig party had lain for a generation (with the brief exception of Mr. Adams's administration) was thus raised, and Mr. Everett's services and position as a member of that party, and his intimate personal and political relations with Mr. Webster,—relations of long standing,—led to the expectation that he would be called to some important duty under the new Administration.

Mr. Andrew Stevenson, the United States Minister at London, had been recalled, at his own request, on the change of administration. The vacancy thus created was, of course, one of the most important to be filled. The Diplomatic service, under our Government, cannot be said to stand on a good footing. Under the leading Governments of Europe that service is made a distinct career. It is entered, or prepared for in youth, by an appropriate course of study, and then is pursued, through a regular gradation of subordinate posts. Under the European system, also, a change of the home administration does not directly affect the positions of any of the diplomatic agents, excepting the Ambassadors at two or three leading courts. Paid Attachés, Secretaries of Legation, Chargés and Ministers retain their offices and continue in the regular routine. Liberal salaries enable men without large private fortunes to devote themselves to this branch of the public ser-

vice; and a retiring pension, allowed to those who stand highest in the list, prevents the retired Minister from sinking into want. In this way an efficient corps is kept up of men well-read in the law of nations, and in modern political history, conversant with the principal modern languages, personally acquainted with the characters of leading men, and familiar with negotiation. It is unnecessary to say how little of all this exists in the United States. The want of permanency in the career, the smallness of the salaries, and the custom of regarding foreign appointments simply as the reward of partisan services, have their effect upon our diplomacy. It is, under the circumstances, only matter of wonder that it is so generally regarded as highly respectable. This may partly be explained by the facts, that, as the field of service is remote from the public eye, and the manner in which the duty is performed is known only to the Department of State, and but partially there, a great degree of unfitness may exist on the part of some of the foreign Ministers, and be severely felt by those immediately concerned, without becoming matter of notoriety.

There were few individuals, perhaps, whose previous course of life had been better adapted than Mr. Everett's to supply the defects of regular diplomatic training. The Elements of the Civil Law are studied in the German Universities as a branch of classical antiquities. Mr. Everett's residence of five or six years in Europe had made him familiar with the principal continental languages, particularly with the French, which, even in London, is the language of diplomacy. His connection with the Committee of Foreign Affairs for the ten years he was in Congress had led him to study carefully the entire range of our foreign relations. As Governor of Massachusetts, he had, of course, mastered the Boundary Question in its almost endless details; and this was the leading question between Great Britain and the United States at the time he was appointed Minister.

When the importance of the English mission at all times is borne in mind, with the critical state of the relations of the two countries in 1841, and the magnitude and difficulty of the topics to be discussed, the appointment of Mr. Everett, who had been for more than a twelvemonth absent from the country, and taken no part in the struggles of the election, must be considered as a striking proof of the confidence of the Administration in his discretion and ability.

He arrived in London, to enter upon the duties of his mission, at the close of the year 1841. Among the great questions to which we allude, which were at that time open between the two countries, were the Northeastern Boundary, the affair of Mr. McLeod, and the seizure of American vessels on the coast of Africa. In the course of a few months the affair of the Creole followed, to which were soon added Oregon and Texas. His position must have been rendered more difficult by the frequent changes which took place in the Department at home. Between Mr. Webster, who retired in the spring of 1843, and Mr. Buchanan, who came in with Mr. Polk in 1845, it was occupied successively by Messrs. Legaré, Upshur, and Calhoun. From all these gentlemen, Mr. Everett received marks of approbation and confidence.

At the time of his arrival in London, besides the intrinsic difficulty of the questions to which his attention was called, some embarrassment arose from antecedent occurrences. A change of administration had taken place on both sides of the water. But Lord Palmerston, in the last days of his Secretaryship, had addressed an uncompromising letter to Mr. Stevenson on the African question; and Mr. Stevenson on the eve of his departure from London had written to Lord Aberdeen in the same strain.* In this way a legacy of trouble was left to the new administrations on both sides.

By the institution of the special mission of Lord Ashburton, the direct negotiations between the two Governments were transferred to Washington. It appears however, from documents that have from time to time been communicated to Congress, that various topics connected with all the subjects in dispute were incidentally treated in the correspondence of the American Minister at London both with his own and the British Government. Many elaborate notes to Lord Aberdeen, and dispatches to the American Secretary of State, have, in this way, come before the public, forming however, we believe, but a small part of the documents of

* See the Introduction to the volume of Mr. Webster's Diplomatic Papers, where these difficulties are stated in detail.

both classes prepared by Mr. Everett during his mission. In consequence of the multiplication, in the lapse of time, of subjects of public controversy,—the increase in the number of private claims,—the extension of commercial intercourse generally, often with remote colonial possessions of the British Government, where irregularities are likely to occur under the provincial authorities, the amount of business transacted at the American Legation from 1841 to 1845, as we have understood from the best authority, was more than double that of any former period of equal duration.

Mr. Everett is, however, as may have been seen by the reader of this sketch, a person of assiduous habits of labor; and he discharged this greatly increased amount of public business, in such a way as to gain the entire confidence of his Government. He received striking proofs of this confidence. When, at the end of the session of 1842–43, Congress made an appropriation for a mission to China, under circumstances which required an immediate nomination to it, Mr. Everett was appointed by the President and Senate, for the purpose of opening diplomatic relations with that country and negotiating a treaty of commerce. In the autumn of the same year, he received full powers to negotiate with the British Government for the final adjustment of the Oregon difficulty. But that negotiation had just been transferred, at the instance of Great Britain, to Washington. General Fox, as will be remembered, had been recalled, and Sir Richard Pakenham was appointed to conduct it there.

The Congressional documents are the only sources open to the public, from which may be learned the nature of the subjects which Mr. E. brought to a successful issue. Among these were several claims for the seizure of vessels on the coast of Africa, and large demands of American citizens for duties levied contrary to the commercial treaty between the two countries. In reference to the latter, Mr. E. obtained an acknowledgment of the justice of the claims, and proposed the principle of offset on which they were, soon after the close of his mission, liquidated and paid. He obtained for our fishermen the right of taking fish in the Bay of Fundy, which had been a subject of irritation and controversy between them and the Provincial authorities for thirty years. He procured, at different times, the release from Van Diemen's Land of fifty or sixty of the misguided Americans who had embarked in the Canadian rebellion of 1838. It will be remembered, however, as we have already observed, that a small part only of his correspondence has been brought before the public.

Immediately after the accession of Mr. Polk to the Presidency, Mr. Everett was recalled. He remained in London, however, until the arrival of Mr. Louis McLane, his successor.

He returned to Boston in the autumn of 1845. Shortly before that time, Harvard University was left without a President, by the resignation of the Hon. Josiah Quincy, who had been at its head for sixteen years. The friends of the institution united in pressing Mr. Everett to accept the nomination which was offered him as Mr. Quincy's successor. He did so, in January, 1846, and was formally inaugurated, April 30th of the same year. He held his office there for three years—an administration which has been, we do not hesitate to say, of the highest value to the College. His connection with the institution, either by residence near it, or by official position, had been preserved in some way almost constantly since he entered it as a boy. His position as President was doubtless made dear to him thus, by the associations and affections of his life. He devoted to his duties all the enthusiasm which could arise from such associations,—all his assiduous labor,—and the fruit of his mature studies and experience. Of the result of such devotion we have not hesitated to speak, although a matter of such recent observation.

The friends of the College had every reason to regret, therefore, on its account, that the very burdensome details of his office so wore upon Mr. Everett's health, as to compel him to resign it after three years' service. The publication since that time of the volumes we have spoken of, and the promise of his treatise on the Law of Nations, induce us to express a doubt whether that retirement ought to be a matter of equal regret to the friends of literature and science generally.

Since his resignation, Mr. Everett has lived in Cambridge, retired from public duty, devoted to the restoration of his health, and to the calls of social life. A portion of his time has been devoted to the preparation of

the volumes of his speeches to which we have alluded;—two volumes which, from their character and subject, will take a permanent place in the literature of our time. In the preface of that work he says, that he contemplates also a "selection from his numerous articles in the North American Review; from his speeches and reports in Congress, and from his official papers and correspondence. Nor am I wholly without hope," he adds, "that I shall be able to execute the more arduous project, to which I have devoted a good deal of time for many years, and toward which I have collected ample materials,—that of a systematic treatise on the Law of Nations, more especially in reference to those questions which have been discussed between the United States and Europe, since the peace of 1783."

We see that we have trespassed upon our limits. The detail of dates and facts which we have given shows a somewhat singular variety of public service to which Mr. Everett has been called, ever since what we may call his boyhood. We can scarcely name a person, not farther advanced in life, who, without specially dazzling incidents of brilliant achievement, has passed through a more varied or laborious career. Such a career cannot be analyzed, nor the character trained in it, in a sketch limited as this is. And, while we have attempted simply to place in order the more essential facts of its course, we do not know how we could better bring the narrative to a close, than by the following extract from a speech of Mr. Webster at an agricultural festival in Massachusetts the past year:—

"Gentlemen, I am happy also to see here, I may say, an early friend of my own, a distinguished citizen, himself a native of this county,—his ancestors, I believe, for generations native and resident here in Dedham,—I mean Governor Everett. As he has of late not been frequently amongst us on such occasions, I must take leave, notwithstanding the repulsiveness of his own modesty, to say that he is one who has gone through a long career of eminent public service. We all remember him, some of us personally—myself, certainly with great interest, in his deliberations in the Congress of the United States, to which he brought such a degree of learning and ability and eloquence as few equalled and none surpassed. He administered afterwards satisfactorily to his fellow-citizens the duties of the chair of the Commonwealth. He then, to the great advantage of his country, went abroad. He was deputed to represent his Government at the most important Court of Europe, and he carried thither many qualities, most of them essential, and all of them ornamental and useful, to fill that high station. He had education and scholarship. He had a reputation at home and abroad. More than all, he had an acquaintance with the politics of the world—with the law of his country and of nations—with the history and policy of the countries of Europe. And how well these qualities enabled him to reflect honor upon the literature and character of his native land, not we only but all the country and all the world know. He has performed this career, gentlemen, and is yet at such a period of life that I may venture something upon the character and the privilege of my countrymen, when I predict that those who have known him long and know him now—those who have seen him and see him now—those who have heard him and hear him now, are very likely to think that his country has demands upon him for future efforts in its service."

SONNETS TO FILL BLANKS.

NUMBER THREE.

"'Sonnets to fill blanks!'" reads a grave "subscriber,"
"All sonnets were for that sole purpose made;
Blanks in young ladies' brains. Should *I* describe her,
I'd call the muse a 'blank filler' by trade,
A scribbler upon spaces left by nature;
Filling them in with images fantastic;
An incoherent, idle, dreamy creature,
Of soul too soft, and character too plastic,
For anything of use." Then with a sneer,
And scornful threat, Sir Reader jerks the leaf,
And looking very politic and severe,
Turns to the "Miscellany" for relief,
And with a passion mixed of love and awe,
Hangs o'er the "bill" for Texas or Eutau.

USES AND ABUSES OF LYNCH LAW.

ARTICLE SECOND.

That circumstances may arise when nothing less potent and immediate than the application of Lynch law can prevent wholesale robbery and murder, was most conclusively proved by the events which occurred in Mississippi after the capture and imprisonment of Murrel, the "Land Pirate."

In order that our readers may properly understand the very extraordinary state of affairs that existed in the Valley of the Mississippi at the time, it is necessary for us to give some account of the Pirate, his plot, and his capture; for singular as it may seem, we do not believe that one in ten of Northern men have ever heard the name of Murrel, or known anything of his conspiracy—a conspiracy which enrolled in its ranks almost every villain in the Southwest, and aimed at no less a crisis than the total destruction and ruin of the Southwestern States.

John A. Murrel was one of the worst class of Western villains. After a career of crime almost unparalleled, he conceived and apparently almost carried into execution a plan which, if perfected, would have plunged the entire South and West into an abyss of misery and desolation.

Whether he would really have pushed his designs to the extent he induced his adherents to believe, is a matter of doubt; for although when a prisoner he was anxious that they should make the attempt, it is probable he might have confined the sphere of action, or have deferred for a long time the execution of his incredibly daring plot.

His idea, we believe, was to revolutionize the entire South; to cause the negroes to rise simultaneously, and, under the command of his associates and himself, to lay waste city and country, to burn, rob, murder, devastate and destroy.

His plans were deeply laid. To a few he confided the extent of his design, and to each of these he gave the authority to enlist all the minor villains of their acquaintance. The latter were termed Strikers, and used but as tools—in fact, as the hands to do the work of the conspiracy—while the Grand Council, as head, controlled their motions.

They were sworn by the most horrible oaths to secresy, and to the unhesitating performance of all the commands of their superiors. To violate their oath was certain death.

In a short time Murrel had bound together in his chain the great mass of robbers and minor villains in the West, but this did not content him. For all the purposes of mutual assistance in counterfeiting, robbery, negro and horse stealing, the present confederacy might suffice, but it was necessary for safety and the completion of his grand design, that his band should include among their members men of an entirely different class—men of standing in society, and of name in the world.

To accomplish this, he established throughout the entire South, or perhaps more particularly the portion that borders upon the Mississippi river, a *cordon* of robber police, so well drilled, so effective in their operations, that Vidocq himself might have envied the perfection of the arrangements. Every crime not committed by one of the gang was traced immediately to its author, and the criminal was astounded on discovering that deeds which he supposed none but his God and himself to be cognizant of, were known by numbers, whose mandate he must obey implicitly and among whom he must enroll his name, or be immediately exposed to the world and to justice.

It is not, at this late hour, for us to learn that petty crimes, or those of the first magnitude, are not confined to the lower walks of life. All, however, were fish that came to Murrel's net; the low gambler and the rich villain were equally received with open arms.

Not content with detecting crime, his

victims were seduced to commit it, and the trap then sprung upon them.

In this manner, ere long, he numbered men of all classes and grades, including many persons of wealth, *judges, lawyers, clergymen, militia officers of high rank,* planters, merchants, &c.*

* Lest the reader may think that we have either been ourselves imposed upon or are seeking to impose upon others, we here insert an extract from a Galveston (Texas) paper, published within the last twelve months. In our account of the Murrel conspiracy we have been particularly careful to insert nothing of the truth of which we are not positively certain; many of the facts are from personal knowledge, or from the knowledge of those upon whose word we place implicit confidence. The following extract properly belongs to a later part of this paper:—

From the Galveston News.

THE MURREL GANG IN WASHINGTON COUNTY.

The *Texan Ranger*, of the 10th instant, contains the confession of A. G. Grigg, one of the gang of thieves whom the citizens of Austin, Fayette, and Washington counties (where the operations have been principally carried on) have determined on exterminating, or otherwise stopping their infamous career. This confession exhibits an organized and systematic plan of procedure, as well calculated to accomplish the nefarious ends of the band as to escape the penalties of the law and justice in case of detection.

The published names of those connected with the gang, are:—

Rev. Nathan Shook, of Crockett; Judge Kelsoe, or Kersaw, living somewhere on the Guadaloupe river; Orland Snapp, Lewis Boren, Bill Short, William Howitt, George Carmine, James Cox, Nathaniel Greer, James McLaughlin, James Crook, D. D. Ritchey, and a man named Agery. The latter controlled a mint, located above Brownsville on the Rio Grande, but which none of the others were made acquainted with. Agery supplied his accomplices with the spurious coin for fifty cents on the dollar, in good money, at the Star Hotel in this city, which establishment, according to Grigg's confession, he had rented, and Bill Short was to be proprietor. Agery paid two hundred dollars in good money for each negro delivered to him, or four hundred dollars in spurious coin.

Passing counterfeit money, stealing negroes, cattle, and other property, were the principal branches of business followed by this extensive association. A correspondent of the *Ranger* says, the number of negroes stolen from the counties named is very considerable. Two of the gang, Short and McLaughlin, were tried for murder in 1848, but by means of their associates on the Jury got clear, and afterwards boasted that they had followed one of the State's witnesses to take his life for giving evidence against them, which it is thought they succeeded in doing. The same correspondent says, the gang is composed of ministers of the gospel, merchants, lawyers, farmers, traders,

The great secrets of the confederacy were confined to the leaders, known as the Grand Council, and the Striker's only duty was to obey the every command of his superior.

Members of the clan recognized each other by certain signs, and the correspondence between the leaders was conducted in a cipher.

Perhaps the most singular circumstance connected with the history of this affair is, that although the designs of Murrel must have been known to some two hundred of the superior villains, and the existence of the plan to more than as many thousands; yet with so much fear did they regard the confederacy, or with so much faith did they believe in the power, talent and management of their leader, that it was through him, and through him alone, that they were ultimately betrayed.

The circumstances of the discovery of the plot were these:

Murrel had owned a farm, or plantation, for a number of years in Madison county, Tennessee. Here his true character was for a time unknown, but the frequent losses of slaves and valuable horses by the neighboring planters induced them to regard him with suspicion, which indeed his singular and mysterious mode of life warranted them in doing.

He was absent months at a time from his home and wife without any apparent reason, or ostensible business. His home was a rendezvous for strangers of a suspicious character; persons were often seen to arrive and depart at the dead hour of the night, and in fact everything concurred to produce the impression upon his neighbors, that not only was he a dishonest and dangerous character, but also a leader or a chief of some unknown band of robbers, counterfeiters, or murderers—perhaps all the three.

Suspicion led to a closer scrutiny, and scrutiny to detection. A neighbor had lost a number of slaves, and for several days could find no trace of them. At length, the overseer of his plantation discovering one of the runaways creeping into his deserted "quarter," at night, gave chase, and after some trouble succeeded in capturing him.

and also that some EDITORS of newspapers are inculpated, as having aided by their advice and support.

We are curious to know who the editors are, and look anxiously for the full disclosures.

From him they obtained a knowledge of the *locale* of the rendezvous, and the name of the negro thief. As they had anticipated, it was Murrel.

The testimony of a negro against a white man, however, is invalid in Tennessee, and it was necessary to detect the criminal themselves.

The negro was accordingly directed to guide his master and a number of well-armed men to the spot in silence, and then rejoin his associates, being threatened with the penalty of death if he should in any manner betray the design of his captors.

The plot succeeded. Hardly had the company been cautiously posted around the negroes, when Murrel himself, bearing a basket of provisions in his hand, made his appearance, and immediately began to divide the food among them.

After the party had seen and heard sufficient for their purpose, they rushed upon the villain, and secured him.

Taken entirely unawares, Murrel's coolness did not in the least desert him; on the contrary, he turned upon the owner whom he had robbed, and congratulated him upon the recovery of his slaves, stating that he had himself discovered them but a short time before, and that he had beguiled them with fair promises and kind treatment into the belief that he was their friend, solely for the purpose, however, of securing them for him.

Despite his self-possession, however, he was bound, and carried in triumph to the county jail, where, in a day or two, he was bailed for a heavy sum. The day of trial arrived, and to the astonishment of every one, Murrel delivered himself up. So dark appeared the case, that the idea was universal that the bail-bond would be forfeited, and the criminal seek safety in flight. They were doubly mistaken. Murrel had employed skilful counsel, and his own knowledge of criminal law was not to be despised. It soon appeared the count in the indictment charging him with "negro stealing" could not be sustained, and he could only be convicted of harboring the negroes.

A verdict was accordingly rendered against him for this offense, mulcting him in a few hundred dollars, and against this he contended, appealing to the "Supreme Court," upon the ground of the unconstitutionality of the law against "negro harboring."

Failing in their attempt to inflict a severe penalty by law, the citizens of Madison, or at least many of them, determined upon taking the affair in their own hands, and accordingly organized a company with the intention of "Lynching" him. Here again were they out-generalled; for, perfectly apprised, through his spies, of their intentions, he summoned his adherents around him and prepared for a desperate resistance. Nor was this all. The enemies' camp counted among their number several of his spies, who not only notified him of their every movement, but spread discord among the company, and finally leaving it in the pretended fear of the consequences, induced the others to abandon the design.

Murrel had conquered; and now, feeling himself almost invulnerable, determined upon revenge, not dreaming that he was now to cope with one his equal in coolness and courage, and his superior in cunning. Among the most obnoxious of Murrel's neighbors was a Methodist minister of the name of Henning. He had been active in organizing the corps of Regulators, and had used all his influence to persuade the planters of Murrel's guilt and bad character, and upon him the desperado determined to be fully revenged. Henning had two fine and valuable negroes, and Murrel, without much difficulty, persuaded them to run away. He sent with them one of his "Strikers," whom he furnished with fast horses, to enable him, if hard pressed, to escape, but remained himself at home, in order to evade suspicion.

In this respect his precautions were useless; for as soon as Henning missed his slaves, he sent a quick-witted spy to watch every step of the supposed thief, and to obtain from his wife, if possible, some information of his intended movements. In the latter attempt the spy was successful, and discovered that Murrel intended to leave for the town of Randolph in a fortnight. Henning consulted with his friends as to what course it would be most advisable for him to pursue; but unfortunately, in this sad world which we inhabit, no man can be sure of a friend, as the worthy preacher soon after found out to his cost.

The very man in whom he placed the most confidence, and whom he first consulted upon the subject, was a member of the clan, and one of the Grand Council, and

of course the information was conveyed to Murrel with all possible speed.

The latter now had the double advantage of knowing his adversary's game, while his adversary supposed himself to be equally wise. With his characteristic boldness, Murrel addressed the following letter to Richard Henning, a son of the old preacher:—

DENMARK, January 23, 1835.

SIR,—I have been told that you accuse me of being concerned in stealing your own and your father's negroes; and I have been told also, that you have thought proper to vapor about what you would do with me if you could be sure of having me on equal terms. I say I have been told these things; and I wish to reply, if they be true, that I can whip you from the point of a dagger to the anchor of a ship. But, sir, if I have been misinformed by malicious persons, who wish to do you a discredit, I trust you will receive this letter as a message of friendship. I am about leaving for Randolph, and shall be pleased to have your company on any terms you may choose, or to satisfy you, if it is necessary, that my intentions and business are honest.

Yours, according to the truth or falsity of the rumors, JOHN A. MURREL.

RICHARD HENNING.

At this critical time, Virgil A. Stewart, a friend of Henning, appeared upon the field, and the whole affair was laid before him.

No answer had been returned to Murrel's letter, and he supposed that his object—to prevent pursuit—had been attained.

Very different, however, were the intentions of the Hennings and their friend. The latter advised them to closely and carefully slow-track Murrel, until they found what his real destination was, and what the business might be that led him there; and, moreover, volunteered to accompany Richard Henning himself. His offer was accepted; and on the eve of the day when Murrel had informed them of his design to leave, Stewart started with the intention of riding a few miles upon the road to the house of a friend, where his companion was to join him at an early hour next morning.

Morning came, but no Henning; and Stewart, after waiting impatiently three or four hours, determined to proceed alone, and almost unarmed. Whether he would have done this had he known, as well as he afterwards did, the character of the man whom he was to encounter, is a matter of doubt; although it is certain that the pages of history can show no greater instance of the display of presence of mind, energy, determination, and courage, both moral and physical, than he evinced in the successful pursuance of his design.

Stewart had reached the first toll-gate upon his road, and was in the act of inquiring of the keeper if Murrel had passed during the morning or last night, when the person himself rode up. Stewart continued his conversation with the keeper until Murrel had ridden out of sight, and then being satisfied with regard to his identity, mounted his horse in pursuit. It had been his intention to have followed his man closely, and yet to have kept out of his sight, but accident prevented this. The day was cold, and Stewart's horse, unperceived by his master, quickening his pace, brought him within sight of Murrel. The latter was looking round at him when Stewart first perceived their propinquity; and now, without checking his pace, he rode up and entered into conversation.

Murrel was very inquisitive. Stewart informed him that he was from the Choctaw Purchase, travelling in quest of a valuable horse which he thought must have strayed in that direction.

To the inquiry, "if he knew a man of the name of Murrel," Stewart returned so prompt a negative, and endured the scrutiny of his inquisitor's eye so unflinchingly, that Murrel, who trusted implicitly in his judgment of men by their looks, banished entirely his first idea, that Stewart was a sleuth-hound the Hennings had put upon his trail.

In some respects Murrel's judgment of his antagonist was correct. He saw courage, energy, and determination in his face at a glance, resolved to sound him, and if possible to enlist so valuable a recruit to serve under his own black flag.

Stewart intentionally spoke in such a manner as to give his new acquaintance an idea that his morals were of the loosest, and in fact said so much that Murrel, thinking he was wasting his labor after all upon one who was already a member, endeavored to draw from him the secret sign of the confederacy.

Failing in this, he set to work in earnest, and commenced a recital of the exploits of "this aforesaid Murrel"—speaking of him always as of a third party. Murrel's weak point was vanity, and Stewart's pretended admiration of the villainous performances, related with so much *goût*, so won upon him, that, completely deceived as to the latter's character, during the first day's ride

he expressed and really conceived a kind of friendship for him, and exacted a promise that he would accompany him as far as Randolph, in the hope of obtaining some information of the missing horse. A desperate game truly did Stewart play; but from the beginning of their acquaintance he had and kept the advantage.

The journey to Randolph occupied five days, during which time Murrel, satisfied that his first estimate of Stewart's character was correct, opened all his plans to him, and proposed to raise him immediately to a post of honor if he would join the gang. Stewart consented.

At this time, the least suspicion upon Murrel's part of his true character and intentions, would have cost our modern Vidocq his life; and indeed he ran a very narrow risk of discovery. He had assumed the name of Hues, and unfortunately the route which he and his companion were pursuing led them to the village of Wesley, where they were to pass the night, and where Stewart was known to several residents. He fortunately succeeded in escaping momentarily from Murrel's vigilant eye, under pretence that the services of a blacksmith were required for his horse; and during his temporary absence met a gentleman of his acquaintance to whom he confided his critical situation, and requested him to mount, as it were, guard over the tavern, and if any person who knew him should approach, to prevent them calling him by any other than his *nom de guerre*. His friend obeyed, and learning Stewart's determination to dare everything, and to follow Murrel until he was satisfied of his true designs, he provided him with arms of defense, of which Stewart was in great need.

Three times after this did Stewart communicate to persons upon the road something of the character of his companion, and of the desperate enterprise which he was pursuing.

The travellers at length reached the Mississippi, opposite the mouth of Old River, and crossed in a miserable canoe, during a violent tempest—having left their horses upon the eastern side. After landing upon the Arkansas shore, they proceeded some distance through a dense canebrake, crossed three streams of water, and at length stood upon the shores of a lake, in the centre of which a small island was seen.

This was the rendezvous of the Grand Council,—a fitting place, truly, for a congress of murderers;—a spot shunned by man; unknown save by the wild beasts who chose it for their home. The rattle-snake and moccasin, less venomous than the human tigers who herded there, crawled under the primeval and miasma-fed drapery that shrouded the deadly cypress, the only tree that claimed the soil for its own.

Upon the island, Stewart found a number of the villains, and also the missing negroes of Mr. Henning. The Grand Council, or rather their representatives, had met to concoct plans for various nefarious enterprises, and among them the wholesale robbery of the negroes of Mr. Henderson, an absent planter, by his overseer. Stewart, now regularly inducted into their plans, secrets, and signs, being entirely satisfied with regard to the plans of Murrel, became naturally desirous to escape; and under the pretense of having left, by mistake, some valuable papers at the house of a Mr. Erwin, obtained leave of the chief to return there upon the condition that he would await his arrival before departing for home.

The Mr. Erwin to whose house Stewart returned, was one to whom he had confided something of his hazardous enterprise and of Murrel's character. Besides Erwin, he had also informed two other persons upon the road, and all of them entered fully into his plan. One, a Mr. Haynes, promised, in case of any emergency, or of his not returning at the appointed time, to raise a company of fifty armed men at half an hour's notice, and take the field to capture Murrel, and such of his gang as he might find.

With Erwin, Murrel had contracted to deliver three negroes at a certain price, and Stewart had, before crossing the river, arranged with his host to lead the pirate on to the completion of the contract, and have him arrested after the slaves had been received and paid for.

We have thus far related the train of events which led to Murrel's capture, tersely and drily, in fact, epitomizing the testimony in the case; but before arriving at the crisis, let us for a moment consider the peculiarly dangerous and extraordinary position in which Stewart was placed.

He had embarked upon the enterprise with the sole intention of recovering the negroes of his friend, and bringing the thief to justice; but in pursuit of his design, had

raised the curtain of an arcanum of crime as frightful as it was unexpected.

At first he probably supposed Murrel to be vaporing with regard to his power, to the number of his clan, and the horrid extent of his plans; but when, as he proceeded with the details of his plot, giving name after name of persons well known in the community, and many of them in offices of power and trust, and when he exhibited to him proof that he had already commenced negotiations with some of the prominent Abolitionists in the North, to obtain their countenance and assistance, he became convinced of the frightful reality of Murrel's statements.*

The imminent peril which Stewart incurred by this discovery cannot, we think, be properly appreciated by those who have spent their lives in a densely-populated country, one where a man is comparatively free from the danger of assassination, and where such a clue as Stewart now possessed would be followed up by an active band of drilled police, hied on by efficient magistrates, and a powerful and independent press.

Imagine the situation of our hero, compelled, if he would sustain the part of a true-hearted, honest man, to enter the field of battle alone, and single-handed, against a host of known, and perhaps thousands of secret enemies, to contend against them at a sacrifice of money, time, probably reputation, and life itself, and all to preserve the lives and fortunes of those who, he must have known, would never appreciate the sacrifice, and who would, and did, believe that his knowledge was only derived from his guilty connection with the pirates, and his betrayal of their plot but stimulated by the hope of great reward.

Many men of passing honesty, situated as he was, would, with the fear of death before their eyes, have enrolled themselves in the devilish service. Most men would have consulted their safety in flight, and kept the frightful

---

* Murrel stated that, with great difficulty, he had succeeded in opening a correspondence with A CELEBRATED ENGLISH LECTURER WHO WAS AT THAT TIME ADVOCATING THE CAUSE OF ABOLITION IN THE EASTERN STATES. We give a copy of a letter said to have been received from him upon the subject. The correspondence was conducted through a special agent, being of a too imminently dangerous character to be trusted to the mail:—

BOSTON, March 18th, 1834.

MY DEAR SIR,—Your favor of the 4th has come to hand, and its contents have been carefully observed. I think you can count upon the aid you demand with tolerable certainty by the time you name. I approve of your arrangements, and can perceive abundant justification for your views. Could the blacks effect a general concert of action against their tyrants, and let loose the arm of destruction among them and their property, so that the judgment of God might be visibly seen and felt, it would reach the flinty heart of the tyrant. We can do much at the East, by working on the sympathy of the people; but when we remonstrate with a Southern tyrant, he counts the cost of his annual income, and haughtily hurls it in our teeth, and tells us that the Old and New Testaments both teach that slavery is right. We must teach the tyrant in another way. His interests must be affected before he will repent. We can prepare the feelings of most of the Northern and Eastern people for the final consummation of the great work, by lecturing. Interest is the great cement that binds the few Northerners who are friendly to Southern tyrants; and if their cities, with all the merchandise in the country, were destroyed, and their banks plundered of all the specie, thousands of Eastern capitalists would suffer great loss, and would henceforth consider a slave country an unsafe place to make investments, and thousands would leave the country. This state of affairs would naturally diminish the value of slave property, and disgust even the tyrant with the policy of slavery, while the country would be thus in a state of anarchy and poverty. Their banking institutions and credit sunk into disrepute with the commercial world, it would be an easy matter to effect the total abolition of slavery.

Desperate causes require desperate remedies.

And suppose the blacks should refuse to serve the tyrants any longer, what right would the General Government have to interfere with the internal disputes of a State respecting her State laws? The blacks would not be rebelling against the General Government, neither would they be invaders—but Americans, and citizens of a State refusing obedience to a State law and power that are, before God, utterly null and void, being an audacious usurpation of His Divine prerogative, a daring infringement on the law of nature, and a presumptuous transgression of the holy commandments, which should be abrogated by the Christian world. Would not the General Government have more right to interfere in behalf of the injured and oppressed than that of the tyrants and oppressors? The United States' troops would be finely employed in the Southern plantations, forcing obedience to the unjust laws of a few tyrants and man-stealers.

The Southerners are great men for *State rights*, and in a case like the above, we would give them an opportunity to exercise their sovereign functions. Make slavery unpopular among the people of the United States, and Southern tyrants will find a poor comforter in the General Government.

* * * *

secret to themselves. Not one in a million would have acted with the energy, fearlessness of life, and stern determination of purpose, of Virgil Stewart.

To resume the thread of our narrative. Upon arriving at Erwin's, Stewart informed him, as far as he dared, of his momentous discoveries, and warned him to observe great caution in the conducting of his plot for Murrel's capture.

On the next day Murrel arrived, and on the succeeding, left with Stewart for home. They pursued the same road over which they had already travelled, and parted near the village of Wesley; Murrel hastening home, and Stewart turning off upon a by-road, until the former should have had sufficient time to have passed through the village, and then hastened to enter it, and to visit the person who had assisted him when he had before passed through on his eventful journey. On the next night he arrived at Henning's house, and there he related some part of his extraordinary adventures.

Before Stewart, fatigued and worn both in body and mind as he was, had arisen, Henning had summoned a number of his neighbors to consult with them. But one opinion prevailed; that it was necessary to collect a sufficient force and arrest Murrel. Stewart was somewhat indignant at Henning's proceedings, and remonstrated against what he deemed a too precipitate course; but in vain. Murrel was arrested by an officer with a numerous posse of armed men, on the same night. Even while upon the route to the jail, some of his followers must have succeeded in mixing with the guard, for the bands which secured him were cut; a pistol was fired from a piece of woods at Stewart, and the ball cut his bridle-rein in two. As soon as Murrel was incarcerated, Stewart and young Henning set out to obtain testimony, and the villain himself prepared, if possible, to defeat them. News of his capture had been sent through the entire clan, and they were all up and on the move, as spiteful, determined, and ready for mischief, as the disturbed denizens of a hornet's nest.

It is a miracle that Stewart escaped from assassination. He was surrounded by unknown dangers; men whom he deemed his friends—even two persons in whose hands he had intrusted his property, and with one of whom he lived—proved afterwards to have been of the number of the Land Pirates.

His every step was dogged; his house was watched at night; an attempt was made to enter his room, and murder him in bed, which was frustrated by his watchfulness; for, discovering that there were persons prowling about his house, he remained at the window, and shot a man as he was about entering it. At last, an attempt was made to poison him at the house where he boarded, and from which he was saved by his having most providentially discovered the true character and designs of the host and hostess.

This discovery was in keeping with his other wonderful adventures. He met one of the gang who did not know him, and suspecting who the man might be, tried him with the robber-sign, and found his suspicions verified. From him, Stewart learned the intended rescue of Murrel; his plan to have him (Stewart) arrested for counterfeiting, and the different preparations for defense if brought to trial.*

---

* The following papers were found upon Murrel's person previous to his trial; whether they were the rough drafts of his scheme against Stewart, or whether he had prepared them, but had no opportunity to transmit them to the right parties, we know not:—

CERTIFICATE.

This day *personally* appeared before us, &c., Jehu Barney, James Tucker, Thomas Dark, William Loyd, &c., who being sworn in due form of law, do depose and say that they were present, and saw Stewart, of Yellow Busha, on the evening of the first day of February last, in company with John Murrel, at the house of Jehu Barney, over the Mississippi river; and that he, the said Stewart, informed us that he was in *pursuit* of John Murrel, for stealing two negro men from preacher Henning, and his son Richard, in Madison county, near Denmark; and that he had told Murrel his name was Hues, and he wished us to call him Hues in Murrel's hearing. We also recollect to have heard him, the said Stewart, say distinctly that *he was to get five hundred dollars for finding said negroes and causing said Murrel to be convicted for stealing them.* Said Stewart did not say who was to give him this reward, but he stated that he held the obligation of several rich men for that amount. (Signed) ——.

The above is a *copy* given to me by one who heard him make the admission therein contained in your presence. You will therefore please send me the names of all that *will* testify to these facts in writing, and also send me the names of all and every man that will certify these witnesses to be men of truth. J. Murrel.

P. S. But above all things, arrest him (the said

Murrel escaped, fled, was finally traced to Florence, Ala., recaptured and taken back to Madison.

He did not then by any means despair, and having engaged one of the most skilful lawyers in the State, and himself prepared a vast amount of suborned testimony, he hoped to escape from justice and to fix upon his enemy the brand of infamy. Here again his calculations were overthrown in a manner as startling to him and his friends as it was unexpected. Stewart had taken down the names of every one of the clan whom Murrel had named to him upon the journey. This he did while riding by his side, writing them upon scraps of paper, or if impossible then, at the next time that he had an opportunity. When upon the stand he narrated, in a clear and concise manner, the whole of his adventures, and drew from his pocket the very scraps of paper upon which were written the names of the conspirators.

---

witness) *for passing the six twenty dollar bills.* You will have to go out in Yellow Busha, Yellow Busha county, near the *centre*, for him. Undoubtedly this matter will be worth your attention, for if it be one, or two, or three hundred dollars, the gentleman to whom he passed (100) it, can present it before a magistrate and take a judgment for the amount, and his provision store, &c., is worth that much money. I shall conclude with a claim on you for your strictest attention; my distressed wife will probably call on you, and if she does, you may answer all her *requests* without reserve. Yours, &c., J. Murrel.

We subjoin the certificate of the Clerk of the Court, concerning these papers:—

State of Tennessee, Madison County.

I, Henry W. McCorry, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Madison county aforesaid, certify that the foregoing is a true and perfect copy, in word and letter, of the instrument of writing filed in my office, and read in evidence against John A. Murrel, upon his trial for negro-stealing, at the July term of our said Court, 1834.

In testimony of which I have hereunto subscribed my name and affixed my private seal, (there being no public seal of office,) at my office in Jackson, the 29th day of September, A. D. 1835.

[Sealed.] H. W. McCorry.

There was a great confusion in Murrel's camp. His witnesses walked, one by one, quietly out of the Court-house, until all the important ones were among the missing; they were the very men whose names had just been read.

Murrel's last hope fell to the ground; he was convicted of negro-stealing, and sentenced to ten years' imprisonment in the State Penitentiary.

Great was the consternation of the clan at the incarceration of their leader, and at the frustration of their bloody plot.

Many of the Grand Council, however, did not abandon their design, trusting that a story apparently so incredible as Stewart had related would not be generally believed by the people of the Southwest, and also relying on the number and great dissemination of the clan, whereby a thousand tongues would be engaged in blackening Stewart's character, and ridiculing his tale. The latter, however, determined to persevere in despite of difficulty, danger, and defamation, and in February, 1835, published a small pamphlet which contained an account of his adventures, and an exposure of the plot.

The time for the general rising of the negroes had been originally the 25th of December, 1835, which was selected as the Christmas holiday, always a saturnalia for the Southern negroes, and they might assemble without suspicion. The attention of the people, however, was completely awakened, the belief in Stewart's story general, and it was evident to even the most sanguine of the conspirators that this time must be abandoned.

Ruel Blake, who was the acknowledged chief of the Mississippi squad, after consulting with his brother villains, issued his mandate that the time for action must be accelerated, and fixed upon the 4th of July. There is no doubt but that Murrel himself was advised of this change of plan, and that he acquiesced in it.

P. P.

(*To be continued.*)

TWENTY MORE SONNETS; WITH A PREFACE AND NOTES.

THE PREFACE.

The expectation believed to be generally entertained by a large class of readers of the *Review*, in consequence of a half promise at the conclusion of an article entitled "Twenty Sonnets, with a Preface and Notes," published in the first number of the second volume, (new series,)—which half promise, or hint, stated that "should the writer be found to have contributed to the rational enjoyment of his readers, it was not impossible but that he might be encouraged to further efforts thereafter,"—has led to the collection and digestion of a similar series of Poems, of an equal number, and, it is hoped, not inferior in point of quality. This series it is now the writer's purpose to introduce to the attention of the candid reader, through a few brief proleptical observations.

Poetry has, in all ages of the world, been held in high esteem among the most civilized and intelligent races of mankind. In rude and barbarous nations it forms the vehicle in which the events of history, extraordinary occurrences in the material universe, and the achievements of heroes on the field of battle, are transmitted down the highway of time. As nations progress in refinement and emerge from the darkness of the earlier periods, Poetry begins to be cultivated, along with the other Fine Arts, and the *Belles Lettres*, for its capability of improving the mind, by invigorating the intellectual powers and enlarging the scope of the perceptive faculties. Thus we find, that in every phase of the progressive development of the human species, this art, however much it may be derided by some, and looked upon as a necessary evil by others, is always cultivated with more or less ability and success by a numerous portion of each generation.

In our own fortunate and happy country, how numerous have been the aspirants for success in Poetry! Young as we still are in point of time, compared with the nations of the Old World, our periodical press bears witness that the ambition for excellence in this department of writing is no less prevalent among the Upspringing than among the Downtrodden millions. Could a full bibliotheca be compiled of the names of all who, since the era of the Declaration of our Independence, have essayed poetical excellence, with the titles of their productions, it is probable the work would exceed in bulk a volume of the quarto edition of Webster's Dictionary of the English Language.

And particularly, as the writer took occasion to remark in the preface to the preceding article, to which allusion has already been made, has this tendency to poetical composition manifested itself in the direction of the Sonnet. The question here naturally presents itself to the mind, Why should this particular form, inasmuch as it is esteemed one of the most difficult and ungrateful in our tongue, have been so constantly, we might almost say so universally, selected by our youthful bards? Why should the budding inspiration of our young geniuses be cramped into a shape to which only a few of our greatest masters of ideas, emotions, and words have been able to conform? Admitting the fact to be as stated, which none can controvert, let us endeavor briefly to offer a solution of these interrogatories.

Two causes present themselves at once to the writer's apprehension, either of which separately, or both conjointly, must be deemed to have been instrumental in producing the admitted result.

1st. The constant disposition manifested by our young writers, who contemplate being poets, to produce sonnets, may have arisen in a majority of cases from that natural and pardonable vanity of youth which teaches it to ape the dignity of manhood. Thus the

day on which the boy's lower extremities are first invested with separate clothing, or even anterior to that, the time when, with those extremities inserted into the paternal galigaskins, the "parvus Iulus," as Maro hath it,

"Sequiturque patrem non passibus æquis,"

is remembered as one of the happiest periods of existence. Why may not the great proportion of sonnets be mainly or to a great extent attributable to a corresponding ambition in our infant poets to assume the habiliments, and walk in the shoes, of the fathers of the art?

2dly. The constant predilection for sonnets in preference to easier forms of verse, manifested by our youthful poets, may have arisen, wholly or in a measure, from there being a constant demand with the public for that particular kind of composition, creating of necessity a corresponding constant supply. This was the view taken of the matter by the writer, in the preface referred to above, and is still, after mature consideration, the one which he is most inclined to favor. For were it not that there existed such a demand, the market would have long ago been overstocked with pieces of this description; writers, too, however childishly enthusiastic in their desire to imitate the strength of mature cultivation, would have ceased to publish what was received with neglect. Even those amateurs who do not subsist by literary labor, and only write from an irrepressible desire of approbation, or as an agreeable amusement (for, strange as it may appear, there are such)—even those, it must be opined, would have refrained from writing what had not power to attract readers. Some, it is true, are so obstinately blind that they will go on writing and printing, looking for their reward to a secret self-approbation, and thus passing life in a pleasing dream; preferring the flattering shadow to the candid reality. But the proportion of such cannot be deemed sufficient to account for the immense annual production in the sonnet line, though it may to a degree explain the astonishing diversity apparent in the quality of the manufactured article.

No! The more the subject is subjected to careful consideration, the more conclusively does the conviction force itself upon the mind that there has existed, and still does exist, an active demand for "short poems of fourteen lines, of which," to follow Dr. Johnson's remarkably satisfactory definition, "the rhymes are *adjusted by a particular rule.*" The dictionary adds for our information:—"It has not been used by any man of eminence since Milton,"—an assertion which, however true it may have been two thirds of a century ago, is one which few at the present day will not coincide with the present writer in considering much too broad to be applied in our time without qualification. This remark is made, however, without the intention of suggesting any personal reference, either to the author of these ensuing sonnets, or any of his contemporaries.

Indeed, the author of these is where it can be of but little consequence to him whether he was an eminent man or not. Much question was made on the publication of the former series, (already three or four times alluded to,) whether the present writer, whose duty it then, as now, was to present those productions to the reader, with an appropriate introductory and explanatory commentary, were or were not the author of them. This may have been a compliment to his powers of assimilation and identification, which enabled him to assume the mental characteristics exhibited in writings of which he was required to treat—or may have arisen from certain ambiguities of expression into which he, through his anxiety for *condensation*, and in the heat of composition, may have been unwarily betrayed. However the mistake may have arisen, it should be corrected, in justice to an amiable man, as well as in vindication of the writer's integrity.

The author of these sonnets, the reader will be pained to learn, is *not living.* It was the writer's intention to have employed some distinguished person to write his life, in the style of biography in which the lives of poets are usually written in costly editions of their works. But as most of those competent to such a task are engaged in illustrating biblical portraitures, he has been obliged to perform it himself, according to the best of his poor ability.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE AUTHOR OF THE SONNETS.

Biography is a species of composition of which the utility cannot be questioned. Had the writer the works at hand to refer to, he believes he could show that it has been ably discussed and defended by many of the best writers. Mr. Addison, if his memory serve,

has demonstrated the value of biography very clearly.

The lives of literary men and artists usually present less material for biography than those of persons mingling actively in the world, the chief incidents of them being only like those which occurred in the family of the Vicar of Wakefield—"migrations from the blue bed to the brown."

As a general rule, also, with regard to poets especially, whose hearts are exposed, and who have much ado to preserve privacy enough around themselves to retain their integrity, it is well to let the departed have the benefit of all the respectability they have been able to maintain in life. What good did it ever do the world to know that Coleridge took opium, or that Lamb smoked? Opium-eating is a common vice, and for smoking—children smoke in our midst.

As regards the subject of this memoir, therefore, the writer knows much more than it would be proper to communicate. He was of a reserved dispos ition, and there appears no sufficient reason why the world should know any more of him now that he is out of the way than he chose to let it while he was here.

As respects the dates and incidents of his life, the writer has not deemed them of sufficient importance to inquire into, and encumber these pages withal. The answer of *Viola* to the *Duke*, in the "Twelfth Night," when he questions her concerning her imaginary sister, gives all that is necessary to be said of him in a single word:

> *Duke.* And what's her history?
> *Viola.* A blank, my lord.

He was born in —— in the year ——, lived in —— and died in ——, A. D. ——, in the ——th year of his age. All that remains or is known of him are several pieces in verse, and a number of sonnets, of which forty have now been collected and presented to the public.

It was intended to have concluded this account of him with an estimate of his character, and a parallel between him and Pope; but, on reflection, the writer has concluded to place all that it seems necessary to have said touching his peculiarities in the critical and miscellaneous remarks to be interspersed among the sonnets.

—

In the above piece of Model Biography, the writer has endeavored to conform to what would appear the rules for writing the lives of poets, deduced from a collation, or rather a colature, of the mass of such writings in our language. As an illustration of his idea he will take two biographies that happen to lie within reach of his arm. "The Life of Shakspeare," by Mr. Rowe, beginneth:

> "It seems to be a kind of respect due to the memory of excellent men, especially of those whom their wit and learning have made famous, to deliver some account of themselves as well as their works, to posterity. *For this reason*, how fond do we see some people of discovering any little personal story of the great men of antiquity! their families, the common accidents of their lives, and even their shape, make, and features, have been the subject of critical inquiries. How trifling soever this curiosity may seem to be, it is certainly *very natural*," &c., &c.

And yet Mr. Rowe's life is a very good one, and written, as appears to the present writer, in a delightful spirit of candor and calmness, notwithstanding the *non sequitur* with which the second sentence commences, and the curious thinking in circles which characterizes the whole of the opening paragraph.

To an edition of "Cowper," the same in a notice of which the critical judgment of this Review was pronounced very decidedly, adverse to Harperian orthographical alterations, a biography of that eminent poet is prefixed, commencing thus:

> "Among the alterations and improvements (*for they are not always convertible terms*) which the last century has introduced into our literature, one of the most decided alterations, and one of the greatest improvements also, has been made in the department of biography."

The profound meditativeness apparent in this sentence, the nice distinction hit upon in the parenthesis, and the vigor of the whole expression, would suggest the inference that the Rev. Thomas Dale, its author, had found a model in a style which the present writer had deemed peculiar to himself. But those who attain great excellence in any art must expect to behold themselves followed by troops of imitators. The writer is content that others should adopt his mode of winning the meed of approbation, provided they permit him to remain in the quiet enjoyment of his laurels. Of all the virtues

a literary man should possess, none is more important than that frame of mind which renders him insensible to petty annoyances.

These preliminary observations cannot be more appropriately concluded than by the remark that, should they be longer protracted, the intelligent reader might justly complain that he was debarred from the pleasure they had already led him to anticipate from the sonnets. They are therefore terminated with the present sentence.

THE SONNETS.

"The object and indeed ambition of the present compiler has been to offer to the public a BODY OF ENGLISH POETRY, such as ought at once to satisfy individual curiosity and justify our national pride." HAZLITT.

"Walter was smooth, but Dryden taught to *jine*
The varying verse, the full resounding line." POPE.

"'Tis not a pyramid of marble stone,
Though high as our ambit-i-on;
'Tis not a tomb cut out in brass, which can
Give life to the ashes of a man,
But verses only:" COWLEY.

"I have always been of opinion that virtue sinks deepest into the heart of man when it comes well recommended by the powerful charms of poetry." SIR RICHARD STEELE.

"An Open Place Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches." SHAKSPEARE.

I.

As when from unknown depths in empty space,
Regions above the starry floor of heaven,
Beyond the Bear, the Bull, the Sisters seven,
Biela's comet, in his rapid race,
Touches at last the far crystalline sphere
Wherein like gem of chrysolite is set
Saturn or Herschel; hardly seen as yet
Through Tuscan tube, and though the air be clear,
Maury or Pierce all night supinely lying,
No tail espy, nor aught but thin bright spot,
And none else care if aught they spy or not—
So when the SONNETEER, from heaven down flying,
Dragging the Muses nine, the sky has cleft,
The learned may see he has "a few more left."

The design of this sonnet was apparently to introduce to the reader the series of which it forms the commencement. The poet's comparison of himself to a comet, may seem at first view less appropriate than it would have been had he desired to present himself as the author of a tale; but when the resemblance occasioned by the great eccentricity of the orbits of comets is considered, its appositeness will be at once perceived. As comets make their appearance in the visible heavens only at long intervals, so, the poet would say, it is with himself, who now after two years' absence again appears in the celestial region of song.

The "crystalline sphere" mentioned is probably the same alluded to in the following passage from Milton's "Paradise Lost:"—

"They pass the planets seven, and pass the fix'd,
And that *crystalline sphere* whose balance weighs
The trepidation talk'd," &c.

The epithet "supinely" is used in connection with the names of two of our most distinguished observers, in consequence of the position assumed by astronomers in making observations requiring careful and protracted employment of the visual organs.

Respecting the phrase "a few more left," it is deemed sufficient to remark that it was rendered popular in our principal cities, a few years since, by an itinerant pedlar and improviser of doggrel rhyme, who acquired a brief notoriety as the "Razor-Strop Man."

II.

"The Poet's" soul is like the mighty ocean
Encompassing the spherical huge world,
Where windy Will and storm Endeavor hurled
Across its face, excite a dread commotion;
Where sea-gull Thought and petrel Fancy fly,
And Headache's gloomy clouds obscure Hope's sun,
Especially when fair-day Dinner's done,
And monstrous whales of Vanity spout high,
And porpus Prudence rolls her glossy side,
And schools of alewive Education swim;
And where, when PAY's resistless surges ride,
Then Labor, dreadful Unrest, fierce and grim,
Blowing odd words from Memory's nooks and crooks,
Throws tons of sea-weed on the Beach of Books!

There is a peculiar boldness of personification manifested in the above, which is so much at variance with our Bard's general unornamented melody, that the conviction forces itself upon the mind, either that this was written by some other hand, or else that it was an effort on the part of its author to imitate the phraseology of another School. As regards the first supposition, the present writer can aver that there is no reason, arising from chirographical dissimilarity or any like circumstance, for believing it to have had a different authorship from the rest; moreover, he has made diligent search, regardless of the labor required, through the writings of that class of poets, chiefly transcendental, of one of the peculiarities of which

it is either an imitation or an example, without having met with it, (and surely no one capable of producing a work of such fruitful fancy would be indifferent respecting its paternity;) he is therefore constrained to the opinion that it is a genuine imitation—whether intended as burlesque or serious, it is difficult to decide, owing to the extravagancies of the manner of writing upon which it is modelled. The placing the first two words, "The Poet," in quotation marks, would however seem to indicate a direct intention to ridicule some of our youthful aspirants for poetic fame, who delight to don, in imagination, the robes and garlands of that ideal Personage, and according to their conception of the character, to appear before the public in verses which constitute a sort of autobiographical record of the state of their digestive organs.

III.

I hate your silly, quaint, affected rhymes,
  Your transcendental, high fantastic stuff,
  With antique words *bedight*. I've read enough,
Too much, in sooth, of these poetic mimes,
Who only care to make their pieces look
As if they'd cut them out of some old book;
  Who shine in borrowed plumage, and like clowns,
  Go drest in party-colored verbs and nouns;
Who style themselves each one "The Poet"—pah!
  How more than full is this our world of gammon—
  How much asparagus, how little salmon!
"The Poet"—yes, O yes, why not? ha! ha!
Why, I (though I make no pretence that way)
Am more a poet than such apes as they.

In this, if the writer do not misapprehend the poet, an intention may also be traced similar to that which was observed to characterize the preceding; and it seems here to be more undisguised, and expressed with more seriousness of honest indignation. Yet even in this so evidently satirical production, observe how the acrimony and severity of the censure is tempered by a percolating spirit of good nature! "*Bedight*" he uses, as will be perceived, as if to commit the very fault he so warmly condemns, and thus deprive his diatribe of its sting! And how beautifully does an innate modesty peep through and qualify the conscious pride of superiority in the parenthesis in the penultimate line—"*though I make no pretence that way*"—Can anything be finer than this?

The moral of this sonnet reminds us forcibly of some expressions put into the mouth of one of the principal personages in Shakspeare's play of "Love's Labor Lost." There is certainly a remarkable coincidence of sentiment:—

"Taffeta phrases, silken terms precise,
  Three-pil'd hyperboles, spruce *affectation*,
  Figures pedantical; these summer-flies
  Have blown me full of maggot ostentation:
I do forswear them."

IV.

Still, snowy winter reigns o'er all the land,
  The light winds crackle through the leafless trees,
  The air grows frosty clear, the warm brooks freeze,
On the bleak beaches drifts the dry white sand,
And awful dark the solemn sea-waves roar.
  Now inland far, from many a farm house gray,
  When silent evening hides the light of day,
The cheerful firelight gleams o'er pastures hoar,
Showing, perchance, some low-ceiled kitchen, where
  The ancient chimney sings with merry sound,
  While merrier faces its broad hearth surround—
There stands the old October pitcher, there
Great greenings roast and juicy pearmains red,
And monstrous yellow squashes hang o'erhead!

Rural scenes and objects have always held a place among the admissible themes for pictorial representation and poetical description, partly on account of their natural picturesqueness, and also because the character of the population in agricultural districts is marked, in general, by a cheerful contentedness of disposition, the contemplation of which is soothing to the mind. It is not an easy matter, however, to depict, either by the use of the pencil or pen, a scene which shall possess perfect truth to nature, and yet in all cases leave a pleasurable impression upon the observer. But how unerring are the perceptions of the eye of Genius, as manifested in the above sonnet! Had the picture ended with the view of the farm-house from a point of view requiring the beholder to place himself in the winter evening outside, it would have been *too cold;* but the poet's instinct guided him at once to the kitchen fire, which by adding a genial warmth to the scene, diffuses an air of comfort over the whole, and renders it no less agreeable than picturesque.

Alas! it is to be feared that such scenes are becoming every year more rare! This is an effect of the progress of society, foreseen and foretold by the late author of the "Pleasures of Hope:"—

"Come, bright improvement! on the car of time,
  And rule the spacious world from clime to clime;
  Thy handmaid arts shall every wild explore,
  Trace every wave, and culture every shore.
  On Erie's banks, *where tigers steal along*,
  And the dread Indian chaunts a dismal song," &c.

The only tigers now found on the shores of Erie are not native denizens of her forests, but isolated specimens, born in cages or imported from distant climes to gratify a laudable curiosity—such is their present rarity; and the copper hue of the aboriginal Indian (no longer "dread") is rapidly fading into the fairness of the Saxon, Gallic and Celtic

races. What may not be anticipated from the future, as long as "improvement" continues to be a passenger in the same car with Time? What, indeed!

V.

Have you ne'er seen that poor crazed man who walks
  Daily, in faded clothes, around our streets?
  He takes no heed of any whom he meets;
But evermore he waves his hand and talks,
Or seems to talk, for none can understand
  What 'tis he says, or why he beckons so,
  With outstretched arm, impatient, to and fro,
Now in entreaty, now in high command,
  Addressing earnestly the ambient air:—
Perchance he is a poet, one whose eye
  Sees myriad living spirits hovering there,
In fancy's fields that our world overlie,
  Where men are manly, maidens true as fair,
And he with them holds ever converse high.

This sonnet appears to the writer to require no comment. Such individuals as the one described may be met with in the streets of every populous city, and the supposition that they are poets, though admissible, is probably more fanciful than correct.

VI.

First take your steak—no, first I guess you buy
  Your steak—then take it, pound it well; then cut
  It up in pieces small as—thimbles. But
(How these things perplex one! Really I
Was never born to be a cook) before
  The cutting, have some dough, *viz* dough, I mean,
  And take a bowl well greased inside, but clean,
(Of course,) and line therewith, within and o'er.
Fill in with steak, pork, sav'ry herbs, and things
  That make good gravy. Fit a plate on top,
  Tie up in cloth and boil without a stop
Two hours. You'll have a BEEFSTEAK PUDDING kings
Might relish; Vic. I'm sure must love to eat.
You know Ruth Pinch? She told me this receipt.

To those who object to the cultivation of the muses on the ground that such cultivation is unproductive of any *practical utility*, our poet has in the above offered an irrefragable reply. With a severe directness of diction, and a perfect mastery of the difficulties of language inseparable from the subject, he has shown here that the highest skill may be applied to the decoration of subjects admitting in themselves little adornment; and who shall say what were his feelings while penning the above lines? Who shall describe the rapture which must have suffused his cheek and throbbed in his bosom as he finally overcame the perplexity he confesses to have experienced in the inception of his design? Standing, as he did, on the threshold of a new department of art—a department combining the utmost boldness with the extremest simplicity; bending the noblest powers to the service of a necessity common to universal humanity; supplying, in a word, a variety of food for the body directly, through an intellectual repast, the richest, the most affecting, and the most nourishing conceivable—can we suppose that no consciousness of the dawn of his coming immortality shed its rays into the secret recesses of his spirit?

VII.

Between the boughs of these rich-blooming trees,
  Within yon orchard's grassy winding glades,
  I caught but now a glimpse of white-gowned maids—
See—yonder where the gentle south-west breeze
Spreads wavy shadows o'er the sward, they're dancing,
  Young country lads and girls with golden hair;
  Many a heart is free and happy there,
Many an eye with life and love is glancing,
And hark—I can their silver voices hear.
  Alas, I have no sympathy with gladness;
  Gay scenes like these but fill my soul with sadness,
For when I feel how soon has come the sere
And yellow leaf, how fate my life has curst—
O God! it seems as though my heart would burst!

And who that passes from the previous sonnet to this, in which we have, almost as visible as if depicted with the pencil, a distant view of a pic-nic party in summer, can question the versatility of the genius which produced them or hesitate to award it the mead of unrestricted approbation? Truly, in his choice of subjects, our poet seems to have adopted the motto of the ancient classic poet:—

"*Homo sum, et nihil alienum a me humanum Pluto!*"

What gave rise to the depression of spirit which appears to manifest itself in the above, or whether it were not wholly imaginary, there would be little profit in endeavoring to ascertain. We all have our troubles, and of those most likely to afflict individuals of a contemplative and poetic temperament, pecuniary difficulties are by no means the least prominent.

VIII.

What signifies the life of man, an' twere
  Na for the lasses O? Not much, yet still
Two cases I'll in this smooth rhyme give, where
  The love of lasses operated ill.
My old soft-hearted friend! you know too late,
  That marriage is a mirage, an illusion;
Your lass, alas, turns out no pleasant mate,
  You've found the fusion few shun a *con*fusion.
And you, my croppy-headed boy, whom now
  I see, with cautious glance and footstep quick,
Approaching yonder barrel's bunghole—How
  Mistaken you will be. Just smell your stick
Before you draw't across your face. Why, *thar*,
  I told you so. 'Taint *lasses*; it is TAR!

There is here displayed an ingenuity of construction which shows how well our poet knew how to "*build* the lofty rime." The most extraordinary forms of expression are wrought into the very substance of the whole, with an apparent ease that it is sufficient to pronounce little short of miraculous. And how Martin Luther, had he lived in our time and among us, supposing his taste to have been such as it was, would

have admired this perfect mastery of the common vernacular!

IX.

My fallen brother man, I read thee well;
Thine ardent, loving soul, thy noble mind,
That would be strong, e'en yet, could'st thou but find
One resting place. Thou needest not me tell,
How, though benumbed with wine, thy heart still aches—
How thou would'st live a quiet sober life,
But hop'st for peace of home, for love of wife
No more. I understand—my pity wakes.
Alas, I cannot save thee! Far away,
Down the deep waters, thou art sinking fast,
Each aimless struggle feebler than the last;
Thy face, though still upturned towards the day,
But sends to me the rigid look of death,
As, here above, I strive and gasp for breath.

Let us turn from the gloomy thoughts inspired by the above to one in which the poet presents himself not in the stern language of the moralist, but in the fascinating phrases of a far more agreeable personage:—

X.

"Upon my word, ma'am, we can't put this lower;
But see'n it's you, we'll call it three and nine.
The goods I'll warrant good. No other store
Has got this kind of article but mine.
Three shillings! Really now, we shouldn't make
A single cent at that, we shouldn't indeed—
If we sell under cost, why, we must break;
Say three and thrip—it's just the thing you'll need—
Just *heft* it. There! And then what colors! See—
So apt for graceful forms—they'll never fade—
Ten yards, ma'am?—thanky—bill to Mr. B."
If competition be "the soul of trade,"
Then these smooth salesmen whom it nourishes
Must be the "limbs and outward flourishes."

The admiration of at least one portion of our race may be confidently challenged for the above. Need it be mentioned that we allude to the fair sex? The writer apprehends it need not. The style of language, no less than the topic of argument, are so palpable an imitation of that to which they are accustomed, and which is so often captivating to them, in their "daily walk and conversation," that the above can never lack admirers among the softer and more impressible moiety of humanity. In very nearly the words of a distinguished poet:—

"There is a pleasure in cheap damaged goods,
A rapture in the crowded store,"

which they only can appreciate.

XI.

What means this crowd? I see—a poor old horse
Has fallen. Heavy shafts press on his side;
To gain his feet again in vain he's tried,
And now he lies stretched out, a seeming corse.
His fellows in the team stand still and wait;
They cannot help him; they've enough to do
To keep their own smooth hoofs from slipping too.
The careless driver wishes, now too late,
He'd had his shoes attended to in time,
That this mischance might not have happened thus
To put him out, and raise up such a muss—
And then he swears in manly wrath sublime,
To pay his beast for so untimely dropping,
He'll give him, when he's up, a mighty wapping!

Again we behold the bard directing his energies to the inculcation of practical truth. By this picture of an accident, of by no means unfrequent occurrence in our streets, he is to be understood as holding out for the improvement of the reader the virtue of prudence, by setting its opposite, the vice of carelessness, in a ridiculous light. Moreover, in making his carman lose his temper through a misfortune which was the result of his own want of forethought, have we not an apt illustration of the consequences of a single dereliction of duty extending into the sphere of other duties of a widely different character from those in regard to which this original dereliction originated!

The word "wapping," as here used, is not to be found in "Webster," but as it is no worse spelled than many which are, and as it is necessary to the rhyme, it has been deemed suitable to retain it.

XII.

I pity much our horses at their tasks,
When, harnessed in unwieldy drays, they bear
The weight and jar of crates of crockery ware,
Or bundled hay, or huge molasses casks;
And when there is an opportunity,
(As on the ferry boat on River East,
Where I have noticed many a patient beast
Standing 'neath sugar burden tremblingly,)
I pat their necks, and kind words to them speak;
As thus, I say, "Good fellow! keep up heart;
Consider me your friend; I take your part;
There! never mind; we'll meet again next week"—
They nod, and twist their ears, and move away,
Thinking 'bout nothing else for half that day.

It is an old maxim, that an individual of true benevolence is benevolent not only to his own species but also to the brute creation. A fine poet has remarked that he would rather not cultivate the friendship of any one who could willingly set foot upon a worm i'the bud—so tender were his feelings. Still, when one is engaged in reading or in conversation of an interesting character, it requires great self-restraint on suddenly finding a voracious mosquito draining the life-blood from his veins, not with uplifted hand to crush the wretched insect into an impalpable powder.

XIII.

Through Greene street rumbling comes a butcher's waggon;
Under it walks a bulldog, surly, grim,
Crop-eared, brass-collared, fierce as any dragon;
No prudent man would like to tackle him.
Glouring about him with his leaden eyes,
Another dog he spies, shaggy and black
But small, not more than two thirds his great size;
At him he darts and throws him on the back—
"Call your dog off!" "No, let 'em fight it out,"
The butcher says. "Agreed," says black one's master,
"Peter, wake up there! mind what you're about!"
He hears and starts, as steam starts, only faster,
When from the valve the engineer has let it,—
Hurrah! It's good to see that big one get it!

The condensation in this sonnet, which is similar in spirit to the previous one, and therefore requires no particular comment, is particularly worthy of observation. There is a wonderful display of poetic power and stern dignity in the first quatrain, which will be found rarely equalled by any passage of no greater extent among the offspring of the English muses.

XIV.

How still and fast the thickening snow-flakes fall!
On distant thresholds hear the stamping feet—
These last year's sights and sounds to me recall,
The memory of days when life was sweet.
Again I walk the woodland path, and see
The wintry mantle, light and seeming warm,
Enveloping the underwood—each tree
Soft whisp'ring in the gently sifting storm.
Again I hear the shrill unechoed cries
Of old companions; O where are they now?
And when I close my sorrow-moistened eyes,
Expressions joyous pass, of face or brow
Long unremembered, through the darkened brain—
Would God that I might be a boy again!

Another fine instance of our poet's versatility of talent, and peculiar facility in passing from gaiety to gravity and from liveliness to severity. One is at a loss to conceive where a mind capable of such extreme oscillations found its point of rest, or position in which it could, with propriety, have been described as "well balanced." Probably only in that state of calm enjoyment which we experience when the animal functions are fully developed by Health and Exercise, and a sufficiency of Worldly Goods and the various comforts which flow from their possession, free us from anxiety respecting the present, and encourage the flattering anticipations of Hope for the future. The Dignity of laborious industrial occupation does not, with some organizations, compensate for its Inconvenience. With some delicate constitutions (such as the present writer himself possesses) the only point of absolute repose must be looked for in PERFECT LEISURE, with the opportunity for the cultivation of Elegant Literature and the Fine Arts.

XV.

Some souls are like those gloomy forest trees
Where owls do hide, that dread the light of day,
And some like lonesome oaks, that dare the breeze,
Where jealous cawing crows alight alway.
Some, fruit trees be, that near rich farm-yards stand,
Where pullets and fat capons roost at night—
Some, marten boxes, æry houses planned
For chatt'ring crowds that work men's ears despight.
But thou, my love, so fair, so good, so true,
So lovely sweet, so dear—my life's sole joy—
Vntoe what image shall I liken *you*,
What figure, what similitude employ?
Thou art a bellfry, nigh to heaven's gate,
Where stockdoves brood, and tender turtles mate!

This is an exquisitely beautiful sonnet, and worthy to rank with the noblest productions of the Elizabethan era. For sale by all the booksellers except six.

XVI.

Give me to live in some old country town,
Where summer noons might sleep along a shore,
And far off rise the world-embracing floor
Of ocean blue, and cliffs and highlands brown,
With woodland patches in the vales between,
And orchards, fields, and dim-seen distant spires
And one bold point, where gleam the lighthouse fires,
Fill up the view. Where great ships might be seen,
With white sails calmly moving to and fro,
To all climes bound; and where, on festive days,
Might faintly sound, through twilight's mellow haze,
The city's bells, and cannon echoing slow.
There would I live, removed from care and strife,
And wear away what's left of weary life.

There is a similarity here observable between the line—

"And orchards, fields, and dim-seen distant spires,"

and the following one from a poem of great merit, of which the authorship has been ascribed to Collins, entitled an "Ode to Evening"—

"And hamlets brown, and dim-discovered spires;"

yet we cannot suppose a plagiarism to have been intended, as the resemblance is so close and obvious as to render it too easy of detection. On the other hand, it is evident that the author must have seen the "Ode to Evening," the sounds being so nearly identical. But perhaps the similarity should be considered as rather owing to a similar susceptibility in the two writers. After all, it is of no consequence either way.

The lines commencing with the fifth from the close admit of alternate rhymes, thus:—

"To all climes bound,
And where, on festive days,
Might faintly sound,
Through twilight's mellow haze,
The city's bells, and cannon echoing slow."

Whether this was intended by the writer to give an effect imitative of the sound of the distant and random gun, is a reasonable subject of conjecture.

XVII.

In looking o'er thy records, old Bay State,
In good old Colony times, I found, they used
(A fact which me consid'rably amused)
To pay a tax in grain, to educate
"*Poore schollers*." My benevolence was moved;
Oho, thought I, who knows but those kind laws
Have 'scaped the claw of Time, and still some clause
Remains entire and yet might be improved
To that effect? I'll make it public—yes—
I think I know of some 'twould benefit,
Some of that class who live among us yet;
For instance, they who zealously profess
That science, next to pure astrology
The most profound of all—Phonography.

This is more remarkable for kindness of intention than for elegance of construction. Yet it is questionable if any of those wise ones who would amend the orthography of

the language ought to be esteemed within the pale of education. If it were mere Ignorance?—but who shall disenchant those who are *spell*-bound by Conceit?

XVIII.

"With how sad steps, O moon, thou climb'st the skies,
How silently, and with how wan a face!"
Why shin'st thou there, unless to glad the eyes
Of us, whose nights thou light'st, this earthly race?
Thou art our own, thou great green cheesy ball—
John Smith owns some of thee, and so does Jones,
Thompson, and Brown, and Green—we own thee all!
Thy valleys deep, and high volcanic cones.
We once had all an equal right in thee,
But some have now acquired a larger share.
Last night thou saw'st, thou could'st not choose but see,
The man with optic tube (the sky was fair)
In Broadway, selling his, sixpence a sight,
Thus turning thee to change at fullest night!

For the information of ladies and persons residing at a distance from the metropolis, it should be stated that the quotation with which the above commences is the opening of a sonnet by Sir Philip Sidney, who was a contemporary of Spenser, A. D., about 1550; which is a good while ago.

A writer in one of the daily papers persists in styling the "optic tube" above-mentioned, a "glazed *stove-pipe*." Personal observation would soon satisfy any one as to the correctness of this; but for the present purpose, perhaps it had better remain a telescope.

XIX.

In darkest nights, while stormily the wind
Rattles the eastern casement, then 'tis good
To stay within, and store up mental food;
But when bright CYNTHIA smiles above, I find
Labor disgusting; then away my quill;
Writing or reading tires the jaded brain,
E'en gentle Will, he courts my eye in vain;
I rather walk alone, and muse, until
I'm lost in memories of Love or Care,
Life's bitterness, the heart's inquietude;
For then, beneath night's solemn solitude,
Comes gentle Sorrow, calming grim Despair,
And clings to one who thinks no shame to feel
Across his cheek her burning tear-drop steal.

The CYNTHIA to whom allusion is here made is the same who gives the title to one of the dramatic compositions of Benjamin Johnson, a writer of considerable celebrity in his time; there is a monument to his memory in Westminster Abbey, in London, England. This abbey was originally founded by Edward the Confessor. It is thought to be a fine specimen of architecture.

We have now reached the last in number of this series of writings. One of a different cast from the preceding has been reserved for this place by the writer, who could not bring himself to part from his readers with a sorrowful countenance. However it may have been with the poet whom he has here to the best of his poor ability endeavored to illustrate, it is by no means the "fruitful river in the eye that can denote him truly" on an occasion like the present. To a philosophical mind there is a wide field of enjoyment ever gushing forth out of the common experiences of life; and there is no true wisdom in endeavoring to repress the indulgence or taste for rational pleasures. No! Far from us, and far from our friends, be that frigid philosophy which can contemplate with indifference a scene like the following, and which does not heartily respond to the exclamation at the conclusion!

XX.

When winds, at eve, enrage the rainy sky,
And rivers run from every splashing spout,
And reeking omnibusses, crammed, go by,
And streaming newsboys at the corners shout,
And all is heavy, dismal, dark and wet,
To reach at last, through many mishaps dire,
That parlor snug where tea for two is set,
And slippers dry stand by the welcome fire,
And then with her who made the tea to sit,
All care thrown by, as in a blissful trance,
And waste the night, while she doth stockings knit,
In reading some old picturesque romance,
Of castles, forests, ghosts and mysteries—
If this ain't comfort, I don't know what is!

It was originally designed to offer some further explanatory observations in this place, but it has appeared to the writer, on reflection, that his previous comments cover the whole ground, and he therefore here takes leave, with the simple expression of the hope that his efforts to enlighten the public mind in a most difficult department of literature may be properly appreciated, and his errors, if he has committed any, (of which he is not conscious,) may be regarded with charitable indulgence.

THE BIBLE AND CIVIL GOVERNMENT.*

The work, whose title we have placed at the head of this article, contains a series of five Lectures, delivered by the Rev. Dr. Mathews in the Capitol, at Washington city, during the winter of 1848. The Lectures were given, we believe, on the invitation of many distinguished members of both Houses of the American Congress, and were largely attended by the representative intelligence and wisdom of the nation. They attracted a large share of attention, and excited no little interest, at the time of their delivery. The desire was awakened in many minds to see them in print; and in compliance with numerous solicitations from distinguished sources, the learned and accomplished author has at length committed them to the press.

For ourselves, we are glad that he has done so. In the discussion of his general theme, "The Connection between the Holy Scriptures and the Science of Civil Government," Dr. Mathews has opened up fields of thought, argument, and illustration, hitherto but little trodden by American scholars; fields, with which even our best legal, juridical, and ecclesiastical minds are but little familiar. The subject is one of the deepest interest, and rich in lessons of practical wisdom, applicable to our times and to all times. Our author has treated it in a lucid, able, and scholarlike manner. He has brought to the composition of his discourses a mind well stored, a memory full fraught, a thorough comprehension of his subject, a just and discriminating taste, and a heart in full sympathy with the progress of liberal principles and institutions. He holds a warm, earnest, vigorous, and classical pen. While the thoughts which he has embodied in his work are weighty and solid, the style in which he has clothed them is pure, polished, nervous and animated.

In his Introductory Lecture, Dr. Mathews announces as the subject of his entire discussion, The Relation of the Bible to Civil Government; and his great object is to inquire how far the Scriptures go in revealing the principles which enter into a just and wise construction of civil authority. Turning to the Law and the Testimony, he asks: "Is government, simply as government, all that we there find sanctioned as the ordinance of God? Do the Autocrat of Russia and the Sultan of Turkey, inheriting thrones which have been gained by violence and blood, hold their power by a tenure as Scriptural as that of the chief magistrates of these United States, who have been raised to their office by the choice of those whom they govern?" He thinks that the Bible answers these questions in a manner that must gratify every lover of human freedom and happiness. He thinks, and we certainly concur in the opinion, that, when nations had begun to multiply on the earth, the Most High revealed his will respecting the origin and tenure of authority in a State. When he delivered his people out of Egyptian bondage, he forgot not their welfare as a nation, while he guided their faith as a church. He formed the Hebrews into a true commonwealth, and gave them laws and institutions embracing all the essential features of national freedom, or of a well-ordered republic.

This religious aspect of the subject greatly enhances its claim upon our attention. How common an error it is, even in our day and country, to suppose that liberty was cradled in Greece, and that her sages were its fathers. This error is taught to our youth in the halls of learning, and proclaimed to our people from the halls of legislation. Our author holds a different doctrine. He believes that we must look beyond Athens or Sparta for the origin of a blessing so deeply interwoven with the welfare of man. He believes that it was not the wisdom of Greece, in the halls of the Acropolis, but

* The Bible and Civil Government. In a Course of Lectures. By J. M. Mathews, D.D. New-York: Robert Carter & Brothers. 1850. 12mo, pp. 268.

the wisdom of God, speaking from heaven, through his servant Moses, which first taught how the rights of a people should be asserted and sustained. We heartily subscribe to this view, and cordially tender our thanks to Dr. Mathews for the distinct and emphatic enunciation which he has made of it. We trust that his book will go far towards correcting a mistake alike dishonoring to revelation and discreditable to our intelligence as a nation. Liberty to the masses, political and social equality, general competence and contentment, physical comfort, ease of mind, repose and opportunity for reflection, moral and religious instruction to all men equally, —these were the paramount objects of the Hebrew Constitution, so far as its political relations were concerned. These features mark its kindred to our own, and set it widely apart and distinct from all other governments which existed with it and for many ages after it. Nothing can be wider of the truth than the idea, that it is in the political forms and usages of the Grecian and Roman commonwealths we are to seek the origin and elements of our own republican institutions. It is rather in that admirable frame of government, given by the oracle of Jehovah and established by the authority of the Supreme Ruler of the world, that we shall find the type and model of our own Constitution. Even the Declaration of American Independence,—that glorious charter of human freedom, which first sent forth its piercing tones from the State House in Philadelphia, and whose far-reaching reverberations have "troubled the thoughts" of many a tyrant, and caused "his knees to smite one against the other,"—the Declaration of Independence, we say, the pride of our own country, the terror of despots, and the animating pledge of liberty to the oppressed of every clime, was but an echo from the deep thunders of Mount Sinai.

The leading design of our author, in his whole treatise, is to demonstrate the divine origin of civil freedom. His Introductory Lecture is chiefly taken up with showing how fitly it corresponds with the uniform goodness of God, that He should give to the world a distinct revelation of his will on this subject. This point is treated very effectively. "The commandment," says the Psalmist, that is, the divine revelation, "is exceeding broad." There is, as Dr. Mathews truly observes, an expansive power in the Bible, which reaches every want and condition in life. It not only states great principles in the simplest and most intelligible forms; but it also teaches how these principles may be applied to the various relations, domestic, social, and political, which God has ordained for the well-being of society.

Our author makes two points in his argument on the antecedent probability of a distinct revelation from heaven concerning civil society and government. The first is, the necessity of a well-adjusted civil constitution to men's domestic enjoyments; and the second, the influence of freedom on those higher faculties of man which reach beyond his social pleasures. The first of these points he illustrates by a graphic picture of the manifold oppressions, under which not the Israelites only, but all nations, were suffering at the time of the exode; the liberty, the happiness, and even the lives of the million being subject to the will of the one man who happened to wear the crown, and who, intoxicated with irresponsible power, ruled over men as over the beasts of the field. The inference is, that it well became Him, whose tender mercies are over all his works, to show how the government of a nation should be constituted so as most effectually to guard against such terrible evils.

In illustration of his second point, Dr. Mathews goes into an elaborate and most interesting historical survey of mankind, which fully vindicates and verifies the sentiment, that

> "'Tis liberty alone that gives the flower
> Of fleeting life its lustre and perfume."

Palestine, Greece, Rome, Carthage, Genoa, Venice, Holland, Switzerland, England, and the United States are each referred to, and dwelt upon, at less or greater length, in confirmation of this position. The result of his intelligent survey is, that "civilized democracy is the great moving power in human affairs; the source of the greatest efforts of human genius; the grand instrument of human advancement. Its grand characteristic is energy, awakening the dormant strength of millions, drawing forth the might that slumbers in the peasant's arm. The greatest achievements of genius, the noblest efforts of heroism, that have illustrated the history of the species, have arisen from the influence of this principle. Thence

the fight of Marathon, and the glories of Salamis; the genius of Greece, and the conquests of Rome; the heroism of Sempach, and the devotion of Harlaem; the paintings of Raphael, and the poetry of Tasso; the energy that covered with a velvet carpet the shores of the Alps, and the industry which bridled the stormy seas of the German ocean. Why are the shores of the Mediterranean the scene to which the pilgrim from every quarter of the globe journeys, to visit, at once, the cradle of civilization, the birthplace of arts, of arms, of philosophy, of poetry, and the scenes of their highest and most glorious achievements? Because freedom spread along its smiling shores; because the ruins of Athens and Sparta, of Rome and Carthage, of Tyre and Syracuse, lie on its margin; because civilization, advancing with the white sails which glittered on its blue expanse, pierced, as if impelled by central heat, through the dark and barbarous regions of the Celtic race who peopled its shores. Republican Rome colonized the world; republican Greece spread the light of civilization along the shores of the Mediterranean. But Imperial Rome could never maintain the number of its own provinces; and the Grecian Empire slumbered on with a declining population for eleven hundred years."

The conclusion which our author draws from his very able argument is, that, since freedom is thus interwoven with the happiness and progress of our race, it is highly probable that whatever is essential to its establishment should be revealed in a volume that "has the promise of the life that now is," as well as of "that which is to come." He who provides for the sparrows, and numbers even the hairs of our head, it can hardly be supposed would fail to instruct mankind as to the nature of institutions so deeply involving their personal, social, and civil well-being. After a high-wrought and glowing picture of the energy, prosperity, and growing greatness of our Republic, Dr. Mathews closes his Introductory Lecture with a solemn warning against the danger of a spirit of reckless presumption; against the danger of a spirit of pride and self-sufficiency; and against the danger of falling into forgetfulness of God, through the influence of a rapid course of prosperity and development.

The subject of the second Lecture is, "Civil Government as ordained in the Commonwealth of the Hebrews." This subject our author discusses in his usual luminous and effective manner. He starts with the principle, which has passed into a maxim, that it is not so much men that make institutions, as institutions that make men. Nations do not rise from barbarism to civilization, without some external agency to act upon them above and beyond themselves. There is no inherent and natural tendency in a barbarous community to civilize itself, or in an uneducated community to educate itself. What, our author asks, was the condition of the world, when Moses arose as the inspired teacher and liberator of the Hebrews? It was a condition of the deepest ignorance, bondage, and wretchedness. Nowhere had the people any voice in the election of their rulers, but they who exercised dominion either acquired their power by the sword, or inherited it from their ancestors. In either case, it was wholly irresponsible and without limitation. The nations moaned beneath their tyranny, but it was the moan of despair. And what increased the gloom and horror of the picture was, that things were continually waxing worse and worse. The tendency was downward from age to age. By what process, and through what agency, was the current to be changed? How was this sore and universal evil to be remedied? Government is one of the most complicated and difficult of the sciences. With all the lights of experience embodied in history, nothing so tasks the powers of man, nothing so often baffles his wisdom, as the attempt to frame a constitution of government, which shall combine the restraints of law with the indulgences of liberty, the welfare of the community with the freedom of the individual.

If, then, amid the universal gloom and servitude, we see the Hebrews suddenly emerging from the darkness, and organizing themselves into a civil community, under laws that secured to them all the blessings of a true and well regulated political freedom and equality, the question arises—How came such a phenomenon to pass? Whence had this people this wisdom? "Was it from heaven, or of men?" The statesman, the historian, and the philosopher will unite in the answer, that the creation of such a political system was as far beyond the wisdom of that age, as the creation of a world was beyond its power. Nevertheless, turning to the Book of the Law, we find

the Hebrews in possession of just such a government; a government securing equally the rights of all, high and low, rich and poor, weak and strong; and embodying all the essential principles of civil freedom. We find here, according to our author,

First, "government by representation, the election of rulers by the ruled, the public officers chosen by the public voice." Of so much importance did the celebrated Chateaubriand regard this principle, that he classed it among "three or four discoveries that have created another universe." Dr. Mathews traces the origination of this great principle up to the inspired legislation of Moses. In this view, from an examination of the subject by no means narrow or slight, we fully coincide. The Reverend Doctor goes into an elaborate and conclusive argument, in which, however, our limits forbid us to follow him, to prove that the Jethronian judges or prefects were elected by the popular vote. He also contends that the twelve spies, the thirty-six men to survey and divide the land among the tribes, the Judges who succeeded Moses in the chief magistracy, and even the earlier kings, were chosen to their respective offices by the voice of the people, or of representatives acting in their name. The conclusion to which he comes, from his entire argument on this point, is, that "the government was, in every just sense, a government of the people. The magistrate was chosen by the suffrages of those among whom he was to act; and at the same time well-known integrity and competency were the only qualifications required for any station, from the lowest to the highest. Authority, whether ordinary or extraordinary, emanated from those on whose behalf it was to be employed. After what forms elections may have been conducted, how nearly or remotely resembling those adopted in modern elective governments, are inquiries of small moment. They do not affect the position, that the officer held his office from an acknowledged constituency, and that his constituents were those over whom and among whom his authority was exercised."

A second element of civil liberty, which, according to our author, was incorporated into the Hebrew Constitution, was that of "a Judiciary providing for the prompt and equal administration of justice between man and man." Courts of various grades were established, from high courts of appeal down to those ordained for every town. Care was taken that, in suits and proceedings at law, every man should have what was just and equal, without going far to seek it, without waiting long to obtain it, and without paying an exorbitant price for it. Dr. Mathews refers to such jurists and scholars as Hale, Hooker, Blackstone, Jones, Goguet, Grotius, Michaelis, Ames, Marshall, Story, and Kent, as having expressed the opinion that "there is not a civilized nation, of either ancient or modern times, which has not borrowed from the laws of Moses whatever is most essential to the administration of justice between man and man, or between nation and nation. The rules of evidence in conducting trials, the principles upon which verdicts should be rendered both in civil and criminal cases, together with the great institution of trial by jury, are all found, in greater or less development, in the statutes and ordinances given by God to the Hebrews."

Another great principle referred to by our author as embraced in the polity of the Hebrew commonwealth, is that of a confederation between the several tribes composing the nation. This has been deemed by able statesmen as of great importance to the strength and stability of a republic, having either an extensive territory or a numerous population. The evils resulting from the want of such a federative bond are seen in the calamities of the Italian republics. The benefits flowing from the incorporation of this principle into a republican frame of government, appear in the history of the United Netherlands, and still more clearly in that of the United States of America. It was a principle fully embodied in the Hebrew Code. The Hebrew people, in their national capacity, might, with the strictest propriety, have been denominated The United States of Israel. There was a General Government, and there were State Governments, precisely as among us; and the lines of demarkation between the powers of each were well defined. The central government had its own appropriate sphere of action; and the provincial or state governments had theirs also, within which they were sovereign and independent.

Sueh, in the view of our author, were the fundamental principles of Hebrew liberty: viz., the election of the rulers by the ruled,

a judiciary wisely constructed for the speedy and safe administration of justice, and a union of the tribes under a confederation adapted to be a safeguard against usurpation from within, and to afford protection against invasion from without. And these principles were embodied in a written Constitution. This is an indispensable security to liberty. "No nation can expect to preserve its civil privileges, unless they are secured and perpetuated in a record, which both rulers and ruled can read, to which both can refer, and which is binding on both. Accordingly, it was enjoined on Joshua, and on others who succeeded him in authority, that they should observe to do according to all that was written in the Book of the Law. Had the enactments, promising liberty, protection, and justice to the people, been left to be handed down by oral tradition, they would soon have become changed, as the will of ambitious and designing rulers might have dictated. But here they were rendered stable and permanent in a code, which might be called the Magna Charta of the Hebrew State."

From his exposition of the Civil Government of the Hebrews, Dr. Mathews derives several highly important practical inferences. It would be interesting and instructive to accompany him through this part of the discussion, but want of space forbids. To one only of his valuable lessons can we for a moment direct the reader's attention. It is this: As civil liberty originated in revelation, by revelation alone can it be sustained. As there can be no divorce between light and the sun, so can there be none between freedom and the Bible. Burn the Bible, and liberty perishes with it. Just in proportion as it is known and reverenced in a nation, in the same proportion will a rational and regulated liberty, with its long and rich train of blessings, prevail in it. Everywhere and at all times, this divine book has been the efficient agency to build up, bless, and humanize society; to dignify and adorn social life; and to vindicate true liberty, while restraining licentiousness.

In his third Lecture, our author considers the "Influence of Emigration on National Character." This subject, itself a novel one, Dr. Mathews discusses in a most original, luminous, able, eloquent, and philosophical manner. There is no part of his book which, to our minds, has a higher interest than this; none, certainly, marked by greater breadth and vigor of thought, or a warmer and more glowing style of composition. No analysis that could be made of this admirable paper would, or could, do anything like justice to it. There is not, as it seems to us, a thought or a word too much or too little. We will not attempt to sift out its better portions. Indeed, it is impossible to sift out the gold from a heap that contains nothing but gold.

"General and Sound Education indispensable to Civil Freedom," is the title of the fourth Lecture. In the opening of the preceding Lecture, our author had observed, that nations, like individuals, need time and training to prepare them for self-government. Old associations are to be broken up, and new ones formed. The popular mind must become familiar with new thoughts, new standards of right, new habits of action. Upon this principle the Divine Being proceeded in introducing free institutions among the Hebrews. The first means employed to this end was the removal of the people to a new country. This was treated at large in the third Lecture. Our author now proceeds, in his fourth discourse, to examine and illustrate another step in the work of preparation, viz., the provision made for the diffusion of knowledge throughout all classes of the people. He notices, under this head, the very remarkable fact, that there has hardly ever been another nation upon earth, in which the people were so universally taught to read. In proof of this, he refers to the frequent appeals made by our Saviour to the multitude: "Have ye not READ what Moses saith?" "Have ye not READ in the Scriptures?" and the like; and also to the statement made by the evangelical historian concerning the inscription placed by Pilate over the head of our crucified Lord, that "this title then READ many of the Jews." He infers the same thing, or rather he infers the duty of parents to teach their children to read, from the Mosaic statute, which enjoined it upon every head of a family to WRITE the laws on the posts of his house, and on his gates. He refers to the testimony of Jewish writers, who allege, that "the school was to be found in every district throughout the nation, and under the care of teachers who were honored alike for their character and their station." Nor was it left to parents, as our author thinks, to de-

cide whether their children should or should not be suitably educated. It was a duty which the law made obligatory upon them; and up to this point he believes, and so do we, that wise legislation should go in every commonwealth. There is nothing in such a requirement which ought to be regarded as unjust or unreasonable. "Apart from the benefit which such laws insure to the young themselves, every well-ordered State should feel that, as it values public safety, it must not permit its youth to grow up within its own bosom in a condition of ignorance, that would render them incendiaries and pests to all its best interests."

But schools for general education were not the only seminaries of learning known among the Hebrews. There were higher institutions, under the title of "Schools of the Prophets." These were institutions where not theology alone was taught, but other branches of knowledge also, which belonged to the learning of the times. These schools were under the care of men of the highest intellectual and moral worth. There was also a cardinal feature in the Hebrew polity in the higest degree favorable to the increase and diffusion of knowledge. The Levites were expressly set apart for the service of religion and letters. They were by birth obliged to devote themselves to the sciences. Many of them, especially in the reign of Solomon, reached a high elevation in learning; and their business was, not to lock up, but diffuse their stores. There was no monopoly of knowledge among the Hebrews. Intelligence was general in the degree and of the kind adapted to the people and the age.

Upon the whole, we are inclined to think, that in no part of the Mosaic polity did the wisdom of the lawgiver shine with a clearer lustre, than in his provisions for the instruction and training of the young. In full harmony with the spirit of his provisions is the beautiful prayer of David, that "our sons may be as plants grown up in their youth; that our daughters may be as corner-stones, polished after the similitude of a palace." These Mosaic provisions for the diffusion of knowledge, as the reverend lecturer justly takes notice, have been sanctioned by universal history, as inseparably interwoven with national prosperity. Our author goes into an able and instructive historical survey of the subject to justify this remark. We cannot follow him through the highly interesting details of his argument, but we hope that many of our readers will do so with a pleasure equal to that which we experienced in the perusal.

The concluding Lecture of the series, on "Agriculture as an Auxiliary to Civil Freedom," is not inferior to any of its predecessors, either in the interest of the subject, or the ability with which it is treated. Ownership in the soil, observes our author, (we quote the substance, though not the *ipsissima verba*, of his remarks,) is essential to the best cultivation of it. On this principle the Hebrew agrarian law was founded. Small proprietors, and the land worked by the owners thereof, was the policy of the Hebrew laws. The tendency of the code was to make the people generally both owners and cultivators of land, and to give importance and honor to husbandry in the public estimation. The entire territory of the promised land was to be so divided among the six hundred thousand free citizens, who conquered and took possession of it, that each one should have a full property in an equal part of it. And this estate was to descend to his legal heirs by an indefeasible entail in perpetual succession. The fee simple of the soil could not be sold; nor could any alienation of a landed estate take place exceeding fifty years. This principle was fundamental to the Hebrew polity. It formed a broad line of demarkation between them and other nations, and was of the greatest importance in promoting both public and private prosperity. A man's property in his land could never be permanently alienated. It might cease to be his for a term of years; but the year of Jubilee restored it to him, free of all incumbrance. Nor indeed was it necessary for him to wait till the Jubilee to re-enter his alienated field, provided he or his nearest of kin had the means to redeem it; for the right of redemption remained always in the proprietor.

The necessary effect of such a system of laws in reference to land and landed property, was to make the Hebrews a nation of farmers. The cultivation of the earth was stimulated to the highest degree. The occupation of the husbandman was held to be the most honorable pursuit of man, and it became, as a natural consequence, the most common. The most illustrious citizens were farmers, taking that word in a broad

and comprehensive sense. Saul, David, Elisha, may be noted as examples; and of king Uzziah it is recorded, that "he loved husbandry." The effect of agricultural life upon the character and condition of the Hebrew people is known to every student of Hebrew history. "It produced among the people generally a bodily strength and activity, and a power of endurance, that tended to render them equally formidable in war, and successful in the labors of industry during times of peace. It made their whole country throughout like one continued garden,—the very rocks, we are told, being covered with mould to produce vegetation, and the hills being tilled to their highest summits. The land was thus enabled to support a population, that might otherwise seem incredible; and at the same time it furnished the means, not only for the active exchange of commodities, which was usual at their principal festivals, but for that extensive foreign commerce which, in the days of Solomon, so enriched the nation that 'gold was laid up as dust, and the gold of Ophir as the stones of the brooks.' Nor was it until a spirit of cupidity, pride, and luxury, generated by the gains of commerce, had brought into neglect the labors of the husbandman, that the strong arm of the nation was palsied, and she fell a prey to her invaders."

The agrarian laws of Moses were attended with several striking economical advantages, which our author proceeds to enumerate as follows:—

1. They stripped poverty of its worst evils. They soothed its bitterest sorrows with the hope of better days. They softened, if they did not remove, its keenest sense of degradation. They kept the poor man's heart whole. They preserved within him the love of home. They nourished a love of independence. Whatever else he had lost, his land was always there, and no human power could deprive him of the title to it.

2. They tended strongly to prevent the accumulation of debt with its attendant evils. Few would have any occasion to borrow, except as a measure of mere temporary relief under some sudden calamity, as the loss of a crop, or a murrain among the cattle. There was little inducement to lend, since no man might, by the laws of Moses, make profit out of a loan. And besides all this, as an ultimate and complete relief from the pressure of otherwise irremediable and hopeless indebtedness, the Jubilee extinguished all debts.

3. The agrarian laws of Moses tended also to produce and cherish among the people a spirit of equality, and of sympathy one with another. Under their operation there could be, properly speaking, neither nobility nor peasantry, neither lords nor serfs, but a BROTHERHOOD of hardy yeomen, no one of whom could become either very rich or very poor, or could have anything in his external circumstances to excite either the envy or the contempt of the others.

4. Agriculture strengthens the sentiment of patriotism, the love of country. The heart of the husbandman is bound to the fields on which he bestows his labor, and which respond to his industry by clothing themselves in the beauties of spring and the riches of summer and autumn. The fact, if it be a fact, that his possessions have come down to him through a long line of honored ancestors, will greatly strengthen the attachment which he feels both to his home and to his country.

5. The healthful sobriety of mind which the scenes and occupations of country life are fitted to beget and cherish, is the last of the benefits enumerated by our author as flowing from agricultural pursuits. "The contemplation of scenes in which we 'look through nature up to nature's God,' always tends to impart a tone of moral health, and to form a solidity of character, which, especially in a nation enjoying the privilege of self-government, are all-important as a balance to the turbulent fervor often generated in our cities. It is in such an atmosphere that the mind is most unclouded, and can look beyond the things of a day. Nor should it be forgotten, that amidst such scenes and occupations every free nation has found many of her greatest patriots and statesmen."

Dr. Mathews closes his very agreeable and useful volume with some most judicious, seasonable, eloquent, and glowing reflections on the privileges, responsibilities, dangers, and destiny of our glorious Republic. It is impossible to condense such passages. We the rather abstain from such an endeavor, as we hope that most of our readers will have had their interest so far awakened by the present article, or will so far confide in our critical

judgment, as to take our candid and earnest recommendation to possess themselves of a book, so solid in matter, so elevated in its moral tone, so vigorous and classical in its style, so replete with the best learning, so genial in sentiment, and so warm in its sympathies with the progress of enlightened and conservative republicanism.

BRITISH POLICY HERE AND THERE: "FREE TRADE."

"For the falsity of speech rests on a far deeper falsity. False speech, as is inevitable when men long practise it, falsifies all things; the very thoughts, or fountains of speech and action, become false. Ere long, by the appointed curse of Heaven, a man's intellect ceases to be capable of distinguishing truth, when he permits himself to deal in speaking or acting what is false. Watch well the tongue, for out of it are the issues of Life!" (THOMAS CARLYLE on Jesuitism, Latter-day Pamphlets, No. VIII.)

You may have remarked, good reader, that anything which an Englishman thinks particularly suited to his interests, and wishes you to believe particularly suited to yours, he generally calls "free"—and further, you may have remarked, that you are generally simple enough to believe him—that is, to take the term he gives you without having in your mind any fixed meaning whatever attached to it, and then to invent for it and apply to it a meaning of your own, which may be the meaning he originally had for it, or one very different from, if not directly opposed to his. *He* discovers the reality and invents a taking name for it; you take the name and assume an unreality as its meaning, and continue to practise the reality he originally falsified by name, and you have further falsified by *mis*-conception of his meaning and the act you do in consequence. This is not merely a dialectic sleight of hand—it becomes in course of time, and by continued misconception, a fact, part and parcel of yourself, part and parcel of your theory of right and wrong; even of your ideal of the universe,—you measure all things by it as a standard, and too often relinquish even your own palpable interests, smother even your most conscientious scruples, when this is thrust under your nose.

The science of so bamboozling men in the quietest and most enduring manner is known in dialectics as sophistry; in morals as Jesuitism; in government, commerce, trade, and all things pertaining to national or social existence, as "British Policy."

Sophistry and Jesuitism need from us here no examples—or, if they did, we have neither time nor occasion to give them. But the third division of this science of mendacity, which indeed includes and works in the two former, lies more immediately and more necessitously in our path. We shall illustrate it by a few examples, showing in the simplest manner we can the wondrous power attained by this deliberate abuse of words, by this science of downright and unequivocal lying; how it has grown up into a reality called the British Empire; how the people of the world contribute to its success, and among the contributors the American nation, with the riches of its soil and the marrow of its children.

Englishmen—(and here let us, once for all, remark, we use that term not invidiously to the English people, but to denote only those classes actuated by the Anglican spirit or policy, excepting therefrom the recusant Chartist and Republican, and all that vast mass of mere British animalism which is passive in the hands of its "legitimate superiors")—Englishmen, we say, tell you that their country is the "representative of *Liberalism;*" and hereupon Europeans generally, and not a few enlightened Americans,* attach to the managing persons in that country the idea of "liberalism." Now we shall add, in the hope that this essay may fall

* *Inter alias, vide* the opening passages of an otherwise exceedingly able and true article on "The Danish Question," in the September number of this Review

into the hands of some unlearned reader, that "liberalism" means, if indeed it mean anything, "freedom-ism"; and if "ism" mean anything, we are to understand by the above phrase that England is "the representative" of the love and worship of freedom, and the propagator of free principles among all men, and especially among all European men, and those in other continents of the world brought out of the night of barbarism into collision with her greatness. We are further to understand thereby, that she is, besides all that, *liberal;* not alone free in herself, and permitting just freedom to others, but giving to all, over and above their just demands, of her own resources and property with a free and generous hand. Such being the general belief carefully inculcated by herself, and assented to by even enlightened Americans, who can wonder if the people of un-common-schooled and un-newspapered nationality, of Sicily, Italy, Greece, Switzerland, Poland, Hungary, and Schleswig-Holstein, look up to her for support, for advice, for encouragement in their rightful efforts, for protection in their unmerited reverses? Who can wonder if by that one word "liberalism" she has established throughout Europe, an influence in the hearts of the people, that is, in the very soul of the democratic vitality of the present and coming world, unattainable by any other nation, class, or government, by any other idea or reality; for hers is the only one which assumes the virtues of a saviour, possessing at the same time, in the superstitions of the unfortunate, the power of a god?

Yet in the range of dove-tailed falsehoods, which constitute the ideal of which the British empire is the embodiment, this of "liberalism" is the most brazen and the most humiliating. That it has proved a trap, and a fore-intentioned trap, to every people who have had the misfortune to fall into it, we need only refer to three recent events; the fall of Rome and Lombardy, the fate of Kossuth, and the betrayal of the Duchies. But in its very nature it is baseness. Worse than despotism a thousand times is this idea of "liberalism." It presumes a submission to known wrong by the people, in whose name it is promulgated, beyond all measure degrading. The Russian Czar boldly sways by the right of the strong hand, and the will of Heaven; acknowledges no liberty or rights in his subjects, but assumes openly that his lawful mission is to "govern" them. Here is no hypocrisy—here is open, bold tyranny, but no sneaking. English governing powers, on the other hand, acknowledge liberty and rights in the people subject to them; but, having stolen the rights and the liberty, seized them some time or other by the strong hand if you will, they affect now to be "liberal," claim even the virtue of generosity in doling them, little by little, back to their right owners. Truly it is a fine thing to be liberal of one's own; but then to be liberal of what is other people's—that is not only to be a thief but a spendthrift thief; and to pretend liberality of that which is the property or right of others, when the intention of the holder is to keep all to himself, that is a double hypocrisy, so tortuous in mendacity that it is hard to get for it a name, unless we call it, lying in false pretence. Even to their own countrymen the English ruling classes give nothing they can avoid, and that only by way of purchasing worse servitude. Their "liberalism" to other nations consists in this, that they will take all they can, and give the donors their countenance, nothing more. Ah! we had forgotten, sometimes more—as to Greece "liberty" and an English tool for king—to Belgium ditto, ditto—to Portugal ditto, in return for the wine factories of Oporto—to Sicily ditto, for the sulphur mines of Ætna—and so on. "Liberal" people these English!

It seems childish to explain at such length that the English phrase "liberalism" is a profound and unmitigated falsehood. But on such falsehoods is a whole empire built and a whole world swayed. Everything is "free" in England—the press is "free" too—"free;" and here is another remarkable instance of the manner in which words are used in "Her Majesty's service." The American, for instance, is a free press; subject to no penalties except for crimes such as a man may commit without a press, as slander, libel on personal character, or the like. But in England a man with a press can commit *crimes* none other can. God in his mercy forgot to enumerate in the Sinai edition of the old code, "the crimes of the printer," not seeing, we presume, that, "to give the devil his due," the poor fellow could commit many more than therein enumerated. English law, however, has seen and supplied the deficiency. It invents new crimes under old names in this way: If a writer in its "free press" presumes to write

on a certain truth which is disagreeable, and which, by the laws which theretofore kept in terror that "free press," was perfectly admissible, and it is desirable to get rid of that truthful writer, English governing persons lay their heads together, and, having decreed that they are in danger, say, "Let us not interfere with the freedom of the press—oh! no; but let us *make* the writing of this truth, so dangerous to us, bigamy, or simony, or larceny; and degrade the writer with the punishment of a bigamist, simonist, or thief." And accordingly to write the truth "becomes" larceny, to obey God becomes an abomination in the eyes of men and the theory of the Constitution, by a stroke of "law"; and men are transported for it. And so of "freedom of trial by jury," that is, power to kill a man by freely packing a jury; and "freedom of election," where nobody has a vote; and all other English "freedoms"—stupendous Jesuitisms, hiding each under its sanctified face and fair free name, an astutely organized and deliberately infamous tyranny.

And yet stupid and trite as all these explanations seem, we are still given to attach the fact of freedom to everything new or old, to which the Englishman gives the name. He pretends to that which he has not; we give him the credit he so unscrupulously asks; and not only that, but further, we endeavor to put his "freedom" in immediate practice on ourselves, as he intended. Thus among the many "free" things by which the Government and richer classes of England bamboozle the world and gorge themselves, is that commercial heaven of supposed equality, presumed reciprocal justice, and imaginary eternal right, they call "free trade;" which, with the fervent hope that our readers will, from the examples of wordy abuse, Jesuitism, and British policy, we have already given them, be cautious in the use of phrases of British manufacture, and endeavor to attain for themselves the true meaning of the words they use, and to represent in just sounds their own real thoughts, we shall now proceed to explain.

To a man who measures greatness by the bale, even to one who has seen New-York, the lower portion of Liverpool presents a spectacle beyond all measure sublime. Warehouses piled up on warehouses, till their upper stories seem to overtop the highest masts of the fleets before them; docks endless, walled round, in which, each with its appropriate location and number, lie the commercial navies of the world; wharves sinking with the load of raw produce, wheat, cotton, corn, leather, live-stock, dead-stock, not yet gorged into the warehouses, and of wares and merchandise, and "Christianity" not yet disgorged from them; pulleys running, ropes creaking, derricks swinging about; mates yelling to lusty seamen, seamen groaning at their lusty toil; majestic heavy horses dragging the contents of warehouses; burly drivers with lean legs and wooden brogues working along at a sling trot; Irish porters upheaving Atlantean bales; "emancipated and disenthralled" negroes struggling under the weight of burthens—it is a sight to gladden the soul of the bale-worshipper. Here are indeed collected the products of the world—unwrought iron from Sweden, wool from Ireland and Australia, silk and cotton from the Indies and the United States; wheat, flour, corn, maize, dead pigs and live pigs, everything eatable from an ox to a cabbage head, manufacturable from the raw produce fit for a nigger baby's cotton pocket-handkerchief, to the gold of Siberia or the Sacramento, the silver of a Mandarin's zone, or the gemmed eye of a Hindoo god, with which to form and grace the tiaras and the diadems of royalty—the edible gathered together from the States, from Poland, from Asia Minor, from Ireland; the manufacturable from China, Hindostan, Cashmere, Persia, North and South America, Africa, Oceanica, and the scattered islands of the main—wines from Xeres, Oporto, Champagne, and the Rhine, mayhap from Italy too, fine old Falernian, branded on every barrel with its "consule Planco"—spices from the Southern Seas, teas from China, opium from India, luxuries from everywhere—but nothing, not an ounce weight from England! No, not a particle of that universal produce of the world which is piled up into these warehouses, or disgorged from them, has been grown in England. The tea has come hitherward from the farthest East to get itself drank; the wines have congregated from Europe, even from the little island of Madeira, all under the influence of "free trade," and of their own accord, to look after mouths in Britain; the food cereal and animal of the globe has gathered itself here to get itself worked into

human flesh and horse flesh, and goods, dry and soft, and hardware—the products of all earth have been coming into this port, to get something done with themselves.

Crossing the hills to Manchester, you see a city peopled by chimneys—hundreds of thousands of men and women and children toiling night and day the year round, wheels working, looms going: but here, too, not a particle of that upon which they work has been grown in England; not a particle of that on which they exist while working has been grown in England; and not a particle, we may say, of that upon which their labor is expended is to remain in England.

As we have written of Liverpool, so might we describe London, and every other port—as we have written of Manchester, so might we describe Yorkshire, Leeds, Sheffield, Birmingham, and every other "manufacturing district." They eat, and drink, and live on the produce of others.

But surely the soil of England produces something; limited as it is it gives some wealth. Well, behold it; magnificent demesnes, avenues long drawn out in exquisite perspective, gorgeous palaces scattered here and there through the woodland; fields, too, occasionally tilled, setting off the landscape, but by no means sufficient to raise food for one tenth or one hundredth of the population round the docks, or round the factories. And why should these fields be put to such a use? These pasture lands and tilled ground do not belong to the English people—they have been decreed to a different owner—for they belong to one of those governing classes who only are supposed to have rights and property, called the landed aristocracy, and the sacred use of this "sacred soil of Britain" is to raise *rent* for them.

Everywhere else there is an aristocracy of something. Railway scrip, bank stock, money, selling, transferring, and re-selling; all are managed by aristocrats, and found very productive. The worship of God there, too, is entirely managed by aristocrats, and found uncommonly productive, and very reviving.

And throughout the throng, high over the din of cities, rising above the factory chimneys, above the warehouses, following you even by stealth into the distant fields, rises the cry of "Free trade." Stop the fat merchant running to the custom or the counting house, and ask him what drives him—he roars at you, "Free trade." Stop any other man, merchant, manufacturer, banker, importer, exporter, or commission agent, and ask him the same, and he answers too, "Free trade." It seems the salutatory prayer of a new religion, as *Pax vobiscum* was of the old.

Now suppose we stop the whole of them in their career, and wait till we find out what really to the Englishman this spontaneous shibboleth, or divine ovatory prayer of "Free trade," means.

His country, you see, is a huge warehouse groaning beneath the weight of merchandise, made, finished, and needing nothing to be done with it except for somebody to take it away—with cotton spun into cloth, iron wrought into knives, sabres, and steam engines; into everything from a needle to an anchor; from a tin whistle to a Britannia tubal bridge; with fabrics, wares, and fabricated commodities of all kinds—but with no raw material with which to fabricate more, unless you or some other foreign nation bring it to him, and take away some of his surplus "goods" in exchange; no food to eat while he is fabricating more, unless you or some other foreign nation bring it to him, and take away likewise "goods." In such a state he therefore, of course, offers every inducement to you to come in with *your* raw produce—every possible inducement to you to lighten his load of "goods," and, by way of exchange, *feed him.* And therefore, by his cry of "Free trade," one of his principal inducements to you, you are to understand this, and nothing else: "Come into my shop and buy—here are heaps of cloths I cannot eat; iron utensils in mountains I cannot drink, unless I were the Wizard of the North, who swallows carving knives and gets quite hilarious with the sparkling draught: but here I am, loaded with wealth which is useless to me; here am I, the Midas of civilization, immersed to the chin in a river of 'wealth,' the very water of which, when I stoop to drink of it, is 'hardware,' or cloth, or 'fancy articles!' Oh, I starve, I die! Bring in your corn, and take my cloth; your wines, and take my cutlery; your 'eighteen-pound-ten,' O simple youth of the Vicar of Wakefield, and take my 'gross of spectacles with shagreen cases!'"

The Englishman's notion of "free trade" is something more. "Bring me your cotton and your wool," it means; "I have 'hands'

up there at Manchester, thousands of them, who have no raw cotton, no raw wool to spin, and who cannot live save by spinning cotton, or, which is the same, whom I cannot afford to let live otherwise than by spinning cotton; and who, if I do not get cotton for them to spin, will either enter upon the land by force—sacred to the uses of growing rent—or eat *me;* and therefore, good gentlemen from South Carolina and Ohio, pity the sorrows of a poor old Englishman, and bring me your cotton and your wool, and something to eat meanwhile, and I will spin the former for you, and when I have kept my 'hands' going, and kept their clutches off the land, and off myself, and fed them, and paid myself, and provided for my large family—you can get back a little if you bring more produce to set me going a second time!"

The Englishman's "free trade" means, in fact and simple truth, that his trade is to make free with you whoever you are, and your productions whatever they may be, and live and enrich himself and keep his people from eating him, by transforming your wealth into something else which is therefore his; transforming Carolinian cotton and Ohio wheat into a compound known as "dry goods;" putting in a lady's pocket handkerchief and taking out a pair of live rabbits; and permitting you to admire the operation on paying the expenses—boiling, in fact, your pudding in his hat, and giving you a bit to show you he has done it; and so like any other necromancer or charlatan, he lives on the gullibility of the public by means of his "black art" of "free trade," and with loud-sounding noise and much elegance and luxury.

"But stay, Mr. Writer," says a worthy democrat and devotee of Anglican civilization near us; "Free trade means more than that. England, that great country which ever takes the first step in the path of human progress, and is the foremost in sacrificing itself at the altar of liberalism, has shown, by its late amended tariff, an example to the world of *true* 'free trade;' it has removed all taxes and impositions on the import of corn, and one of our Western growers can now bring his crop into the markets of England, with as little expense, excepting additional carriage and loss by the way, as into Boston or New-York—is not that 'free trade?'" Not a bit of it, Sir. You can transfer your money from your pocket to mine with perfect ease—I will accept it, nay, I will thank you, as I want the money; but, if you are fool enough to make the transfer—is that free trade? The fact is, your corn and other produce needed by Englishmen, were not coming into their granaries fast enough; certain annoying villains about the shop door, called landed aristocrats, used to exact a tax off the customers to the great shop; and so the shop-owners turned out with their clerks and workmen, and drove the villains off,—and that is the whole story.

Such a great example of "true free trade" is no new thing in this country; only, stupid beings that we are, we do not know it when it happens. Mr. Barnum took the Castle Garden lately to exhibit Jenny Lind; he had seven thousand tickets to sell, and advertised them for sale by auction on the spot. The proprietors of the Garden having agreed to admit the audience to the performance, but not having agreed to admit the purchasers to the auction, levied a tax of a shilling on each individual, before they would give him permission to enter and leave his money behind him. It was clearly Mr. Barnum's interest to get rid of this tax on his customers; it kept out many, and made all who entered irascible. But the proprietors of the shop-ground wanted their rent, and took this means of getting it, by legal extortion on Mr. Barnum's customers and to Mr. Barnum's loss. Accordingly, that very wise gentleman exhibited himself to his customers, assured them in the blandest manner it was none of his fault—that it was his anxious desire to let in every one who wished to purchase, without charging them anything for the privilege of merely buying his goods—that he would, upon his honor, rather pay the tax out of his own pocket, and that he would pay it; and accordingly he *did* pay it, and bought off the landlords and cleared his shop door; and immediately sent out his bell-men in all directions to say that everybody who pleased could now come in and buy his tickets without hiring special leave to do so; and the more the better.

Now when Mr. Barnum did that, he exactly went through the manœuvre executed by the makers of the present English tariff; he "repealed his corn laws," to wit—took as noble a step in the progress of civilization, made as great a sacrifice to the principle of "free trade," as ever did the English; he

actually took an offensive duty off an article loved by all shopmen at any price, and known as "good customers;" got thereby more and better pleased customers into his shop, sold his superabundant ticket merchandise, took the money, and put it in his pocket for Mrs. Barnum; and by this plain essay in personal political economy, he is making a fortune. But in doing so, he, not being an Englishman, did not attempt to make it be believed he was making any sacrifice to his customers, or giving them any advantage of trade whatever; or that he was "free" or "liberal" in any way, except in taking their money. Nay, he did not, even *he*, the Jupiter Tonans of humbug, the American "nephelegerata Zeus," the puff-collecting, cheer-exciting Jove, did not, like the English, exclaim with sublime resignation that he "was sacrificing his personal interests at the altar of free trade—maintaining his avowed and recognized status as the representative of liberalism!" We would have roared at him, either for his bitter wit or his extravagant folly, if he did. But when the British shopmen, through the late Peel, the present Russell, or the ubiquitous Cobden, pretend to the same gorgeous virtues, and utter the same hypocritical exclamations, we believe them, we give them a hip-hurrah, and award them, for their downright lying, "immortality;" nay, we bring our wealth in loads to their shop, and actually go away with the belief we have been gainers, because they did not charge us extra for depriving us of it!*

The "great English movement in free trade," as far as corn goes, was therefore simply to admit more easily the customers most needed. Peter Funk in Broadway, selling gold watches, has men stationed outside to help his customers in, to all but drag them in: great "free trader," is Peter Funk! And so of cotton, and all other raw produce which the English people have not, and which they want to transform from other people's *produce* into their *manufacture*, upon which they wish to employ their hands and enrich themselves. Any man who comes with the wherewithal to enrich them, is subject to no tax,—why should he? Would it not be outrageous folly in a shopkeeper to run a bar across his own door to keep out his best customers, those upon whom he lives and thrives? Would not Mr. Barnum be worthy of exhibition in his own Museum, as the most insane man that ever had his senses, if, with his 7,000 tickets to sell, and no money in the house to pay his orchestra, or his rent, or his assistants, or keep up his Queen of Song, he closed and bolted his

* Mr. Carey, a name to which both the last and the present generations owe much, and to which future generations will owe infinitely more, has already investigated this subject with the acuteness of a profound analyst, and elucidated it in a singularly exact nomenclature. The present writer, not presuming to tread in the footsteps of a man who has made such gigantic strides into a science hitherto to most persons occult, and known even dimly but to few, but having, from personal observation, (brought home to him by stubborn facts and events productive of no ordinary economic crises,) acquired a matter-of-fact knowledge of much scientifically inves igated by Mr. Carey, has ventured, in a plain and simple manner, to treat of a question involving the commerce of the world, and the fate for good or ill of American democracy. Not therefore desiring the rank of an economist, nor aiming in the least at a nomenclature singularly expressive to those who have studied it, incomprehensible to those who have not, he desires to be understood as endeavoring to simplify the comprehension of old truths, rather than to discover new ones, and writing not for the philosophic world, but for the general American reader. Hitherto, unfortunately, the discussion of every economic question, however simple, has been approached by philosophic dissertations of profound depth, and conducted in a vocabulary perfectly frightful to the unsophisticated farmer or artisan, whose interests you are debating. The question as to who should eat A's dinner, whether A or B, and if B eat it, whether A would be the loser of the same; is made the aim of a battery of words and authorities it would take a Western wheat-grower or a Pittsburg puddler the term of his natural life to understand. The economist, himself endeavoring to evade pedantry, but habituated to the use of a phraseology which is to him as glib as a mother tongue, and which he cannot throw off, is in such a case in a position similar to Uncle Toby's, when he advanced redoubts, threw up bastions, sank mines, disposed lunettes, glaciers, and galleries, and arranged the paraphernalia of a tremendous war, to get at Widow Wadmun's covered way. The aim of the present writer is to place plain truths in their plainest light; and if he can succeed in this he is content to abandon for ever all claim to the dignity of a philosopher.

The learned, or those who desire to learn the rationale of the economic views of which the present essay can only be taken to contain a few isolated examples, will find the entire subject discussed in a clear, logical, and profound manner by Mr. Carey in his "Past, Present, and Future;" a book to which the present writer wishes once for all to express his deep indebtedness. It has become the text book of a new school, and to speak further in its praise would be superfluous; and might be effrontery.

doors, and kept out everybody? And we, profoundly acute Americans that we are, cheer and huzza and laud the English, and all but worship their grand "liberalism," their unspeakable devotion to the interests of humanity, and their personal sacrifices to the progress of civilization, because they do not do, simply, *that*—close their doors, keep everybody out, and starve! Whether their "free trade" is free both ways, whether admitting into their market the sellers of that which they want, (and the greater competition in selling to them, the cheaper will they buy,) and admitting also the purchasers of that they have, and desire of all things to get rid of, (and the greater competition in buying from them, the dearer they can sell;) whether, admitting all these, their "free trade" admits also behind its counters other sellers of that which they have, other buyers of that which they have not, we shall presently inquire.

Meantime the question arises, Is not their trade, such as we have so far described it; presuming that they came honestly by their wares, presuming no compulsion on any to buy from them or sell to them—that is, presuming no thieving or organic stealing;—is not it a *fair trade?*

Certainly it is, undoubtedly it is,—*for them*,—perfectly fair. Every man, and every nation, has a perfect right to set up shop for the whole world if he or it likes, and barter his or its acquisitions, whatever they may be, for his or its wants, whatever they may be, and succeed if he or it can, or go to the devil if he or it pleases. But then it is right for a stranger, before becoming a customer in this world-wide shop, to consider whether it is for his interest that the shop should succeed—or *go* to the devil.

Let us suppose a great store, such as we have described England, filled with merchandise of all kinds; elegant cloths; fine cottons of the handsomest pattern; shoes ready made, and of all shapes and sizes; beautiful penknives; Britannia metal spectacles with shagreen cases; everything, in fact, saleable as manufactures; but no food—not even sufficient in the house for a dinner for the keeper of the store and his family—no money to pay rent, (which his landlord, cunning villain that he is, will not take out in spectacles and shagreen cases,) no money to pay his bishop, whom he keeps for his own use, and whose feeling towards saleable optics is equally refractory; no money for several people of the same kind. Over the shop door is the name, "Mr. Johann Bool;" "Civilization" and "Human Progress" glare at you in big letters from his window; "Free Trade" hangs on flags from the house-top, and is roared by a lean, sunk-eyed, big-boned Irish bellman, and an emaciated, yellow Hindoo, with a tatterdemalion caftan and a broken gong, at the door. The same sounds are screamingly re-echoed by a family of ragged, wretched looking creatures, at one corner, supposed to belong to the bellman; and at the other corner by a family equally wretched, but yellower and more lifeless-looking, in "dress" equally ragged, but more tawdry, supposed to belong to the gong-beater. In the door stands Mr. Johann Bool himself; red-faced; portly-bellied; rubbing alternately the back of either hand with the palm of the other; and displaying a look which, to the malignant, might seem of fat contentment, but was evidently intended to be that of a quiet resignation in a good cause which costs him nothing. In that store he has everything but his dinner and customers, and he, poor man! is looking out for both.

Opposite to him is the quiet cottage of a worthy cobbler, who, besides knowing his trade, has a small garden producing cabbages and stuff sufficient for his family. He can make shoes if he likes, and has made great numbers of pairs of shoes for the villagers, before Mr. Johann Bool took the store opposite; but now, getting lazy, he determines not; and needing a pair of shoes for his own feet, he takes a different way of coming at them besides making them; and bringing several baskets full of his best cabbages, carrots, &c., to the store over the way, where everything is *so* cheap, where there is such shouting about "fair play" and "free trade," he there barters so much of the home-grown food of his family, for a wretched pair of shoes; and then, returning home to his wife and children, he seats him down on his nether end, and keeps admiring the shoes one while, and digging garden stuff with them for another while, till they are fairly worn. His wife wants shoes too, and his family generally want shoes, and he, being still lazy, and with a high, chivalrous, "democratic" feeling against in-door employment, repeats the same operation of transfer of stock in

cabbages and garden stuff to the polite and agreeable Johann, who has all the while assured him there is nothing like "free trade;" bringing home, ever and always, ready-made shoes for his wife and children, which they keep admiring too, they were so cheap, and bought from so civil and respectable a man; until winter comes on, and neither shoes nor cabbages are left.

Now let us tot up the profit and loss between the "free-traders." The garden-owning shoemaker has eaten up both shoes and vegetables, and has nothing left, and is nothing the richer. Mr. Johann Bool has had excellent dinners and fresh vegetables every day, and has any quantity of shoes ready for sale still on hand; and the Irish bellman and Hindoo gong-beater, and their emaciated families at the corners, paid with vegetable offal from his house, roar away "free trade" as loudly as ever. He has got so far rich—the cabbage-growing shoemaker has got so far poor; the latter has no resource left to keep out of the pit of nakedness and starvation, but to take to making shoes "at last," or growing more cabbages for himself and Johann.

"What a fool! what an ass!" you exclaim. Not at all, my dear friend. Do not be in such a tremendously passionate hurry; let us say, What an American!

But no; we have imagined the garden of the shoemaker too finite. Let us imagine it as large as you please, his wealth out of it is limited to the area which he tills, and his power of culture in cabbages may be as infinite as you please. Whence the difference? Is a man who has played the fool, none the less a fool, because he has money laid by, on which he can afford longer to play the fool? Can a man who is rich never be robbed? And if robbed at all, what difference, in theory, makes the amount? The argument as to a cobbler's cabbage-head is equally good or bad for a continent's corn. Grant the cobbler's produce illimitable, and his idleness constant, he must overdraw his bank in cabbages at last. He has had other things to get besides shoes, clothes of wool, of cotton and flax, and fabrics more costly; necessities and luxuries, as many as may suit the requirements in the argument. Suppose, by exchanging his "raw produce," he is able to procure everything he needs from the universal store of Mr. Johann Bool, that is, if Mr. Bool pleases to take the surplus cabbages; well then, he has everything he needs for the present, and must take to making shoes or growing more cabbages to live on in future. It comes to the same thing. Nay, even supposing, if you like, that he has *surplus* cabbages after all, that makes no difference to any but the wise Johann. His actual wants satisfied, the *surplus* cabbages may rot, and hence the cabbage-growing shoemaker hurries in with his cabbages, giving more and more of them to Mr. Johann, at any value; better sell them at a loss than have them rotting. And thus, the greater the production in cabbages of the shoemaker's garden, the greater are Mr. Bool's gains—the cheaper he purchases vegetables for self and family. It is Johann's interest that the shoemaker should raise the *larger* crop, and the shoemaker, having but one market for his produce, Johann's, finding that he can do no more than raise a yearly crop, to be yearly lost or eaten, or exchanged with Johann, neglects all his fine old notions of good farming, wanders over his farm, tilling the land easiest tilled, growing here carrots for Johann, here cabbages for Johann, here onions and asparagus for Johann, measuring his labor and his toil by Johann's palate and Johann's shop. Johann has in soul entered his farm, and effectively taken possession thereof, chalking out what plots shall be tilled, what not—how much must of necessity be tilled for *his* wants—how much may or may not. Johann, with his bellman and gong-driver and starving families, having first seduced the shoemaker from his work, now rules him absolutely, body and soul; rules him and his!

"What an unfortunate and distressed tradesman! what a truly miserable and degraded idiot to leave off his natural toil, and take to growing stuff for Johann, is this unhappy cabbage-growing shoemaker," you exclaim.

Be civil in your terms, Sir; the shoemaker, I would have you to know, is a free citizen, on his own free land—a good "democrat" too, rearing of his own free will what cabbages he pleases, selling them to whom he pleases, digging with Johann's shoes or without Johann's shoes for whom he pleases, and to please himself.

"A democrat! the idiot," you answer; "why, he feeds, keeps up, and works for a vile aristocrat in Johann; and willingly subjects

himself to a servitude as perfect by 'economy' as ever any has been by arms, or law. Democrat! the idiot,—I had as soon walk round and round in a mill, with a blind over my eyes, a turning of a crank, and imagine myself a free citizen, and not, truly, a horse."

"Sir," hiding our wrath, we patiently answer, "you must be mistaken; the worthy shoemaker we have described is really and truly a 'democrat,' of the most approved character, and, like the advertising housemaids, with any amount of the most unexceptionable city references. You must be cautious in your phrases; he is an American, and pursues this course in obedience to the known laws of 'free trade,' (British currency.)"

We shall reserve for the present the reply of our intermittent communicator: it seemed something like "Free trade be damned!" and a perfect avalanche of blasphemies.

But what seems most to astonish our intermittent communicator is, that our worthy friend the shoemaker should for so long submit to this cabbage-growing "theory of life," without an attempt some time or other to relieve himself from it, either by fighting Johann, or taking to his handicraft again of making shoes. Either is quite possible—as even a perversely idle shoemaker has his hands and strong sympathies in the world; but as to fighting Johann, that is mere madness. What *could* the garden-growing shoemaker gain by even whipping Johann? Leave to make shoes! that he has already, fight or not fight; and then by fighting Johann, so admirable a system for insuring "peace" is this "free trade," he loses, *primo*, a market for his cabbages; *secundo*, he incurs vast expense and loses still more cabbages by the fortune of war and by rotting; *tertio*, he stands in need of shoes and cannot supply the want; *quarto*, if he fail in conquering Johann, he may be compelled to pay more cabbages for the "expenses of the war," and incur other punishment for his rashness; and, if he gain the victory, all he can do with it is, to begin again at his old trade of making shoes for self and family, which he might never have left off unless he pleased, and which he might have resumed at any time without fighting. So that, provided Johann has food enough stored up, or can get the loan of it anywhere else, the state of war between Johann and the cabbage-growing shoemaker is just this—by a war the shoemaker loses his market, wants shoes, incurs vast expense in cabbages, with the hope of gaining nothing and losing all,—Johann in the event of victory gains anything he wants; of defeat, loses nothing.

To such a deep perdition does the economy of Johann's "free trade" reduce his victims. And accordingly the worthy shoemaker, being a good "democrat," and given to lip bravado a little, makes the best of a bad bargain, says he is all for peace with Johann, that anything else "will not do," and continues a victim, "not allowing any one to interfere in his concerns," and "having every right to do what he likes with his own!" At the same time that, if a neighbor has a back garden, which just lies into our worthy cobbler's, he pitches into him directly, and flogs him till he roars again, while Johann, with some protestations as to the injured man's harmlessness and rights—Johann having had an eye on these same rights and the garden himself—does not, however, very strenuously interfere, knowing, if he did, he must lose one trade for a little; and if he do not—the arable garden of the shoemaker is increased for him!

"Good God, Sir—you speak of the great Mexican war!" breaks in our intermittent friend—"surely, surely, the nation who conquered there are not so slavish to a superior power as to be its hewers of wood and its drawers of water, boastingly and persistently; and at the same time so merciless to a poor inferior."

You will forgive us, Sir, we are compelled to answer; your temper exceeds discretion. We are, you will recollect, in America, and speaking of trade.

By his trade, then, the worthy shoemaker may fitfully attempt to renew his fortunes; for, as we have said, he is not alone in the world; and, before Mr. Johann Bool established his store, the worthy man used to make shoes for all the villagers. But his trade exists no longer. He might as well never have been a tradesman, never have practised his trade in that village, for all he can do with it now. Once he entered Mr. Johann's store, he left his trade behind him at the threshold. He ceased to be an independent workman from that hour, and became, will he, nill he, a cabbage-grower for ever. The wheel-wright, the carpenter, the

smith, the loom-weaver, the corn-grower, and the rest of his neighbors to whom he formerly supplied, or might have supplied shoes, in return for their produce or their handicraft, have followed him to the store of Mr. Johann for *their* shoes, too; have indeed been compelled to go there, since the worthy cobbler would make shoes for no one, not even himself; and once they entered his shop, Mr. Johann has found inducements for them to return. His shoes on sale are done up to suit the eye, are cheaper too, can be brought down to any price. Then there is so much cry of "Free trade," and so much willingness to suit a customer, the villagers too have followed the bent of the lord of the unused awl and productive cabbage garden. Mr. Johann has established with them many complicated relations in buying and selling, and they cannot leave off to suit the wants or fantasies of the regretful cobbler. Johann has sold pots and pans, and iron works of all kinds to this man and that, and ruined the trade of the village smith; furniture and boxes to t'other man, and ruined the trade of the village carpenter; he has shoved out everybody, and walked into everybody. All the shoemaker's neighbors have sunk to his level and become produce growers, tributaries to Mr. Johann, holding their farms for his use, selecting the spots of ground most suitable to his market, the crops most delectable to his palate, the quantities most nearly calculated to fill the variable vacua of his maw. The whole village for miles about has become tributary to him: he clothes everybody with such covering as he can afford to give them; decks them in cottons, or tawdry ribbons, or dull comatose velvets, as he pleases. From having originally been in need of actual food and of a single customer, he has now become lord and manager of all. Every man, laying aside his trade, now struggles for the privilege of supplying Johann. Instead of suing for customers, he now threatens to punish the refractory by *not living on him*, by allowing his produce to rot, and leaving him naked of shoes and clothes. He plays off the avarice of one man, against the independent feeling, or the regretful industry of another. The once happy village becomes an assemblage of warring, but independent, serfs; and should any attempt be made to unite, Johann threatens the whole with "disunion!" The little houses, once so full of thrift, have become dirty, tawdry, and disorderly—the farms are half tilled, and that half badly—everybody does as he pleases, without caring for anybody else; and Johann and "Free Trade" have become lords of all. He is alone rich and independent—all else is poor and slavish.

Now imagine—we must beg pardon of our intermittent colloquist for stopping his mouth yet a little—now imagine the shoemaker and his friends, by laziness or other cause interfering, to be hindered from carrying with their own hands their produce to Johann's store, or their purchases back. The worthy cobbler, for instance, employs a boy of Johann's to bring to the store his cabbages, and back the shoes, and pays the boy for each journey a cabbage-head. There is established "commerce"—and commerce, as the little boy's trade of go-between, between the lazy shoemaker and Johann, is called—being one of the great and most interesting desiderata of the age and of civilization—advances with a stupendous rapidity. Everybody employs the little urchin go-between—he is eternally running hither and thither for his cabbage-head per journey or other fee; and it seems really so entertaining and delightful to enrich him, that the inhabitants of the village, taking their start note from Mr. Johann, seem to think that everything is much bettered and "ameliorated" by being carried to and fro *via* the errand-boy; that nothing is good without being carried to and fro *via* the pot-boy, and the little pot-boy paid for the carriage—that in fact the great object of their society and life, is to provide matters for the little boy to carry here and there, *via* the store of Johann; to keep him eternally going, *via* Bool's door. Johann, in euphoneous accents, has assured the villagers that supporting and enriching his pot-boy is "the advancement of commerce," sometimes he adds of "enlightened commerce," (as if there can be much enlightenment in paying a little boy to carry onions and cabbages to a grocer's,) and the villagers believe him: he assures them further, that this "enlightened commerce," or method of supporting his pot-boy, and of course further enriching himself, is a part also of the "civilization" and "free trade," printed in his windows and roared by the bellman and the gong-driver; and they, very properly in this instance, believe him too—for they are now satisfied that this "civiliza-

tion" and "free trade," with the addition of "enlightened commerce," must really be a very valuable set of articles, though they cannot exactly comprehend why—inasmuch as the last has made the cabbage-heads, and all other produce disappear twice as fast as before. So very good and blessed are they, that they have ruined the whole village!

Now let the street before Mr. Johann's house become a wide ocean; let the pot-boy become legions of pot-boys, go-betweens and captains and crews of go-betweens, endless and innumerable, with carts and carters, wagons on road and rail, with ships of steam-power and sail, less capable of being numbered than the bright atoms floating in the azure main of night—and then the unfortunate shoemaker, the miserable village, with its people, and its industry, and its produce dependent on the will of a foreign huxter, and of the "free trade" machinations of a restless pot-boy; growing food not for the mouths of its own children, but the palate or the greed of a distant trader; waiting before it can clothe itself with a rag on the winds and waves, on the inconstant heaven and the vagaries of a go-between; absolutely servile and patient; not daring to make even for itself one cloth, still less daring to wage an useless war on the vampire in whose fangs its heart-blood is squeezed out on the world; divided and at war with itself for the privilege of pandering to the markets of a hated superior, becomes——

We fear to proceed—our intermittent communicator stands aghast and speechless. His head sinks low upon his chest, and he utters in a long, deep, groaning wail of woe, "America, my country!"

* * * * * *

Of a truth we have not been luxuriating in a fable. The cobbler and his neighbors are not "allegories on the banks of the Nile," but melancholy realities on the banks of the St. Lawrence, the Hudson, and the Mississippi. Nay, we have barely touched upon the worst features of the reality. In a land new as this, whose virgin soil has hardly yet had time, anywhere, to lose its luxuriant freshness, and the vigor of a long and peaceful adolescence beneath the protecting umbrage of the fertilizing forest; whose entire population are not too numerous to be supported in plenty, and even splendor, upon the well-directed wealth of its smallest State—in a land where coal and iron illimitably abound, wherein every raw produce fit for manufacture is spontaneous or capable of easy naturalization; wherein every species of human food bursts in teeming plenty from the earth, every luxurious fruit of every zone grows wild,—in such a land is it not a strange and unnatural paradox, consequent on some extreme national folly, or perverse ill deed of men, that there the wages of the laborer should be often below the standard of old and worn-out empires, and seldom above it; taken even correlatively with the abundance of sustenance, not for him—that there, too, the laborer should be found wandering on the streets and highways, without food and without shelter, a beggar and an outcast? Is it not strange that in this land, started in its career of empire upon a basis of equality, upon whose fields there is no embargo of feudality, upon whose rivers no superior right of water-way forbidding the presence of a mill-wheel—is it not strange, we say, that after some sixty years of national freedom to do or be idle, half its population should now be found landless, without a spot of earth to call their own, and yet that they and the whole population should be indebted for its clothing and its luxuries to a foreigner? Is it not strange that on this water-way and that, you find a mill in ruins, or a factory tenantless and silent, while even the richest soils of her oldest States have been abandoned for the distant fields of prairies, or the mountain slope? Ask, Why are these things? There can be but one answer, "Free trade" and England. Daily and hourly the hand of England drives men back from the soil of New-York and the elder States, to the forests of the West; blows the roofs off factories; smothers the new-lit furnace; banishes, dissipates, coerces, as firmly, surely, and nakedly as if it acted through red-coats and police. Even with our boundless wealth, thus have mendicancy, want, prostitution, thieving, overtaken us. Young as we are, we suffer all the ills of an obese and spendthrift monarchy. Our hells vie with Parisian; our "distressed needle-women" are as numerous and as wretched as those of London, and our instances of infanticide, before and after birth, are, taken in connection with our illimitable resources, and our limited population, almost as numerous as those of the Chinese, or the votaries of the Egyptian Saturn. Why are these things—why is it that our laborers are

sinking to the level of those of Europe? Because "free trade" with England has made us tributary to her—because our labor is not motive save to her will—because, with all our "liberty," WE ARE NOT INDEPENDENT. You may dig out the boulders of gold from about the heart of old mother Terra—it matters not—while "free trade" (British currency) continues; while this country is but a sieve to England; while wealth is to pass by the face of the laborer and the unfortunate here, to feed laborers in a distant land; while the plentiful year brings no food to our workman, while the riches of the rich bring no labor to him, you may become an inordinately wealth-producing nation, but are in reality but the richer *province* of another. That other drags away your food and scatters it upon the wide ocean; piles it in its granaries and manures with it its fields—but you, less grateful than the senseless tree which gives back to the soil that nourishes it, nutriment in return, give to your soil *no* return, no sign to God or man that you are grateful for the fulness of the land, or that you desire to reproduce its abundance. What then can you expect, but that as the absentee mouths cry for more, more should be given them—that according to a foreign will, not yours, a foreign law, a foreign appetite, not yours, your country should be regulated, tilled and labored? What can you expect but a nomadic sociality, a vagabond, and sort of Bedouin existence; that to suit the markets of a foreigner, or in obedience to his intention, mills should be dashed into ruins, factories made roofless; that rich lands should be made tenantless, and the assiduous tiller driven ever and ever farther back into the newer and cheaper prairie? Then come of necessity, into the deserted hamlets, infamy, penury, and crime, as surely as the beasts and unclean birds of the desert find their best homes amid the ruined cities of men; then of necessity come idle labor, "unfortunate females," "distressed needle-women," infanticide, hells, and that social perdition which yawns under the thrones and the castles of England. Growers of food for export you may become to any extent, producers of gold, realizers of Golconda dreams for others, but rich you can never be, nor happy, nor fixed; builders of mighty cities, owners of vast domains, to perish utterly, leaving not a trace, like that race which in some anterior age preceded you in the passing occupancy of this continent, and left in the silent cities of Central America but the awe-inspiring mementoes of its death. That nation must utterly perish from the face of the earth which uses its freedom to make itself a beggar, and expends its wealth in building itself a tomb.

The incipient drunkard laughs at the notion of reform. He tells you drink does *him* no harm—that he never felt it hurt *his* constitution—that when he does feel it hurtful he will "pull up." You turn away in pity or contempt; knowing well that when it shall come to that pass with him, when his constitution shall have fairly given out and become bankrupt, when he shall have felt his vice hurtful, that then, if he wait to that, he is a lost and a doomed man. While his natural energies endure against an unnatural practice, he feels no hurt, and has a recuperative power; but when before repeated draughts the energies have fallen, there has fallen with them, too, all power of recovery. He has become for life a sot—the iron will has sunk to the effeminacy and the maudlin tears of a child, and the man, timid and silent, passes away like a shadow from the earth, regretful that he ever existed, and cursing even the freedom and the advantages which he so criminally abused to his ruin. So of the spendthrift, who flings away money because he can afford it, who keeps no count because he has a treasure at his banker's. He finds there is a limit to that too, when he has squandered it, and left himself a beggar, even as the cobbler found a limit to his cabbages. The sot and the prodigal we pity or we despise. For these individuals we have sympathies or disgust to overflowing. We make them household lessons for our children, introduce them in tragedy and melodrama for the terror of the young, and the improvement even of the old; nay, we pay Barnum day after day for exhibiting one of them to "the working classes."

But we are blind to similar vices and follies in thirty millions, when these millions are ourselves. Day after day, and hour after hour, we hear it said, laughingly, "The Republic will last our day;" "we can afford this English free trade;" "it never has hurt our constitution;" "when it shall hurt us we will pull up." Wherein do ye differ from the sot and the prodigal? Is the vice the less, because, to practise it, you have

not one mouth and one pair of hands only, but thirty millions of mouths and thirty millions of pairs of hands? Is your prodigality less wrong than the spendthrift's, because he flings away but a thousand or two, you a hundred millions? Depend upon it, your millions too have a limit. Not a grain of corn, not a blossom of cotton can you afford to lose. It was given to you in exuberant plenty not to be cast away, but beneficently administered; not to support old tyrannies, but to reproduce new freedom; not to help to enslave an old continent, and make a desert of a new one, but to liberate the old, and eternalize the Heaven-sent freedom of the new.

But our intermittent friend will have it that America is a great—the greatest country; that in the first seventy years of her freedom she has risen from a neglected colony to the rank A 1 in nations. Be it so. During that time too the wheelbarrow and old go-cart have grown in magnitude and power to the dimensions and force of a locomotive, with its train of carriages steaming along from twenty to fifty miles an hour. Small thanks to the old wheelbarrow, or the go-cart! During that time the lazy old lubberly merchantman, which took three months to cross the Atlantic, has grown into leviathan steamships, twisting and dashing through the waters like things of monstrous life, at any velocity they please. Small thanks to the old merchant hulk or *its* owners! During that time too, the little boy, who used to be paid an obolus for running with messages from village end to village end, has become seated in his office, as an operator of the telegraph, speeding his messages from pole to pole, from zenith to nadir, fleeter than God can make the world turn. And though the little go-boy may become very proud, and consider himself a great fellow on his new stool, who thanks him for the change? Is his new position anything but the effect of a superior power, discovering and fashioning the telegraph, and raising him like a puppet to his stool? During the same seventy years, the ancient boor, whose engineering art in manufactures consisted of throwing a shuttle from hand to hand, or sitting beside a water sluice, watching the water running into a mill-wheel, now letting it on, now turning it off, by slipping up and down a board, has become the director of a huge machinery, with boilers, cylinders, pistons, cranks, and endless wheels, rolling out at a single stroke the work of a thousand looms, or crushing into the dust, fit for food, the produce of a thousand granaries. And who considers thanks for that due to the poor boor? During the same time, Caxton's hand-press has increased in size, and strength, and accuracy, and has changed its name to "Hoe's double-cylinder patent steam printing press and folding machine." And who fancies that the germ of growth lay in the old hand-press, or that the manipulation of the old printer, who owned it, produced Hoe's machinery? During that time, too, feudality has been uprooted in central Europe; new ideas have been born to the world, new hopes and new impulses to men. Who gives to Madame Dubarry, or Louis the Well-beloved, or the *parc aux cerfs*, the honor of causing or originating these things? During these seventy years the whole world has moved more than it ever did in a thousand years before; and in that grand era of advancing manhood, the American nation, leaping into its new-won liberty; with its hand newly loosed from bonds, with its young heart bursting for action, with resources yet untouched, and unprecedented for magnificence; has "doubled its population every twenty years," and grown more food than any other nation under the sun, and wasted it every atom. During that time it has begotten mouths for itself to an inconceivable extent. It has raised food for the whole world, made its country a stock farm for every old and lazy empire, made its luckiest children the stewards of a foreigner, and the wearers of a foreign livery, and driven the rest back, and ever back, to the wilderness, "to extend the area of freedom," and become thereon the stewards of the foreigner's stock farm aforesaid. But, from the hour of its freedom to this, it has not increased its nationality by a tittle, not solidified its national life by an atom, not attempted by any means to eradicate the provincial habitudes remaining even after the acquisition of liberty, but has, increasing in its growth and power of national manhood, increased, too, in the habitudes of its former provincial servilities. Before the war of independence, the Virginian converted his tobacco into clothing, by freighting it in a ship and dispatching it round from his right hand to his left, *via* Liverpool. The New-Yorker or

New-Englander converted his corn into clothing, by the same process, *via* Liverpool. The South Carolinian changed his raw cotton into cotton wove, by the same transmarine alchemy, *via* Liverpool. To this hour, when a Western man wishes to give his Virginian or Carolinian brother corn for tobacco or cotton, he has, too, to send it off *via* Liverpool, and there exchange. Boston, New-York and New-Orleans are but the dépôts of Liverpool. What need, then, is there for the English to use against the American nation the force or the naked perfidy it uses against Ireland and India? What need to subject it to the bright steel, or bring against it the boom of the noble cannon? To a nation which uses its "freedom" to enslave itself, why should not every "freedom" be accorded? To a nation which swallows the cant of "free trade," and, instant, rushes to its ruin, what need to say more than "free trade?" May not an Englishman truly say, it is mad policy for him to use us as a rival, when we are the blindest, and patientest, and most extravagant of his supporters.* In the years of the War of Independence, and of 1812, when England did treat this nation as a rival, no American food was grown for British mouths. No American, unless he were a smuggler, dishonored his back by wearing a British livery, because he could not. In those years, the balance of trade between the nations lay thus: the British side, debtor, a sound whipping; the American side, credit, victory. And manufactures at home grew and flourished with the national glory and the national prowess. Now, in this peaceful year of 1850, we shall have given the British nation a hundred million dollars' worth of food and raw produce. We shall have received from it, *primo*, rags; *secundo*, mendicancy; *tertio*, the position of the worthy shoemaker towards Mr. Johann Bool. Freedom, national growth, and splendor, and that wondrous and blind exaltation of our own prowess we have, have made in seventy years out of the valiant combating colony, which, in the days of plain-spoken and justice-loving, upright men, fought to the death against this commercial superiority of England, this vile system of "economic" plunder, have made out of such a colony a hundred million of times a more productive province to its former masters. And thus for seventy years we have been living—building ships, reclaiming prairie, tilling the soil of America, to bring to England seventy hundred millions, more or less, of the marrow of her soil, and the sweat of her children; to take back in return rags to the unfortunate growers, cotton kerchiefs and gowns, sixteen-bladed pen-knives, and seventy hundred millions, if you will, real plated iron spectacles and bran-new shagreen cases.

Before closing this section of the subject it may be well to see what other nations without any of our advantages, and with innumerable disadvantages of their own, have done from time to time in the first periods of their liberty.

For a hundred years the little country of the Netherlands, a mere cast-off swamp of

* See (if any one with eyes, and his optic nerves all right, cannot see the fact otherwise) an article in a late "London Morning Herald" extracted into the October number of "Hunt's Merchant's Magazine," and entitled "The United States, England's Best Customer,"—Mr. Johann Bool and the poor shoemaker, to wit! The "Morning Herald" is the stupidest London newspaper we wot of; and yet *it* sees it. Its facts are never new, its statistics seldom right, and its parody on Anglo-Saxon occasionally readable; and yet in the article referred to, these very plain sentences occur:—

"The Americans are, therefore, our best foreign customers, individually, if we may so speak, [you have our full permission, old Croaker;] but they are, also, by far our best customers regarding them as a nation. * * *." [Here follow statistics, showing by how many millions the Americans have really, in 1848, proved themselves fools; the accuracy of which the ghost of poor Sheridan, who studied "compound division" to enable him to overthrow Pitt when Chancellor of the Exchequer, may determine;—we need not just now, for the article concludes in this fashion:] * * * *

"Taking the amount of their [to wit, the American] consumption of 1841, [to wit, the small scale of American folly ten years ago, before the tariff of '46 by five years, and before the coming of Sir Henry Bulwer, British politician and saviour of our iron trade, by many more,] namely, £9,500,000, we still find the States consuming less than a quarter of our exports, while we consume more than two thirds of the whole of theirs in the same year, amounting to more than £27,000,000 sterling;" to wit, $134,000,000 sterling (of our money). That is to say, throwing off little fractions—as go-ahead, "clever" fellows like us must, with an old friend who has treated us to a harbor full of tea, and a scalping revolution afterwards, ought—for every dollar's worth of the "manufactures" they send us, we, *videlicet* the cute Yankees, give them in payment *three* dollars' worth! Neither the boasting of "the Morning Twaddle," nor the space of a note is sufficient, however, to do justice to these statistics.

Europe, or deposit of her arterial sewerage, struggled against the tyranny and the plunder of the then omnipotent, the feudal, and the despotic Spain. Her trade had been banned, her commerce taxed, her industry ruined. In the reign of the Spanish Philip she arose from her mud into liberty, and within that hundred years of her labor she established not only freedom, but manufactures; not only nominal, but material independence. Her history since then is on the lip of every lover of freedom, of every admirer of sturdy industry. Though ridden down by every cavalry of Europe, though scuttled and sunk a dozen times or so, it "made no difference"; she arose to the surface again with her gear all standing, and her flag more honored, and still preserves her integrity, and feeds and clothes herself; and, should the world around her tumble into chaos, can do so still.

That was the work of *her* first seventy years of freedom; without steam, railroads, telegraphs, or the like; and, she may thank the God who watches over her mud-holes, without British influences of "free trade" or American folly to fall beneath them.

There was a time, too, when *England* scorned "free trade," as she would the seductive phrases of a swindler. In the reign of the Eighth Henry; he who came after the humiliation of the feudal barons, to humiliate, in his rough and sinful way, a very sinful and debased Church, and raise up one still more debasing and himself,—in his reign, England stood in relation to Holland and the Netherlands, precisely as America now stands in relation to England. The markets of London, we are told, were filled "with iron, lumber, and leather, ready manufactured; and nails, locks, baskets, cupboards, stools, tables, chests, girdles, saddles, and painted cloths"—the chronicler does not add, Dutch metal spectacles and shagreen cases; but as Don Juan said, with reference to some small matters of a different character, "we may suppose them." The English, exactly, grew food for the Dutch, and the Dutch ate it—wool for the Dutch, and the Dutch wove it—leather for the Dutch, and the Dutch made out of it knights' saddles, the casing of armor, caparisons, &c. &c. But the English did not make use of transition from old tyrannies to an order, in their opinion, more free and agreeable, to increase their farming for the Dutch, their wool for the Dutch, or their leather for the Dutch. On the contrary, the chronicler tells how a certain Dr. Bell, who seems really to have been a very earnest and honest new light in his way, preached against the foreign "free traders" to his countrymen, from the pulpit, and from the text, "The heavens to the Lord in heaven, but the earth to the children of men;" (as contra-distinguished, we presume, to the children of Holland;) showing how, "as birds defend their nests, so ought Englishmen to cherish and maintain themselves, and to hurt and grieve aliens for respect of their commonwealth;" (as contra-distinguished, we presume, from the practice, still general, of citizens *not* cherishing or maintaining themselves, but hurting and grieving their commonwealth for respect of *aliens*.) And the English did not call Doctor Bell a "Whig" for that same excellent sermon, but, on the contrary, took it to heart and put it in practice; and so, within the first eighty years after the "dawn of the Reformation," after the release of the English mind from feudality in Church and State to despotism, a then modified form of liberty, the Dutch "free-traders" were driven back to their native mud, British industry was established, and the foundation of that imperial system laid, which, however since loaded with a superstructure of avarice and crime, has supported and supports an empire the most stupendous in size, the most magnificent in wealth, and the most abominable in the means taken to increase and strengthen it, of any known to the "children of men."

Such was the use made by their first seventy years of liberty by the wise Dutch, and the once sturdy and now politic English.

And now, with *its* seventy years, its wondrous opportunities, its resources, its common weal untrammelled by an English Henry or a State Church, by an upstart nobility or a Court of prostitutes; untrammelled, too, by the débris of an old social tyranny, by the mendicancy and misery left behind it by the feudality under which England labored; with its virgin soil, its population fresh and vigorous; with no opponent to swathe or cripple its young arms, with the world open to it, the world hailing and welcoming it,—what has America done in the way of founding a nation; in the way of "fostering and maintaining itself"? Nothing, absolutely nothing. After giving away to

all the world, with a maniacal prodigality, for seventy years,—freedom, peace, "religion," and "free trade," have brought its citizens to this astounding position in the nations, that, if a blight sequent on natural causes or other, should, during this or any previous year, have killed off or rendered useless their crops, leaving only sufficient to feed their population from hand to mouth for that season, one half of that population must have starved that their food might have provided clothes for the remainder, or all would have had to go naked; the native market in fig-shaped leaves would have experienced "an unusual prosperity," and American gentlemen—we say nothing of the ladies—would be compelled to appear in public or private parties in the full dress costume of father Adam. The wealth produced by the previous seventy years has been eaten or worn, or now lies up, treasured in the warehouses of Liverpool, and called "dry goods" and "cutlery,"—*our* cotton and our food have created these—are really these and nothing else; but they are not ours now; "*via* Liverpool" has impounded them. We must, besides having grown them, and furnished food—that is, wages—to transform them, further release them from their impoundage by paying for our own food and our own cotton, with more food and more cotton; and not having these now to spare above our own wants, we must even appear in the costume formerly fashionable in Eden; and some "upper ten" gentlemen, who never before dressed in anything native, may further attest their former respectability by flourishing about, on state occasions, the remnants of British cotton pocket-handkerchiefs, or wearing, by way of extravagant ornament, Brummagem Britannia metal spectacles with shagreen cases.

It was against this "balance of trade," which left untold wealth in England and nothing in America, all the plunder on one side, all the dependency and servility on the other, that the Americans of the last age first took up arms. In 1760 the thirteen States, repressed under a foreign monopoly in commerce and navigation, without any manufacturing power, and subject to every species of galling and indirect tax, yielded by such compulsion a market to England of thirty millions of dollars. Now, as we said, under simple British "free trade" alone, Americans of this age, by the use of their freedom, and their independence, and their star-spangled banner, and all that, yield to the same British a yearly market of one hundred millions. In 1766 the citizens of New-York, seeing in its nakedness the terrible plunder of England, formed an association for the "making of linens and woollens; of spades, scythes, and other irons; of paper-hangings, &c." And British chronicler Craig tells us that such was the sturdy sense of right and love of being independent in Americans then, that "these efforts of the manufacturing and mercantile community were supported by the people at large; the productions of American industry were bought with avidity; it became the fashion among all classes to appear dressed in the cloth of the country; and it is related that the general zeal for promoting the native woollen manufacture gave rise to a resolution against eating lamb, or buying meat from any butcher who should kill lambs!" Nice worshippers of the glorious principles of "free trade," these—pretty subjects for British "civilization"—great adorers of Manchester Christianity, must indeed have been these superstitious fools who fancied to propitiate the God of nations by abstinence from infant sheep, even as ridiculously as the Catholic seeks favor with the Thunderer by bolting herrings! No doubt, no doubt they sinned wofully against the gospel according to Malthus, the good Sir Robert, and Mr. Johann Bool—did not know their own interests, opposed civilization and human progress, and were, in short, veritable fools in comparison to *us*, double-distilled patent democrats. But then these lamb-abstaining fools by *such* means established human liberty first upon the earth, gave us, as the result of their folly, American freedom and national independence; did, in fact and truth, by long abstinence from lamb and cottons, by sore trial and suffering—did the only noble and heroic deed yet recorded of the American nation,—they acquired for themselves, and bequeathed to their posterity, an enfranchised world, gave to their children wealth, happiness, food, clothes, and peace—in one word, LIBERTY. And had they eaten the lambs and exported the wool, grown the corn and sent it off, the cotton and sent it off, raised the iron and sent it off, and continued sensible "free-traders," as we would no doubt have done; we would be now as they were once, *slaves*, without a

ship upon the ocean; without a flag above our heads to which we could look up with anything but hate; without the privilege of utterance or of law; without the right to grow or wear, save as their "free trade" masters listed; without even the right to exist. And we, ungrateful but really very wise contemners of our fathers' virtues, with our bumps of benevolence largely developed, and explained to us by Mr. Fowler, with our humanitarian principles in full swing—and receiving remarkable commendation from England, as compared with our gallant predecessors—have accepted the glorious legacy they left us, and showed our estimation of it and them—by turning round on the means by which they acquired it, and by which they knew it was alone to be preserved, and smashing them. It is just as if our friend, the cobbler, having emancipated himself from the yoke of Mr. Johann, and re-established his original trade of making shoes for self, family, and neighbors, should, after experiencing one term of servitude and one term of liberty, abrogate his liberty afresh, and return, like a dog, to his vomit. We have turned, in our "free trade" haste, on the little factories the great men of the past age left us, as the nuclei of American empire and independent nationality, and broken them into fragments. We have scorned their divine abstinence, and returned to the avaricious gluttony from which they arose to war for the freedom and the lives of their children. We have killed the lamb, and sent away the wool!

This system of home manufacture, protected by common consent and sustained by a popular loyalty to the American flag, by abstinence, by severe trial for a little, is one which requires, in those who practise it, some high impulse—like that for self-preservation—great endurance, great self-sacrifice, and, indeed, all great virtues; and proportionate to the difficulties which beset it, are its effects as a system of war upon an enemy. It has ever humbled England more than arms; as in 1776 and 1812. It produced, even for the limited time during which it was sustained, throughout America a national sentiment and a national honor. And, in abandoning it, we not only forsook the prime seed and fairest fruit of liberty, but threw our weight from the protection of freedom to the support of oppression, and passed, in an instant, from the position of a new-born nation, combating like a chivalrous champion for the rights of all men, into that of the selfish supporter, for our own avaricious ends, of an oligarchy against whose tyranny we had the first rebelled, which had proved itself, during the war, insensible alike to justice or mere humanity, and which we had, for our own behoof, flung back upon the world. We are well aware of the causes which produced this step; of the impossibility, by mere political means, of preventing its adoption; but it is not for us here to enter into the discussion of the partisan wars of a past generation. It may be permissable in a Republican of the present day to desire the greatness of America, without being a Federalist; to desire the downfall of that thrice-accursed oligarchy of Britain, which the Americans of the last age brought to its knee for the world, and raised it to its feet again against the world, without being antagonistic to State rights. The present writer takes leave to disown, beforehand, either imputation. But it is a subject of bitter regret to all men who view America otherwise than through the eyes of a partisan stump-orator or ballot-box politician, that while both the wars of 1776 and 1812 gave rise to those combinations against a common danger—combinations effected by public will and a loyalty in all to each other, and not by any political upholstery—which best insure a stable, happy, and indefeasible nationality; that both wars, resulting in victory, did not eternalize the good they called into action, but effaced it; did not result, too, in prolonging, enlarging, and solidifying these combinations, but in utterly eradicating them, and flinging the American nation back again into the same position it occupied prior to them. As a colony or a nation, in peace or war, the American people have never ceased to feel the British policy of dividing them into hostile camps, playing fast or loose with either alternately, and so ruling all. It is a policy so very old and so very vulgar that one would think modern men would feel ashamed at being its victims. As Mr. Johann Bool punished a refractory cabbage-grower by refusing to live on him, so has England, from time immemorial, dealt with, and intimidated its refractory colonies on this continent. And the inevitable result of freedom here was but to increase her power, unless estopped by a sturdy loyalty and a national will. Thus, when the War of Inde-

pendence resulted in placing thirteen young Republics on an equality, putting them down side by side on Freedom's course; their eyes straining to the goal; they started, each endeavoring to outspeed and master the rest. And so, casting about for every available support which could tend to magnify its power or increase its importance, each in its turn sought aid in foreign alliances, and fell in turn into the hands and under the sway of Britain. The cotton grower of the far South, the tobacco grower of the mid seaboard, the food grower of the North, having formerly traded with Britain, and knowing the vast temporary weight which would be accorded to the most favored by their former master, fell successively into the trap. The old empire, beaten in war, was a perfect master in the science of Machiavel; and, practising it, she re-established that relation of producer and consumer which exists to this hour, by which she takes the cotton of the Carolinian, *and* the tobacco of the Old Dominion, *and* the corn of the North,—*takes all three*, patronizes and governs the producers of all three,—and plays them against each other when it suits her, tossing the pea of "British market" from thimble to thimble in a rig, to the perfect wonder of the gazing greenhorn, and her own most hilarious profit!

But in accepting this position, the American nation not only made away with its birth-right, not only gave its dinner for an old coat, but acted falsely to humanity. We have been accustomed to say, "America has advanced human liberty by her example"—a cheap outlay, to say the best of it, and one for which human liberty would not give a straw, if it were negatived by a larger and more practical outlay in support of tyrants. Now we propose to show, by way of general moral upon this article, that the hundreds of millions of produce which America has for seventy years handed over to England, have been not only prodigally wasted, so far as the mere material profit and loss of this nation go, but actually expended in support of an infamous tyranny against other nations, which she *would* not endure herself. The notion that because we have preserved "peace," we have preserved towards the nations of Europe a status of neutrality, is mere moonshine. We have never been neutral towards the nations of Europe; except, indeed, when we have been at war on our own soil with one of them.* In the seventy years, minus two, of peace which have ensued since colonial days, our sturdiest support has been given in material wealth of our own creating to the eternal enemies of the human race.

We shall explain this seemingly unknown truth.

In the eighth decade of the last century, (1771–1780) the empire subject to the British oligarchy extended over Britain, and under a constitutional veil, over Ireland, over all America, and the West Indies not Spanish or French, and over a portion of Southern India—we omit the outposts of Gibraltar and the Cape, and the then unimportant islands of the main. Their subjects may then as now be divided into three classes. 1st. The races and peoples, politically or by conquest, subject to them: as the natives of Ireland, the people of England, the races of India. 2d. The inhabitants of new countries subject in the relation of colonists to the mother country: as the people of the thirteen colonies, the Canadians, the planters of Jamaica, &c. And 3dly. Those subject to them through arrangements, called commercial or economic: as for instance, the nations of all Europe, (excepting Holland and the Low Countries,) France, Germany, Spain, Portugal, Turkey, Italy, &c.; the nations of Asia—Persia, Hindostan—of Northern Africa, of Southern America. We are to add to these the peoples and nations subject to them through the bribery or terror of their kings, and who subsequently figured in the Indian wars as "protected" puppets, or in the Holy Alliance as the recipients of the English "national debt"—or subsidized tools.

The "government" of this empire was very unequivocal; it consisted of plundering unscrupulously on all sides, and repressing all resistance by brute force—of sending out the tax-gatherer, and at his back a bayonet.

The people of England were kept at work with the spade, or in the factory—everything

* A "Bull" no doubt; therefore very laughable; but as *true* as eggs are eggs—unless they are hatched meanwhile—for all that. In self-defence, the present writer must say, that any mouth can let a pun; but he assures the readers of the American Review, that it takes a genius to make a bull, or, to understand one. Therefore, ye who don't understand the above—[we forbear the conclusion of our eccentric contributor.]

they produced, over and above what actually was requisite to feed them, passed to the King in taxes, to the aristocracy in rent, to the plutocracy in profits; and more if needful.

The people of Ireland were entirely agricultural, and for their special government a special aristocracy was provided. The mercantile community of Ireland was entirely limited to those who passed goods and luxuries from the British ships (none other were admitted) to the aristocracy; passing back in payment the people's food, and raw produce.

The "colonies," that is, the "thirteen," now U. S., and all foreign countries, were subjected in trading with England to the same monopoly of British ships. The colonies, too, were agricultural—the mercantile community there the same as in Ireland. Taxes were levied on heads and goods—"eighteen pence in the pound sterling"—on English goods imported, on professions, offices, and trades, "half-a-crown (60 cents) in the pound sterling"—and any amount of extra taxes when needed by the exchequer of the oligarchy in England.

The European nations were subjected to duties on the import of British goods, or other goods from British ports—by subsidies, intrigues, and "friendly relations," or, in short, *bribes*, to their several rulers, a perfect monopoly was maintained.

The nations of India, or such of them as were then conquered, were under the influence of a peculiar "free-trade" system, of which and its results we shall hereafter speak.

Thus was established over the world an immense system of organized plunder; the British oligarchies sat in the centre and expended the proceeds.

The people of the "thirteen colonies" were the first to take measures to alleviate in some sort these consequences to themselves. They established mutual associative factories of cloth, and iron, &c., for their own protection, as we have mentioned, and even proceeded to inquire into the foreign right of taxing *them*, and into their capacity *not* to pay. But as the colonies had to be kept up to their former taxative standard, what was taken off by their home manufacture must be laid on in imported luxury; and as the requirements of a spendthrift individual or an aristocratic class are always on the increase, new taxes, of a more outrageous character than any, were demanded to be paid.

What followed needs no recital here. The thirteen colonies took up arms; ended for themselves the nominal sway of the British Imperial system; established the right to tax themselves, and the acknowledged right to consume or not consume British manufactures. This was held to be "Liberty," and, so far as it goes, no doubt is.

But there the national exploits of the new nation ended. Ireland in the meanwhile, fired by her example, had also taken up arms, and proved to America an ally and an useful one. The Irish, the English people, and the Americans then precisely stood towards the British oligarchy, as the Viennese, the Italians, and the Hungarians stood towards the oligarchy of Austria, during the late European contest. They were the common victims of a common oppressor, and were bound alike by human wisdom and eternal justice to stand by one another. America conquered for herself; and thereupon, as before the war, gave her produce to keep up the oppressor of the rest. The British aristocracy, to compensate for the loss of the American taxes, proceeded to work harder the English people, to tax them the more; to break down any barriers, constitutional or national, offered by Ireland to a "closer connection;" to extend their dominions in India, and to render firmer the thinly covered tyranny they exercised over the internal affairs of Spain, Portugal, France, Italy, and Germany. By a series of years of astute tyranny the English succeeded in finally dividing Ireland and breaking down every barrier which opposed their taxes—they conquered her in a rebellion accompanied by cruelties as terrific and as beastly as those for which some stupid brewers recently flogged an Austrian in London; utterly annihilated her reviving manufactures, assumed the direction of her food, and reduced her to the state we even now see, varying between hopeless famine, and as hopeless insurrection. And during the time this horrible tragedy was enacting the Americans were contributing to the riches of England with their cotton, their corn, their wool; buying from their foe cottons and cloths, and hardware, stained with a friendly nation's blood, and bought from an enemy in the very act of a friendly nation's murder. Nay, the very Hessian troops which were employed to burn American towns, torture American men, and rape American women, were similarly employed

to do their work on Ireland; and America gave corn to feed them in the act, gave cotton and wool to enable their employers to clothe them and pay them, in the act. Thus began the financial relations of America and Ireland.

America became, in fact, to England much more productive by her freedom than ever she had been before*—produced and gave to her more cotton, more wool, more raw produce of every kind, bought more numerous and more costly fabrics and implements of her manufacture—helped her to clothe her armies more and better, to feed them more and better, to direct them against any point pleasing to their officers with greater efficiency, to send provisions and clothing after them to a greater amount and with greater certainty, to raise larger fleets and clothe and feed her navies more surely—helped, in fact, in the most strenuous manner to rebuild the empire she had overthrown, raised up again against the liberties of the world her own enemy for her own profit. The only difference between America enslaved and America free was this: the colony cost England heavy sums for necessary coercion, for involuntary commerce—the nation cost her nothing for coercion, but voluntarily supplied the increased requirements of her commerce—officiously assuring her, all the while, that her late victorious but now most peaceable colony, had determined not to interfere with her tyranny in the slightest respect! "Advancing the cause of human liberty by our example,"—and the cause of inhuman tyranny—with what have ye advanced that?

But now, too, another class of the subjects of the British oligarchy rose against England—the nations of Europe whose commerce she enthralled; and the first, the same France from whose King she had purchased certain rights of plundering his people for certain sums to keep up his royal brothel,—having flung off the ideas and systems which oppressed her, endeavored, too, to throw out, and keep out her manufactures. Napoleon himself threw his genius, his pen, and his sword into the Continental League against the perfidious shirts of Nessus machinated in Manchester. He roused the people of France, of Germany, of Italy against them. He determined, at the cannon mouth, to resist "cottons," sword in hand to defeat conquest by "cutlery." He even made peace with Russia, and threw himself upon the neck of the Emperor Paul to beseech him to join in this crusade—and the Russian consented. But Paul was, for that same adhesion, murdered. The wars against this infamous and blasphemous French revolution, which would not acknowledge the right divine of Lancashire to make breeches for the world, or bow before the sacred divinity in Manchester gowns and kerchiefs, were renewed—the royal parties to the Continental League were successively subsidized and bought off; the people taxed anew, conscribed, and dragged into the battle field; the red cotton pocket-handkerchief waved once more over subjugated Paris, and the eternal enemy of British manufactures lay chained to a rock in St. Helena! England having put down one combination of her customers against her shop, even as Mr. Johann Bool might, with like means, have brought the refractory cobbler and his neighbors to their senses; started afresh with furnaces in full blast, fabricating new chains for men, weaving new webs of trade "Christianity," and orthodox "commerce," with new requirements to fulfil in her mission and her treasury; new debts about her neck which she must make the world pay; with an enslaved Europe laying crushed and broken around her, and a victorious army and a victorious navy at her back with which to renew under the brightest auspices her nefarious designs.

And during this time, while Europe stood up in arms to throw off the commercial tyranny which made her nations, in truth, but the tributaries of a remorseless monopolist, what did the same America, which had lately pledged her life against this monopolist herself? She supplied the monopoly, kept its mills going, its furnaces going, its spinning-jennies going, its trade and commerce going. She brought her cotton to the Englishman's mill, and said, "Spin this, and put down the rightful league formed by the Emperor for the salvation of Europe." She brought her wool to the Englishman's loom and said, "Weave this, suborn the allies of the Emperor, and restore aristocratic tyranny and your own monopoly to Europe." She brought her food to the aristocrat's door, and said, "Let not your armies or navies want; here is everything in abundance, go forth and conquer." And lest this should not be enough,

* *Vide* that note from the London Morning Herald.

she went into the Englishman's shop, and bought his goods, his "dry," "soft," and "hardware" Christianity, and sent him on his way rejoicing to an Irish rebellion, a sack of Paris, a Holy Alliance, or an Indian massacre. What could the unhappy people of Europe and their Continental League do against a nation which, with its own astute tyranny, unscrupulous crime, and vast resources, had besides the corn fields, the cotton lands, the tobacco ground, and all the markets and riches of America at its back? "Advancing human liberty by their example," quotha! Would to God the American people had brought out their armies to fight the battles of the public criminal, and kept to themselves the solid, material "sinews of war" they poured into his coffers!

During two years indeed of this time, while England was almost at peace, the American nation and the British oligarchy were not on "the most amicable terms," and the sinews of war did not pour in as usual. But new wars impending, the aristocracy of England took the soft side of their dear "Transatlantic cousins," as they call them, and again the wealth of America poured into the treasuries and the land of England. Ever since it has unceasingly done so; and that we may fully understand to what end and with what effect, we shall here briefly review the relation existing between the British oligarchy and a few of the people and races subject to them. We have said in the opening part of this article that "free trade" means, in English phrase, to lay hold of every man and nation the oligarchy can, and use its wealth, and produce, and industry as they please. We have already shown that when force was thought needful or useful towards America, force was used; but that jabber and cant are now much more effective instruments as against this country. We shall presently show "free trade" in full play, accompanied by force—men beaten with stripes, whipped with whips, driven before the point of the bayonet to produce certain commodities as laid down by the English system of "free trade!" And here let us remark again, that the immensity of the resources of America, her, as we fancy, inexhaustible produce, is no argument for submitting to its plunder or waste. If she is actually losing a hundred millions' worth of raw produce per annum, *minus* the labor expended in transforming part of it into British manufactures and so returned to her, it is no justification of the exorbitant waste to say that her people have another hundred millions, or a hundred times that again, at the back of it. If they go on from year to year wasting, and increasing in their waste, a limit must come some time, and that is—want. We would not permit the smallest exorbitant charge in our highest official—why, then, limiting him to twenty-five thousand, should we pay to the Queen of England and her courtiers a hundred millions? If we feel an internal avidity to waste or destroy these one hundred millions, why not throw them into the sea? Why not, as in duty bound, waste them in a manner not directly injurious to others? Why expend them, if we can do without them, in maintaining an odious and abominable tyranny, from which we have no advantage, which is positively ruinous to us politically, beyond what it is commercially? For, should any war break out between the British nation and this continent, what navies would be brought against our ports and shipping but those we have helped to victual and clothe? What armies would be flung upon our coasts but those formed of the British surplus mechanics we have helped to keep in subjection to their oligarchy—but the Irish peasants we have aided to enthrall, plunder, and subjugate?

Here, however, for the present, we must close. To do justice to this subject, we would require as much space as that we have already occupied; and that we may not too far encroach upon our readers' attention, we shall content ourselves with this axiom: "The nation which is justest to itself is justest to the world."

PACIFIC RAILROAD.

THE SENATE COMMITTEE'S REPORT IN FAVOR OF WHITNEY'S PLAN.

The clear and judicious *Report* of the Senate's Committee, in favor of the plan of Mr. Asa Whitney, for the construction of a railroad, without cost to the Government, from the upper shore of Lake Michigan to the Pacific, will doubtless have the effect to convince all parties (except those who have projects of their own to offer) that the plan of Mr. Whitney is not only the best offered, as regards feasibility, but that it is the freest from constitutional objections. Indeed it has been found impossible to raise any, the least objection on that score, and it is consequently impossible to make it a party measure. It would be fortunate for the nation, could every national undertaking be placed upon as sound and safe a basis as the one offered by the Committee, *namely*, upon the basis of *individual responsibility*.

Although we are entirely convinced that the General Government has a right to appropriate the public moneys to purposes of internal improvement, when it is understood that private enterprise is insufficient to accomplish the ends in view, we are yet satisfied that it is unwise and impolitic to extend the aid of Government toward enterprises which *can* be accomplished without such aid. *Every* railroad and steamboat, every public conveyance, every means of intercommunication, is intended for the use of the entire nation; but it is impolitic and mischievous for the General Government to interfere in the affairs of steamboat and railroad proprietors; for the simple reason, that they are better managed by individuals.

The *magnitude* of the plan advocated by the Senate's Committee does not affect the argument in the case before us. It is believed by the Committee that the Pacific Railroad *can* be built, without risking a dollar of the public money. If the Committee are right in that belief, it is a point of constitutional necessity that this work should be undertaken, if at all, upon their plan. If an hundred millions is to be expended on public works, it can be rightfully appropriated to such only as cannot be constructed either by single States or by individuals. The rivers and harbors of the North and West require to be opened and made safe for Western commerce: the General Government alone has power to improve them. Expenditure upon these works will be sanctioned by the people only because private companies cannot and will not undertake them. Their necessity is their sole excuse.

The great majority of those who have examined Mr. Whitney's plan have pronounced in favor of it, not only because of its freedom from constitutional objections, but because it will require less time in the execution, and cost less than any other. The bill, which will be laid before Congress at the coming session, is so framed as to close up every avenue to fraud and peculation. Its provisions are simple and stringent.

A strip of land, sixty miles in width, reaching from Lake Michigan to the Pacific, is to be set aside by the Government, and the command of its resources, its timber, its water power, and its iron mines given to the person who is to build the road: mortgaged, however, and in the event of failure to return into the hands of Government; excepting only such portions as may have been already sold and occupied by settlers.

This strip will be divided into sections of ten miles. On the completion of the first ten miles of road, the purchaser will be allowed to sell one half of the lands, or a strip five miles in width, the other half being held in reserve by the Government.

The entire cost of the road will have to be defrayed out of the proceeds of the sales of this half, and a second section of ten

miles will be immediately undertaken, and its cost defrayed by the sales of one half of another ten mile strip, aided by any surplus of funds accruing over and above expenses, by the former sales.

The whole work can be carried forward, after the opening of the first ten mile section, with great rapidity. The progress of the road will insure rapid sales, and a rapid rise may be expected in the value of the lands of the entire route.

If, however, contrary to all expectation, after passing through the good lands, and after completing a ten mile section of road, the builder of the road shall show that the sale of one half the land (the alternate five mile sections) did not yield a sufficiency of funds for the construction of a good road, as much of the remaining five mile sections reserved by Government as may be necessary to cover the deficit, shall be offered for sale, &c., &c.

In several articles, during the past two years, we have advocated the plan for a Pacific Railroad, lately adopted by the Senate's Committee, and we are happy to perceive that the public mind is very generally impressed in its favor. The opposition to it has been slight and ineffectual. A few politicians on both sides have endeavored, more industriously than wisely, to give the project a party character. Others have opposed it because it seemed to confer too much power upon a single person,—an argument against every enterprise of the kind, whether undertaken by an agent of the Government or by an individual. It has also been objected, that the projector of the plan may possibly accumulate a fortune by its success; which is as much as saying that it ought not to succeed if undertaken. That a vast number of jobbers and speculators would be enriched by the work, were it undertaken by the Government, is quite certain. It seems therefore that we are bound to secure this immense benefit to the nation and to the entire world, by agents who are to receive no return for the risk they incur, or the expenditure of years of time and labor in its accomplishment! Should the projector realize a considerable fortune, by the success of the work, *at the end of twenty years*, the benefit to the nation will by that time have exceeded hundreds of millions; not only by the commercial movement which would take place across the continent, after the completion of the road, but by the settlement of several millions of acres of land, and a vast increase of our Western population.

In the very able and lucid Report of Mr. Bright, the Chairman of the Committee, we find expressed the most unqualified approbation of the plan of Mr. Whitney. Among all the plans submitted to them, they are obliged to pronounce in its favor, without qualification, and they conclude that it "*ought to be adopted.*"

"Your Committee have been aided in the examination of this subject by the very favorable and full reports of different Committees of both Houses of each Congress for the last five years, and of the Legislatures of some eighteen States, decidedly and expressly recommending the adoption of this plan over all others; and the unanimity with which said resolutions were adopted in both branches of the different Legislatures is, as your Committee believe, without a parallel. Public meetings throughout the country, in our populous cities, have been equally decided and unanimous in expressing the same favor for this plan; and even since the two Conventions held last fall—the one at St. Louis and the other at Memphis—public meetings, numerously and most respectably attended, have been held at Cincinnati, at Louisville, at Indianapolis, at Dayton, at Columbus, and at Zanesville, at all of which resolutions were almost unanimously adopted in favor of this plan, and declaring it *the only one capable of being carried out;* and your Committee believe, from the frequent expressions of the public press, and from other sources, *that the opinion of the country is almost universally concentrated on this plan.*"

"The bill proposes that a belt of territory sixty miles wide,—that is, thirty miles on each side of the road,—with its eastern base on Lake Michigan and its western on the Pacific, comprehending about 78,000,000 of acres, shall be sold and appropriated to this object, to be accounted for by Mr Whitney at the national treasury, at ten cents per acre, good, bad, and indifferent,—amounting to nearly $8,000,000.

"When it is considered that tens and scores of millions of acres of the public domain are now being, and about to be *given* away, for various objects, and that some of our leading statesmen are proposing to give

all the public lands away, with some prospect of success; and when, moreover, it is considered that only a little more than one third of the belt proposed to be set apart for this road is good and saleable land, it must be seen there is little chance or probability that the Government will ever get as much for this territory as by selling it for this road at ten cents per acre. Consequently the road, built on this plan, will itself be a capital of immense and incalculable value, and so much *positive gain* to the nation, which, as your Committee will endeavor to show, could in no other way be realized."

The capital to be employed for the construction of the work is to be realized solely by the rise in value of the lands, following upon the sales and settlements of the first portions, as the work advances.

"The capital to build the road with is to be *created* by the increased value which the building of the road will impart to the lands thus set apart, and through which the road is to pass; and, when created and thus invested, the bill provides that the use of the road shall be a *positive and perpetual gratuity* to trade and commerce, with no other tax for transport of passengers and merchandise than such tolls as may be necessary to keep the road and its apparatus in working order—which tolls are to be determined on and regulated by Congress.

"Here, as your Committee think will be seen, are two great and peculiar principles of this plan, which, as the Committee believe, are not only fundamental, but vital to the great object in view:—

"1. The capital is *created—a positive creation—not borrowed.* If it were borrowed, or drawn from other sources, as all other plans contemplate, it would be necessary to impose tolls for dividends to satisfy the interest; and then the great end in view would be sacrificed. The end proposed is to draw trade and commerce on this line, by means of cheap transport between the great East and the great West of the United States, between the United States and Asia, and between Europe and Asia. But if tolls should be required to meet the interest on the cost of the road, this end could not be accomplished, and the enterprise would be a stupendous failure. But on the plan proposed, with tolls sufficient only for expenses of operation and necessary repairs, it is believed that a passenger may be taken over the whole line of the road, 2,030 miles, for $20; a bushel of corn for 25 cents; a barrel of flour for $1; a ton weight of merchandise for $10; and one ton measurement of teas (a half ton weight) for $5. At these rates, can it be doubted that the corn of the Mississippi Valley may be put down in China for 40 cents transit per bushel,—worth there, as your Committee are informed, from 75 cents to $1.25 for 60 pounds weight,—leaving an average of from 30 to 35 cents a bushel to the producer, and, as the Committee are also informed, with an unlimited demand? And so of agricultural products, and of every other species of merchandise, going to and fro between the Atlantic and Pacific ports of the United States, between the Mississippi Valley and Asia, between our eastern coast and Asia, and between Europe and Asia,—in a word, between a population of 250,000,000 in Europe, *across our bosom*, and 500,000,000 in Asia; as also between ourselves and all Asia.

"But double these rates of transport,—as would inevitably be the case were the road built on *any other* plan of means, always requiring tolls sufficient, in addition to the expenses of operation and repairs, to meet the interest on the cost of the work,—and the whole of this immense and vastly extended commerce would be for ever prevented from springing into being; and the comparatively small amount now carried on between us and Asia, and between Europe and Asia, would be found to follow its old routes. Your Committee are therefore of opinion that this road can never be built and sustained *except by capital created by itself*, as by the plan proposed, and that it would be doomed to failure, even if it should be attempted, on the credit of the Government, as the people would never submit to perpetual taxation for the interest on its cost.

"Your Committee are of opinion that the cheap transport to be obtained by the plan proposed involves the only principle on which this road can be made a successful enterprise; and it is all the more satisfactory, as it will not cost the Government and people of the United States a single dollar."

If this road were to be built by Government it would cost, by Col. Abert's estimate, one hundred and twenty-seven millions and a half. By Mr. Whitney's plan, say the

Senate Committee, its cost will be only sixty millions. Government is to receive eight millions for the land, to be paid out of the sales as the work advances, making the entire cost $68,000,000, which will be covered by an average of 87½ cents per acre for the entire tract.

"The chief reliance must be on the first eight hundred miles, which constitute, with little exception, the good and saleable lands. From what is known of the effect of railroads and canals on the value of lands and other property bordering upon them, the Committee think it safe to conclude that such a road will add great value to the land through which it passes; and whether it will be sufficient for the purpose, is the risk of the party undertaking it.

"Your Committee believe that the building of the road will undoubtedly create facilities for settlement on its line for at least the eight hundred miles of good lands, and cause a demand for them to an available amount of means equal to any possible judicious application of *means* to the construction of the work; and the reserved half of lands, as hereinafter provided for, daily increasing in value, would certainly be a sure source of capital for an equal or greater distance beyond the good and through the poor lands, a part of which latter would no doubt be made available for settlement by means of the road.

"Your Committee think it would be very difficult, and enormously expensive, if not impossible, to construct such a road through a now entire wilderness, on any plan of means, unless settlement can keep pace with the work; and that this plan, as it connects the sale and settlement of the lands with the work itself, is not only the *only* sure plan of means, but by it the work will advance as rapidly, or more so, than on any other plan. Besides, these lands, with this great highway through their centre, could not, in the opinion of the Committee, fail to command any amount of money required for the progress of the work, as their daily increasing value would render them the most safe and most profitable investment for money."

It is impossible to give the details of the plan in a more condensed and lucid shape than is exhibited in this able Report:—

"The security of the interests and rights of the public is to be considered. The bill provides that the first eight hundred miles of good land shall be divided into sections of five miles each—that is, five miles by sixty; and that, after Mr. Whitney shall have built his first ten miles of road, and after it shall have been accepted by the Government commissioner appointed for the purpose, as being in all things a fulfilment of Mr. Whitney's engagements, and not till then, he shall be entitled to sell the first section of five miles by sixty, as well as he can, to reimburse himself for his expenditures on the first ten miles of road already completed and accepted; and so on, in the same manner and on the same conditions, for every successive ten miles of the first eight hundred, leaving every alternate section of five miles by sixty untouched, with all its increased value created by the road, as public security for carrying on the work to the Pacific. Thus, when the road shall have been completed through this eight hundred miles of good land, the Government will hold, as security for the extension and final completion of the work, the road itself, all its machinery, four hundred miles by sixty of these good lands untouched and raised to a high value by this public work, together with the entire remainder of the belt to the Pacific.

"The bill also provides that the titles of the lands sold by Mr. Whitney shall be given to the actual purchasers by the Government, and not by him, and that all remainders unsold shall be disposed of at public auction at the end of ten years after the road shall have been completed on each ten-mile section—that is, the unsold parts of Mr. Whitney's sections of five miles by sixty; and this, to prevent the reservation of lands for speculation. From the end of this first eight hundred miles to the Pacific, where the lands are poor and unavailable, the bill provides that Mr. Whitney shall proceed as follows, to wit: that, at the end of every ten miles of road completed and accepted as before, he shall be entitled to sell the whole section of ten miles by sixty, to reimburse himself, as far as the sales will go, for his expenditures on that ten miles of road; and for any deficit, he shall be entitled to go back and sell at public auction to the highest bidder, in lots of forty to one hundred and sixty acres, as much of the reserved untouched lands on the first eight hundred miles as this deficit may require; and so on, and in the same manner, for every succeed-

ing ten miles to the Pacific, selling the lands of each ten-mile section after the road shall have been completed and accepted, and going back to sell the reserved lands only when and so far as there may be a deficit, as before; and all this, under the supervision and authority of the Government commissioner, whose duty it shall be to see to the fulfilment of the terms of the bill.

"If, at any stage of this work, Mr. Whitney shall fail on his part, the bill provides that all his rights shall be forfeited to the Government, and that the road, so far as completed, with all its machinery, shall belong to the Government; and Congress may sell or dispose of it as may be deemed meet, for the benefit of the nation; and all the unsold and reserved lands would revert and belong to the nation, the same as if this act had never been made a law. And if Mr. Whitney should die, his successors would be under the same obligations, and liable to the same penalties, on the same conditions. The bill also provides that, when the road is completed to the Pacific, with its machinery in operation, to the satisfaction of Congress, so that the Government can in no way be made liable for the expenses of its operation and repairs, then whatever, *if any*, surplus lands may remain unsold, shall be sold for the account and benefit of Mr. Whitney; and whatever surplus money may remain, after paying all charges against said road, shall be his, as a reward or compensation for this work, and the road and its machinery shall be considered as belonging to the nation. Although the bill provides that the title thereto shall vest in Mr. Whitney, still Congress retains the power to fix and regulate the tolls for both passengers and merchandise, so that no more shall be earned than barely sufficient for the expenses of operation and repairs, and the United States mails are to be transported free. Congress will hold the power to give the management of the road to any other party at any time when Mr. Whitney may fail to operate it as the wants of the people require. Thus it is clear to your Committee that Mr. Whitney's only chance of gain from the enterprise is in the hope of making the lands, by building the road through them, produce him a sum *exceeding* what will have been his actual outlay for the construction of the road, its machinery, and the $8,000,000, or the ten cents per acre, which he is to pay into the treasury of the United States for the entire belt of lands."

"Your Committee believe, as informed by Mr. Whitney, that available lands, with timber, other material, and with facilities for the work, do not exist, and cannot be had on any other route, so as to justify the commencement of the work with any possible hope of success, and that he would not attempt it on any other route. There is no plan before your Committee in competition or conflicting with Mr. Whitney's that does not depend, either directly or indirectly, on the public treasury, or on government credit, for means.

"Moreover, your Committee believeit will be found, by actual measurement, that the route proposed by Mr. Whitney is the most direct and shortest for commerce from all our Atlantic cities to the Pacific, by the South Pass, (probably the only feasible route,) and around the globe—which is the great end in view. It is shorter, for example, from Baltimore to the great South Pass, by more than 300 miles, than by way of St. Louis; and the eastern terminus, or the crossing of the Mississippi river, reckoning on other connecting lines of railroad existing and projected, is nearer to Mobile by 300 miles than to New-York, and 500 miles nearer to Mobile than to Boston; and, as appears to your Committee, it would be more fair and more equal for all our Atlantic ports than a more southern route; and, amongst the several routes proposed, this appears to be the only one by which a line of railroad can be extended from our Atlantic ports to the Pacific without being broken by rivers or waters which cannot be bridged—a most imperative necessity for such a highway of commerce across this continent, as it is a well-known fact that transhipments and commissions often amount to as much or more than the transport.

"This plan, as your Committee believe, would rescue the whole subject from sectional and party strifes, and from all liabilities of being employed as a corrupt and corrupting engine of party or of executive patronage, or as a stockjobbing machine: there being no stock and no dividends, it could never go into Wall street or into the money markets of Europe; and as to party or executive patronage, the only agent of the Government which the proposed law requires or authorizes is the commissioner

to be appointed to see that the different enactments of the bill are carried out.

"Assuming, as is already shown, and as your Committee think will be found to be the fact, that no other plan is feasible, your Committee consider that the most forcible of all reasons for adopting Mr. Whitney's plan is, that its execution will effect a complete revolution in the routes of commerce; that it will bring the great bulk of the trade of the world on this line, and make our country the great *focus* of the commercial transactions of all nations—making the heart of our country the centre of the world, its banking-house, and its great exchange.

"Distance, time, and cost of transport, are the controlling laws of trade. By measuring a globe, it will be seen that on the parallel proposed for this road is the shortest line between our Atlantic ports and Asia, and the shortest line between Europe and Asia across our continent; and it is worthy of remark, that this belt around embraces, and that this route would accommodate, nearly the entire population of the globe—that is, the enterprising and industrious part."

It is computed by engineers that a road with 1,000,000 tons of business may earn fair dividends, at a cost of $50,000 the mile, on a charge for transportation of one cent a ton. Accepting these estimates, the Committee declare that the cost of transportation between Europe and Asia, would be less by this road than by ships, going about Cape Horn, or the Cape of Good Hope.

It is also ascertained that the construction of a ship canal crossing the Isthmus of Panama would not interfere with the business that might pass over this road. From New-York to China by Panama is 13,000 miles, with every allowance for winds and currents. By the Cape of Good Hope it is 14,255 miles, say the Committee. From New-York to the mouth of Columbia river by steamers and the Isthmus is 6,000 miles, and requires thirty-five days of travel. By the railroad it will be less than half the distance, (2,961 miles,) and require five to eight days' travel! an immense saving of labor, time, and cost, which would insure the preference of the railroad above all other routes.

The annual aggregate of imports and exports between Europe and Asia is said to be in value about $250,000,000. The whole of this immense commerce would be drawn from its present route, and sent across the North American continent; a result of which the political and commercial consequences exceed imagination. This vast commerce is now carried on by foreign shipping, chiefly British; if it passed over the North American continent, our own merchants would become the carriers of it. Our own commercial and naval power would increase in proportion as that of Great Britain diminished.

From the terminus of the railroad on the Pacific coast, a short and easy communication would be opened, a result of infinite importance to the gold countries and to the great State of Oregon that is to be, and that could not fail to give those countries a commercial importance surpassing that of any other part of this continent.

The Committee do not hesitate to *urge* the adoption of Mr. Whitney's plan:—

"Will we sell these lands, as proposed by the bill, for a sum exceeding, as your Committee believe, that which the Government can expect to receive for the same tract in any other manner, and with such other restrictions and conditions as shall guarantee to the nation the execution and accomplishment of this great highway for nations without the outlay of one dollar by the nation, without one penny of tax or burden upon the people, and no tolls except sufficient *only* for the expenses of repairs and operation, binding our Atlantic and Pacific possessions together, and making the commercial world tributary to us?

"Or will we decide against this great work, promising these vast and important results—abandon them all—let our Pacific possessions separate and form an independent nation, controlling, as they will, the immense fisheries and commerce of the vast Pacific, with the commerce of Japan, China, and all Asia? Will we decide that the lands, which can now be applied to and effect the accomplishment of this stupendous and truly national work, shall be wasted away for party political capital and other purposes, whereby the nation can never receive any direct benefit—when, too, the objects urged by those who wish to dispose of the lands to settlers without pay would be more immediately effected in the accomplishment of this work, because its construction would give employment to settlers, and create the means to pay for their lands, and place them a hundred fold better off than to have the lands

free of cost without the road, which is the only means by which their products could reach the markets, so as to yield a return for their labor?

"Your Committee cannot hesitate in forming a decision upon this subject, not doubting that those who examine it will be impressed with the same views, and form the same conclusions as your Committee have done. Therefore, your committee recommend the adoption by Congress of the bill proposed, and urge its immediate adoption. The various plans and bills now before Congress for disposing of very large amounts of the public domain, together with the constant demand for actual settlement, particularly at the first part or commencement of the proposed route, are rendering the execution of this plan more and more difficult every day; and your Committee believe the time must soon arrive when these lands on the first part of the route, so desirable for immediate available means, and possessing timber, materials, and facilities for commencing and carrying on the work into the wilderness, will be so far disposed of for other purposes as to render the accomplishment of this work doubtful, or impossible. And to wait for further surveys and explorations, as has been proposed by some, would, in the opinion of your Committee, be the defeat and abandonment of this plan for ever; and, besides, the authorization of surveys for a railroad to the Pacific would justly be considered by the people as sanctioning the commencement of a Government work, which your Committee cannot recommend, nor would it be sanctioned by the people, as your Committee believe: neither do your Committee think it at all necessary, nor does this plan require, to delay the adoption of this bill for further surveys. The rivers have been examined by Mr. Whitney himself, to ascertain at what points they can be bridged. From the lake to his point on the Mississippi, it is well known that there are no difficulties on his route; from the Mississippi to his point on the Missouri, his route is without obstacles; and thence to the South Pass, it is well known that impediments do not exist. While these three sections are being constructed, the route thence to the Pacific can be explored, surveyed, and fixed upon.

"The route from the lake to the South Pass, as your Committee are informed, has no parallel for feasibility on the face of the globe; and from the South Pass to the Pacific, the explorations of Colonel Fremont and others, as well as the immense emigration to Oregon and California, abundantly certify that it is feasible. Besides, the streams, which wend their way all from the South Pass to the Columbia and the Pacific, indicate a favorable route, it being a well-known fact that there are no very great falls or rapids in the streams emptying into the Columbia; and that river has cut its way and made a route through the mountains to the ocean."

We cannot sufficiently commend to the attention of our readers that excellent feature of the plan recommended by the Senate's Committee, that there will be no new offices created by it, to be filled by the favor of the Executive. There can be no jobbing nor corruption. The American principle, that nothing that *can* be accomplished by private enterprise should be attempted by the General Government. The cost of such a road, undertaken upon a Government survey, itself to consume many years and several millions in the preparation, would consume the amount of the entire revenues of the nation for several years, and compel the Government to contract an immense debt, and finally to institute a system of direct taxes. An army of applicants for office under the great Railroad administration—which would constitute a separate Bureau, or Department—would beset the doors of the Cabinet. The work would drag on heavily, perhaps for ages, and its completion be postponed to the utmost limit by those who were receiving salaries for superintending its construction.

Under the plan recommended by the Committee, on the contrary, every inducement is held out to the contractor, Mr. Whitney, to finish it with the greatest expedition, since the value of the lands upon which it is commenced, in the region between the Lakes Superior and Michigan, will be increased as the road lengthens out over the wilderness, and creates new settlements upon its line.

With every year that passes, the difficulty of constructing such a road is increased. The great timber region south of Lake Superior is the only tract of country that can now be depended on to furnish the materials of the road. The timber on this tract

is being cut away annually in vast quantities, by companies who appropriate it without leave from Government. A grant of the lands for this great national enterprise will convert the property of the nation to its right use, and put an end to these depredations.

It has been suggested that Government ought to undertake a regular survey of the various routes from the Atlantic to the Pacific, before proceeding to the grant of lands. This would only cause a delay of the work for five or six years longer, by the end of which time the timber would have been in great part cut away from the region between Lake Michigan and the Mississippi, upon which it will be necessary to construct the road. The survey would be, for other reasons, wholly unnecessary. The route has been thoroughly examined already, wherever examination was necessary. A survey of the prairies for such a purpose would be of about as much service as a survey of the ocean between New-York and Liverpool. Five years of delay, an idle expenditure of several millions, and the final defeat of the entire undertaking, would be the almost certain consequences of such a survey. It will be proposed by the enemies of the project, as a political manœuvre to stop proceedings. A vast number of unemployed engineers and others would find it a good job for several years, and the stigma of Government patronage will have been irretrievably fixed upon the work. The enemies of the plan will of course vote for the survey.

MISCELLANY.

We the give following account from the *London Times* of the chief events in the life of Louis Philippe :—

Louis Philippe was born in Paris, on the 6th of October, 1773, and was the eldest son of Philippe Joseph, Duke of Orleans, (known to the world by the *soubriquet* of "Philippe Egalité,") and of Marie, the daughter of the Duke de Penthièvre. Trained by careful and benevolent parents, the youth of the future King was marked by many acts of benevolence, bespeaking high character, sufficient to call forth the high commendation of the celebrated Madame de Genlis, whose wise and judicious training was well calculated to develop any latent good qualities in the minds of those under her charge. The diary of the Duke de Chartres shows that he was not altogether exempt from revolutionary doctrines, and these ideas were far from being discouraged by his connection with the Jacobin Club. In 1791 the young Duke, who had previously received the appointment of Colonel in the 14th Regiment of Dragoons, assumed the command of that corps, and almost the first act of his authority was the saving of two clergymen from the fury of the mob, consequent upon their refusal, in common with many others, to take the oath required by the Constitution. Much personal courage was on this occasion displayed by the Duke de Chartres, and equal tact in guiding the feelings of an enraged mob. A similar amount of courage was shown by him in saving from drowning a M. de Siret, of Lille, Sub-Engineer in the Office of Roads and Bridges, and a civic crown was presented to him by the municipal body of that town.

In August, 1791, the Duke de Chartres quitted Vendome with his regiment, bound for Valenciennes. In April, 1792, war being declared against Austria, the Duke made his first campaign. He fought at Valmy at the head of the troops confided to him by Kellermann, on the 20th of September, 1792, and afterwards on the 6th of November, under Dumouriez, at Jemappes. During the period in which the Duke de Chartres was engaged in the military operations the revolution was hastening to its crisis. The decree of banishment against the Bourbon Capet race, so soon afterward repealed, seems to have alarmed the mind of the Duke, who earnestly besought his father to seek an asylum on a foreign shore, urging the unhappiness of his having to sit as a judge of Louis XVI. The Duke of Orleans paid no attention to these remonstrances, and finding that his persuasions were to no avail, the Duke de Chartres returned to his post in the army. The execution of the Duke of Orleans soon afterward verified the melancholy anticipations of his son. He was put to death on the 21st of January, 1793. Exactly seven months after the death of his father the Duke de Chartres and General Dumouriez were summoned before the Committee of Public Safety, and, knowing the sanguinary nature of that tribunal, both instantly fled toward the frontiers. In spite of the eager pursuit which was commenced, they both escaped into the Belgian Netherlands, then in the possession of Austria. The Austrian authorities invited

him to enter their service, but, honorably refusing to take up arms against his country, he retired into private life, going as a traveller to Aix-la-Chapelle and Coblentz toward Switzerland, having at the same time but slender funds, and being hourly beset with dangers. Adelaide, Mademoiselle d'Orleans, fled into the country with her preceptress, Madame de Genlis, met her brother at Schaffhausen, and accompanied him to Zurich. The younger sons of the Duke of Orleans were, after a confinement of three years, liberated on a promise of proceeding to the United States.

On his arrival in the town of Zurich, the Duke de Chartres found the French emigrants unfavorably disposed towards the house of Orleans, and the magistrates of the canton dreaded to afford refuge to the fugitives, fearing the vengeance of France. Quitting, therefore, as quietly as possible, the town of Zurich, they proceeded to Zug, where they hired a small house. Being quickly discovered, they obtained, by the intercession of M. de Montesquiou, admission into the convent of St. Claire, near Baumgarten. The Duke de Chartres proceeded through the different countries of Europe, by no means well provided with means, and mainly indebted to his own tact and abilities for the means of subsistence.

After visiting Basle, where he sold his horses, he proceeded through Switzerland, accompanied by his attached servant Baudoin. The means of the unhappy traveller daily decreased, and it was literally a question whether the young Duke should labor for his daily bread, when a letter from M. de Montesquiou informed him that he had procured for him the situation of teacher in the Academy of Reichenau—a village in the south-eastern portion of Switzerland. Travelling to that locality he was examined as to his proficiency, and ultimately appointed, although less than twenty years of age. He here assumed the name of Chambaud Latour, and here, for the first time, he learned the fate of his father.

In consequence of some agitation in the Grisons, Mademoiselle d'Orleans quitted her retreat at Baumgarten, and retired to the protection of her aunt, the Princess of Conti, in Hungary. At the same time de Montesquiou offered the Duke de Chartres an asylum in his own house at Baumgarten, where he remained under the name of Corby, until the end of 1794, when, in consequence of his retreat being discovered, he quitted the place.

The fugitive now attempted to go to America, and, resolving to embark at Hamburg, he arrived in that city in the beginning of 1795. In consequence of his funds failing him, he abandoned his project. Being provided with a letter of credit on a banker at Copenhagen, he travelled on foot through Norway and Sweden, reaching the North Cape in August, 1795. Here he remained for a short time, returning to Tornea, going thence to Abo and traversing Finland, but avoiding Russia from a fear of the Empress Catherine. After completing his travels through Norway and Sweden, and having been recognized at Stockholm, he left, travelling under an assumed name.

Negotiations were now opened on the part of the Directory, who had in vain attempted to discover the place of the young Prince's exile, to induce him to go to the United States, promising, in the event of his compliance, that the condition of the Duchess d'Orleans should be ameliorated, and that his younger brothers should be permitted to join him. Through the agency of M. Westford, of Hamburg, this letter was conveyed to the Duke, who at once accepted the terms offered, and sailed from the mouth of the Elbe in the American, taking with him his servant Baudoin. He departed on the 24th of September, 1797, and arrived in Philadelphia after a passage of twenty-seven days.

In November following the young Prince was joined by his two brothers, after a stormy passage from Marseilles, and the three brothers remained at Philadelphia during the winter. They afterwards visited Mount Vernon, where they became intimate with Gen. Washington, and they soon afterwards travelled through the western country, and after a long and fatiguing journey returned to Philadelphia; proceeding afterwards to New-Orleans, and subsequently by an English ship to Havana. The disrespect of the Spanish authorities soon compelled them to depart, and they proceeded to the Bahama Islands, where they were treated with much kindness by the Duke of Kent, who, however, did not feel authorized to give them a passage to England in a British frigate. They accordingly embarked for New-York, and thence sailed to England in a private vessel, arriving at Falmouth in February, 1800. After proceeding to London they took up their residence at Twickenham, where for some time they enjoyed comparative quiet, being treated with distinction by all classes of society. Here, however, their tranquillity was not undisturbed; for, hearing that the Duchess d'Orleans was detained in Spain, they solicited and obtained from the English Government permission to travel to Minorca in an English frigate. The disturbed state of Spain at that time prevented the accomplishment of their object, and after a harassing journey the three brothers returned to Twickenham. Their time was now principally passed in study, and no event of any importance disturbed their retreat until the death of the Duke de Montpensier, on the 18th of May, 1807. The Prince was interred in Westminster Abbey. The health of the Count Beaujolias soon afterwards began to decline in the same manner as that of his brother. He was ordered to visit a warmer climate, and accordingly proceeded to Malta, where he died in 1808. He was buried in the Church of St. John de Valletta.

The Duke of Orleans now quitted Malta, and went to Messina, in Sicily, accepting an invitation from King Ferdinand. During his residence at Palermo he gained the affections of the Princess Amelia, and, with the consent of the King and the Duchess of Orleans, he was married to her in 1809 No event of any material importance marked the life of the young couple until the year 1814, when it was announced in Palermo that Napoleon had abdicated the throne, and that the restoration of the Bourbon family was about to take place. The Duke sailed immediately, and arrived in Paris on the 18th of May, where, in a short time, he was in the enjoyment of the honors to which he was so well entitled. The return of Napoleon, in 1815, soon disturbed his tranquillity; and having sent

his family to England, he proceeded, in obedience to the command of Louis XVIII., to take the command of the army of the north. He remained in this situation until the 24th of March, 1815, when he resigned his command to the Duke of Treviso, and retired to Twickenham. On the return of Louis, after the hundred days—in obedience to the ordinance issued, requiring all the Princes of the blood to take their seats in the Chamber of Peers—the Duke returned to France, in 1815; and, by his liberal sentiments, rendered himself so little agreeable to the Administration that he returned to England, where he remained until 1827. In that year he returned to France, where he remained in private life until the Revolution of 1830.

It is needless now to detail the events of this terrible period, which terminated in the placing of Louis Philippe on the throne of France, and the subsequent history of his reign. These are so well known and so fresh in the minds of the public as to need no recapitulation.

The body was deposited in the leaden coffin to contain the remains. The whole of the family, with the Abbe Guille, &c., were present, and the coffin was hermetically sealed. This coffin was placed in one covered with crimson satin. There appears to be some doubt as to the place of interment, but it is still thought St. George's Cathedral, in anticipation of its ultimate destination, being in the royal vault at Paris.

Peace Congress.—This assemblage commenced business at Frankfort, on Thursday, August 22d. The majority of the members were English and Americans. French and German representatives of the cause were also present. Among those attending the meeting were Elihu Burritt, the learned blacksmith, Mr. Cobden, M. P., Emile Girardin, and George Copway, the Ojibway Chief, all of whom addressed the meeting in favor of universal peace. General Haynau was present during part of the sitting. Resolutions were agreed to condemnatory of the practice of war, in favor of deciding international disputes by arbitration, urging the necessity of national disarmament, disapproving of loans for defraying war expenses, declaring the principle of non-intervention and the sole right of every State to regulate its own affairs, and recommending the convocation of a Congress of representatives of various States, with a view to the formation of a code of international law.

A resolution was also carried against duelling, or "private war." Emile Girardin, who, in a duel arising from political rivalry, had killed his antagonist, spoke in condemnation of this practice. The next meeting of the Association is to be in London, a year hence.

Submarine Telegraph.—This great achievement of science, the establishment of a communication by electric telegraph between France and England, has at length been successfully accomplished. Thirty miles of wire, encased in a strong coating of gutta percha, and buried in the bottom of the channel by means of leaden weights, have been laid between Dover and the continent. The wire was one tenth of an inch in thickness, and its weight was five tons. It was coiled in close folds, around a drum between the paddle wheels of a steamer. The distance between Dover and the nearest point on the French coast is twenty-one miles, so that nine miles were allowed for the slackening of the wire. The vessel moved ahead slowly, and as the wire was paid out the men, at every sixteenth of a mile, were busily engaged in riveting on to the wire square leaden clamps or weights of iron, 14 to 24 pounds, which had the effect of sinking the wire in the bottom of the sea, which on the English coast commences at a depth of 30 feet, and goes on varying from that to 100 and 180 feet, which latter, or thirty fathoms, is the greatest depth. The whole of the casting out and sinking was accomplished with great precision and success. The only conjectured difficulties on the route was at a point in mid-channel called the Ridge, between which and another inequality called the Varne, both well known and dreaded by navigators, there is a deep submarine valley, surrounded by shifting sands, the one being 17 miles in length and the other 12; and in their vortex, not unlike the voracious one of the Goodwin Sands, ships encounter danger, lose their anchors, and drift, and strolling nets of fishermen are frequently lost. Over this, however, the wire was successfully submerged below the reach, it is believed, of either ships' anchors, sea animals, or fishing nets. After a week's successful operation, a breakage was found to have taken place, from the cessation of telegraphic communication. By raising the wire at intervals, it was found that it had been cut where it entered into a leaden conductor, which ran out two hundred yards from the French shore, for the sake of protecting the wire from the surf. The leaden tube proved of too soft a texture to withstand the oscillation of the sea, and had become detached from the wire, leaving it exposed to the action of the waves upon this rough coast. For the present leaden tube, a tube of iron is to be substituted, the present apparatus being too fragile to be permanently answerable. The wire is to be removed to a point nearer Calais, where, from soundings, it has been ascertained there are no rocks, and where the contour of the coast is favorable. The experiment, so far as it has gone, is perfectly successful, proving the possibility of the gutta percha wire resisting the action of the salt water, of the fact of

its being a perfect water-proof insulator, and that the weights on the wire are sufficient to prevent its being drifted away by the currents. It is intended to keep in readiness twenty or thirty lines of wire, so as to have a constant reserve in the event of an accident.

Another Repulse of the Danes.—Advices from Hamburg state that on the 12th the Holstein army made a forward movement with the intention of attacking the fortified bridge across the Schlye at Missunde. The Danes were driven from their unfortified positions at Reckendorff and other points into their intrenchments. They cannonaded the Holsteiners for about an hour, but without effect, when firing ceased, and they began to retire. The Danes afterwards replaced the bridge which they had previously removed, and crossed over with the intention of harassing the retreat of the Holsteiners, but found them so strong as to render it unadvisable to press them closely. General Willisen took possession of Reckendorff and established his head-quarters at that town in the afternoon, but was subsequently forced to retire, owing to the near proximity of the Danish ships. The army bivouacked at night at points somewhat in advance of their previous position, and on the following day the Danes still declined to give them battle. They re-occupied the positions which they held previous to the advance, and up to the 14th, no further movement has been made. The Holsteiners lost about 130, and the Danes about 170 men. In General Willisen's proclamation he says: "We have offered them battle in the open field, under the most favorable circumstances for them. We have destroyed all their field works on the east by Rekernford, Holm and Hornmolfeldt, and their camp at Kackendorff, and thus proved that they are not so fully masters of Schleswig as they give themselves out to be."

English Jews.—The admission of Baron Rothschild into the House of Commons has been affirmed by a large majority. The oaths of supremacy and allegiance were taken by him in the Jewish form, agreeably with a resolution of the House. But in taking the oath of abjuration, on coming to the words, "upon the true faith of a Christian," he refused to repeat them, considering them not binding on his conscience. Admission as a member was consequently refused him. Lord John Russell has since brought forward the two following resolutions:

"1. That the Baron Lionel Nathan de Rothschild is not entitled to vote in this House (Parliament) or to sit in this House, during any debate, until he shall take the oath of abjuration in the form prescribed by law.

"2. That this House will, at the earliest opportunity in the next Session of Parliament, take into its serious consideration the form of the oath of abjuration, with a view to relieve her Majesty's subjects professing the Jewish religion."

Russia.—The war in the Caucasus still continues. By the last accounts, the Russian troops had suffered a disastrous defeat by the Circassians. Protected by distance and mountain fastnesses, and their indomitable love of freedom, this fine people struggle with more success than the unfortunate Hungarians against the encroachments of despotism.

All the troops cantonned in the southern provinces of Russia have received orders to be collected into one army, for the purpose of being reviewed previous to the commencement of winter, and it is positively announced that the Emperor and his three eldest sons will come to Kiew, to Odessa, to Sebastopol, and to Bessarabia. The agents of the government spread this report for the purpose of exciting the national and religious enthusiasm of the people. *At no former period has Russia made such formidable military preparations as she is making at the present moment.* The government gives it to be understood that it is preparing for a *guerre sainte* in favor of Sclavism and the orthodox religion. Notwithstanding all this, the Emperor is far from being satisfied. His sons, the state of France and of Poland disquiet him. It is said that he regards with great apprehension the indolence of his eldest son and the ambition of his second, and he contemplates with horror the revolutionary spirit prevalent in Poland.

Pay of English Officials.—The Committee appointed by the House of Commons to inquire into the salaries of public functionaries, recommend a reduction of the salaries of all official servants holding their appointments at the pleasure of the Crown, of judicial officers or judges of all ranks from the Lord Chancellor downwards, and in the diplomatic service. The Ministerial salaries the Committee bears lightly on, considering them not extravagantly paid for the duties demanded of them. They propose no change in the salaries of the Premier, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the three Secretaries of State, and the first Lord of the Admiralty; but in those of the junior Lords of the Treasury and of the Admiralty—merely ornamental offices—they recommend reduction. They also would abolish the office of Lord Privy Seal. In the judicial department, the Committee show greater severity,

and propose to reduce the income of the Lord Chancellor by forty per cent., and the other judges in proportion. In the diplomatic service they recommend to change the present embassies with France and Turkey into first class missions; and in place of the various missions now sent to the petty sovereignties of the Germanic Confederation, to substitute a single mission at some central point. Generally, they consider that no diplomatic salary should exceed £5,000 per annum, exclusive of a residence. They also propose that the salaries of the whole diplomatic service should be revised with reference to this *maximum*, and the relative importance of the various missions.

Sardinia and the Holy See.—The Church has been taking a step in the kingdom of Sardinia, reminding us more of its palmy days in the middle ages, than of the temporal feebleness to which the nineteenth century has brought it. A law had been passed by the Legislature of Sardinia, abolishing the special privileges of the clergy in that country, and putting their civil rights on a level with those of other citizens. The priesthood was of course highly scandalized and indignant at such a measure. The Count of Santa Rosa, one of the offending ministry, being afterwards on his death-bed, and desiring to receive the last rites of his faith, was denied these privileges by the Bishop Franzoni, unless he would publicly renounce and disapprove of the obnoxious law. This he unqualifiedly refused, and was suffered in consequence to expire without the benefit of extreme unction. The ordinary burial rites were also refused by the prelate.

This outrage excited the greatest indignation among the people, and at last the popular impulse proceeded to such a height that the military force was employed to protect the persons and dwellings of the priests. The Government immediately took vigorous steps in punishment of this despotic act of the bishop. The Convent of the friars, who had been the instruments of Franzoni, and its income of 32,000f., were sequestered, and the fathers themselves forced to give place to secular priests. Papers were seized, among which were some compromising Franzoni as a conspirator against the Government, and a criminal action is to be instituted against him, independently of any religious question. A Council of Cardinals was held at Rome thereupon, and violent retaliatory measures were proposed against Sardinia. Excommunication of the King was threatened,—his subjects were to be absolved from their oath of allegiance, and the kingdom laid under an interdict.

The French Government has since offered mediation between the two powers.

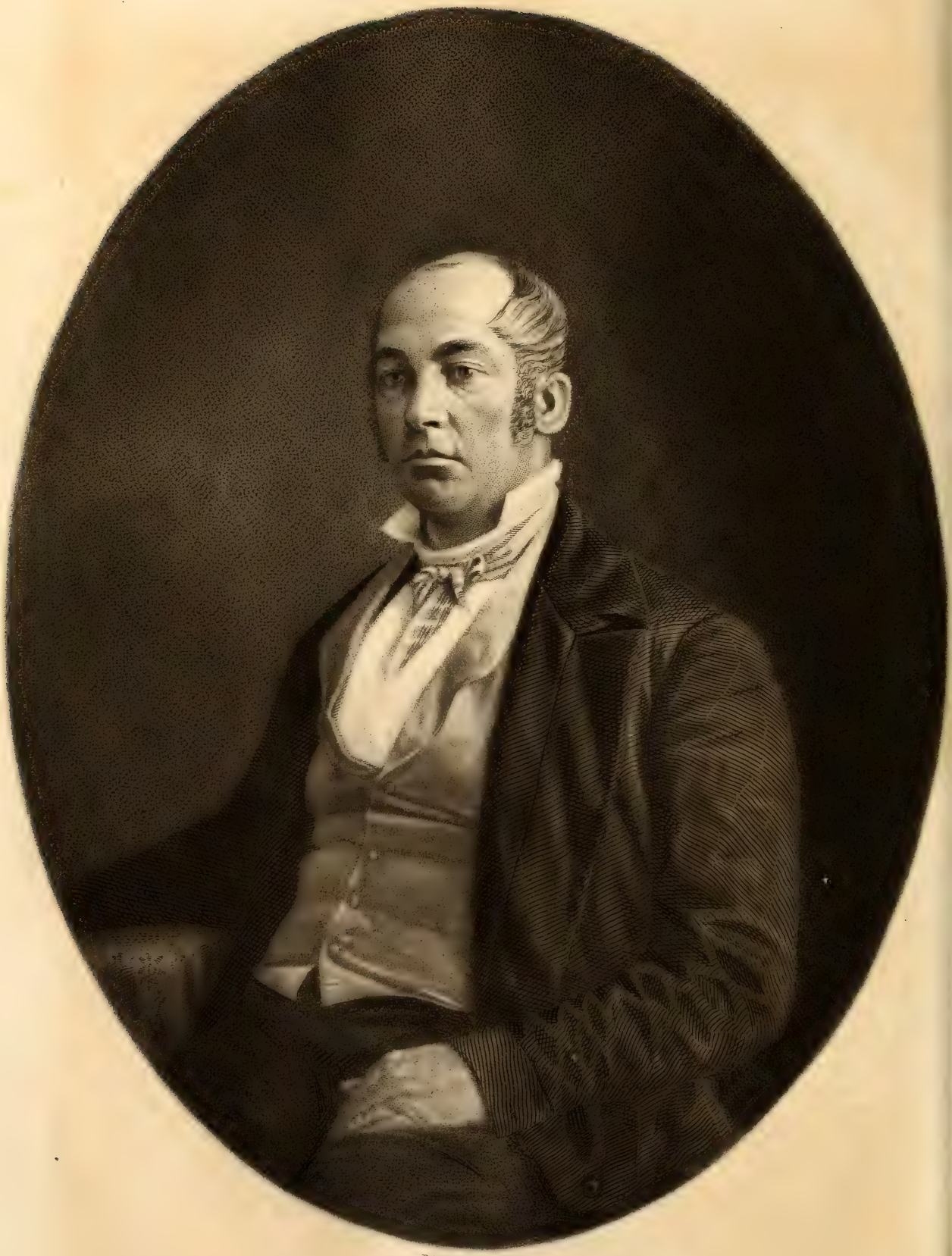
Sublime Porte.—Amin Bey, the first Turkish ambassador to this country, arrived at New-York on the morning of the 13th of September, in the U. S. store-ship Erie, from Constantinople. The following day he was waited upon by the Mayor, and tendered the hospitalities of the city.

M. de Lamartine has left France to take possession of his property near Smyrna, given to him by the Sultan. His estate is described as of great fertility; and with slight outlay, capable of being rendered extremely valuable. It contains within its limits a number of villages, and a fall of water sixty or eighty feet high. The soil is a rich alluvium.

Louis Napoleon.—The French President's tour through France has thus far been far from auspicious. In some districts he has been met with a show of enthusiasm, but in others his reception has been cold, and in many places even attended with insult. At Besancon he was jostled in a ball-room, while the officers of his staff were compelled to draw their swords in his defence, and the room to be cleared at the point of the bayonet. In his progress through the provinces he was sometimes greeted with cries of "Vive Napoleon," but oftener with "Vive la Republique." All arts were resorted to for gaining popularity. Money was profusely distributed. The ribbon of the Legion of Honor was scattered right and left. Five hundred hacked and tottering survivors of the veterans of the empire were paraded. But it produced little effect.

How different is all this from the respect that even an unpopular first magistrate would meet with on this side of the Atlantic! In France, when the deference exacted by authority is refused, there is no bulwark to supply its place; while in the United States the individual is always merged in respect for the people from whom the authority springs.

A great naval review took place at Cherbourg, where President Bonaparte reviewed the French fleet. The British yacht clubs were present with thirty yachts, and executed some beautiful manœuvres to the delight of the French. The finest fleet ever sent to sea by France was present on the occasion. About 50,000 persons assembled to witness the sights. The President visited all the ships and the public works, and was received at each place with a salute of artillery. On his departure from the scene, two thousand pieces of cannon were fired simultaneously.



T. M. Whelpley Mezz.

Caleb B. Smith

OF INDIANA.

THE

AMERICAN WHIG REVIEW.

No. XXXVI.

FOR DECEMBER, 1850.

POLITICAL PREFACE.

Our existence as a nation began with the Union of the thirteen colonies in the war of the Revolution. Sectional jealousies were subdued by the one sentiment of opposition to a foreign power. The opposition of those times was excited by forms of oppression, varied in feature, but alike in purpose. The people of the thirteen colonies were denied both liberty of industry and liberty of self-taxation; and to recover these rights, they were driven into a war of revolution. By commercial regulations, their manufactures were discouraged and suppressed. It was the policy of the mother country to convert America into a colonial farm and kitchen garden, for the benefit of her own operatives, and capitalists who were then engaging in a more profitable species of industry. If Great Britain wished to embark in any kind of trade, the colonies were forbidden to interfere with it. If a manufacture was begun in the mother country, it was directly or indirectly suppressed in America. The colonies were suffered to make only such ordinary articles as might be necessary to their subsistence.

Because Great Britain could not produce cotton, sugar, and rice for herself, it was deemed proper to intrust their production to the colonies, and a system of negro slavery was forced upon them, to be sustained as long as it might be good and profitable for the mother country, or consistent with her ideas of philanthropy, and then to be forcibly put down; the interests and opinions of the colonists being as little respected in the one as in the other act of arbitrary power.

Commerce is not merely "King" in these days,—he is even priest, king, and philanthrope, a kind of "incidental protectionist," an accidental saint, and an involuntary hero, who letteth Exeter Hall know what the House of Commons intendeth to do.

In those days there existed a class of persons in the colonies called Tories, of whom a great number were hung by the good people of the colonies, on the charge of treachery and want of patriotism. These unfortunates were found guilty of *favoring the tribute;* that is to say, they favored every means that might be used to rob the colonists of their taxes and their industry. In these

days there is a similar class, of whom it is affirmed by minute historians, that they are the immediate descendants of the others, but who, by a curious perversion of words, have got the name of "Free Traders;" more correctly, *friends of unprotected trade*, or of "*the tribute.*" By opening an unprotected trade with one class of citizens, King Commerce has succeeded in quietly crushing another class, against whom he cherishes an ancient grudge and a modern hatred; and thus, at no loss or cost to himself, he carries on a brilliant and successful war against his enemies; a kind of warfare congenial to him, and which it is his cue to make eternal.

The legislation of unprotected trade forced upon us by the agents and blind tools of King Commerce in these days, is not only similar in character and aim to his old system used against his young rivals, the colonies, but indeed far more profitable. It governs us by art, when we could not be governed by force. It suppresses our industry by art and words, and the show of profitable business. It carries elections in America, as they are carried in England, by a bribe.

King Commerce is too keen and calculating a sovereign to make open war upon his tributaries, when he can subdue them and enrich himself by "an offer to trade on liberal terms." While, in all his newspapers at home, he depreciates and reviles them, heaping up endless contempt and scorn; while his ablest writers and most "liberal" philosophers flirt a pen steeped in gall and wormwood, embittered by the jealousy of ages, he adroitly touches the very weakness which he derides, and makes a fair income out of a people whose "vulgarity, cupidity, and cunning," are his by-word and his jest. He plays upon them like an instrument, to the tune of millions this year, and more the next,—or rather, *he* plays and *they* dance, while his dog steals their meat.

King Commerce is the great experimentupon er nations, whom he tortures and cajoles, as of old he did the Jews, for their gold and their produce. He is a great philosopher, after the method of Lord Bacon, and relies upon information. His House of Commons examines witnesses and weighs evidence, whether, in the event of war with the United States, it might not be convenient to let loose an army of negroes upon our southern shores to excite slave insurrections.

He sends his spies to examine our ships of war, and report to the Admiralty upon their condition, and to procure charts of all our harbors and sea-side ports, with plans of their subterranean approaches, to be used in the event of a war.

His popular historian offers to his humane consideration a very new, villainous, and bloody method of attack, to be used against us in case war be declared on either side; our cities along the entire line of the Atlantic to be simultaneously bombarded and destroyed by a stupendous naval armament; which humane advice, should it ever be followed, would as certainly lead to the final death and destruction of King Commerce, and the suspension of his literary aids from a high tree, as there are millions of strong and eager arms in America, and millions of bold hearts to urge them.

His great newspaper, that true friend and representative of King Commerce, deals out to its readers occasional diatribes against the insolent customer, who will not always agree to buy what King Commerce wishes to sell. It represents to the world that the model Republic is growing *very* fast—in fact *frightfully* fast, and must be well watched, and the "balance of power looked to." It speculates on the event of war, and intimates that "the thing must be looked to"; in fact, "those mongrels on the other side," argues King Commerce, "do not buy half enough of my goods. The dogs are trying to make their own clothes, but I will see them —— before they shall do it. Luckily,"

says he, turning to his Prime Adviser, with a sneer, "these poor creatures do not know their own interests well enough to keep united: for, if they hold together, they will soon shut out my goods and make their own clothes, and turn me and my trade into ridicule before the world. The sooner they break up the better, for then I shall have a divided force to meet, and with the two halves of the 'Empire of Freedom'—ha! ha!—I can make a stupendous game, playing off the Northern home-industry fools against the Southern slavery hot-heads."

King Commerce, thereupon, dispatches his envoys and his lecturers, to go amongst his country customers, scattering fury and dissension in the form of philanthropy.

For these and sundry other immoral proceedings, in Europe, in India, in China, in Ireland, and in his own country, a dreadful reckoning is one day to be made with King Commerce. His department of extra-pure philanthropy at Exeter Hall, and his office for universal interference in Downing street; his modern literature, of which the heart and pith is contempt, and whose best point is a spurn at the refractory vulgarians who will not buy what he chooses to sell; his extensive inquiries into the military capacities of his neighbors; all these traits deserve a good turn from Providence, and will doubtless meet it.

Meanwhile, let not our readers think that we have not a distinct point in view in laying the above truths before their eyes. The American people are not too simple to learn the arts of war, commercial or sanguinary, from their neighbors. If we are attacked with arms, we must without delay attack and crush with arms. If the subtler arts of diplomacy are used to gain a foothold near us, and cut us off from our natural allies and dependencies, we must drive out the intruder by threats or violence. But if the attack is more insidious still, with the unseen and invincible weapons of legislation, of theory, and of opinion, we must wrest the weapon away, and turn it against the face of the adversary, and do this with as settled a determination to protect ourselves, and to crush our injurers, as would inspire us in the heat of a sanguinary conflict. If the laborers of America wish to know why they are impoverished, let them look at their foreign rivals, the great teachers of free trade, and the laughing employers of a Democracy whom they have advised and persuaded to grow turnips. If the Southern slaveholders wish to know whence comes this irresistible furor of destructive philanthropy that keeps their souls in terror, let them turn their eyes eastward over the Atlantic;—it comes from Exeter Hall. If the patriot wishes to know why the Union is in danger, it is because foreigners labor to persuade the people that the North ought to destroy the South, and the South that it can do without the North; in order that foreign dealers may profit by the animosity of both.

The people of America are surely mad, that they do not see through the thin veil of pretence that covers the real purpose of all this. With our steamships surpassing all others in speed and power, we shall soon have the superiority of the seas; what do we now need, (to seize upon our lawful inheritance, the trade of the world,) but a sufficient protection to our poor and suffering industry? We may become trudgers, carriers and turnip-growers for England; we may convey the manufactured wealth of Birmingham across the continent to China; but we shall thus become carriers only, and have not secured the *three* kinds of profit which must be combined to create national wealth.

We shall have an imperfect agriculture, and for a little time a commerce; but unless we add the only means of national *wealth* vouchsafed to men by Providence, the wealth of *creative industry*, our railroads and our steamship stocks must slip out of our hands and become the property of others, and the

interest and profits of public works will go to England, and we shall toil, as to a great extent we now do, in the service of contemptuous absentees.

By her literature of "free trade," and her literature of Abolition, English Whiggery has well nigh crushed its mortal enemy and namesake in America. But the Whig Party with us is but a *name*, in such a controversy: it is the Nation, and not a party, that is injured. Let us forget party henceforth, and as we are about to make *common cause* for the safety of the Union, for the integrity of the sovereignties, and for the advancement of our internal commerce, let us also make common cause against the greatest curse of all, a foreign, British-made legislation.

AN EXILE'S GREETING TO AMERICA.

BY WM. E. ROBINSON.

Hail! brightest banner that floats on the gale!
Flag of the country of Washington, hail!
Red are thy stripes with the blood of the brave;
Bright are thy stars as the sun on the wave;
Wrapt in thy folds are the hopes of the free:
Banner of Washington! blessings on thee!

Mountain-tops mingle the sky with their snow;
Prairies are green with rich verdure below;
Rivers, as broad as the sea in their pride,
Border thy empires, but do not divide;
Niagara's voice far out-anthems the sea:
Land of sublimity! blessings on thee!

Light of the world! in thy glory sublime,
When thou didst burst on the pathway of time,
Millions from darkness and bondage awoke;
Music was born when first Liberty spoke;
Millions to come yet shall join in the glee:
Land of the pilgrim's hope! blessings on thee!

Empires may perish, and monarchies fail;
Kingdoms and thrones in thy glory grow pale:
Thou shalt live on, and thy people shall own
Loyalty's sweet where the heart is the throne.
Union and freedom thy heritage be,
Country of Washington! Blessings on thee!

New-York, Nov, 12th, 1850.

PLAIN WORDS FOR THE NORTH.

We have fallen upon times of profound and startling interest. In our day the crisis of trial to our free government has approached imminently near. In the minds of those wise and great men who planned our government no little apprehension seems to have mingled with the hope which they felt of success. It could not have been otherwise. They were men of deep experience, well knowing the weakness of man's nature, and the errors of his judgment. They perceived that calm as was the outer surface of the young Republic, within its bosom slept the germs of future strife. True, that in the Constitution which they gave were embodied guarantees, if observed, amply strong enough to insure its perpetuity. But they well knew that sectional jealousies, partisan spirit, and selfish ambition would soon seek to gratify their objects by avoiding those guarantees; and they foresaw that the irruption once begun, its power must overflow the bulwark they had erected. Those anticipations have proven but too well grounded. Effort after effort has been made to set aside the Constitution, because it was too stringent a bridle upon selfish prejudice and ambition. But its inherent strength, grounded upon the good sense and sound principle of our people, has so far repelled triumphantly such insidious assaults. In our time these assaults have been directed from a position peculiarly dangerous. The fervor of religious zeal, the ardor of philanthropy, have been artfully enlisted in a most unholy crusade against the citadel of our confidence. To meet a band of enemies battling for wrong under the banner of right has been difficult. In the early ages of Islamism, vain were the strongest walls, the bravest soldiers of the East, when contending with the hosts of erring enthusiasts, who deemed that in following the banner of Caled and Amrou, they fought for the true cause of God. Fanaticism and error, honest but dangerous, have existed on the subject of slavery ever since the foundation of our government,—error not confined to one section or one side of the question. Where these exist, the material is ready for the hand of the selfish and designing. In themselves aiming at the right, they are the ready tools of the most egregious wrong. The Redeemer was crucified by the hands of men who waited for the coming of the true Messiah; and in later times the ashes of a heretic have been deemed an acceptable offering to the God of Peace and Love. The effects of the same spirit have nearly been felt in the destruction of our liberties. It is useless to disguise that the existence of our Union has been by recent events greatly endangered. It is folly to deny that a few more sessions of Congress like the last, and the Republic, freighted with earth's most glorious hopes, is for ever lost. The arena of public events has disclosed this state of danger. We have seen those bodies composed of the representatives of the Church, wherein discord and fear, we should think, could find no room, torn asunder by the operation of this cause. We have seen the two great parties, cemented by strong bonds, riven into fragments by the detonation of this bomb. We have seen the Congress of the United States spending month after month in the most vituperative and inflammatory debate upon this all-absorbing theme. We have witnessed public meetings composed of Northern men, of those who pride themselves upon adherence to law and order, advocating theft, arson, and murder. Omens grave and serious, these. But there are others, to Northern men almost unknown, which to Southern hearts are even more alarming. They are to be found in the condition of Southern feeling upon this subject. But a few years ago not a man in the South dared to avow himself in favor of Disunion. It was looked upon as the synonyme of treachery, and no man dared to avow it. Now, how different is the fact. South Carolina

is not only ready, but anxious for the conflict. Her people almost unanimously look upon the Union as a tyranny, whose yoke they would gladly throw off. Her children turn with brow and word of defiance to those whom they consider their oppressors. Mississippi and Alabama partake of the same feeling. In others of the Southern States there prevails less bitterness and more calmness. But in all is the conviction fixed and fastened, that Disunion, aye, even war, is to be preferred to the horrible consequences of an interference with slavery among them. Georgia has called a Convention of her people. The action of that body was not difficult to foresee. They will not dissolve this Union, although many of her sons openly avow that thus only can her wrongs be redressed. She will remain in the confederacy, with the hope of obtaining thereunder her rights. But she well knows that but a step or two more taken, and she must defend those rights at all hazards. She will forgive, if possible, forget, the past. But she warns those who have attacked her privileges, that in defence of them we will band together to resist any encroachments. She presents to them the simple alternative, "We will have our rights in this Union, or out of it. You must elect which you prefer." But we, and we only, who have lived amongst her people, who were born and reared upon her soil, know how great has been the struggle in the minds of her sons between an almost superstitious veneration for this Union, and bitter sense of wrong and injury. None else can know how stern is the determination of her people that these wrongs and injuries must cease now and for ever;—cease, quietly and voluntarily if possible, but if not, then terminate in the night of violence and bloodshed. This is the feeling general, nay, unanimous in the South. The further progress of this article will show on what this feeling is grounded, and how it is met. But enough is said to show, that some step must be taken to bring this most dangerous question to an issue,—that by some means this feeling must be calmed, or the end of our Republic is not far distant.

In a government where sectional interests and feelings may come into conflict, the sole security for permanence and peace is to be found in a Constitution whose provisions are inviolable. In framing ours, it was easily perceived upon what subject would occur the most bitter conflicts of prejudice and passion. Nor was it difficult to foresee, that although sanctions might easily be devised which would deprive this question of all its mischievous dread, yet no security could be had that those guarantees could be maintained. Every State, before entering into that compact, stood in a position of independence. Ere yielding that independence, it was only proper that provision should be made to protect the interests of those which would inevitably be the weaker in that confederacy. In a portion of those independent States a peculiar and most important institution had grown up. It had entwined its tendrils around every interest of the country where it existed,—had become essential to its prosperity. With the foundation of the institution the ancestors of those now warmest to denounce it were identified. Southrons saw that its abolition, nay, even its modification by other hands than their own, might plunge them into all the horrors of a new and more terrible "servile war." While cognizant of all this, they could see the vast interest which posterity might have in this matter; how the North would grow daily in numerical superiority over the South; how slaves would become in process of time the chief source of the wealth of their descendants, and how complex and important would be their relations to society. They also saw how the seeds of fanaticism would grow, how sectional jealousy would increase, how these germs would ripen into animosity. No wonder that they trembled at the prospect—that they demanded protection. Fortunately they had to do with statesmen of enlarged and salutary views. Those Northern men who at that day represented their States could not only perceive how reasonable it was that slavery at the South should be guaranteed in the new government, but also its immense advantages to their own constituency. Intent upon the formation of a great empire, which should embody the principles for which they had fought, they were not willing to yield so great a destiny to the demand of a false and baseless philanthropy. They well knew that those who lived under the institution were not responsible for its foundation; and they saw that its roots were so deeply imbedded, that to tear it away must bring the life-blood from

the heart of the new confederacy. They acted wisely, and embodied in the Constitution all that the South could ask. But two Constitutional provisions are necessary to secure Southern rights upon this important question,—*the recognition of slavery where the people choose it, and the remedy for fugitive slaves.* By the first, foreign interference is prevented, and the whole control and direction of the subject left where it belongs, in the hands of those who only are qualified to understand and to direct it. By the other, is avoided a series of border intestine broils, with which the existence of a Union would have soon become incompatible. We hold that the Constitution of the Union does recognize slavery where it exists. But with the progress of time a spirit has arisen and grown strong, which refuses to make this recognition. True, no effort has as yet been made to attack this principle by abolishing slavery in our midst; but every nerve has been strained to exclude slavery from territories which are the common property of both North and South. Men have allowed the plain dictates of reason to be clouded and obscured by the flimsiest sophistry. A large portion of our States have adopted and allow slavery. The entire country becomes possessed of new territory, to the acquisition of which these slave States contribute mainly. The South admits the right of this new territory to choose for itself whether slavery shall or shall not exist there. But the North insists, that while the territory was partly acquired by Southern men, is partly owned by Southern men, that they shall be excluded from its soil,—that they shall not carry their property into their own land—land which is theirs by the right of purchase. Thus it is rendered, if these views are carried out, simply impossible for any new State representing the Southern interest ever to come into the Union. The equilibrium which alone can preserve the Constitution is utterly destroyed. And to do this, flagrant violations of the plainest rules of right and wrong are committed. It is said, "You may become the inhabitant of this territory; nay, it is yours, we cannot forbid it; but your property must be left behind." Amounting in effect to the declaration, You may pay out your money to buy land, you may pour out your blood to conquer it, but it is ours; and over it shall be extended only our peculiar customs, our industry, our population: yours have no part nor lot in the matter. Men who would tamely submit to so palpable a usurpation, to so great a wrong, were unworthy to be freemen. Yet such was the famous "Wilmot Proviso." Nor was the course of the North in regard to the provision for the recapture of fugitive slaves less open to objection. Without this provision no Constitution could ever have been formed. Without it now every reasonable Southern man would acquiesce in the necessity of Disunion. We consented, for the sake of our great object, to accept a Constitutional guarantee. Of this Northern men have been well aware; yet the conduct of many of them has been a series of efforts to avoid fulfilling a plain, simple provision of the Constitution. Until the last session, Congress has allowed this provision to remain practically a dead letter. But even the few efforts which have been made to carry into effect its object have met resistance. Legislatures have passed laws with the avowed intention of preventing the execution of this clause of the Constitution, where every member had taken upon his conscience an oath to defend and carry out that Constitution. Judicial officers have forgotten the supreme law of the land, and been carried away by the rush of prejudices. Again in this important matter was the South outraged, her rights denied her.

During the last session of Congress it became evident that no further inroads upon the constitutional rights of the South could be permitted. Then, when the Union was endangered, statesmen of enlarged sentiments came forward to preserve it. The history of that struggle need not be written. It is fresh in the minds of all. Suffice it to say, that the Patriotism of the country rallied against its Radicalism. The conflict was severe; for against the Constitution were leagued the enthusiasts of the North and the ultras of the South. But there is sometimes a principle of strength in governments as in men, which is only developed by circumstances of danger and trial. So in our government has been found to exist a tenacity heretofore sufficient to resist all forces striving to draw it asunder. Our citizens are thinking, reflecting men, and they have seen the disadvantages which are inevitable upon a dissolution of the Union. A majority of them have therefore always rallied to

its support. So now, after every effort to warp and pervert its principles, the Constitution prevailed. The Congress acknowledged *both* the great sanctions which are essential to cement together the Union. It admitted, in the Utah and New-Mexico bills, that it had not the right to exclude slaves from territory common to the whole country, but that its adoption or prohibition depended solely upon the will of the people; and it provided a stringent and effective law for the recapture of fugitive slaves. The action of Congress in both these particulars was based on true principle—a determination to abide by the Constitution. The question now simply is, Will this action be sustained? For the South we answer unhesitatingly, Yes! There are doubtless many amongst us who demand more than they have obtained. The misfortune is also that they have asked more than they had any right to expect. Various motives have urged on these men of ultra sentiments. Some have been animated by a spirit of resentment against the North, which we conceive to be unjust, unless that section of the Union sustains what we hope is but a small and unthinking portion of their population. Others have deemed that a separation would advance the interests of the South; while others have but striven to produce a commotion, in the hope that they would be thrown to the surface in the agitation which must ensue. These men have claimed more than the South obtained by the legislation of the last Congress. Having failed to secure it, they now strive to make that legislation the signal for resistance. Such, we think, is not the sentiment of a majority of the Southern people. The most moderate indeed deem the admission of California to have been irregular, and are pained at much that preceded that admission. But they look upon those irregularities as not affecting the great question which arises upon her application, viz., the right of the people of a State to decide for themselves as to the existence of slavery amongst them. A great majority of the Southern people are satisfied that the people of California do not wish slavery. They contend that they have a right to the institution wherever the municipal law sanctions it. This they hold to be their right under the Constitution. The inference is irresistible that the same right of choice is preserved to others, and that slavery shall not go into territories where the inhabitants desire to exclude it. They therefore submit to the admission of California, notwithstanding the irregularities attending it, because they think that substantially the intent of the people was carried out. And this great test they are willing to abide by, whether it works woe or weal. But with other parts of the legislation of Congress we have better reason to be satisfied. Comprehending a surrender of the Wilmot Proviso, and an energetic law for the recovery of fugitive slaves, it includes all that is necessary to secure the rights of the South. But will the North abide by this just and equitable termination of the matter? Will she be content with the advantages which she will necessarily enjoy in the natural course of events; or will she open this wise and just settlement, and introduce again into the national councils the demons of distraction and terror?

Much of the evil that has threatened has arisen, not from actual assaults upon the vested privileges of the South, but from attacks upon the feelings of her people. As a whole, no people are more sensitive than those of the South, more quick to resent insult and injury. They are placed in a most peculiar position. Born long after slavery had become rooted in their country, they have no option but to sustain it. Even those most anxious to abolish it advance no feasible mode of accomplishing their end. The Southern man well knows it to be utterly impracticable. He sees its many advantages, and he only can feel its peculiar importance to himself. Yet he is doomed to see attack after attack made upon this institution by men who understand nothing whatever of its nature, and who are ignorant of, or indifferent to, the terrible consequences which may follow the intermeddling with its existence. He must be content to hear every term of reproach lavished upon him, as a human taskmaster, by those whose forefathers established the slave trade for gain, and who themselves gladly draw their wealth from the pockets of the much abused slave-owner. Nay, he sees publications filled with onslaughts the most ungenerous, and often untrue, upon his whole community. Southern men were fast becoming tired of vituperation, often obviously hypocritical, and always unjust and impertinent. This it was and is yet—this spirit of indignation—which

more than aught else endangers the Union. Men cannot and ought not to remain calmly indifferent while others seek to deprive them of their rights, and to awake in their midst a spirit which may prove fatal to all they hold most dear. The passage of the Compromise Bills acted like balm upon the wounded feelings of the South. The action of Northern men was essential to procure the success of those measures; and the purest and ablest amongst them came manfully forward to sustain Southern rights. By their assistance those rights were obtained. To a great extent the irritation in Southern minds has subsided. The Southern heart has warmed towards Webster, and Cass, and Dickinson, and Elliott. We have felt at length that those who seek to destroy us are but a faction, and that we believe neither numerous nor reputable, amongst our Northern brethren. Shall this state of feeling continue? The North must decide. It were idle to deny that the compromises of the last session will not remain unattacked in either section of the Union. But at the South, as we have indicated, they will be sustained. At the North the issue must mainly be fought. The vituperation and howling of enthusiasts we are prepared to expect, but we are beginning to learn how little must their ravings be considered as an exponent of true public feeling at the North.

The question is, Will the North remain content with the so-called Compromise Bills, or will her people persist in attempts to violate the Constitution? The issue must be fought north of the Potomac. And upon its result depends the existence of the Union. Already have the destroyers, defeated but not discouraged, raised the banner of revolt. The South regards them but little, confiding in the patriotism of the North to deprive these madmen of the power to do evil. But if this hope shall prove fallacious; if again a Northern party shall attempt to make the Government the arbiter of the existence of slavery, and to use their numerical power to exclude it, or shall endeavor to throw obstacles in the way of the slave-owner seeking to recover the fugitive, the knell of this Republic will have struck. It is time this matter should be comprehended. The people at the North have now a fair, clear field for the contest. It is not ours to interfere. Themselves must decide whether they prefer Disunion to a confederacy with slave States. They have before them every aid to arrive at a decision. But that decision must be made, and will in all probability be final. If a majority of the people of the North shall see fit to deny us the privileges with which we came into the Union, it will remain for us to seek our rights in independence. But ere we are forced to this alternative, it were well for Northern men to reflect on the path before them. The justice and propriety of slavery we do not intend to discuss. But it is, to one intimately acquainted with its workings, surprising to see the glaring misrepresentations which are common in regard to the slave. But we do not conceive the question which Northern men have to argue with themselves just now is as to the morality or propriety of slavery. If they do not wish it amongst themselves, we do not desire it should exist there. They are welcome to exclude it, and welcome to all the satisfaction to which its exclusion may entitle them. Most clearly if it exists not amongst them, they are not responsible for its grievous sin. The question is, whether it behooves them to sacrifice the Union in a crusade against what they are pleased to consider an abomination amongst their neighbors. The first view of the matter which strikes the mind of every sensible man who thinks at all upon the subject, is the utter hopelessness of the task. It matters not who is responsible for the introduction of slavery; practically its continuation is, as the entire South believe, inevitable. It is identified with the pecuniary, social, and personal interests of the South. But even were it not so, yet no feasible plan for its abolition has ever been offered. All suggestions for its present extinction terminate in anarchy and blood. With the terrible certainty that its abolition must terminate in the most fearful danger to themselves and all whom they love and cherish, can it be doubted that the men of the South will resist, even to the last extremity, any and all interference with this their peculiar institution? The same spirit which fought at King's Mountain, which struggled with Marion in the swamps of Santee, which conquered at San Jacinto and Chapultepec, will disdain submission. It is worse than idle then to persist in striving to accomplish an impossibility. The fearful risk which threatens our country,

the dangers which are so apparent, are all to be incurred in the prosecution of a purpose utterly and hopelessly unfeasible. And for this is to be perilled the existence of the Constitution—the hopes of freemen. "Alas!" may we not exclaim, "what inexplicable madness!"

Our Union is but the symbol of Constitutional freedom. Like all symbols which are sanctified by time-hallowed memories, it is dear in itself. The South will be the last to forget the sacred recollections which are entwined alike around the hearts of the inhabitants of every portion of this wide country. Nor are her children insensible to the still more vast and general blessings which that Union dispenses to all mankind. Well do they love liberty, and well do they know that the hopes of its wisest votaries throughout the earth are centred on the success of our Republic. Deeply indeed would we mourn over the failure of the experiment which embodies the noblest principle. But it can never be presumed that the cause of freedom would be advanced by the yielding of one section of the Union to the tyranny of another. The eagle which at the head of the legions of Publicola was the banner of Roman liberty, floated before the army which crossed the Rubicon. The cross which Paul and Peter preached as the sign of meekness, humility and love, became the eidolon of Dominican persecution. It is not impossible that the stars and stripes may likewise be desecrated. The Union, without a living, vital Constitution, is but a vain and empty name. Nay, more, it is but a body powerless for good, strong for evil.

Its destruction is inevitable unless the original guarantees are respected and maintained. Of its consequences to the cause of human freedom, of the frightful intestine wars which must follow, of the hatred which will be sown between brethren, of the terrible effects of a people combating against enemies abroad and a race in bondage at home, it is not our purpose to speak. These thoughts must have occurred often to the mind of every man who is not blinded by the most narrow bigotry. But there are two views of the disasters attendant upon a dissolution, which it behooves Northern men well to think upon. In the first place, let them reflect, it will most seriously interfere with their pecuniary interests. Men of wisdom and experience at the South have sometimes doubted whether a dissolution of this Union would not be an advantage. But of its effect upon the pecuniary affairs of the North there can be no doubt. Let the South be stirred to a pitch of animosity sufficient to cause a dissolution; let Northern manufactures, Northern shipping, be put upon the same footing with those of France and England, and what would be the result? Can they sustain the burden? Those who are most interested well know not. But let not Northern men be deceived. Those amongst them familiar with the details of business, well know that we, the Southern States, with every power to become independent, have been content to share with the North our abundance, to contribute to her wealth and strength. But let us be driven to separate; let us be forced to withdraw our household gods from a Union no longer existing for our protection; let Northern men occupy the position of open, avowed enemies;—they will be looked upon with hatred and aversion. They will in vain look to us for support. We will be separated as widely, as effectively to all practical purposes, as though between us flowed a gulf of fire "measureless to man." No Northern man can fail to see the result of such a state of things; to be incurred, too, for the accomplishment of an object demonstrably Utopian. It seems impossible that the shrewd, sagacious men of the North, seeing and understanding the result, can be compelled to submit to what will prove ruinous to them through the violence of fanatic zeal. The struggle is for them. But again: The efforts of Northern men to interfere with slavery are unfortunate for their unhappy beneficiaries. If we are let alone, it will be our pride and our pleasure to increase the benefits and diminish the disadvantages of their situation; but if we are to be summoned, by those whose object and endeavor it is to poison the minds of those whose opportunities for evil are necessarily so fearful, to destroy our main dependence, nay, perchance to endanger our lives, most severely will these ill-judged efforts react upon the condition of the slave. He has been to us an object of attachment and sympathy. We have sustained and protected him, and in sickness and old age have extended to him every comfort. Nay, many of us have found amongst these humble beings friends whose devotion shames that of others far above them. Happy and contented, he has passed through life,

throwing upon his master the entire load of life's cares and sorrows, desiring in his own condition no change. But if into these minds brooding and most dangerous thoughts are to be instilled; if a domestic traitor is to be implanted in every family; if we are to guard alike against the subtraction of this most valuable source of subsistence, and the dangers of their own passions, so savage when roused, we shall be compelled to introduce into our polity elements never before known,—to watch stringently, to restrict closely, to punish severely. The kind familiarity of the master will be gone, and in its place will be substituted the suspicious eye and stern hand of caution and severity. This is the change which is to be produced by the machinations of those who claim to be the peculiar friends of the slave,—men whom nothing will convince of the madness of their career, save a Union rent into fragments amidst the wild waves of a bloody convulsion. Alas! that in this age such fanaticism should not be met by the united execrations of every patriot—nay, of every philosopher.

With this matter we of the South have but little more to do. Some of us are, as has been already said, ready for the utmost. Others, we fondly believe a majority, are willing to forget the wrongs of the past and to hope for the future. But let the North refuse to abide by our rights, and the cry, which will go up from the hearts of the whole Southern people, will be, "Let us go out from among them." Meanwhile the battle rages at the North. The din of the conflict is borne to our ears. How it will end we may not know. We can but offer up heart-felt prayers for the success of those who battle for the Union and the Constitution.

GEORGIA.

HON. CALEB B. SMITH.

IN this number of the Review we present our readers with a portrait of Hon. CALEB B. SMITH, of Indiana.

Mr. Smith was born in Boston, Mass., on the 16th of April, 1808. Six years afterwards his parents emigrated to Cincinnati, Ohio, where his father still resides, his mother being dead. At an early age he commenced his studies at the Cincinnati College, and completed them at Miami University, Oxford, Ohio.

Selecting the profession of the law as the most congenial with his feelings, he commenced its study at Cincinnati, in the spring of 1827. In the fall of that year, having visited Connersville, Indiana, he determined to pursue his legal studies in that village, under the direction of O. H. Smith, Esq., afterwards a Senator in Congress from Indiana. The law in Indiana does not require that the student shall study any specified time before admission to the bar. Licenses are granted on examination by the Court, as to the legal attainments and qualifications of the applicant. Such was Mr. Smith's application to his books, and such his ability to master any subject to which he devotes himself, that he was admitted to the bar in the fall of 1828. He determined to pursue his profession in Connersville, and immediately opened an office for that purpose.

The Presidential campaign of 1828 was, from the nature of the matters brought into it by the opposition to Mr. Adams's administration, one of great excitement. A coalition had been formed to prostrate it, "though as pure as the angels," and the most unscrupulous means were resorted to for that purpose. Mr. Smith was a warm friend to the administration, and entered heartily into its defense. On the day of the election Gen. McCarty, a gentleman of some distinction, and possessing considerable ability as a public speaker, addressed the people at the polls, in Connersville, in favor of the election of General Jackson. At that time Fayette county (of which Connersville is the seat of justice) was strongly Democratic. Mr. Smith, although not twenty-one years old, was called on to reply to General McCarty's speech, which he did with great effect, evincing, at that early day, the possession of

a remarkable ability as a ready and eloquent debater.

In 1831 he became a candidate for the Legislature, but was defeated by the party organization which followed the election of Gen. Jackson to the Presidency. In 1832 he established the "Indiana Sentinel," a Whig paper, at Connersville, which he edited until after the Presidential election of that year. After that event he devoted himself to the practice of his profession, with great success. At this time, as a jury advocate, he had few equals in the State. Having a partiality for political life, he was early prevailed on to become a candidate for the Legislature in 1833. After a warm canvass, during which his ability to sustain himself as a popular orator was fully tested, he was elected by a considerable majority. His constituents were so well pleased with his services that they re-elected him the ensuing year.

The policy of the General Government having developed itself as opposed to internal improvements, the people of the several States were urged to embark in them as the only means of developing their resources. In the spring of 1835, by appointment of Gov. Noah Noble, (one of Indiana's best public men, now deceased,) Mr. Smith visited Washington City to prevail on the War Department to detail Col. Stansbury and a corps of engineers to determine the feasibily of making certain improvements within the State. He was successful, and several serveys were made in consequence of his mission.

In 1835 he was again returned to the Legislature, and was elected Speaker on the first ballot. In this position he soon acquired the reputation of being one of the best officers that had yet presided over the deliberations of either branch of the Legislature. At the close of the session, the "Indiana State Journal" thus spoke of the manner in which the duties of the station had been discharged by him:—

"It would not be proper to let the present occasion pass to say that C. B. Smith, Esq., late Speaker of the House of Representatives, during the important and exciting session which has just closed, discharged the arduous and complicated duties of the chair in a manner which met with the unqualified approbation of all, whether members or spectators, who witnessed the proceedings of the Legislature. Without intending any disparagement to the gentlemen who have preceded him as presiding officers of the popular branch of the General Assembly, no one has ever discharged the duties of the chair with more promptitude, impartiality, or ability, and there has never been a session during which so much important business has been transacted in so short a period."

He was again elected to the Legislature in 1836, and re-elected Speaker without opposition. In May, 1837, he was appointed a member of the Board of Fund Commissioners by Governor Noble, and was reappointed in 1838 by Governor Wallace, with the advice and consent of the Senate. The duties of this responsible office were discharged by him until January, 1839, when he resigned.

As an Elector on the Whig ticket in 1840, he addressed the people in a considerable portion of the State. He was elected to the Legislature the same year, and was made Chairman of the Committee on Canals —a position of prominence at that time, in consequence of the system of national improvements then in progress in Indiana.

The Whig Congressional Convention in his district selected him as their candidate for Congress in the spring of 1841. General McCarty had, by this time, become a Whig, and came out as an independent candidate, which secured the election of Andrew Kennedy, Esq., a radical Democrat. In 1843 he was again nominated for Congress by a Whig Convention, and, having a fair field, was elected. His first speech in Congress was made in favor of excluding the members of Congress elected by general ticket in New-Hampshire, Georgia, Mississippi, and Missouri, in violation of the apportionment law. At the same session he addressed the House in opposition to the memorial of the Democratic members of the Legislature of Rhode Island, asking the interference of the General Government to sustain Dorr and his followers against the State authorities. From this speech we copy the following paragraphs, as showing the positions he assumed in the debate:—

"In monarchical governments it is an established principle 'that the king can do no wrong.' In this country we have a class of politicians who apply this principle to the people. They are profuse in their professions of attachment to the people—they descant, with glowing eloquence, upon their '*natural rights*,' upon their virtues, power and intelligence, and upon the right of the majority to do whatever they may desire, at all times, and under all circumstances. The demagogue, who aspires to popular favor, may imagine

that his cheap professions of attachment to popular rights will supply the place of merit, and serve as a passport to promotion; but the experience of all history assures us that none are so ready to disregard and trample upon the rights of the people, as those who are most profuse in their professions of regard for them.

"I have as much confidence in the virtue and patriotism of the people as any gentleman upon this floor; and I will go as far to protect them in the enjoyment of all their rights, as he who goes farthest. I do not, however, consider that I should be entitled to any additional credit for my attachment to popular rights, by making it a theme of constant declamation. The maxim, '*Vox populi, vox Dei*,' is one to which I cannot subscribe. I do not believe that the voice of the people is the voice of God. The attachment of the American people to their Government and its institutions is undoubted. Their conduct is prompted by patriotic motives. They have no other wish in connection with political matters, than that our Government may be perpetuated, and honestly and fairly administered. But the sincerity of any man may be well called in question, who will contend that whatever a majority may do, must, of necessity, be right. The aggregate of the community, like individuals, may form erroneous opinions—they may be swayed by sudden and exciting impulses—they may be influenced by their passions, or deluded by the arts of the unprincipled demagogue, to a course temporarily destructive of their own interests, although their patriotism and natural good sense will ultimately lead them to correct conclusions.

"Our Government is based upon the principle, that all political power emanates from the people. Those who exercise the powers of government are but their representatives, and are responsible to them for the manner in which those powers are exercised. The author of the Declaration of Independence has enumerated in that instrument, as the natural and unalienable rights of the people, '*life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed.*' The authors of our Declaration of Independence supposed that the Government derived its just powers from 'the consent of the governed,' but the '*Democratic* Members' of the Legislature of Rhode Island, who have thrust their crude notions of '*Democracy*' upon this House, through this memorial, more sagacious than the founders of the Government, have made the important discovery that the consent of a 'majority' of the governed is alone sufficient to the organization of any form of government. * * * *

"I recognize and admit, in its fullest sense, the right and authority of a majority of the people of the United States, or of any one of the States, to control the enactment of laws, and to change and modify their Constitution or form of government, whenever they may desire to do so, in a legal and constitutional manner. The Constitution of the United States points out the means by which it may be amended. The Constitutions of the several States contain similar provisions. These governments derive their just powers from the consent of the whole people. The provisions which regulate the mode of amendment are of equal validity with any other provision; and it follows as a necessary consequence, that even a majority of the people have not the right to amend in any other manner than the one pointed out in the Constitution.

"It was certainly supposed, when our Constitution was framed, that the provision for its amendment would be binding upon the people; else why take the trouble to insert it? It remained for modern 'Democrats' to make the important discovery, that the Constitution is but an abstract declaration which may at any time be disregarded or swept away by a mere expression of the will of a majority of the people in their popular assemblies."

During this session an effort was made to repeal the Tariff of 1842, and annex Texas by joint resolution to the United States. Against both these propositions Mr. Smith addressed the House.

In 1845 he was unanimously nominated for re-election, and was returned by a vote of over 1,600 majority. During the Congress for which he was elected he participated in the debates on the Oregon, the Sub-Treasury, and the Mexican War questions. His views on these measures were in accordance with those entertained by the great majority of the Whig party. How well did the sequel establish the truth of the prediction made in the following extract from one of his speeches against the Mexican war:—

"I have endeavored to show the manner in which this war was commenced, and the causes which led to it. The question now becomes important: For what purpose and with what view was it commenced? This is a question to which the people will yet demand an answer from those who administer the Government. The friends of the administration disclaim any intention of dismembering or conquering Mexico. I would not wish to judge the administration uncharitably, and yet I am forced to the belief that the war has been commenced with the deliberate design of acquiring California, and perhaps other provinces of Mexico. The President professes a willingness to make a treaty of peace with Mexico, as soon as she manifests a willingness to treat. At the same time, the ground is assumed by the friends of the President that, when we do make peace, Mexico must pay the expenses of the war The expenses of the war will very shortly reach forty or fifty millions of dollars, and if it is protracted much longer they will greatly exceed that amount. How is Mexico to pay this sum? That she cannot pay it in money is perfectly clear. When the war shall be ended, California and other northern provinces will be in the possession of our armies. If she cannot pay the money, our Government will demand a

cession of her territory as an equivalent, and the possession wi l beretained by force until she shall agree by treaty to cede it. Thus will the Government, while disclaiming all intention of conquest, become possessed of some of the best provinces of Mexico, by coercing her into a surrender of them. I ask gentlemen to mark the result, and see if it does not justify the prediction I make."

At the close of the term for which he had been elected, he was assailed with much violence for his opposition to the war. He was again placed before the people of his district, by the general consent of the Whig party, as their candidate for Congress, and was again re-elected by a large majority. At the commencement of the Thirtieth Congress he was presented, by his friends, to the consideration of a caucus of Whig members as a candidate for Speaker. Mr. Winthrop was nominated over him by a majority of fifteen votes, and was afterwards elected by the House.

Mr. Smith never made a speech in Congress that he did not convince those who heard him that he understood the subject discussed, and his manner of delivery was always such as to command the attention of the members. Indeed, he has ever been regarded as one of the most accomplished and eloquent debaters in the Congress of which he was a member.

At the close of the term for which he had been elected, Gen. Taylor invited him to accept a seat on the Board of Commissioners to adjust the claims against Mexico, which place he now holds.

The subject of this brief sketch is yet comparatively a young man, and being possessed of talents of a high order, and of indomitable energy and perseverance, may yet be called on to fill still higher positions under our Government. Should he be, his faithfulness, and the ability with which he has performed the duties of the trusts all ready committed to him, are a safe guarantee that any additional honors conferred will not be improperly bestowed.

TWENTY SONNETS OF A SEASON.

I.

Dear Mr. Editor—I see your friend
  Is writing sonnets just to "fill the blanks;"
And his success emboldens me to send
The pickings from a diary I penned
  The season past; and please accept my thanks
If you will print them as a single batch,
  Though six in daily journals have appeared.
My brain-farm has a small poetic patch—
  A "Poet's Corn-er," where the corn (long eared
  No doubt) of epics will in time be reared;
Meanwhile I cultivate, where'er a snatch
  Of sunlight falls before the corn is sheared,
A crop of pumpkin-sonnets, heavy, fine,
And round, and strung upon a slender vine.

II.

BUDS. 1.

The skies have wept a rain of sudden green,
  And every crocus shows its baby-fist.
'Tis joy to walk—on yonder bridge to lean,
  Beneath the elms that redden, April-kissed,
And there to watch the sunny rippling brook
  Along its bed of leopard colors run;
And further on, within a rocky nook,
  Where marble steps of ice defy the sun,
To climb a cliff, and see the twinkling lake,
  Far as the shores of hazy violet stand,
Its changeful stripes of green and purple take,
  While clouds above, with many a pearly hand,
Shame home-retreating Winter, as they fly
In silence northward through the smiling sky.

III.

BUDS. 2.

But few the tender lines that Spring had traced
  Within the season's opened volume, when
Again returned the Winter, angry-faced,
  And, driving fast his snowy-plumaged pen,
A week of postscript wrote in bitter haste,
And all the Spring had said, with storms erased.
  To-day he fled; and I will walk again
And read the earth. No joy is in the grass;
  The mournful elms still lift their naked arms
For dew, and o'er the broken tinted glass
  Of sunset waters, penitently warms
  The north wind, fleeing, with a child's alarms,
From leagues of purple woods that seem afar
Like halted armies in the smoke of war.

IV.

WAVES. 1.

A silver-shining lake is ours to-day,
  Where fairy artists of the frolic breeze
Their viewless gravers ply in happy play,
  And carve a wreath of rippling images,
As here and there in single breaths they stray,
  And chase and frost the surface as they please.
In silence warm the hills and waters lie,
  Until a distant rifle sharply rings;
The startled water-fowl arise and fly,
And echoes, far from shore to shore, reply.
  'Tis silence yet, until the steamer brings
A noise and foam that into stillness die;
  Thus, iron Will in Truth would leave a track,
  But soon the Heaven is calmly mirrored back.

V.

WAVES. 2.

Is this the placid lake of early morn?—
A smiling sleeper waked to frantic life,
A basking serpent roused to hissing scorn,
A heaven uprisen to far-resounding strife?
The leaping surges into plumes are torn,
And each is brandishing a shining knife,
While booms the sweeping battery of the winds,
With interludes of trumpet, gong, and fife;
And all the shore with steed-like stamping grinds,
And head o'er head the roaring billows come
To war and die. 'Tis like the world of minds,
Where higher than the rest leap upward some,
And all, with mocking gleams of sunny laughter,
Dash on and die, like all before and after.

VI.

WAVES. 3.

And yet mount up! still up! my buoyant soul;
'Tis thine to feel the drawings of the stars,
And rise still higher; and as the billows roll,
Yet all the water stands within its bars,
And moves sublimely as a perfect whole
In deepest currents onward to its goal:
So stand within thy place, and feel the Age
Come pulsing deeply through thy purest heart,
And let it lift thee up to high presage
Of happier times. A wave—perform thy part;
And as I stand beside the water's edge,
And treasure flowing forms for love of Art,
So God shall wait upon the brighter shore,
And count thee when He counts His spirits o'er.

VII.

WALKS. 1.

My lonely walk, to-day, along the shore,
But quickens life to feel its suffering keen;
The joyous air inflames my soul the more;
The cedars, sunset-lit, and golden-green,
And dreaming lake, but tell me o'er and o'er
How sweet and calm my life with thee had been;
And as, through smoky clouds, the sinking sun
Expands and glows with dying agony,
So swells and burns my heart, O dearest one,
As if to breaking with my thoughts of thee—
So sinks at last as if its sands were run.
The sun is half-set now—till life is done,
The blood-red image shall a symbol be
That Love's inverted cup has passed from me.

VIII.

WALKS. 2.

Your message came—its burning sympathy
A moment lit the climbing star of hope,
And then your unwithdrawn and firm decree
Struck down the star, in swiftly blazing slope,
To quench its fire within the fearful sea
Of deepest, darkest nothingness. Such speech
Is wild, but so was I, and could not bear
The sight of books or men—so on the beach
I wandered far; but every object there
Revived my woe; the splendors of the Spring
Recalled my first love and its long despair;
The helpless waves still driven on to fling
Them down and die—oh, thus I die, and then
Recoil and cast me at your feet again.

IX.

WALKS. 3.

This shaded road has thrice been grandly arched
With summer glories since I trod it first;
And many silent joys with me have marched
Since then; but now a storm of grief has burst,
As if to blast a life by naught accurst.
As hot my veins, my heart and eyes as parched
As field and tree and all this dusty thirst
Of summer. Wronged and wounded, I could pray
To dash aside the cup of bitter gall,
And plunge in yonder lake and pass away
To worlds where no elusive love shall call,
And man of man shall be no more the prey.
How vain the thought! I might have died last night—
O God, how sweet is life—the sun how bright!

X.

DAYS. 1.

A day of days!—of all the motley year,
'T is like the loveliest face you chance to meet,
The clearest star that burns in evening's sphere,
The only eyes to you most heavenly-sweet,
The only thought you cherish as complete.
So pure the blood-warm air, so fresh and near
The utmost distance, and so infinite
Your seeming strength, that you would fain extend
A giant arm abroad in huge delight,
And bury giant fingers in the bright,
The cool, soft woods that round the valley bend;
It is a day to feel that we transcend
All space and time in being and in power,
And live a thousand lives in every hour.

XI.

DAYS. 2.

Another perfect day!—in vain we try
To toil or rest in plodding life's routine;
All labors, books, by turn we seek and fly,
And, pendulous our many plans between,
Our feet still lead us out beneath the sky:
The sky!—ah, never thus was sky serene,
And never grass and trees so sweetly green,
And never lake so blue—oh, vivid blue,
And living green, of Truth and Youth the symbols!
O man, come forth, thy youth and truth renew!
Come forth with song, and shout, and laughter's timbrels;
The sky, the earth, the streams are calling you
To give this day to field, and lake, and wood,
In praise to God and for your spirit's good!

XII.

A WEEK.

A week of June's serenest, purest weather—
A tide of summer's freshest, fullest splendor;
A sea of song, and leaf, and bloom, and feather!
Whate'er of beauty mornings clear and tender,
And golden eves and dewy nights, engender,
Has met in one bewildering bliss together—
Delicious fragrance, foliage deep and massy,
Unfolding roses, silver locust-flowers,
And darkling silences of waters glassy;
Expanding crescents, loving stars and nightly showers,
Rich shades and golden lights in vistas grassy;
And sweetest twitterings through all the hours,
And opal clouds that float in slumber bland,
And distances that soften into fairy-land.

XIII.

GREENWOOD.

Oh, not with Death, ye lovely Greenwood shades,
That floated on my floating outer eye,
Beheld yet unbeheld, so heedlessly
I strolled with her about the dewy glades,
Where, deaf and blind, the dead in beauty lie,
Their woes forgotten like the dream that fades
At morn—oh, not with Death, in memory,
Are ye for ever blended, but with Life—
Life from the gentle hand that thrilled me through,
Life from the voice with love and music rife,
Life from the eyes that shone as lakes of dew—
A larger, more abundant life I drew,
Till, raised the sense of change and death above,
I grew immortal in the strength of Love.

XIV.

COMMENCEMENT.

I tread again where trod my student feet,
But all is shorn of Memory's mellow light;
The college halls, the public square, the street,
How dull and literal! A few I greet
Of those who met my former daily sight,
And others—shadows of the dead—I meet.
And I—I lose myself in selves that were;
Am ready now, a Fresh, to shrink with fear,
And now, a Sophomore, to laugh and jeer,
And now, a Senior, I could weep for her
Who was my light and haunting music here,
Yet, as another now, not half so dear.
Ah, sad, confused, I will no longer stay,
But, from so many selves, away—away!

XV.

TEMPLE STREET.

By day, soft clouded in a twilight gloom,
And letting sunlight through its arches pour,
The street is like a lofty banquet-room,
And every sunny leaf a golden bloom,
And sunny spots upon the level floor,
As if with tiger-robes 'twere covered o'er.
By night, the gas-lights, half in foliage hid,
Seem birds of flame that stir their silver wings,
And sing in concert with the katydid.
It is a leafy palace fit for kings
To meet their thousand lords in festivals—
A "Temple" with its wreathed and pillared walls—
A street that slowly grew a Mammoth Cave,
Stalagmited with trunks from floor to nave.

XVI.

LILY POND.

The moon, to night, has half put off her bonnet,
And I, to-day, again have passed your place,
Since we beheld the Lily Pond, and on it,
Sailing, I promised you a fitting sonnet;
And not till every lovely scene and face
That in the mirrored depth of Memory sleep,
The brushing wings of Time shall all efface,
Would I refuse my careless vow to keep.
That lakelet, bowered so in foliage deep,
And winding far in fulness calm and sweet,
Revealing still some fresh and wild retreat—
In thee its imaged truth and beauty meet;—
So full and calm thy placid form and mind,
So new revealings still in thee we find.

XVII.

THE SOUND.

Madly as chain-shot from a cannon sent,
The dusty cars from town to hamlet fly,
And all their speed is to the landscape lent;
The groves, in dances whirling, hurry by,
And ancient, steep-roofed houses, eloquent
Of olden times, and orchards tempest bent,
And rocks as changeless as New-England creeds,
While here and there the roaring bridges pass
Where arms and fingers of the sea in weeds
Are wreathed. Beyond, a sail-flecked sea of glass,
The Sound is seen across a wide morass;
Thus, borne along by Life's impetuous steeds,
We have at times a glimpse of that far sea
Where spirits ever float on wings of Purity.

XVIII.

THE STATE FAIR.

Successive states of chaos passed away,
And many living systems came and went,
Before the fruits and flowers that here, to-day,
Beneath the tents are heaped in rich array,
Were born; and many centuries were spent
In rude attempt and vain experiment,
Before the bright machines, in this display,
Were so perfected; and a mighty tide
Of human life must slowly come and go—
Like this of fifty thousand souls that flow
In crowded currents through the portals wide
Of hall and tent, and fill the field beside—
Like these must act a part and pass away,
Before the world will see the Perfect Day.

XIX.

FROSTS. 1.

Last Winter joyed to feel the warmth and light
Of new-born Love; the gay and girlish Spring
Discovered, caught and kissed the smiling sprite,
And Summer fanned him with her golden wing,
And Autumn brought his fruits, an offering
To please the child; when suddenly a hush
Fell on his bounding joy—a silent sorrow
Paled his bright lip, and on his cheek a flush
Glowed like the frosty autumn's fever-blush.
His fate will be decided on the morrow—
So laugh, to-day, poor Soul, no trouble borrow;
And if he dies, thy lingering hope to crush,
Go, weep, all winter long, upon his grave,
While snow and wind around thee madly rave.

XX.

FROSTS. 2.

Yes, laugh!—it is a fair October day,
And promises another moonlit night.
Thy love has seen its glory fade away
From rainbow beauty into colors gray,
Yet wondering to find itself so bright
And beautiful, while blight succeeded blight.
Yes, laugh, laugh, laugh!—another frost will kill
The last live leaves of purple, red and gold,
And then will come November, dull and chill,
With leaden skies, and north winds keen and shrill,
And through thy heart will strike the bitter cold.
But now—it is a pleasant day; behold,
The Sun is writing Summer's epitaph,
And thy own love's—so laugh, laugh, laugh!

H. W. P.

UNITY OF THE HUMAN RACE.

AN EXAMINATION OF ANTHROPOLOGICAL SYSTEMS OF LINNÆUS, VIREY, AND OTHERS.

This is recently come to be a leading subject of philosophical discussion. It had long indeed been observed that humanity is the proper study of man. It might have been added, that it has been effectually the criterion of every other. Yet, with all this implicit efficacy and inculcated importance, the human mind would seem to have exhausted the entire circle of speculation, before directing its investigation to that humanity itself, which is at once the agent and the object of all science. The omission has been lamented or satirized as a perversity. That, however, it was really natural and necessary, and even rational, it will be eminently to the purpose of the present essay to premise.

A curious, and no doubt the true explanation has been suggested in an article which we have been lately looking through in one of the Reviews. It occurred in a too partial notice of the poor and preposterous compilation just manufactured by Dr. Hawkes from the so much mystified and mutilated "Monuments of Egypt." The reviewer is accounting for the phenomenon, (which his author can but echo,) that among the relics of painting and sculpture daily disinterred from the ruins of the primeval cities as well of Asia as Egypt, the specimens of vegetable and the lower animal figures are numerous, always accurately and often elegantly executed, while the human figure scarce occurs at all, at least in full representation, and then in a state of extremely disproportionate imperfection. The cause assigned is the greater complexity of the latter subject. Man, in fact, is the topmost term on the scale of organized life; and the difficulty of representing any object whatever is uniformly in a direct ratio to the degree of its complication. But as with the artistic execution, so with the scientific conception. Accordingly, we find the Greeks had, alone of all antiquity, attained to both achievements in the subject of man. But it was still man in his individuality, physical or moral, or at most in the political combination called a State. It is not unreasonable, then, and above all not irregular, that the human mind should have compassed only some twenty centuries later the enormously higher complication of collective humanity, whether in the simpler form of a single species, or as a system of races.

Be that as it may, the fact is evident that the scientific study of humanity, from being for a century back the theme of a few speculative philosophers, is become at last a topic of general and even popular interest. It has been remarked as a peculiarity of the late European revolutions, that they were propagated by divisions of race. Such a feature is in fact an evidence that this great idea of the age is at work not merely in the scientific, but even in the practical and political world. The very destination of the movement implies the concurrence of both operations; the principle which is to be the organizer of future societies must be preparatively the disturber or destroyer of the present. But the agitation in either sphere is mainly confined to the people of Europe. Though there does not perhaps exist a community whose interest is so vital as our own in the scientific settlement of the distinction of races, yet we are obliged and ashamed to own that the principles of this grand question seem little canvassed and less comprehended by either our reading or writing public. Witness the "sensation," which is reported to have been produced, on occasion of the late scientific Convention at Charleston, in an assemblage of

even our philosophers, by the intimation of Professor Agassiz that he believed in a plurality of species. Not that there is not here too a lively and growing curiosity upon the subject. But it is, as yet, we fear, of a sort no more elevated or serious, than that inflamed, for example, by the so-called musical triumphs or the advent of Jenny Lind. The English newspapers keep puffing the one, the English Reviews still discussing the other. It is therefore fashionable to talk of either, according to the company. But from talking on a substantial subject people are often brought to thinking, if they be furnished the means of connecting and comprehending the scraps of knowledge picked up from the usually fragmentary and incompetent sources alluded to. To supply the American public with some materials of this description on this interesting theme, is the aim of the following pages. We shall attempt to present a complete, though necessarily summary survey of the entire ground, not only in its present condition, but in the principal stages of the progressive exploration. To combine the interest of narrative with the instructiveness of dissertation, our sketch will take the form of a succinct and serial analysis,—characterizing, of course, more fully the great cardinal theories, whether as they superseded one another or still subsist in competition, and interspersing slighter notices of such of their respective followers as have contributed any secondary modifications. The result should thus embrace, in concise and consecutive outline, at once the bibliography, the history, and the science of Anthropology, as far as the investigation has hitherto proceeded. It will depend upon the residual space whether the writer's own views upon the question, in either its actual or ultimate merits, will be considered worth subjoining.

The earliest essay on the subject appeared, we think, towards the close of the seventeenth century. It was published in the *Journal des Savants*, a celebrated French periodical, and the progenitor or pioneer of this modern species of literature. The publication was anonymous, as usual in those days of more solid writers and select readers, when the merits of the contribution were a better passport to perusal than the popular notoriety or professional title of the author. But unfortunately the name has in this case remained unknown; for want, no doubt, of one of those convenient newspaper friends who, now-a-days, are found to pry into the blushing privacy of every scribbler, lest his identity should be lost to the history of genius. The real loss of the name in question is only retrieved by the intimation, prefixed to the article, that it was by a *celebrated traveller*. And this pursuit is in fact disclosed in the point of view of the production, which is itself sufficiently characterized in the title. This ran: *A new division of the earth, according to the different species or races of men who inhabit it.* Here we perceive the purview was geographical rather than anthropological. The division of the earth was the professed object, the diversity of races the instrument. The reverse, however, was the real import of the new-born idea. The tendency was to a classification of the varieties of mankind. But the earth was made, as usual in the infancy of all the physical sciences, the concrete and clumsy unit of the distribution. This however was a necessary step towards the degree of abstractive power capable of conceiving an intrinsic and independent type.

The type was soon after announced by *Linnæus*, who first placed the human organization at the head of the animal kingdom, as the most complex, and thus the criterion, of the whole series. On the varieties of the type itself of man (with which alone we are here concerned) the views of this great classifier were naturally still crude and fluctuating; his system received frequent modifications at his own hands, and is long entirely rejected by the learned. It is requisite, however, to our historical purpose to present at least the skeleton. It will also gratify the curiosity of such as can profit no deeper from its uncouthness. Taking it as left in the last lifetime edition of his works, the classification of Linnæus divides the order *man* into two *species*, namely, the rational man (homo sapiens) and the Troglodyte. The former species comprises six *varieties:* the Wild man, (homo ferus,) the American, the European, the Asiatic, the African, the Monstrous. The second species, or Troglodyte, consists of what the author terms Homo nocturnus, Homo sylvestris, and other varieties which we need not pursue, as by these Linnæus seems to have meant the Chimpansé, Ourang-outang, and adjacent species of the ape tribe, which are all now

excluded by the foremost naturalists from the genus Man. To this arrangement, all rude as it manifestly is, the author added little beyond a description of the series,—a description, too, quite memorable in regard to the Troglodyte species. He did not discuss the reason, the theory of the diversity. As we have said, he supplied the classification with its legitimate *type;* this is the creditable contribution of Linnæus to the science of man. The *principle*, belonging as it does to a deeper analysis, had in consequence to wait a later or riper inquirer.

This inquirer presently arose in the illustrious *Buffon*, the first great systematizer of natural science since Aristotle. The system of Buffon reposed upon a universal gradation of species throughout all organic life, and of which man was but a single, though the supreme term, the scientific type. His principle or explanation of the diversity was still no better than to refer it to the direct creation of nature. As we shall have to draw a critical inference from one or both of these propositions, it will be proper to verify their accuracy in the author's own elegant expression. We translate from the first and the fundamental chapter of his Complete Works:—

"The primary truth which results from a serious investigation of nature is a truth perhaps humiliating to man: it is, that he must be ranked in the general category of animals, to whom he bears a resemblance in all that is material in his composition; and even their instinct will appear to him perhaps more sure than his reason, and their industry more admirable than his arts. Surveying in the next place, successively and in order, the different objects which enter into the constitution of the universe, and placing his own species at the head of all created beings, he will see with astonishment that we may descend, *by degrees almost insensible*, from the most perfect of living creatures to the most shapeless mass of matter, from the most highly organized of animals to the most inert of minerals. He will recognize that these shades of diversity *are the great production of nature.* He will find them pervade not only the magnitudes and forms, but also the movements, the reproductions, the successions of every species."

Here then we are distinctly told, and not merely of the organic but the entire universe, that it is composed of a gradation almost insensible of species, and that these diversities are directly and primordially the "work of nature." Yet it is a curious instance of the mental progress which we endeavor to signalize that the author gives a contrary account of the internal varieties of the human species. For these are held by Buffon to be accidental and superinduced. It is true, he does not admit them expressly as entering into his series of specific degrees. But do they not abundantly come within his description of "almost insensible"? It would be absurd, in fact, to call the difference between a fully developed European and the ourang-outang a scarcely perceptible shade. The gradation would even be broadly discernible still after interposing the Hottentot of South Africa, the Botecudo of Brazil, and the Cannibal of Polynesia. Nay, the distance thus divided would leave a demarkation on either side not less distinct than those presented between several of his acknowledged species, for example, between the fox, the dog of certain varieties, and the wolf. Buffon, then, in admitting expressly an original gradation among such as the latter animals, must have recognized it impliedly in the like diversities of mankind. He was probably forced into the ostensible evasion or inconsistency by the Biblical prejudice, which was strong in those days in his country, and suspicious of his pursuits.

But it is instructively illustrative of the providential order of nature to note, that this absurd prejudice and logical inconsistency should be the unconscious occasion of forcing him into the true direction, if not quite the path, of progression in the science of man. For such was the effect of diverting him from the negative or nugatory theory of the primordial creation of species, to devise a special and spontaneous explanation of the gradations within the human family. This will be exemplified in the sequel. Meanwhile it is no less characteristic of the zigzag march of the speculative faculty, that this special theory of Buffon was a sort of compound of its two predecessors. With Linnæus, he held the human species not only to form the organic type of the animal kingdom, but also to contain within itself a number of varieties. And to account for these diversities he had recourse, on the other hand, to a distribution of the earth not unlike the division which was the main object of our periodical anthropologist. Buffon, it is well known, referred the physiological diversity of mankind to climate, including, no doubt, in the term, as did the ancients whom he often followed, the generally relative adjuncts of soil, water, and vegetable produc-

tions. To prove this agency, he laid off the inhabited globe into parallels of latitude, and endeavored to show a constant conformity between the people and the parallel. The idea was new and grand, and the writer no less fresh and fascinating. Through the superficial plausibility of the one, and the majestic eloquence of the other,—aided also, no doubt, by the contemporary application of it to morals and to politics by Chardin and Montesquieu,—the theory took captive the general assent of entire Europe, and dazzled even the learned for a moment. But a few philosophers were not long in detecting its weak points; and, having collected their faculties and facts, commenced a fatal attack. They had no difficulty in showing that the alleged conformity, whether in color or configuration, of the several varieties of the human species to their geographical positions was not only frequently interrupted, but often completely interverted. They pointed out instances, or at least approximations, of the type assigned to the tropics, as occurring as well in the temperate and even the polar zones. They referred especially to the American continent, extending through almost every climate, and exhibiting in its inhabitants from one extremity to the other, and amid considerable gradations of barbarism, the same type and even tint; the only difference, if any, being that the most northern tribes of all presented a darker shade of color and a more negroish tendency of feature than the inhabitants of Quito under the line. Yet so difficult is the subversion of an error once popularized, that the climatory theory retains, as we shall after see, some adherents among naturalists of a secondary class to this day. But the single unity of the sun's influence, which suited the infancy of anthropology, as the analogous notion of a special providence does the infancy of morals and theology, has been long disowned, at least in its exclusive pretensions, by the scientific progress of the subject.

It was remarked, however, as having proved conducive to this progress in the first instance, by departing from the general idea of the primordial production of species, and referring the differences among mankind alone to the operation of accidental and derivative causes. The psychological procedure was this. If it be true, as it undeniably is, that the differences of the latter class are no less marked, at least between the extremes, than those which were held to constitute the specific types of the rest of the creation, *considered in a certain order;* if this parity of divergence, we say, was necessarily admitted, and the fact was explained in man by the influence of climate, it was natural to ask why the same agency should not apply to the whole series. But before proceeding to the application it was requisite to assign the particular order or series upon which it was essentially hinged. This was the task allotted to the next of the great naturalists, and consisted, like that which made, we have seen, the greatness of all the others, in advancing the human intellect by merely a single remove to each, and this not in a direct but in a zigzag progression, aided moreover by the successive reactions of opposite extremes of error.

The step in question was supplied by one of the most curious and keen-eyed of the speculative tribe. Bonnet, the Genevese naturalist, first proposed a *scale* of the whole natural gradation, of which Linnæus has suggested the type, and Buffon propounded a theory. The sketch was accordingly named, *The Idea of a Scale of Natural Beings.* The execution betrayed the usual imperfections of a first essay. The arrangement of subordinate details was frequently erroneous or fanciful. The graduation of the principal orders has, however, been with few exceptions retained, and we therefore recite the successive designations. They are: Man, Quadrupeds, Birds, Fishes, Serpents, Shell-fish, Insects, Plants, Stones. Under the order Man, this author arranged the ourang-outang and ape; a specimen of affiliation which will probably satisfy our readers as to the general defectiveness imputed to the system. At the same time, it was sufficiently perfect for its historical part in the development of the science. It presents a universal, if not quite exact, concatenation of the physical world; in which the several orders of beings were shown to glide into one another successively, with scarce a wider difference between the two connecting links than divides any adjacent terms throughout the family series. To gratify the judgment or curiosity of the reader, we add the conterminous or transition species between the several orders. They are: between the first and second, the *ape* and the *flying squirrel;* between the second and third, the *ostrich*

and the *water-fowl ;* between the third and fourth, the *flying-fish* and the *creeping-fish ;* between the fourth and fifth, the *water-snake* and the *slug ;* between the fifth and sixth, the *snail* and the *tape-worm ;* between the sixth and seventh, the *maggot* and the *butterfly ;* between the seventh and eighth, the *sensitive-plant* and the *lichens ;* between the eighth, in fine, and ninth order, the *slate* and the *crystal.* Now between the two species composing each of these pairs, the relation, it will be seen, is obvious and intimate. For example, the flying squirrel, while in virtue of its general structure it passes into the four-footed order of animals, yet holds still to the ape species by its locomotion on the hind legs; and the ape, on the other hand, while holding, as one may say, by its *hands* to the division of man, yet droops in the lower varieties from a quadru*mane* into a quadru-*pede.* Again: the flying-fish belongs, by its manner of progression, to the order of birds, which it therefore properly terminates; but at the same time it introduces quite as properly the genus of fishes, to which it also appertains by its figure and organization. And so of the several others. In fact, the sole difference between these transitive cases and the regular steps of the series seems this: that the former are the periodic points at which the oscillatory predominance between organ and function, which constitutes the whole gradation, alternates from the one into the other criterion in traversing the exterior media of water, earth, or air. Here, then, was precisely the preparation requisite for extending Buffon's theory of climate, &c., from the diversities of the human species along the entire scale of beings. And the man to seize the opportunity soon presented himself, of course.

This man was at once the most solid and original thinker of his age; the contemporary, the countryman, and the rival of the great Cuvier. More accomplished than Bonnet in the principles of natural science, not only through the intermediate advance of the subject, but also through a larger endowment of analytic power, he was moreover, in pursuing and in publishing his researches, less courtly and compromising than Buffon. He was, in short, what a philosopher should always be,—a man of confidence in himself, in truth, in God, and in nothing else.

Contemplating the two premises, then,—namely, the continuous series of Bonnet and the climatic theory applied by Buffon to the varieties of the human section,—Lamarck must at once have seen, that to generalize this modifying cause, he must lengthen enormously the time, and determine explicitly the manner, of its diversifying operation. The limited variations of the human species may have been produced within the few thousand years of the vulgar chronology. But the widest divergence from man to man, or even from man to monkey, is inconsiderable when compared with that, for instance, from man to bird or man to tree. Either then the times must be proportional, or the causes must be different. But the hypothesis, the theory was that the cause has been the same. And with respect to time, it was obvious, in the first place, that the established notion of it had been formed on the supposed duration of the human species. But why may not the monkey have inhabited the earth for ages before man? Why not the bird before the monkey? Why not the tree anterior to the bird, and so backwards? Instead of being the origin of the chain, why may not man have been the latest link, and his diversities be transition steps to ulterior forms of being? There was not one reason against the supposition. On the contrary, it was sanctioned by reason, and even by revelation. The Bible itself recorded the anteriority and order indicated, in its account of the six days' creation; and these days have been found of late, by theologians, so elastic as to be expansible to any requisite amplitude of epoch. The notion too of the continued transformation of man might well be argued as having been "typified" in the doctrine of his regeneration. However, upon this assumption, the infinite series of beings would find itself extended backwards over a commensurate infinity of time, and the principle of climatic agency be opened a range of explanation, only short of the creation of mere matter.

At any previous period, perhaps, a conception of this awful grandeur would have stamped the originator as a metaphysical enthusiast. But fortunately the age in question was supplied with a singular means of making the opinion sufficiently serious to stigmatize Lamarck with the appellative of Atheist. It was the moment of the wonderful revelations of geology. Cuvier, by his

magnificent discoveries in animal and vegetable paleontology, was establishing inductively the doctrine of Lamarck, which he had the pride, and perhaps the policy, to combat notwithstanding. In short, the various organic remains, so far as then or since brought to light, were found to succeed each other cumulatively through the several strata, in an order substantially conformable to the assigned classification. No trace of man or even the monkey appeared before reaching the present surface of the earth. Here was a triumphant proof at least of the successive origin of the different forms called species. But did it also prove the identity, and above all the spontaneity, that is to say, the self-operating character of the cause? The sagacity of Lamarck could not fail to discern that there was something to be here supplied, and that it was to be sought in a deeper rationale of the series than the superficial conditions of form and habit which were sufficient for the sketch of the Swiss naturalist. The result was the exposition of the great law of organic development, which has been plagiarized with such startling effect in the *Vestiges of Creation*, and remained undetected till the other day by British criticism, not to say our own. As this is the most important feature of the theory of Lamarck, and is long received as the grand basis of natural history wherever the subject is studied philosophically, it will be requisite to present it in direct and more detailed analysis.

The object was to unite into one and the same system the entire series of organic existences. Commencing at the head with man, and passing down from the vertebrate to the invertebrate animals, and from animals in general to the vegetable kingdom, Lamarck was able to trace certain fundamental lines of resemblance along the entire gradation, though in diminishing degrees. The principal were, among the animals, the various systems essential to *life*, such as the nervous system, the respiratory system, and the circulation of the blood. Among vegetables, it was the several parts essential to *reproduction*, and by which this order passed upwards into the animal.

If, taking together the organs of intelligence, respiration, and circulation as they are found in the type species man, we descend along the series step by step to the lowest animals, the essential portions of these several systems are observed to undergo a progressive decomposition and simplification. Thus the nerves form in animals of the highest order an extremely sensitive and voluminous centre in the brain. Then, in proportion as we descend to animals of the lower grades, the volume and convolutions of the brain are modified and diminished, and its hemispheres utterly disappear. Proceeding onward, the spinal marrow undergoes a series of similar changes, until at last it completely vanishes in the molluscs, crustacea, and the rest. In the organs of respiration the same progression is no less striking. The higher classes of animals breathe by *lungs*, but this contrivance ceases in the reptile species. Not, however, that the cessation is abrupt; there are no sudden breaks in the workmanship of nature, and the theory that admitted such would be certainly defective. In fact, the lung is found in several varieties of reptile to be gradually attenuated into the lowest degree of organic simplicity, and then in others it is absent entirely in youth, when it is substituted by *gills*. This new organ is thenceforth found to be the breathing apparatus of the succeeding classes, until in turn it is similarly supplanted by the still simpler contrivance of the trachea or *windpipe*. Here, it is worth remarking, we see the transmutation of organ evolve itself between two periods in the lifetime of the individual animal; just as the transition above noted, between the several generic orders, is operated between two aspects—the formal and locomotive—in the organization of an individual species. Another instance is the presence of a separate intermaxillary bone in the human fœtus, the subsequent disappearance or consolidation of which is held to constitute the principal anatomical distinction between man and the ape. The circulation of the blood, we find, presents the same transition, its apparatus undergoes the same progressive simplification, and exhibits in the process an invariable correlation with, and thus a cumulative proof of, the continuous transformation evinced by the two preceding systems.

The order is quite analogous in the vegetable world. By comparing the organs of fructification, we trace a diminishing complexity, whether of shape or combination, from species to species throughout the

series. Not only this, but the more fundamental of both the generative and vital organs are found to underlie, so to say, and unify these two great orders themselves. For example, the tracheal rings, the last respiratory organ in animals, remain in unfolded, unformed simplicity in the leaves of the tree. In short, the animal (as the ancients even felt by a sort of instinct) is the *plant inverted;* that is to say, turned inside out, or rather outside in, for the latter is the true order of the metamorphosis. The result was that Lamarck, by this grandest effort of human analysis, disclosed the fundamental unity of all organic being. He gave conclusiveness to the inductive evidence of the geological series, by precluding the supposition of accidental coincidence, and demonstrating an identity of causation. This demonstration indeed depended still upon the necessity of succession. But was not this evinced by the universal fact, that the organic system of each species *presupposes* that of all the preceding, so effectually as to be itself but a congeries of the simpler forms in more or less expanded or rudimentary proportions? Thus in man, at the head of the scale, we find the respiratory apparatus accumulate the several organs of trachea, gills, and lungs; the latter of course predominating as proper to this species, and the other forms retreating into the condition of mere appendages. In the order of their arrangement, a lively fancy might also trace the introverted course above alluded to, of the plant into the animal, the glottis being supposed a remnant of the leaf stage of the lung. So the same supreme species combines the nervous system, at once as it knots itself into ganglia in the invertebrate animals, as it converges into the spinal chord in the inferior vertebrates, and as it centres and convolves into the brain.

Having thus established the universal unity of the series analytically, Lamarck reversed the principle into the synthetic order, being that which nature must have followed in the process we call creation. This process he then exhibited in the act, as it were, of operation. He showed how all organic existences, from mosses up to man, must have resulted from the progressive evolution of one primordial germ, and under the continuous modification of *circumstances.* Under the word circumstances the reader will recognize the climatic theory. It has only been enlarged to meet the profounder exploration of the phenomena, and here includes (as the etymology of the term happily denotes) the entire ambient medium in which the organism lives and moves and has its being. Respecting the action of this formative agency, the author himself explains:—"It is not the organs, that is to say the nature and form of the parts of the body of an animal, which give occasion to its particular habits and faculties; but it is on the contrary its habits, its mode of living, and the circumstances in which were placed the individuals that gave it birth,—it is these which, together with the element of *time*, have constituted the form of the body, the number and state of the organs, in fine, the faculties with which the animal is endued." Such is a slight and very imperfect sketch of the celebrated system of Lamarck.

The doctrine is singular and somewhat shocking, undoubtedly. And yet the scientific amplitude of its basis remains unshaken to this hour. Vainly did Cuvier, in his long controversy with the author, urge the objection, so often echoed since, that no *new species* are found in the present day, or have appeared within the human era. The answers are several and sufficient. First, and chiefly, that this era, or rather its historical or traditional reach, should probably reckon for but a moment in the eternal years of nature. Secondly, that in those years the production of new species is proved by geological experience to have repeatedly occurred, and that no reason can be assigned why the same event should not happen again under similar conditions of causation as well as time. Thirdly, that the determining cause on the former occasions appearing to have been those great catastrophes which altered of a sudden the general state of the globe, we are not authorized by the experience alluded to, to look for the effect, as the cause has not recurred, within the memory of history. Fourthly, that the fact itself is, after all, not certain: we do not know what is now passing in the great laboratories of earth and ocean; we do not know what may have passed within the current epoch, even on the dry surface of the globe, of which the primeval wildernesses have remained utterly unpierced by the eye of observation till within a few years. But lastly, the objection is probably untrue in even its most limited terms; for among the

vegetables and animals with which we are best and longest acquainted, there have been produced confessedly a multitude of *varieties*, and between a variety and a *species* no distinction of principle has been yet assigned that does not involve the fallacy of a vicious circle, and thus imply the necessity of a higher premise. We do not give these as the replies of Lamarck himself, which the reader will find much better worth consulting. Still they suffice to draw a line of circumvallation around the theory which it does not appear easy to enter. And as to the intrinsic improbability, let the reflecting only consider, in the first place, the illimitable supply of time, and then the rate and resources of divergence in a principle supposed to propagate itself from constantly progressive centres of diversity. Were criticism the object, we however would venture to add, that Lamarck seems to have erred in giving too exclusive a part to the agency of *circumstances*, even as his antagonists, by the contrary excess, incline to attribute the whole efficacy to *organization*. The truth would probably, as usual, be found in the middle, that is to say, in the mutual action and reaction of organ and medium.

But our business is not strictly with the scientific truth of this famous theory, but rather with its historical bearing on the subject of anthropology. In this respect the foregoing analysis leaves us two of the most cardinal results. The one is, the complete reduction of all the diversities not merely of man, but of animals in general, and even vegetables, to a *single species*. The other is, that the strict consistency with which this startling amalgamation had been deduced, as above indicated, from the principle of climate or circumstances, must have passed for a *reductio ad absurdum* of that theory. The consequence was that the next advance must recommence at the head of the scale, and seek to determine in the special section of man a more deep or definite principle both of classification and explanation. The *criterion*, being of a nature physically positive and logically previous, would of course precede the consideration of the *cause*, and would prove sufficient to engross, according to a preceding observation, the lifetime and labors of the individual discoverer.

This individual was in the present instance the Dutch anatomist, Camper, and his discovery, the celebrated principle of the *facial angle*. The accession of this important contribution to the science of man may be noted also as affording a striking example of a great truth, which it has been the chief purpose, in tracing thus nicely the sequence of these several systems, to illustrate; it is, that though the action of the human mind be free or be fluctuating in each individual, yet its main movement in the collective body—of which men of genius are the natural organs—is always necessarily invariable, and always deviously progressive. Thus Camper was not looking for a principle of classification in quality either of anthropologist or general philosopher. Though a somewhat speculative physiologist, his present object was but artistic. He sought to account for the connection of our idea of human beauty with certain configurations of the head. This purpose is attested by the very title of his book, which announced, as the result of his physiognomical observations, "A New Method of Delineating all sorts of Heads with the utmost exactness." Nor was this a trick of the more recent stamp to inveigle popular attention. But whatever was the design of Camper, the real effect of his ingenious discovery was to furnish the new criterion required by the anthropologists. In fact, besides the observed conformity between the grades of beauty and the forms of head, the author also showed that the degree of intelligence ranged exactly in proportion; and this not only in the human subject, but likewise in the lower animals. Here, then, was a scale composed of three parallel and correlative gradations, mutually corrective and corroborative of each other, and multiplying in a vast ratio its classificatory amplitude and assurance. But what above all would enhance its value for graduating the complicated diversities of mankind, was the faculty of reducing its demarkations to mathematical precision by the *facial angle*. This contrivance will be best described in the author's own words:—

"The best criterion (says he) for distinguishing the differences among mankind is furnished by the facial angle formed by two straight lines, the one drawn horizontally from the meatus auditorius to the most prominent part of the upper jaw-bone, and the other elevated from this latter point to the most prominent part of the forehead. The angle produced by the opening of these two lines enables us not only to establish a distinction between the skulls of the several species of animals, but also to trace the gradation in this respect among

the varieties of mankind. It would seem that nature has adopted a uniform measure for the classification of all organized beings, and has combined on the same scale all the various degrees which distinguish the lower races from the most beautiful. Thus it will be found that the heads of birds display the smallest angle, and that in proportion as we ascend to animals of the highest order the facial angle widens more and more. There is a species of ape, whose head gives an angle of forty-two degrees; another, which appears to approach the nearest the human species, whose head forms exactly an angle of fifty degrees. After this comes the head of an African negro, which, like the Kalmuck, gives an angle of seventy; while the angle presented by the head of a European is ordinarily eighty degrees. By adding ten degrees more we reach a point of remarkable beauty. But if we would reach the character of sublime majesty which is so striking in some of the master-pieces of ancient sculpture, as in the head of the Belvidere Apollo, and in the Medusa of Sicocles, the angle must be expanded to not less than a hundred degrees."

And more particularly he remarks afterwards:—

"As soon as I possessed myself of the head of a negro and that of a Kalmuck, I hastened to compare both with the head of a European, joining also that of an ape. This comparative examination led to my discovery of the difference which is to be found between the physiognomies of the different races of mankind, and the relative conformity of the head of the negro to that of an ape. Accurately sketching some of those faces in a horizontal line, I drew the facial lines given by the angles of each. By inclining the vertical line forward, I had a head of the antique mould; by dropping it backward, I had the head of a negro. If I lowered it farther, the result was the head of an ape; a farther inclination still produced the head of a dog; and then in fine that of a woodcock. Here was the fundamental ground of my structure."

This structure is, however, not without several, some of them serious, flaws. We may stop to note one or two of the principal. For example, the general position that beauty is correlative to the angular elevation of the forehead is manifestly erroneous. It would only be true at best with reference to the type of each species. A forehead of the negro span would be deformity in a dog; and even that of the pointer variety of dog, in a greyhound. So with the varieties of the human species, according to the spectator. A negress or an Indian squaw would, no doubt, prefer a flat-head or a long-snout visage to the face of an Antinoüs or an Apollo. Indeed we doubt that the principle holds within even the same variety. Would we ourselves regard the compact and knob-shaped "cropper" of an athlete *less beautiful in the wearer* than the elongated head and towering brow of the philosopher set upon the same shoulders? Does the criterion hold in respect to even that sex which passes for the seat and synonyme of the highest beauty? We do not hesitate to answer for our part, that an erect forehead in woman is a deformity to our æsthetical *nerves*, however it may commend itself to our phrenological sentiments. It is a deduction we have frequently to make from the comeliness of our own countrywomen, whether in them the result of nature or of art. But a somewhat better authority than our individual taste, is the practice of those very ancients, who, while they idealized intellectual beauty in the male head by an angle of ninety to a hundred degrees, yet always drew the female forehead as no broader perhaps than a negro's. Nor would Diana, or Minerva herself, the goddess of intellect, be found to prove exceptions, had we any specimens remaining from the great masters of the art. As to Venus, we have a living and loving and *low-browed* witness in the statue that, for ages, "enchants the world" through stone. Byron in fine—no mean connoisseur, at least in the living subjects—makes accordingly the ideal forehead of his Haidee "fair and *low*." In short, it is a matter of easy verification that a steep forehead in woman is rarely found accompanied by a well developed figure, and cannot therefore be the type and test of beauty. The conclusion is that the principle of Camper would demand a qualification almost as extensive as the rule itself, and leaves in fact the criterion of beauty not a whit less indefinite than it had been in the hands of Plato and his metaphysical followers. Its efficacy lay alone in the combination we have pointed out, where it might co-operate as a collateral means, or even as a specious incentive to recommence the investigation of man. And the moral is, we repeat, that this was the psychological destination, however unconsciously to himself, of the speculations of the author.

Another signal defect in the theory of Camper concerns the facial angle itself. The author's measurement was erroneous, not in the result merely, which would be less important, but also in point of principle. He took no account of the variation of ratio

between the young and the mature skull in the different species. He is even charged with the grosser oversight of comparing the ourang-outang in youth with the adult state of the human cranium, and of thus unfairly reducing the intermediate gradation within the range of a specific identity. The most zealous champion of this complaint, we believe, is Professor Owen, who presses the facial angle of the full-grown Troglodyte and ourang down to thirty-five and thirty degrees respectively. But the worthy Professor, who seems to dread the proximity of an ape with something of the alarmed vanity which exacerbates an Irish laborer against his negro fellow drudges—the Professor, we say, is here at variance with other and higher authorities than Camper, among whom it will suffice to mention the names of Soemerring and Cuvier. We add, from the latter naturalist, his scale of the facial angle as far as it regards the human species and the higher varieties of ape:—

The European infant,	90	degrees.
do. adult,	85	"
do. decrepit,	80	"
The negro adult,	70	"
The Ourang-outang, young,	67	"
do. do. adult,	65	"
The Marmoset,	65	"
The Talapin monkey,	57	" &c.*

Here the ourang, we see, had been considered also in the adult state, and rendered still an angle over double that obtained by Mr. Owen. It is equally visible that the transition from man to the ape is made considerably more close, more gradual, in the table of Cuvier than even in the computation of Camper. In fact, the difference between the negro and the ourang, both adult, is only five degrees, while between the former and the full-grown European it mounts as high as fifteen degrees. If therefore the negro be admitted to the same species with the European, it is not easy to see how the ape can be excluded from the same species with the negro. We are not, however, to be understood in this matter as urging an opinion of our own. We would merely aid the general reader to judge the opinion of Professor Owen, who seems desperately determined to be odd, if he cannot be original.

*Leçons d'Anatomie Comparée, 8o. leçon, Ostéologie de la Tête.

The real objection to Camper is also exhibited in the preceding scale. The facial angle of the European infant exceeds, we see, the adult by five degrees, whereas the decrease between the same states in the ourang-outang is only two degrees. To neglect this disproportion was an error in the system in question, not merely of detail, but also we repeat of principle; and a principle which is profoundly confirmatory of the preceding theory of Lamarck. For this progressive divergency in the adult implies a correlative convergency in the infant types, and thus an ultimate identity, a universal unity, of species. A more equitable exception, however, would perhaps be, in conclusion, that the larger relative size of the angle in the youth of all animals, does not well comport with its alleged correspondence to the quantity of intellectual power. We say more equitable; for, as we have shown, the mission of Camper consisted in furnishing a means, not of *explaining*, but merely of classifying the diversities of mankind. And accordingly, his system, while it seems impracticable beyond this sphere, will be found, if applied to only the larger aggregates called races, to constitute an eligible *criterion*. It was for his scientific successor to bring up the doctrine of *cause*, on this special basis of humanity, to the same preparatory point of perfection.

This was the distinguished part of *Blumenbach*, who is quite accordingly considered, for the double cause suggested, the founder of the science of Anthropology. The signification is, that he was the first to theorize expressly and exclusively upon the human section of the organic scale; the lower divisions having been successively eliminated by the preceding hypotheses. For it is thus that individuals are said, absurdly enough, to have created this or that science, when they merely chanced to represent a climacteric in its career. As to the theory of Blumenbach, its leading character was predetermined by his position in recommencing at the head of the scale. There were only three methods of conceiving his subject. He might either commence at the point of intersection and with the Troglodyte; but then he fell into the principle of Lamarck, with all its unpopular consequences. Or, instead of admitting the diversities of man to be developments of circumstance, he might regard them as direct creations of Provi-

dence; but this had been already rejected by even Buffon himself, although such was his notion respecting the origin of species in general. Or, declining both the inductive and analytic points of view, Blumenbach had a last and fresher resort in the synthetic order. Accordingly, he began with the best developed diversity of the species, and deduced the others, *by degradation*, from this perfect and primordial type. This determination, then, was not the less morally necessary, that it might plausibly incur a suspicion of prudential policy, seeing its queer conformity with the dogmas of theology. Be the motive what it may, however, the concurrence may be safely taken as another item towards accounting for the pre-eminent success of a system preposterously unscientific in its very foundation.

But this was practically extenuated by the sound distribution and admirable characterization of its divisions. These have been too trivialized by our phrenological horn-books to need repetition in this place. Who has not heard of the Caucasian, Ethiopian, Mongolian, Malayan, and American races? Races, we may remark, is not the designation adopted by the author himself, but *variety*,—a distinction which, however, he does not very precisely define. On these famous *varieties*, then, so familar by name and color to our readers, we shall dwell no longer than merely state the successive order in which, according to Blumenbach, the latter four degenerated from the Caucasian form, assumed to be the type of the species :—

Caucasian—white. { Malay—swarthy. { Ethiopian—black. / American—red. { Mongolian—yellow.

It would be easy, we think, to improve this arrangement, even on the superficial ground of color. But it would be idle, when probably the whole scheme ought to be re-adjusted, or even reversed. We pass to the more essential point of the author's theory of the "degradation."

Blumenbach has gone, duly, something deeper than his predecessor Buffon. Indeed, he has penetrated half way to Lamarck. For he holds the power of *external circumstances* to originate new varieties of the human, as in other animal species, and even in vegetables. But the effect he insists upon attributing to a certain *entity*, or "*occult quality*," supposed to reside in the organization itself, and which has subsequently become so famous under the name of *Nisus formativus*. This rather German idea reminds us (we speak it with all reverence) of the "sufficient grace" of the Jesuits, which never failed to become "efficacious" as soon as the work was done by other and the natural means. This organic nucleus, too, can, it seems, produce its physical renovations only with the co-operation of a certain accidental combination of circumstances. May it not, then, be the circumstances that constitute the cause? This would appear the more probable, seeing that no new varieties are allowed to have been formed since the physical influences of nature have ceased to exhibit their primeval vicissitudes, or been counteracted in the case of man by the arts of civilization. Whereas it would be hard to explain this cessation on the theory of Blumenbach; for if the "nisus formativus" be the cause, and the condition of its operation be accidental, how, it may be wondered, can it have remained quiescent since the formation of the five varieties of the author? In short, the resort to *accident*, in order to evade the necessary, and normal, and material causation of Lamarck, runs quite counter to his own principle of the permanency of types; for how could they be permanent, how could they be called types, if, indeed, at the mercy of accidental conditions capable of bending the formative "nisus" to their own wild will? Besides, accident, in any case, can explain nothing; it is a negation of all principle, and therefore applicable to the most opposite; a mere metaphysical subterfuge or "faux-fuyant," whereby men conceal their ignorance from others, and even from themselves. But it served in this case, as usual, to form a convenient transition to a more solid, if not still a strictly scientific, theory. Before, however, pursuing the subject to this next grand stage, there are one or two interme-

diate names of the subordinate order, whom the reader may expect some mention of in our historical series.

We almost hide our Anglo-Saxon face for shame in having to own that, amid this galaxy of illustrious naturalists, not only French, but also German, Swedish, and even Dutch, the contribution of England should be only two writers of this expletive class, and who can be introduced at all but as the footman and the drudge of Blumenbach. It will be readily understood we mean Lawrence and Pritchard, the one the itinerant propagator of the German theory, the other the laborious collector of evidence for its support. It is due, however, to the former to add, that though he continued to teach in his lectures both the specific unity of mankind and the "degradation" principle of its varieties, yet he came, it is said, to hold in private a different opinion, and to consider these diversities too deep to be well accounted for by the alleged theory, either as presented by Blumenbach himself, or as modified and illustrated by Pritchard. As to the latter, his modification consisted, quite characteristically, in abandoning the accidental element of the master, and thus gravitating back towards the spontaneous causation, whether of the circumstances of Lamarck or of the climate of Buffon. With more detail than the latter, and also with the advantages of the intermediate progress of the science, the attempt of Pritchard was to specify the mode of operation of the same exterior and collective cause. His means were a collection, not of principles, but of analogies, many of them arbitrary, most of them inconclusive. His immense pile of facts is of permanent value. The aspiration and the industry of his life merit all praise. But the theory for which he labored is already among the things that were. It will suffice to show the reader how it has been *walked through*, in the following passage, which we translate from its great supplanter in the career of the science :—

"It has been urged that the difference of color in different races of men was chiefly owing to the influence of climate and of the sun. Although it cannot be denied that the latter does much towards browning and darkening the complexion, the condition proper to each human variety has not been duly examined in this respect. If the Kaffir owes the darkness of his skin but to the burning sun of Africa, why does he not whiten in Europe? Why are his children begotten here with a negress as light-tinted as himself? The Dutch colonists who inhabit for three centuries back the regions of the Cape of Good Hope, and live in the manner of the Hottentots, but without mixing with them by intermarriage, have preserved the primitive character of their figure, and the fair tint of their complexion. The latter is merely tanned; but it becomes quite white by keeping out of the sun. Adamson mentions some fair-skinned Mohammedans resident for ages in the interior of Africa, in the midst of black natives, and who yet retained all their original whiteness. The central parts of the island of Madagascar are inhabited by a swarthy race; the negro color is met with in only certain districts, and along the rivers of this island which front the eastern coast of Africa. We have the testimony of a multitude of travellers that Europeans residing in the torrid zone become tanned; but short of crossing with the negroes they never become black. Moreover, we find negro or Papuan populations in temperate climates, and white or swarthy nations the tenants of the torrid zone. For example, Van Diemen's Land is almost as cold as Ireland, and yet is inhabited by a race of blacks. The Molucca islands are situated directly under the torrid zone, and are peopled by Malays of a light olive tint. At Malabar, at the Coromandel coast, at the peninsula of Malacca, the heat and light are more powerful than in the south of New-Holland, or at the Cape of Good Hope; and yet the inhabitants of the former regions are swarthy, and those of the latter, negroes. We are assured by the testimony of various travellers, Hedkins, Bruce, Adamson, &c., that there exist communities of white people in the heart of the most scorching part of Africa. So, too, do various animals remain white under the line. The negro transported to America retains his color, even after several unmixed generations. If climate has such influence upon color, why do the Parsees (the ancient fire-worshippers of Persia) maintain their fair complexion amidst the dusky races of India for such a multitude of ages? Why is the Hungarian more swarthy than the Swiss, who dwell in the same parallel? We find places in South America as hot as certain districts of Africa; and yet the former have never produced but a copper-colored race, and the latter are peopled with negroes. The Moorish women, not exposed to the sun, are as fair as those of Italy and the south of France; and the Polish ladies are as dark as the Spanish. But what is to be thought of the pretended influence of heat and light upon color, when we find the Laplanders, the Samoiedes, the Kamstchatkans as dark-skinned as the Arabs, Hindoos, Malabarians, and Malays? The Swedes and Icelanders are much nearer the south than the Laplanders; and yet they are a great deal fairer. The Peruvian and Carib, placed contiguous to the line, are not darker than the Patagonian or the Iroquois. The yellow and hideous Nogars are the neighbors of the fair-skinned beauties of Georgia, Circassia, and Mingrelia; and the merely tanned Abyssinians are surrounded by soot-black negroes. The Siberian is brown, while the European, much more southward, is white.

"Survey the earth throughout all its parallels, from the pole to the equator, *you will not find a*

single constant relation between the degrees of heat or light and the colors of the several races of mankind. For, according to the opinion of those who ascribe blackness solely to the light or the heat of climates, it would be necessary that the polar regions were peopled with men of extreme whiteness, that temperate climes were inhabited by people more or less swarthy, and the torrid zone was everywhere covered with negroes ; a consequence which is contrary to experience in a thousand localities. If we observe the shade of the skin grow gradually deeper from Sweden to Gibraltar, it is only in the same race of men ; but the progression is quite otherwise in other parts of the earth, because the stocks are different."

Not merely does this crowd of contradictory instances utterly negative the pretended inductions of Pritchard, but also the theory intimated in the concluding passage converts the body of his facts to support the contrary hypothesis. For by limiting the influence of climate in the variation of color to a modification of tint in the same stock or race, the more divergent of the observed differences were left to be accounted for only by the supposition of an original diversity of type. But this supposition, in connection with the well-known fact of universal migration, explains quite obviously the mixture of the fundamental colors in similar climates, and in even the same country, from which Pritchard infers preposterously a primitive unity of type. In fine, the inference, besides being contrary to fact, involves, moreover, a *petitio principii.* The argument of Pritchard is this: The difference between the darkest Asiatic nations and the fairest Europeans is so wide that they could well be referred to the same origin, *only because we can find no more rational explanation of the known facts.* Rather a precarious basis, we may remark, upon which to rest a theory, and accordingly knocked away by the really "rational" solution just cited. "But there is (he proceeds) an observation which renders our hypothesis extremely probable, namely, that within the same nation we may distinguish differences quite analogous to those existing between the most remote nations." Here, we see, lurks the assumption that all the inhabitants of the same country or nation are generally of the same race, notwithstanding their varieties of complexion ; and again, the "analogy" by which this assumed identity is extended to distant nations, *allowing for a divergence in hue proportioned to the distance in space*, slips in, we see, a second assumption, affirmative of the causation of climate. But these were precisely the two points to be proved. So that Pritchard, in this probably last effort to uphold the hypothesis of a single species, and a variation by climate, only alleges for his principal argument a repetition of the question, and for his theoretical explanation, the exaggeration of a vulgar error.

The author cited pursues the refutation more triumphantly still, through the other and deeper features of human diversity, such as the configuration of the skull, the physiognomy, the general frame, &c. But we have, for brevity, selected purposely the particular of color, as being the most modifiable of all, and therefore the most fatal, because most favorable test of the system. In overthrowing it root and branch—the foundation of Blumenbach as well as the facing of Pritchard—this formidable antagonist was, as the reader has probably anticipated, the destined successor to the throne of Anthropology.

Virey is in fact the next of the great originators in this science. He is also the latest, if not the greatest; and yet his work* is little known, we think, in this country. For these various reasons our concise analysis should be as complete and characteristic as possible.

In the cultivator of science there is, perhaps, no surer sign of a true vocation than the power of seizing upon the solid and salient merits of his predecessors. To be absolutely original is to be absurd or insane. Accordingly Virey, with his advantage of position or instinct of genius, seems to have selected, from the foregoing long succession of theories, precisely the two principles to which alone, it will be remembered, we were able to yield a *scientific* approval, however valuable may have been all in the preparation of the subject. These points are the facial angle of Camper, and the evolution idea of Lamarck. The former, however, was adopted by Virey, we douht not, mainly for its mathematical precision, and less as a physical principle than as a logical convenience. Of the doctrine of Lamarck, too, he has taken but the grand foundation of *fact*, the theory being not essential to the

* *Histoire Naturelle du Genre Humain.* Paris. 2 vols. 8vo.

inductive purpose of his history. This he commences in the following terms :—

"Beginning with the fishes and ascending to the reptile classes, then from viviparous quadrupeds up to man, we shall observe a manifest gradation of enlargement in the spino-cerebral nervous system. The intelligence of animals increases in the same proportion, *in general ;* [the reader will here mark the judicious qualification, of which we ventured to criticise the omission in Camper ;] so that we reach the grade of man by shades almost successive, as may be easily noted in passing from the dog to the ape, to the ourang-outang, from the latter to the Hottentot negro, and thence to the white man, to the European, the most industrious and intelligent."

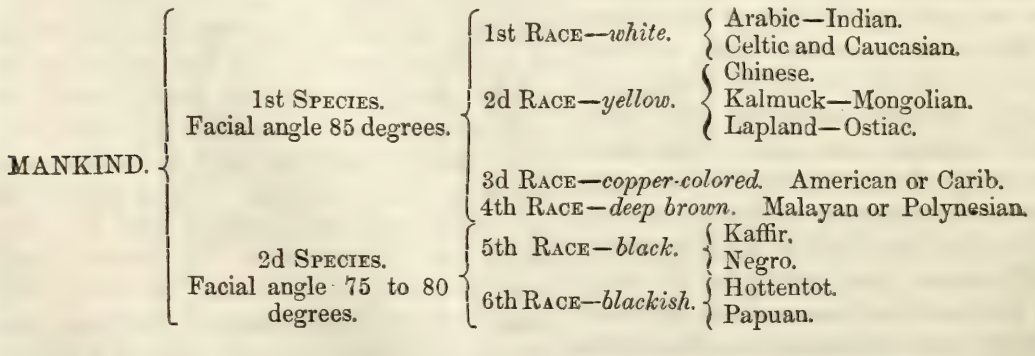
From the equable gradation it seems to follow necessarily, that if there be a difference of species between any two of the former terms, a like distinction must be owned as well to exist between the Troglodyte negro and the European. Virey accordingly accepts the consequence, and upon it does not hesitate to lay the broad basis of his system,—broad, we say, in the relative sense of embracing implicitly all the other and intermediate varieties. And this course evinces also a master in scientific method, which prescribes that complex subjects be seized at first by the opposite extremes,—it being much easier to trace the links when we hold the chain by both ends, than if dependent upon the indefinite direction of one extremity.

"Assuredly," says Virey, "if the naturalists saw two insects or two quadrupeds as uniformly different in their exterior forms and permanent colors as are the white man and the negro, they would not hesitate to erect them into two different species. We could offer a thousand examples of animals or plants, which are classed in different species according to characters much less marked, such as the wolf and the dog, the hare and the rabbit, the sparrow and the chaffinch, &c. * * * Mankind, then, in its totality, should be divided into *two distinct species ;* and these are partitioned into several races or principal stocks, and next into families.

"The *first species* is characterized physically by a fair complexion, or only olive or bronze, but never black ; hair straight and long ; a *facial angle expanding to eighty-five or ninety degrees ;* a very erect stature. It has the use of written laws ; its moral characteristics are, an intelligence superior to that of all other species, a condition of civilization more or less advanced, a degree of skill and industry beyond the other races, and ordinarily courage, and love of true glory. This species is separated into four principal stocks, which are subdivided into seven families. The Malay forms the conterminous variety of the negro type.

"The *second species* is distinguished from the preceding by a complexion soot-colored, or quite black, never white or bronze, (cases of disease excepted ;) by black hair more or less woolly, always crisp and short ; by protuberant lips ; by a *facial angle expanding from seventy-five to eighty degrees at most ;* by a position of the body somewhat oblique, a slip-shod and laggard gait, knees protruding laterally, and the natural habit of nudity. In the moral aspect this species is characterized by a limited understanding, a civilization always imperfect, by less of true courage, industry, capacity, than the other species. It is also more addicted to the pleasures of sense than to the moral affections, and approximates more to the brute. It is divided into two races, which are separable each into two families."

The aggregate of these general divisions of mankind is exhibited by the author in the following diagram :—



Such is a very summary sketch of the great work which seems to hold at present the principal place in the progress of anthropology. Its merits, in a strictly and definitely *scientific* sense, we should hardly allow ourselves to criticise under the fairest circumstances of time and space. Nor happily is it requisite to the main purpose of the article, except in reference to the two points in which each successive theory was to be, so to say, adjusted to its historical place in the series. The single remark we venture to indulge will, then, be protected by this exigence, in its application to the former point or pole of the

system in question. In the lineal predecessor of this system we saw that the white or "Caucasian variety" was ranked, by Blumenbach, as the type and original of the whole species. It was quite natural then that Virey should have retained to it this priority, or, at most, reduced it to a chronological parallelism; all in establishing a second centre of creation. This transitional necessity is his ample excuse for what we cannot but think a lingering inversion of the scientific order of arrangement. For whether the theory of a plurality of *species*, or only of *varieties*, be preferred, the classification should alike, we think, commence with the negro. It was thus, apparently, that nature commenced, or rather proceeded, and science should follow nature. We doubt not the day approaches, when the Hottentot negro will be recognized by naturalists as either the eldest issue of *the* house, or an issue of the *elder* house of humanity. The conjecture could already be rendered probable were this the place. To the great fundamental argument supplied by the organic gradation of Lamarck, and of Virey himself, we may here add a single induction, drawn as before from the more variable, and so more valid criterion of color. It is a well-known fact that in all animals the color is constant in the natural state; and that by transportation into different circumstances it undergoes in all a change, proportionate to the divergence, and especially to the artificialness of the new condition. The effect is most familiar in the case of domestication, where the artificial complication of influences renders the phenomena of color so fluctuating. But the observation is equally certain, in a suitable degree, of the untamable species when transferred to remote climates. And it may possibly be extended to even the vegetable kingdom, under circumstances of either or both descriptions. Now what we are concerned with here is, that the tendency of the variation is uniformly *from a darker to a lighter shade*, that is to say, from the absence of all colors to the commixture of all. In truth, this line of the progression has its sufficient reason in some of the most general laws of the physical world. But these we need not here discuss, as the fact itself is sufficient to argue, in the human species, the antecedence of the negro type.

But if the contrary order is left to clog the classification of Virey in the rear, the error will be compensated if we pass to the other and foremost historical pole of the system. Here we find, for the first time, the systematic recognition of a *second species*, that is to say, of two separate *creations* in the family of mankind. The advance of this doctrine is, not that the opinion is yet proved to be true, but that it puts itself upon positive or inductive ground, and repudiates all preconceived hypotheses. And once upon this even plain of rational observation, the subject of anthropology may be expected, by the next great stage, to take a fixed though not a final place among the rest of the physical sciences.

Here, however, there must, as usual, arise some intermediate systems, and of a character above the mere imitator, though not properly original. For example, there were men who, unlike Lawrence, Pritchard, &c., freely discussed and modified the five "varieties" of Blumenbach, in bringing the subject by due gradation to the revolution just described. Such were, principally, Dumeril, (*Zoologie Analitique*,) who varied the number to six, and Cuvier, (*Règne Animal*,) who reduced it to three varieties. In like manner we find this class of elaborators or modificators already at work upon Virey's system of a plurality of species. To bring our historical indications completely up to the present moment, it will be fit to exemplify the most authoritative of these secondary systems. We confine ourselves to two of the principal, and must resort for them, almost of course, to the same classic land of science.

Desmoulins, one of the first physiologists of the age, divides mankind into *eleven species*, which he denominates as follows: 1st, Celto-Scythic Arabs; 2d, Mongolians; 3d, Ethiopians; 4th, Euro-(East) Africans; 5th, Austro-(South) Africans; 6th, Malays, or Oceanics; 7th, Papuas; 8th, Oceanic Negroes; 9th, Australians; 10th, Columbians; 11th, Americans. (*Hist. Naturelle des Races Humains.*) Though this distribution be urged by the author with great power and much plausibility, we cannot think it good for much more than the transitive office already assigned it.

The other system is that of Bery de Saint Vincent, a military officer, but, like most officers in the French service, a man of science, if not also a philosopher. The division of this naturalist is what the uninitiated would call wilder still, consisting as it does

of *fifteen species.* They are: 1st, the Taphetic; 2d, the Arabic; 3d, the Hindoo; 4th, the Scythian; 5th, the Ostiac; 6th, the Hyperborean; 7th, the Neptunian; 8th, the Australian; 9th, the Columbian; 10th, the American; 11th, the Patagonian; 12th, the Ethiopian; 13th, the Kaffir; 14th, the Melanian; 15th, the Hottentot. Fifteen species of men! fifteen distinct and primitive centres of human origination. For such is the unhesitating import; not races, or tribes, or varieties,—terms of which we will conclude with endeavoring to fix the distinctions. This doctrine of fifteen creations, the reader perceives, is not quite orthodox. And yet the author takes the trouble to reconcile it with the Bible, which he pretends to be the tradition of only *one* of these species, and which he designates as the Adamite race. M. de St Vincent, however, besides high closet qualifications, has a title additional to the confidence of the inquirer. He has spent twenty years of his life in philosophical peregrinations all over the globe. We must not, therefore, omit to cite, upon one or two capital points of the discussion, the opinion of a man, who, as it were, has thus applied his five senses, as well as his intellect, to the subject in all its practical reality and variety. And first, concerning the theory of climate, he says in his article on man in the *Dictionnaire Classique d'Histoire Naturelle:*—

"Climate does very little; it is organization that controls throughout. To prove that the negro and the white man derive their difference from that of the climates in which they live, it would be necessary to show that the lineage of either had changed, without crossing, from white to black or from black to white, after having been transported from the north to the south, or from the south to the north. But the thing has never taken place, although writers obstinate in their narrow views have often made the assertion; it is even impossible. These writers, by an abuse of the axiom that color is not a specific character, affect not to know that there is however a case in which colors, when they are constant, furnish a sufficient characteristic, [the case in which we have ourselves, the reader may remember, referred to it, more than once, as not merely "sufficient," but paramount.] It has been remarked in particular on the coast of Angola, as well as at St. Thomas, under the line and in the Gulf of Guinea, that the Portuguese, settled for now about three centuries under a firmament of fire, are become scarce darker than the common complexion of the Iberian peninsula, and continue pure whites, so far as the race has not been crossed. Under the same burning equator, which traverses, in the old world, the country of the Ethiopians and ebony-hued Papuas, no negroes have been found on the American continent. The natives of this other earth seem, on the contrary, to be whiter as they approach to the equinoctial line; and the proof that the black complexion is not caused alone by the heat of these intertropical regions is this—that the Laplanders and Greenlanders, born beneathan icy sky, have the skin darker than the Malays, inhabiting the hottest district of the globe. The tribes, among these hyperboreans, who verge the nearest toward the poles, are found to blacken almost into negroes."

The other particular, concerning which we would appeal to the immense observation of this writer, relates to the regular gradation alleged by the theory of development to exist between the human species and the ape. On this point M. Bery De Saint Vincent, speaking from experience, informs us, that "of all the *species* of mankind, [alluding to their large plurality in his own system,] the Hottentot species, which is the grade adjacent to the ourang-outang in point of physical, approximates it still more nearly by the inferiority of the intellectual faculties: in fact, the Hottentots are so brutish, so lazy, and so stupid, that they have been found not worth reducing to slavery. They can scarce perform an act of reasoning, and their idiom, as barren as their ideas, is no more than a sort of clucking, and bears scarce any resemblance to the human voice."

This writer has also some curious reflections upon another question of great importance, but which we have not had occasion hitherto to broach in this article, because it belongs in fact to the conclusion, not merely of the article, but even of the science. There is, then, a doubly sufficient reason, namely, the prematurity of the discussion and the want of space, why we can here do but submit it, with the authoritative comment of Saint Vincent, to the sober meditation of our readers. "We think it proper," says the author, "to remark that if the intellectual eminence of a few gifted men, descended from the Taphetic species, appears to merit for this division the primary rank, yet nine tenths of the individuals who compose it are not, however, a great deal superior to the Hottentots in the development of their reason. We do not therefore pretend to assign any definite precedence [among his fifteen species]. Who, besides, would dare to elevate any one species above the others, or to declare any one incapable of emerging from the state of brutes!"

Here, it will be noted, is a quite compli-

mentary comparison of the so much, but no doubt *self*-lauded "Caucasian race," in the vast majority of its numbers, with the "clucking" troglodyte incapable of an operation of reason! The juxtaposition may not indeed be very consistent in a writer whom we just saw affirm the doctrine of a successive gradation of organization and intellect. Nor does the renouncement of a scale of dignity among his numerous species evince a very settled conception of the exigencies of science; unless it was perhaps a silly peace offering to theological prejudice. In either case, however, the confusion would but exactly comport with the anarchical state of the subject in its transition to a new system, of which we have ranged the work of Saint Vincent as the most forward representative. And as the error would thus be attributable to the place, so the inconsistency would belong to the person of the author. But let the points in question—namely, the non-existence of a principle of precedence between the several races, and the equality of the mass of whites in point of reasoning impotence to the negro—let these bold assertions, we say, be considered in themselves. If we mistake not, they are both pregnant with the materials of thought, and go to the inmost core of the subject of civilization as well as anthropology—of the artificial as well as the natural history of mankind. The purpose of our few remarks will be to signalize, not to solve, the difficulties.

In approximating to the Hottentot the great majority of the Caucasian race, the author before us is careful to specify the point of comparison, namely, the development of the *reasoning* faculty. Upon the import of the phrase, then, will turn the merits of his position. He cannot, in the first place, be supposed to mean that the every-day operations of a European mechanic or even day-laborer do not *involve* a greatly higher amount of reasoning. He would only distinguish that the mental process is not performed by these operatives, but had been the work of the comparatively few thinkers of the race. The multitude, he would doubtless argue, do little more than apply the *results*, and under the influence of habit or association. But there is here no more ratiocination than in the building of the beaver or the bee. It is instinct alike in both cases. It is therefore, *à fortiori*, as alien to the act of *reasoning* as the instinct of the Hottentot. The sole difference is reduced to this, that the European's instinct is *set*, by civilization, to a larger range of action; that he is born into a more complex system, the contrivance of men of genius, where, by the multiplied points of contact, he is *forced* to play a part more various, but not the less in obedience still to mere mechanical laws. The question stated thus assumes, it will be seen, a quite debatable aspect. Is it true, then, that "nine tenths" of the people of Europe and of America are "little above the Hottentot in reasoning power," as thus defined? The reader should, before answering with an indignant negative, weigh one or two fundamental and indubitable facts. It is such a fact that the stock of knowledge, even of those called intelligent and educated men, is composed for the most part of unconnected, incoherent, and often contradicting propositions,—a circumstance which proves conclusively that it has neither been acquired by the exercise, nor submitted to the revision, of reason, and only rests upon the *material* basis of a miscellaneous experience. Another and perhaps more decisive fact is, that when taken beyond this firm and familiar ground of experience, they fall into the credulity of childhood. Witness in all parts of this country the number of merchants and other callings, of a class of intelligence to have *calculated* themselves into large fortunes, who yet have been gulled over and over by a Miller, a Maffit, a Matthias, to sell their hard-earned accumulations, and give the proceeds, *not* to the poor, but to the prophet, break up or abandon their families, and prepare their "ascension petticoats" for the approaching day of dissolution. Not merely such as these, but men of even a profession which may be said to be directly founded upon reasoning and incredulity;—one of the most distinguished lawyers of the *Union* has once been seen, by the writer, in tears, on returning from a "revival" harangue which painted, it seems, hell-fire in such terrible colors as he had never thought on, he avowed contritely, until then, though some fifty years old. The explanation is that he and the others were carried beyond the range of their respective routines,—were transported from the court and the counting-room into an ideal or unknown world, where, being not only without general principles to determine the bearings of the new questions, but without the

reasoning power to extend to them the ordinary rules of judgment, they were left as absolutely at the mercy of the ranting rhetorician, as would a congregation of Troglodytes or a nursery of children be at that of the imaginative historian of Jack the Giant-killer. Hence also the clumsy and reiterated humbugs of "Rochester knockings," "Stratford tappings," &c. &c., which are gravely discussed in our most intelligent newspapers. The same example and explanation might be extended from things sacred, where the "pious fraud" may be thought useful, to things very profane, where it is confessedly pernicious; we allude to the peculiar prevalence of all sorts of quackery among our too exclusively practical people. Not, however, that the multitude in Europe, who would laugh such mountebanks to scorn, or leave them to starve, are to be concluded more capable than the American people of the reasoning process in question. Their advantage or safety lies in obeying an aristocracy of reason; whereas here we claim the privilege of having all our individual opinions upon every subject. The consequence is that, since our real competency is commonly confined to the sphere of routine, and the quack is always sure to come with something *extraordinary*, he entraps us by the tacit appeal to the omniscience of our own pretension, under risk of being found ignorant or uninquiring. So that this failing, referred by foreigners to a lower state of civilization, has really a noble origin. It is the tax we pay for thinking, or at least for thinking that we think, for ourselves. And if it be proverbial that he who is his own lawyer has a fool for his client, it is no less true perhaps that he who went to the other extreme of resigning his own vigilance to the lawyer would have a rogue for his advocate.

Be that as it may, we should, for our own part, hesitate still to question the power of abstract reasoning in the Caucasian race of even the lower classes, notwithstanding the above and other unfavorable appearances. But our democratic faith is somewhat shaken on turning for a more decisive manifestation of the faculty to the received teachers of those classes, as found in even the great Anglo-Saxon family itself. Examine, for instance, our newspapers and periodicals, with nine tenths of the less ephemeral publications of the day, and you will rarely if ever meet a page or paragraph of strictly *original* reasoning or reflection. Or if the attempt be occasionally made to bridge across a brace of common-places, the middle terms will be more or less supplied from personal preconceptions,—influences as irresistible to the infant reason of the civilized man, as they are known, of old, to be to the fickle, because feeble attention of the savage. And as with the written so *à fortiori* with the oral productions designed to instruct or convince a people who claim to reason themselves. But all this is so familiar that it passes unnoticed like the air. To place it in adequate contrast, then, the reflecting reader should first peruse a few set speeches of the chief living politicians of England or this country, and then turn to the pages of Lord Bacon or Aristotle. We dare engage that he will find the difference, in all that characterizes the reasoning process, quite as wide as any he can well conceive between a Hottentot Troglodyte and a European philosopher. Nay, the transition would probably appear as if from the shallow prattle and official tricks of a parrot to the reasoning amplitude and energy of a god. But this is something more than the assertion of M. Bery de Saint Vincent. We cannot, then, for our own part, take the responsibility of contradicting him upon this point.

His second proposition—relative to the general criterion—seems equally susceptible of plausible argument. For how (to take an example a good deal agitated of late) should we determine the point of precedence between the Celtic and the Saxon races? The question is, what shall be the principle, the criterion? If it be *physical force*, in subduing both the earth and its inhabitants, then the Teutonic race is decidedly the superior. But there are writers who insist that this is only the superiority of the brute. They allege that the Celtic race, though everywhere vanquished, has been everywhere the civilizer of the conquerors, from the polished and artistic Ionian and rude and warlike Dorian of ancient Greece, down to the gay and philosophic Gaul and the energetic and piratical Norman of modern France. They further urge that the greatest poets, orators, and philosophers of history, and in the greatest number, have been produced by the Celtic race, and that the greatest scientific thinkers belong to its remnant at this day,—of which, in fact, the

foregoing pages furnish a singular illustration in the large proportion of Frenchmen we saw leading promoters of the science. And having premised these and other statements which are undoubtedly true, the advocates of this side bid defiance to their antagonists to go now and raise matter above spirit, muscle above mind, and rank the tiger that can devour the possessor of an immortal soul as, on this account, the superior animal! We take neither part in this grave debate. Our present purpose was merely to show, or rather to set the reader to reflect, how much there was to say on both sides, and that the perplexity of Saint Vincent was not, after all, so irrational. This conclusion will be considerably fortified, the difficulty will be largely augmented, if the comparison from only two terms be extended severally to the entire aggregate of "races," "varieties," or "species," of which we have now completed the historical analysis. This is the remaining task of the science of Anthropology. Ours is to add, as promised, the technical definition of these several terms.

We are first to remind the reader that the definitions in question are, some or all of them, as various as the writers, or at least the systems; and secondly, that, as a general thing, all definitions must be imperfect while the corresponding science remains incomplete. They can only be more or less *perfected* (not perfect) meanwhile. Under these circumstances it will best comport with the expository function to which we have hitherto confined this article, to submit a selection of the most recent or authentic acceptations. Taken from the principal among the authors above surveyed, they will furnish also a closing and supplementary key to their distinctive systems.

Buffon defines a *species*, the succession of individuals who reproduce themselves perpetually, or, more explicitly by negation, as follows: When animals, presenting essential differences, do not generate by copulation, or only produce a mongrel which in itself is improlific, such as the horse and the ass that beget the mule—those animals are of separate species. Here we see why Buffon must have held, as we saw he did, entire mankind to compose but the same species; for its remotest diversities will procreate downward indefinitely.

To this, which was also the definition of Blumenbach, the trait of *resemblance* has been added by Cuvier, who defines a species to be—"A collection of individuals descending one from another, or from common parents, *and stocks that bear to them as close resemblance as they bear to each other.*" This is followed by Pritchard too; who, like his more illustrious predecessors, held, accordingly, to the unity of the human species.

But it has been severally overthrown by both Virey and Desmoulins, who contradict it with a multitude of phenomena from natural history. Their own substitute is expressed substantially in the following terms of the latter: "A *species* is known by the permanence of the type under contrary influences." Such would be the persistence of color or configuration under opposite conditions of climate, of which we have had occasion to cite so many instances. Accordingly, Virey and Desmoulins were led to the divisions respectively of two and eleven species.

By these writers we see the attribute of *reproduction*, as a test of species, is left to drop away from the definition, and *resemblance* made the sole criterion under the collective designation of type. And we think, with good reason; as far at least as regards the exclusive position assigned the former by the preceding naturalists. The rejection was amply warranted by even the facts adduced by those who made it. But there was an objection still more fatal or more conclusive, which both Virey and Desmoulins appear to have overlooked. It is that the definition (as we have perhaps already remarked in this paper) is founded upon a fallacy—is chargeable with assuming its own test. For when told that indefinite reproduction is the criterion of species, it is natural to ask for the proof. But to this no better answer has been provided or returned than that of Molière's mountebank, namely, a repetition of the assertion. At the same time, we do not think resemblance—though putting itself undoubtedly on the positive ground of observation—should be erected into a like position of exclusiveness. The full and final definition will probably embrace them both, in the light of some larger principle to be yet explored or applied.

As the term *species* has been always the cardinal point upon which the others were

made to turn in the different systems, it will not be necessary to dwell directly upon the words *race* and *variety*. By those writers who hold the theory of a specific unity, the terms have both been employed either indifferently, as by Blumenbach, to denote the more fundamental "degenerations," or distinctively, as by most of his followers, to designate different grades of the divergence,—the *permanent* being held to constitute *race*, and the transient named *varieties*. On the other hand, the class of systems proceeding on a plurality of *species* and the criterion of *type*, seem to verge upon a like confusion of the term *race* with their species, and apply the word *variety* to the minor diversities, which they allow to be produceable by climate and circumstances.

There is still another member of this logical hierarchy which has not been mentioned yet, though the progenitor of all: we mean the term *genus*, or kind. This will constitute a class apart with those who hold the plurality of species; and accordingly we saw the division of Virey made to spring from the term man-*kind*. The uni-specific theories, on the other hand, incur a confusion not unlike the preceding; for the *species* man being here considered co-extensive with the *kind*, the things are distinguishable only by the ideal circumstance of being viewed under opposite relations.

In this state of general fluctuation, and all things well weighed, we venture to present the following determinations, as at once the most solid and serial permissible perhaps in the actual condition of the science. We would, then, include—

Under the term *genus*, the aggregate of the *species* connected with each other by certain common characteristics, such as the negro and the European;

Under the name *species*, the aggregate of *races* which may be referred, at least hypothetically, to a single primitive couple, or to the same centre of creation: such are the Kaffir and Hottentot in the black division, and the Celtic and Saxon races in the white;

Under the name *race*, the aggregate of varieties which belong to the same line: as the English and Dutch are varieties of the Teutonic, and the Irish and Welsh of the Celtic line;

Under the name *variety*, the aggregate of individuals born with all the same characteristics, but essentially variable by circumstances: such are the provincial peculiarities observable in each of the countries named, and perhaps also in the moral order, the *professional* peculiarities described by Pope with his usual felicity of discrimination and verse.*

In fine, the diversity of *species* may be conceived to originate in a *chronological* difference; the diversity of *race* in a *geographical* one; the diversity of variety in a *social*; even as the diversity of *genus*, in those *solar* differences of temperature attested by the infallible record of geology.

But why not tell us all this at the beginning? cries some semi-scientific reader, who has read that writers should all begin by defining their terms. Our answer is, that we might have *then* been talking Greek to our querist; whereas he is *now* possessed of the same materials for comprehending those definitions, both in their acceptation and appropriateness, that we have had access to ourselves. In truth, however, we gave no thought to the matter one way or the other. We took up and pursued the subject in the historical order of its exploration. Not blindly, however, in obedience to a certain succession of great names; but because it was, necessarily, the order of nature. Now this guidance of nature always takes the form of analysis; and the *end* of this method is the establishment of definitions. And if the critic will not take our humble word, backed by an accidental example, for this matter, we can only refer him to the authority of Pascal,† or the more familiar endorsement of the precept by Burke.‡

---

* *Boastful* and *rough*, your first son is a *squire;*
The next a *tradesman, meek*, and much a *liar.*
John struts a *soldier, open, bold* and *brave;*
Will *sneaks* a *scrivener*, an exceeding *knave.*
Is he a *Churchman?* then he is *fond of power;*
A Quaker? sly; a Presbyterian? sour, &c.

† De l'Esprit Géometrique.

‡ Pref. Sublime and Beautiful.

THE TRUE ISSUE BETWEEN PARTIES IN THE SOUTH: UNION OR DISUNION.*

This article appeared in a pamphlet form, last month, in Columbus, Mississippi. It belongs, however, to the nation, and is properly addressed to both North and South. It is the production of a well known and powerful pen, and represents the feeling and opinion of Unionists in the South.

A CRISIS has been reached in our national affairs when it becomes us all, fellow-citizens, to reflect. The crisis is not, as heretofore, illusory and unreal, or confined merely within the narrow limits of party contrivances. The least sagacious may see that danger is imminent, and that the impulsiveness of some, the bad influence of others, and the selfish ambition of *many*, have wrought the public mind to a degree of excitement that bodes dire and permanent mischief to the integrity of the government. It is not to be concealed that the issue so long and so earnestly deprecated by Washington and other fathers of the Republic, is about to be joined. That issue is, Union or Disunion. No subtlety of argument or speech, no specious array of words, no ingenious or metaphysical terms can longer cover the designs of those who are promulging the pernicious doctrine of resistance to the constitutional acts of Congress, or, what is worse, abetting schemes and movements, which look, in their consequences, to nothing less than actual secession and dissolution of the Union. Mark the word, fellow-citizens. I do not mention secession without premeditation; nor do I charge it, as yet, on any class of persons hereabouts. I affix the odium to their schemes, and shall endeavor to explain the grounds of the charge more fully as we progress with the subject.

It is the purpose of these papers to review calmly and succinctly the doctrines set up by those who advocate resistance to the laws of Congress, recently passed, which admit California as a State of the Union, and which embrace the whole series of bills reported by the Senate Committee of Thirteen, of which Henry Clay was chairman; better known as the Compromise or Adjustment Bills. I purpose to review the whole grounds of what is termed the list of Southern grievances. I shall examine the various constitutional questions that have been raised, and the exposition of which has been depended on as the *reason* for extreme resorts. I shall inquire into the *necessity* for the proposed convocation of the Legislature by Governor Quitman and also of the re-assemblage of the Nashville Convention; and, lastly, I shall invite your attention to the *remedies* proposed by the advocates of resistance, viz.: secession, or dissolution of the United States, and the formation of a Southern Confederacy.

To accomplish fully this design, it is necessary to enter into some preliminary details of history, intimately connected with the subject, and which may not, therefore, prove unprofitable. It may serve, and is designed to show, the vicious tendency of party, and the countless evils which have flowed from the policy of the last administration.

The dangers which now threaten the peace of the Union date their origin from the dark period of the Texan annexation. No matter what may be our obligations and relations with Texas now, it is undeniable that her introduction as a member of the

* Union or Disunion; being a Review of the alleged causes of aggression at the recent action of Congress, together with some views concerning the proposed Southern Convention; and an examination of His Excellency's late Proclamation, as also of the doctrine of Secession. Addressed to the People of Mississippi. By a Southron. Columbus, Mississippi. 1850.

United States has brought about the present dissatisfactions and distractions. Previously to 1845, parties had been divided mainly on internal questions, which the lapse of a few years would have settled peaceably and with satisfaction. The United States Bank had fallen beneath the ponderous arm of Andrew Jackson, and its advocates, after a manful struggle, had submitted quietly to its overthrow. Internal improvements had ceased to be a ground of difference, because the States had taken them in hand separately. The manifold and exaggerated evils which had been charged on the Protective System had been averted (if, indeed, they had ever existed) by the pacificatory influences of the Compromise Bill of 1833; and their partial revival in 1842 had been effectually checked by the law of 1846. Meanwhile, however, a new cause of difference had been surreptitiously introduced by the expiring administration of John Tyler. The recent developments made by this last-named personage and the Hon. Samuel Houston, leave no question as to the fraudulence which marked the incipiency of the annexation project; the depth and consummate artifice of which, in connection with the fabled alliance between England and Texas, seem to have inveigled the strong perceptive powers of Mr. Calhoun himself. At least, he was called in to consummate the plan, and, although it was, on the part of Tyler, a last effort at popularity, and on the part of Houston a last chance of escape from Mexican re-conquest, it is certain that *his* object was to guard, by its speedy annexation to the Union, an interest to which he was devoted, and which he believed was assailable by England from that exposed quarter. The name and influence of Calhoun gave, thus, very high respectability to a project which might otherwise, under the auspices of Houston or Tyler, have fallen into speedy and meritorious disrepute. But the respectability thrown around it by Mr. Calhoun, though probably well intended by him, resulted most disastrously. No sooner was it made known that the distinguished Carolinian had asserted the claims of Texas, than the Democratic party, chagrined by their defeat in 1840, seized adroitly on the question, wrested it from the feeble grasp of John Tyler, and, under the pale and sicklied light of the "Lone Star," succeeded in their efforts for the Presidency. Mr. Polk was elected, Texas hastily and inconsiderately annexed; and it is a remarkable, and not uninstructive fact, that just as the ancient party warfare had expired, the Democratic party simultaneously introduced a fire-brand of contention, which, it is feared, will yet prove the entering wedge to a dissolution of the Union. Scarcely had Texas been annexed, before, in consequence, the war with Mexico ensued. It was persisted in until California, New-Mexico, and Texas were all brought into the Union, and in despite of the warning voice of many who had at first advocated the annexation of the latter; not believing that it would result in war and extensive conquest. California and New-Mexico thus becoming the property of the United States, there was revived, as a natural consequence, the exciting issue which had previously grown out of the purchase of Louisiana, and which, in 1819, had well nigh caused a disruption of the government. This issue, of course, was the extension or restriction of the slavery interest. For weal or for woe, therefore, the last administration is justly chargeable with the dangers and the evils which now, if not checked, so imminently *portend* a bloody and devastating civil war. Its advocates should not shrink from the responsibility; else, having now seen and felt the disasters of their hasty policy, let them come forward, and aid to rescue the Union.

It will not be denied that the circumstances of the admission of California into the Union, with her present Constitution, were such as to engender much and serious jealousy on the part of the South. Her boundaries were too large and extended by more than half; and the Convention which framed her Constitution was gotten up with a haste and informality that argued a predetermined hostility to the peculiar Southern institution. But it is equally undeniable that the people of California possess the right, in a conventional capacity, to exclude slavery from their midst; and the exclusion having been made, it was a very serious question whether more mischief would not have ensued from the attempt to undo the act, in the face of our settled principles of popular right, than any which is likely to follow from a recognition of her claims. It is also a very delicate point to assume that Congress has the right to impose, under such circumstances, any other than its sole con-

stitutional restriction on the terms of admission, which is a republican form of government. Such power has ever been strenuously denied by Southern statesmen, and the contrary assertion by the North in the case of Missouri in 1819, was then the great cause of contention and aggravation. The irregularities which marked the formation of the California Constitution were no legitimate bar to her admission, although certainly an objection. Precedent has settled that point against the advocates of resistance. Not to mention the recent cases of Michigan and of Texas, history has preserved the action of Congress on two memorable occasions, directly analogous. At the session of 1802 the Territory comprising the present State of Ohio made application for admission into the Union. The application was referred to a Committee of the Senate, of which the celebrated Mr. Giles was chairman; and on the fourth day of March succeeding, it was reported, that although the requisitions of the law had not been strictly complied with in the formation of the Constitution, and the prescribed number of inhabitants nearly twenty thousand short, yet that it comported "with the *general interest* of the confederacy" to admit said State of Ohio into the Union, "on the same footing with the original States, in all respects whatsoever." (Amer. State Papers. Mis. vol. 1st, page 326.) It is worthy of remark that the term, "*general interest* of the confederacy," covers the whole ground of admission, and evinces, in a striking manner, the proclivity of the past generation of statesmen to submerge all factional issues in the common weal of the Union.

The principle of non-intervention was more clearly settled still at the session of 1808, on an application of the people inhabiting the Indiana Territory to establish a separate government west of the river Wabash. The Committee, in this instance, reported that, "being convinced it was the wish of a *large majority* of the citizens of said Territory that such separation should take place, deem it *always* wise and just policy *to grant to every portion of the people of the Union that form of government which is the object of their wishes*, when not incompatible with the *Constitution* of the United States." (Amer. State Papers. Mis. vol. 1st, page 946.)

So much as concerns the admission of California at the recent session of Congress, and which some few discontented spirits, North and South, but mainly at the South, propose to resist at every extremity. The facts of the case only have been intended to be given. With the Congressional speeches, and other evidences touching its merits, so extensively distributed among the people, it is not deemed necessary to burthen this treatise with lengthy detail.

With regard to the bill proposing an adjustment of pending difficulties with the State of Texas, it is only necessary to say, that the whole subject is now before those most deeply interested, and who alone are to be the judges of their right to accept or reject the proposition of Congress. If the people of Texas shall prove to be incapable of ascertaining their interests and immunities as citizens of the republic, it will then be full time, but not until such is fairly proven, for their *wise neighbors* to assume their administration and direction. It may be as well to add, that this is the view taken of this bill by both the Texan Senators, concurred with by the Hon. John M. Berrien, of Georgia, and the Hon. Jere Clemens, of Alabama. Their opinions are herewith subjoined:—

"Nothing more has been done than to submit a proposition to Texas to settle a question of boundary, admitted on all hands to be full of difficulty. It is at her option to accept or reject the offer. *It will not do to argue that the amount of money will bias unfairly* the action of her Legislature. Put the question to any Alabamian—ask him if he thinks our State would sell her poorest county for all the treasures of the Union, and he would treat it as an *insult*. Are *we* to assume that we are better than others, or that Texas will accept what we would spurn? I was willing to trust Texas with the care of her own honor. I was willing also to trust to *her own knowledge of her rights*."—*Clemen's letter of August 20th.*

"My reasons for voting for the bill to adjust the Texas boundary are as follows:—

1st. As evincing a disposition to reconciliation which strengthens our cause.

2d. Because Texas, as a sovereign State, was the party entitled to decide the question of disposing of her own territory. If any State had interfered in our (the Georgia) cession of 1802, I should have considered it an *intrusion*.

3d. Because the territory to be ceded would become *part of New-Mexico*, and free from the Proviso.

4th. Principally because relieving Texas from her debt, it would develop her energies; and I consider a strong slaveholding State in that quarter as of incalculable importance, in itself, and *necessarily*

leading to the formation of others."—Berrien's Macon letter.

The third in the series of what is called the aggressive or anti-Southern measures of Congress, is the bill erecting Territorial Governments for the Territories of New-Mexico and Utah. These bills, respectively, contain the following section:—

"*Be it further enacted*, That when admitted as a State, the said territory, *or any portion of the same*, shall be received into the Union *with or without slavery*, as their Constitution may prescribe at the time of their admission."

This clause, were there no ulterior objects in the view of those who now so busy themselves in promulging the doctrine of *secession*, or its equivalent, the principle of *sedition*, would, it might reasonably be inferred, have proven perfectly satisfactory to the entire South. There is, at least, no *restriction* as concerns slavery, and it is assuming what might not be safe for the South, to contend for its direct establishment by Congress in those Territories. If the influence of Texas shall be what Judge Berrien, in the latter clause above quoted, predicts it may be, there is almost a certainty that new slaveholding States may yet be formed out of this identical Territory. It is the mere cant of disunion to stickle on the point of non-protection by Congress to slave property in those Territories. The Constitution of the United States is now extended over those Territories. The Constitution expressly recognizes the institution of slavery; but it has been left for the *local authorities* always to regulate the municipal and police features. The doctrine of non-interference with slavery by Congress has been too long and too sedulously claimed by the South to stickle now on this point. It is taught in the celebrated Southern Address penned by Mr. Calhoun; and it is remarkable that this great statesman and friend of slavery never, in any speech or address, contends for what *many* now deem so very essential to Southern interests—viz.: protection *by Congress* for slave property in the Territories.

The bill most objected to by factious sectionalists in connection with the late Congressional measures of harmony and pacification, is that which abolishes the indiscriminate slave trade in the District of Columbia. It is pretended that this is not only aggressive on the rights of the South, but is palpably contrary to the Federal Constitution—so much so as to warrant hostilities to the Government on the part of the Southern States. Now if it can be shown that this bill is conformable to the terms of the Maryland deed of cession and to the Constitution of the United States, the last objection of course falls to the ground, and, as a necessary consequence, the first is removed; for it cannot be rationally contended that the South could be aggrieved by any course of action on the part of Congress which is proven to be in accordance with these two instruments.

The political situation of the District, in view of the strong popular features of our government, is certainly anomalous. As applied within its limits, the nature of the government undergoes an entire change, and presents a new face. Sovereign power, unchecked and undefined in the original compacts, is lodged elsewhere than in the *people*. An assembly, composed of persons from all other portions of the Confederacy, is its sole owner and supreme arbiter. Taxation and representation are here emphatically disallied. One can be imposed without the recognition or voice of the other; and the great principle which gave birth to American Independence, and which has built up one of the most powerful empires under the sun, is thus signally repudiated and disregarded in a neutral territory set apart, in the very heart of the nation, for the residence of the supreme powers. Before progressing with this branch of the subject, however, I have thought it would be better, my fellow-citizens, to place before you the Maryland deed of cession, conveying this District to Congress, and which, now that the portion of its original limits belonging to Virginia has been retroceded to that State, is the only deed to which it becomes necessary to refer. Side by side with this deed, I shall place that clause of the Federal Constitution which accepts the same, and prescribes the powers of Congress over the District limits:—

"*Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Maryland*, That all that part of the said territory called Columbia, which lies within the limits of this State, shall be, and the same is hereby acknowledged to be, *for ever* ceded and relinquished to the *Congress* and Government of the United States, *in full and conclusive right and exclu-*

sive jurisdiction, as well of soil as of persons residing, or to reside thereon."—*Deed from Maryland.*

"Congress shall have power to exercise *exclusive jurisdiction in all cases whatsoever*, over such district (not exceeding ten miles square) as may, by cession of particular States, and by the acceptance of Congress become the seat of government of the United States."—*Const., art. 1st, section 8th.*

The only proviso affixed to this deed is, "that no right shall be vested in the United States as to *soil* owned by individuals otherwise than the same might be transferred by such individuals." The deed, any candid reasoner must admit, is full and absolute, while the language of the Constitution is so explicit as to amount, literally, to an unqualified, sweeping clause. They both are so framed as to convey as large powers as it is possible to conceive that language can possibly convey. The deed parts with Maryland's right to the District "*for ever*;" the "acceptance" in the Constitution carries along with it, as the most biased and fastidious stickler will concede, "*exclusive jurisdiction in all cases whatsoever.*"

It will be seen, moreover, that the *Congress* is a party to this deed in more ways than one. It is a party *independently*, because the cession is made to the Congress *and* Government of the United States. It is also a party by virtue of its co-ordinate connection *with* the government of the United States.

Congress is thus armed with double powers, and as to the ceded District may be said to be sovereign, except as concerns *pre-existing rights*, which no cession could transfer, and no Constitution, or acceptance of such cession, wrest from the people. I pause to say that among the pre-existing rights is that to *hold slaves*, and that Congress can have no power, consequently, to *abolish* slavery in the District, without the previously expressed assent of the people thereof. The power to *abolish* is not the function of a legislative body, deriving its power from instruments less ancient than the institution proposed to be abolished. It is a power which can belong only to those who own slaves, wherever found living under our present Federal Constitution.

But Congress being clothed with *absolute power*, and with *exclusive jurisdiction* over the District, must needs possess supreme *legislative* powers, from which there can be no appeal to the States, and with which the last have *no right* to interfere. It cannot be denied that the slave traffic is legitimately the subject of legislation. The *traffic* is carried on under the law. The *right* of the master to the slave as property is older than the law, and can no more be assailed by the law than could the right to bequeath or inherit, or the right of self-defense, or the freedom of conscience; all of which are of none the less effect because partly unwritten and undefined. The *traffic* has always and everywhere been reckoned as among the municipal or police features of slavery. It has been so considered by every government, ancient and modern, under which slavery has existed. That of Rome, which gave to the master even the power of life and limb over his slave, always claimed to regulate the slave traffic; but it never claimed to destroy, by simple legislative majority, the *relation* between master and slave. Greece, as a government, was anxious to rid the country of the Helot slavery long before the body of the people were either prepared for, or willing to, such riddance. The government, therefore, claimed only the right of all governments, to abridge, and finally to prohibit the indiscriminate *traffic* in the beings who were enslaved; but it dared not, even in that early age, to infringe theright of property by abruptly destroying the *relation* between master and slave. Russia, although a simple despotism, where all legislative power even is lodged with the Czar, would not venture, by a peremptory ukase, to abolish serfdom within its imperial limits; yet the slave *traffic* is not only effectually regulated, but is so far prohibited as that serfs go along with the land on which they were born, and thus they are termed slaves of soil. The rash and unwarranted *abolition* of serfdom, even by the sceptred Autocrat of all the Russias, would kindle a flame of resentment that would quickly spread from the Don to the Vistula. In abolishing the *traffic*, which was an exercise of power conformable both to justice and to custom, not the slightest opposition was encountered.

Under our government of sovereign States and limited powers, this power is not dormant. All power, of whatever description, *must* reside somewhere. There are powers which belong to the body of the people, to the States in their separate capacity and in constitutional convention, and to Congress. We have assumed that the

will of the people is alone the arbiter of slavery as an institution, and they alone may abolish slavery, whether in the States or in the District. The regulation of the slave *trade* is a matter of legislation, both in the States and in the District. As to the States, their own Legislatures may and do exercise this power. Within the District, the Congress is *absolute*, and unquestionably possesses a similar power. Nor have the States any right to object, or any ground of aggrievance, unless they are aggrieved by the terms of the Constitution. Congress has exercised this power recently by breaking up slave depots and markets within the District, by prohibiting the introduction of slaves within the District for purposes of traffic or sale, and by declaring such slaves to be free in all such cases. How shall we go about resisting, in a constitutional and peaceful way I mean, the exercise of an unquestionably existing power by a body "*absolute*" by the deed of cession within the ceded limits, and declared to possess "*exclusive jurisdiction in all cases whatsoever*," by the very Constitution under which our government exists, "over such District as may, by cession of particular States, and the acceptance of Congress, become the seat of government of the United States"? The evil, if evil there be, must be traced to the terms of the original cession, and not charged against the body acting under that cession; must be imputed to the Constitution, and not to the body which exercises a power conferred by that Constitution. But more of this anon.

I have thus, fellow-citizens of the State of Mississippi, gone through with a brief but concise summary of all those measures of Congress which have been denounced as intending mischief on the Southern institution, and against which it is proposed, in some quarters, to direct the artillery of public indignation, if not of Southern chivalry. I have said nothing about the fugitive slave bill, because it seems to be generally satisfactory. But I purpose, in this number, to call your attention to the remedies intended, or by some agitated, to cure these alleged evils, and the modes of resistance so boldly promulged by the disaffected. This was the more immediate object of this essay, than discussion of the merits of the bills, at which I have but glanced.

These remedies are, I regret to say, all of a violent character; the resistance proposed looks alone to disorganization and dismemberment of the Union. The ultra doctrines of the South Carolina Ordinance, so signally buried in 1833 by the Proclamation of General Jackson, have been disentombed, and are held forth as the nucleus around which discontent and sedition may rally. There is, I fear, this great difference between the period of their inglorious sepulture, and their resurrection in this day. Then, their pernicious influences were mainly confined to South Carolina; now, their baneful exhalations are far more widely disseminated. The day may be near at hand when an Andrew Jackson might prove a blessing to the integrity of the Republic.

It is proposed to call a Convention of the Southern States; and to aid this project, doubtless, our belligerent Governor has convoked the Legislature for the eighteenth day of next month. The objects which such Convention is intended to subserve cannot be of a very peaceful tendency, if we are to judge by the Proclamations of His Excellency and the Governor of Georgia, the only authentic evidences of a design to resist the Government, so far given to the world. If the objects of the Convention be peaceful, I for one see no use in its assemblage. It is, under any circumstances, a questionable resort, and certainly a dangerous mode of collecting public sentiment. It is not only a dangerous, but very unreliable mode, where such wide and fundamental differences of opinion exist, as surely do exist among the Southern people at this time. A Convention can only answer a good purpose when there is a great coincidence of opinion and unity of sentiment as to the aggressions of the General Government. When I go into the advocacy of a Convention which is to deliberate concerning alleged grievances from Congress, I must be prepared for revolution. I must be convinced that there has been not only deep and serious innovation on Southern rights, but a palpable and dangerous violation of the Constitution. If I feel that there has been nothing of either of these, I prefer to seek a remedy through the ballot-box, or by remonstrance, or in some way authorized by the Constitution. If the advocates of a Southern Convention design to direct its action against the laws of the land, or the Government of the United States, I

oppose such Convention entirely. If it is intended, as some wish us to believe, to deliberate concerning prospective or anticipated grievances, concerning the mere "shadow of coming events," or for adopting an ultimatum against merely fancied wrongs, supposed to be intended by the North, I must still say I cannot concur in the policy. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof;" especially when that evil is only suspected, when it exists only in the imaginations of those who seem to delight in discord, and who hold pertinaciously to the dogma, that "no good can come out of Nazareth." I am of those who see no adequate cause for assembling a Convention to resist what has been done; and I assuredly am not so enlightened as to the future, that I shall advocate preparation against mere phantom encroachments. I am not haunted by any distempered visions. I see no "grinning horrors" in the unrobed future of the Republic, as it stands. If my fancy ever wanders into the dreamy future, I am always greeted by smiling visions of the brightness, and glory, and greatness of the Union—beaming with the mild radiance of its original purity, and gathering increased lustre as it sweeps onward to its high and holy destiny. Sometimes, I confess, the gorgeous hues of the picture are momentarily darkened by the ghastly intrusions of spectred fanatics, or of Gorgon-like agitators, such as emanate from Tammany Hall or Nashville Conventions; but ere long the brightness reappears — familiar faces, like those of Washington and Franklin, peer forth from the transient obscurity, and the "black spirits," frowned into nothingness, vanish as mists from before the rising sun.

A Convention, fellow-citizens, whose members are composed of citizens of particular States only, elected without the "consent of Congress," and which looks to the formation of any agreement or compact among themselves, is an unconstitutional and a seditious assemblage. The late Nashville Convention assembled without the consent of Congress, expressly to form some agreement among the Southern States. Its address was directed alone to the people of the Southern States, and its action was submitted alone to Southern States. It is now proposed to sanction a re-assemblage of this Convention, or to call into being another looking to the same objects. It is useless for the advocates of a Convention to attempt a disguise of their objects. If their object was peaceful deliberation merely, they would resort to a peaceful, constitutional method of deliberation. Their design is to attempt to unite the South in some scheme of resistance against the recent laws of Congress. The pretext to deliberate with a view to *future* aggressions, is too senseless and too shallow to dupe even the least sagacious.

Now, fellow-citizens, if we are a law-abiding people, let us look well to our sworn duty, which is to support the Constitution. Let us see what that Constitution says, and act accordingly. If, on the contrary, we are ripe for anarchy and revolution, let us face the matter, and so declare. The Constitution declares, in the tenth section of its first article, that "no *State* shall enter into any treaty, *alliance*, or *confederation*." This language is clearly unmistakable, and asserts a *prohibition* on the separate States against uniting in any *confederation*. But there is still a more direct inhibition against assemblages convened for the purposes above stated. The following clause declares explicitly, that "no State shall, *without the consent of Congress*, enter into any *agreement or compact* with *another State*, or with a *foreign power*."

If words have any meaning, fellow-citizens, that meaning is apparent in the above clauses of the Federal Constitution. I construe them to assert that any body convened on the basis and in the manner of the late Nashville Convention, or which may be convened, at any time, without the consent of Congress, for any purpose of resistance or deliberation hostile to the action of Congress, is an unconstitutional assemblage. If the objects of the Convention were those of remonstrance, then the people, or their delegates, might peacefully and legally assemble. But a Convention, formed of citizens of different States, and which advises a course of action on the part of those States inimical to the government, or hostile to the laws of the land, comes within the prohibition of the Constitution. For these reasons I have said that when I shall advocate a Convention to be thus formed, and that shall be intended to band the South against the action of Congress, I shall be prepared for revolution. Of course, the people have a right, when the majority so decide, to revolutionize and form a new government; and when the present government fails of

its intents and purposes, and when all constitutional remedies shall have been exhausted in attempting to obtain proper redress against palpable aggressions, no one will deny that *then* will be the time to choose between evils, and to count the value of the Union. But when the ship springs a leak, it is faint-hearted and treacherous to desert until all the pumps have been thoroughly tried and exhausted. Let me say, by way of illustration, that if, in defiance of all that has occurred, and of law and justice, Congress should assume to abolish the institution of slavery in the District, and shall pass a law to abolish the slave trade within, or as between the slaveholding States, the infraction will then be sufficiently palpable and violent, in my judgment, to warrant violent remedies and harsh resorts. But disunion, even then, would be a useless remedy; for thereby we lose not only the power to enforce proper redress, but we lose everything. Secession and dissolution are the very worst of all evils, as I shall presently demonstrate. We let slip the advantages we now hold over our enemies, by resorting to a disruption of the government. It is just what they wish, and are attempting to drive us into. So long as the Constitution lasts, our rights as regards slavery, being recognized therein, are safe, and our opponents are obliged to abide and submit. If they violate the Constitution by palpable aggression, why should we be made the sufferers? If we break up the Union, the Constitution falls, the government is destroyed, our enemies are released from all obligations, while *we* are thus cast loose from the only bond that links us with the civilized and enlightened world. We thus lose every advantage and gain no compensation. We weaken our cause by shearing it of its great arm of strength. If the Constitution is violated by them, they are the disunionists, and they should be stigmatized as such. If there is to be a collision, let us of the South at least be in the right. If the majority of Congress should violate the Constitution as I have suggested, let us wait to see if the *body* of the North upholds and endorses the violation and aggression. Let us see if their constituents sanction their treachery. This, in my opinion, is by no means probable. The great States of New-York and Pennsylvania are bound to us by the golden cords of self-interest. Their principal wealth, and the greatness of their two mammoth emporiums, are derived from traffic with the South. The New-England States are worth nothing to them in comparison with the Southern States. Cut them off from the Southern trade, and they are well aware that they must diminish ruinously. The severance of the Union, and the consequent anarchy and disruption of trade, would bankrupt the cities of New-York and Philadelphia, and every cotton merchant would become insolvent. Three months of hostilities between the States would shock their business in a manner that ten years of peace could not repair. The body of the people, therefore, knowing these things,—and they are too sagacious not to know them,—would be far from countenancing a course of action by Congress that would lead to disunion. They would make common cause with the South; the offending Congress would be displaced at the term's end, these two States will have been gained on the side of the Union, and the Constitution and government have been saved.

But suppose that, immediately on the heels of the aggression, we appeal only to a Convention of Southern States. Do we not rashly and unnecessarily jeopard the dearest of causes by closing the doors to all other States? We lose everything without even attempting to gain anything. We lose the protecting influence of the great bond of Union, without even opening a door for its salvation.

Such, fellow-citizens, is the course of conduct, and its consequences, advised by the advocates of the Convention, and by the disciples of Mr. Rhett, and their seditious coadjutors in Mississippi. I, for one, repudiate any such doctrine, and abjure all such tutelage. I desire to matriculate at some other than the fountain of South Carolina *Rhetoric.*

But can a Convention of Southern States be gotten up which will fairly and truly reflect and represent public sentiment at the South? I think not. In the first place, the party distinctions of Whig and Democrat are by no means obliterated. It is true that a slight coalescence has been formed among a few. Some of the Whigs, tempted by ambition perhaps, or betrayed by ardent temperaments into an over-wrought zeal, or misled by erroneous calculations, have been incautious enough to join the

seditious wing of the great Democratic party. But the body of the Whig party remain firm to their integrity, and have openly repudiated all such leaders. Some Democrats have united with them in the vain attempt to form a *par excellence* Southern party; but the body of the Democrats are by no means committed to an ultra platform. They adhere to party and to party men, and refuse any direct coalition on what is termed the Southern question. They are, it is true, more equally divided on the Union and Disunion question, than are the Whigs; and, perhaps, as *some* of their leaders claim, the majority is for resistance. But the issue has not been fairly joined and put; and, as yet, they manifest every desire to *cohere* as a party, on the ancient and popular principle, that "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." When their hot-headed leaders approach them on the subject of a coalition, the answer, if we may judge by actions, has always been in the language of Scripture: "Go thy way; at a more *convenient* season" we will join you. At the same time, the body of the Whigs, in every instance where a coalition has been attempted, have protested against their absorption, and consequent extinction as a conservative, national party. With a conservative and genuine Whig administration, which, so far, has stood true to Southern rights, because true to the Constitution, and which, relying on the cheerful support of its friends in both sections, is endeavoring to impress conservative and national Whig principles on the Government, and to illustrate their beautiful influence—the Whigs seem unwilling to surrender their tried friends, ere yet they have offended. Nor do they seem at all inclined to the belief that they will offend. Millard Fillmore and Daniel Webster were never so popular at the South as now, and their friends evince every reliance in their administration.

Parties, then, are still jealous, still disunited, and there is little prospect of a coalition. An effort therefore to elect delegates to a Southern Convention would most likely take a party turn, and become a party matter. This would beget bad blood at the South, let success perch on whichever side it might; the moral, or, to speak more properly, the *sectional* influence of the Convention would be completely baffled, and the result would be lamentable divisions and enmities among Southern friends. This, my fellow-citizens, is of itself a sufficient argument with me to oppose all attempts at the Southern Convention.

But this is not all. I fear that, after assembling, such Convention would rather be found lending itself to the *manufacture* of public sentiment, than conforming to the *will* of those they would be said to represent. That will could not now be ascertained. The advocates of the Convention are either unwilling or afraid to avow their objects, or to meet the issue of Union or Disunion—of resistance or obedience to the laws of the country. They could not sustain, before the people, an effort to call a Convention merely to deliberate, or to adopt an *ultimatum* against aggressions *not yet committed*. The people will claim the privilege of deliberating, and then send delegates from their midst to *act*. You cannot get the Conventionists to join the issue of war or peace, resistance or non-resistance, by their proposed Convention. Their addresses, their resolutions, even their speeches in primary assemblies, all point to resistance, and cover a settled purpose of dissolution. But they disclaim violence, and repudiate disunion, where the naked issue is made. A Convention therefore is impracticable, and would not reflect truly and entirely public sentiment. The question of a Convention may then be thus resolved: If intended only to deliberate, it is not their province; if to adopt an ultimatum against airy aggressions, it is unnecessary; if to decide the issue of resistance or obedience, or of Union or Disunion, no such issue will have been made, and the South is not united.

I shall devote this section, fellow-citizens, to a review of the position in which we have been placed, as a State, by the recent extraordinary Proclamation of His Excellency, convoking our Legislature in extra session. I shall begin with a review of that most singular document itself.

At the close of a long, tedious, and exciting session of Congress, when the whole country was looking to that calm in the political world ever so welcome after the storm, and when the nation had just begun to congratulate itself on the happy adjustment of the vexed issues, this State is suddenly called upon to sit in judgment on the action of Congress, and invited to become a *leader*

in resisting the laws of the land. His Excellency's Proclamation certainly threatens resistance, if it means anything at all; else, we must regard its issue as one of those pompous *demonstrations* for which our sapient Governor has become so famous.

His Excellency sets out with what logicians term a *petitio principii*. He assumes a fact which never existed, and begs a conclusion against which, I verily believe, every sane man in Mississippi would most solemnly protest. Unwilling to convoke the Legislature on his own admitted responsibility, the Governor *assumes* that he has been invited to do so by the people of the State, because a few county meetings have been held; at which, let me say, resolutions have been passed as various and different in their meaning as it is possible to conceive. The State and Central Conventions, even, part company on vital points; while, in the counties, both compromise and resistance measures have been passed. It is worthy of remark, however, that at none of these meetings has His Excellency been invited, in any event, to convene the Legislature in extra session. The fact, as concerns the invitation intimated in the first paragraph of the Proclamation, is altogether assumed.

In the second paragraph, His Excellency, seemingly not satisfied with Executive functions, assumes to constitute himself the judge as to when the rights of the people have been assailed; and that without giving the people ordinary grace time in which to make up their opinions. Does His Excellency know that there is, at least, great diversity of opinion among the "citizens of slaveholding States" concerning the amount of aggression contained in the "recent acts of Congress"? Is he ignorant of the fact that a large, if not the largest, number of his own fellow-citizens are unaware that any "advantages and benefits of the Federal Union have been denied to them"? Out of the twenty-five or thirty papers published in the State, how many acknowledge the *assumptions* of the Executive Proclamation? How many sustain the action of Congress as concerns the adjustment bills? Does His Excellency assume that the whole press is ready to rally around the doctrines set forth in his *Pronunciamento?* Take the strongest slaveholding counties of the State, and are the planters all agreed that they are "insulted and aggrieved" by the "recent acts of Congress"? Is there no opposition to *resistance* and to *secession* in the great counties of Adams, and Warren, and Hinds, and Marshall, and Monroe, and Lowndes, not to name many others? Are the members of the Mississippi Legislature—are the Southern members in Congress united in the opinion that the South has been aggrieved by the action of Congress to the point of resistance? And, in view of all this, how can His Excellency presume to judge that "the people of Mississippi, in common with the citizens of *all* the slaveholding States," should feel "that the benefits and advantages of the Federal Union have been denied to them"?

Now it is barely possible that His Excellency is inflated with the idea that, by thus *snapping* judgment on public opinion, together with the great weight of his *personal* influence, he will rally all dissentient elements, even though two thirds of the people should now disagree with him. As strange hallucinations have floated through his mind, if all tales be true. At least, if he shall be deceived in his calculations, it will not be the first time that his zeal has distanced his discretion—if, indeed, the latter virtue form any part of his mental structure.

The third section of the Proclamation presents a tangible issue, and unfolds, to some extent, the objects of the extraordinary convocation. His Excellency denounces the bill to abolish the slave traffic in the District of Columbia, as "aggressive" on the rights of the South, and as "*threatening*" the entire dissolution and "overthrow" of the Southern institution. Among other things let out in this paragraph, too, we find that His Excellency has convoked the Legislature to guard against *contingencies*, or, in other words, to *fight against a shadow;* there being, as he says, "no reasonable hope that the aggressions upon rights of the people of the slaveholding States will *cease*." Macbeth, we are told, saw bloody daggers in the air,—"false creations, proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain;" and Don Quixote, thinking that he beheld an army of giants in a parcel of *windmills*, determined, for the honor of *chivalry*, to make a gallant charge. If His Excellency had studied, or would study now, the philosophy of example, he might be able to make here a profitable application. There is far more meaning than one might suppose in that wise and respectable aphorism of "*acting for grandeur*."

Now is it true that the rights of the peculiar institution of the South are endangered by the passage of the bill to abolish the slave traffic in the District? Understanding His Excellency so to declare, I take the liberty to join issue with him on the point. I have already shown that Congress must possess the requisite power to do thus much, both by the terms of the Maryland cession and by the Federal Constitution. Our cherished institution would hang, indeed, on a slender thread, if *this* be an "aggression;" and were it not more effectually protected from the dominion of the Federal Legislature, I should be loath to admit that it could be thus assaulted. I should, in such event, seriously distrust the strength of my cause. Nothing that Congress can do as concerns the District, although it may be illegal and despotic, can weaken the rights of the sovereign States. If the Congress is supreme within the District, it is made so by a voluntary cession from a sovereign State, and by the supreme law of the land. The States are separate, and, in many respects, independent powers. The District is not independent in any respect. Its inhabitants, as I have already intimated, are isolated as concerns their relations with the different States, or sovereign communities, which form the United States. They have no voice either in the election of the President or of the Congress which govern them. They are, in fact, passive subjects. There is no sort of analogy between the District and the States. For instance, the State Legislatures are not arbitrary or irresponsible bodies. As regards the District, Congress is both arbitrary and irresponsible. This is a vital difference. How then can the slave-holding States be assaulted by this bill, especially as it infringes no natural right?

I would be obliged if His Excellency will condescend to inform us how or in what manner he will find *authority* to resist this act of Congress, applying, as it does, alone to the limits of its "exclusive jurisdiction"? How will he prevent or oppose its operation? How will he found a plausible pretext for hostile action? He cannot make a call on this State or any of the States to engage in such resistance; for they would be estopped for want of *authority* to interfere in a matter which both the Constitution and the law have placed beyond their reach or control. No *right* of any State, no clause of the Constitution has been infringed upon or violated. Congress has acted entirely within its constitutional, undisputed sphere. He cannot appeal to the General Government; for, besides being the offending party,—if it be offense,—that can only move by terms of the law, and that law has not been infracted. He cannot, planted behind the cannon of Mississippi, or in the exuberance of conscious military genius, attempt to bully or threaten; because Congress can at once silence him by showing the warrants for its authority, and by challenging him to show cause for resisting a law confined, in its operation, within the acknowledged limits of its "exclusive jurisdiction." There is even danger that he will be met with a plea of his once darling doctrine of *non-intervention*. How then will he proceed with his clearly threatened resistance, in the absence of all authority or pretext? The glories of Chapultepec will not carry him through mere Quixotic adventures. The greenest laurels may fade in a fruitless or fantastic contest; and the doughtiest hero, by engaging in empty onslaughts, may be plucked of "all the budding honors" that adorn his crest. His Excellency will pardon me, I trust, if I suggest to him, with all kindness and respect, that it would be well, while being emulous to imitate a Charles the Twelfth or the Great Frederic, to guard against adopting the errantries of a mere flighty Furioso.

The Constitution of our State, fellow-citizens, empowers the Governor to convoke the Legislature only "in cases of emergency." His Excellency may deem the present an "emergency," such as is contemplated by the Constitution; but I do not believe that you will, on reflection, concur in such opinion. The State is in no danger. No invasion of her territory is threatened from any quarter. Her citizens are at peace among themselves, and with the world. There has not been even an indignation meeting. And yet the Legislature is convoked in extraordinary session. Now what *law* is to be passed? The Legislature, as you know, is restricted, in its active sense, to the making of laws. Its action is confined to its stated duties, as recited in the Constitution. I cannot find among those duties that which looks to a *resistance* of the laws of Congress. It is not authorized to abet His Excellency's schemes of resistance, as intimated in his recent Proclamation; nor can it pledge the State

to any hostile action. This is a principle claimed by the *People.*

Now if His Excellency had assumed to call a Convention of the people to deliberate on the recent action of Congress, and if that Convention had decided that such action of Congress ought to be resisted by the State, the true issue would then have been joined. The question would then have been between the State and the General Government on the naked, defined issue of revolutionary right. In such event, and in such event only, would His Excellency have been authorized to convene the Legislature; and the latter body would then know what to do. As it is now, the issue is between JOHN ANTHONY QUITMAN and the Congress and Government of the United States. It is very doubtful, in my mind, whether the Legislature, when met, will be at all envious to share his responsibility, or to thrust itself forward as a party in a contest of such genuine Quixotism. His Excellency will be left to play his hand *alone.*

In the preceding sections, fellow-citizens, I have forborne to amplify. I have left much to your own reflection, and preferred to do so. I have mainly endeavored to mark out the true issues, believing you to be fully capable of filling up the detail of argument, and of following the same to its just and legitimate conclusion. My only remaining task now is to examine, briefly but minutely, the other proposed remedy of *secession*—a remedy which I shall endeavor to dissect of its countless enormities and mischiefs, and to demonstrate to be worse than the *alleged* disease. I am happy to find, however, that this course is suggested by very few—is disavowed by many even of the most disaffected, and is dreaded by nearly all.

Has a State of this Union the constitutional right to secede "without the consent of Congress," or the other States? This question unfolds and opens the whole issue. I shall argue it in a somewhat novel point of view, and invoke your unbiased attention. It will be for you to say, after going candidly through with the argument, whether I sustain my premises.

Let me ask first, however, what is the nature of our bond of union? Is it the creature of the State Governments, or the people of the States united? Is it an agreement merely, a league between the different States, a copartnership of separate and distinct Governments, or a regularly "ordained and established *Constitution,*" the declared *supreme* law of the entire confederacy? If I understand history, fellow-citizens, it surely is none of the three first; and if the instrument, or the bond, does not utter a *lie* on its very face, and in its *every* feature and provision, it is unquestionably and undeniably the last. Its very birth and origin show that I am correct in point of fact. The old confederation was, indeed, a league—a mere compact between the different States. Under that the General Government was, in very truth, a mere *creature* of the State Governments. It could not move nor act without their consent. It could not lay or collect taxes and duties, nor form treaties, nor declare war, nor make peace, without the consent of the State Governments. It was imbecile and inefficient, a mockery and a nullity, and was soon found to be so. A Convention was called to revise and re-adapt its deficiencies. That Convention met in 1787, in Philadelphia; and their first resolution declared that a "*national* government ought to be established, consisting of a *supreme* Legislature, Judiciary and Executive." Afterwards, this resolution was so altered that, instead of "*national,*" it was termed the "government of the *United* States," which was the name and style of the confederacy. The present government was framed and sent out for ratification, *not* by the States or the State Legislatures, but by the *people* of the States in Convention assembled. It depended for adoption on *consent* and *agreement;* but the moment that it was adopted, its declarations were fairly confirmed. These declarations are not of a *league* or *compact* between the States, but of a "Constitution of the *people* of the *United* States." The language of the preamble is not to *agree* or *stipulate,* but to "ordain and establish." It declares itself to be, together with the "laws and treaties made in pursuance thereof, the *supreme* law of the land." And, as if to give unmistakable emphasis to this declaration, it adds, "anything in the Constitution or laws of any *State* to the contrary notwithstanding." (Art. 6th.) This Constitution can lay and collect taxes, impose duties, make treaties, declare war, and conclude peace, independently of the consent of the States. It even lays injunctions *on* the

State Governments, does not receive such *from* them. It tells them they "*shall not*" make treaties, form alliances or confederations, coin money, pass any bill impairing the obligation of contracts, engage in any war, enter into compact with another State or with a foreign power, keep any regular troops, maintain any navies. (Art. 1st, section 10th.) This surely is not the language of a *creature*, a mere *agent* of the various State Governments! Washington tells us "that it is utterly impracticable, in the Federal Government of these States, to secure all the rights of *independent sovereignty* to each, and yet provide for the safety and interest of all." (Letter to Congress on the Constitution.) In his Farewell Address he speaks of the "*unity* of government which constitutes us *one people*," and of our *indissoluble* community of interest as *one* nation.

Mr. Madison, the highest authority, in his letter to the editor of the North American Review, speaks of the Constitution of the United States "as constituting the people thereof *one* people for certain purposes," and as an instrument which cannot be altered or annulled *at the will of the States* individually. The fifteenth number of the Federalist, the acknowledged authoritative commentary on and exposition of the Constitution, penned by Mr. Madison, speaks of "sovereignty in the Union, and complete independence in the States, as utterly repugnant and irreconcilable." But I have a more pertinent, if not a higher authority still. Mr. Calhoun, in his celebrated letter to Governor Hamilton, uses this significant language: "In the execution of the delegated powers, *the Union* is no longer regarded in reference *to its parts*, but as forming *one great community*, to be governed by a *common will*."

I cannot pause, fellow-citizens, to multiply authorities. I have adduced sufficient both from the Constitution itself, and from the legacies of its expounders and fathers, to show to you the grounds of my opinion that it is not a mere *league* or *compact* between the States, but the *supreme* law of the land; and that, too, independently of *State* constitutions or *State* laws. These are facts of history. I tell them to you honestly and truthfully. If they are unwelcome they are none the less true; and I cannot be held responsible for taking the Constitution for that which I know it to be. And I may here add, *en passant*, such being the history and interpretation of the Constitution, the doctrine of *secession* finds but little *constitutional* sustenance.

But I may be pointed to the Virginia Resolutions of 1798, passed to denounce the odious Alien and Sedition laws of the Adams administration. Being penned by Mr. Madison, I cheerfully defer to their authority as he interprets them—not as Nullifiers and Secessionists interpret them. They are held by these last to assert the *complete* independence of the States of the General Government, and as covering the right of secession by the States at their own option. If *this* be their meaning, I reject them as dangerous and Jacobinical. But do they really look to the right of secession, or to the resistance of the laws of Congress by hostile States? I confess that they wear such appearance, and would seem to contemplate such end. But the drawer of them protests against such interpretation, and the endorsers of them, at the period of their promulgation, deny and disclaim any such inferences. Mr. Madison, in the letter above referred to, speaking of the interpretation thus put on his resolution, says: "It may often happen that *erroneous* constructions, *not anticipated*, may not be sufficiently guarded against in the language used." And again he says: "That the Legislature could *not* have intended to sanction such doctrine, (viz., nullification and secession,) is to be inferred from the debate in the House of Delegates, and from the address of the two Houses to their constituents." Mr. Monroe, then Governor of Virginia, in his message relating to these resolutions, and referring to the action of the Legislature on passing them, says, "they looked to a change in public *opinion*, which ought to be free; not to measures of violence, discord and *disunion*, which they (the people and Legislature) abhor." The mover of the resolutions himself declares, "The appeal is to public opinion; if that is against us, we *must yield*." And in later years, a distinguished disciple of the Virginia school of politics declared in the United States Senate, when alluding to these resolutions, "The whole object of the proceedings was, by the *peaceful* force of public opinion, to obtain a *speedy* repeal of the acts in question, not to *oppose* or *arrest* their execution while they remained unrepealed." (Speech of Hon. Wm. C. Rives, in 1833.) And as evidence

in support of this interpretation, I may here add, that even while the resolutions were yet before the people of Virginia, denouncing the laws of Congress as "*unconstitutional* and *dangerous*," the Sedition Act was cruelly enforced against a popular favorite, and protégé of Mr. Jefferson, in their very capital, and by one of the most brutal and despotic judges that has ever disgraced the ermine since the days of Jeffreys. (State Trials, case of Callendar, page 688.) So much, then, for these resolutions; and being thus interpreted, I willingly receive them as high authority.

But I propose to examine this principle of *secession* still more minutely, and to measure it by the terms of the Constitution. I must say, in all sincerity, that it seems to me to be an absurd proposition, to contend that a solemn bond of government and of union, deliberately formed, should contain, as one of its essential features, an element of its own destruction and dissolution. A Constitution designed and framed, among other purposes, to destroy itself, and dissolve the Union which was the prime object of its ordination and establishment, could have been formed by none but madmen or Utopians, and could never have received the solemn adoption of an intelligent and sagacious people. Suppose a State could secede from the Union at its own time, and by its own option! To what would it subject the rest of the States, but to the despotism of a fraction, more intolerable and arrogant than any oligarchy that ever existed. Well may Mr. Madison exclaim, as in the letter above referred to, "that nothing can better demonstrate the inadmissibility of such a doctrine, than that it puts it in the power of the *smallest fraction* to give the law and even the Constitution to the remaining States;" each claiming, as he says, "an *equal* right to expound it, and to insist on the exposition." Such a bedlam of discord would never before have existed to curse a nation, if such had been the end of the present Constitution, and the design of those who framed it. Greatly would I have preferred a re-establishment of the old Articles of Confederation, to such a Constitution as these secessionists would have ours to be.

I know it is contended that certain States, as Virginia, New-York, and Rhode Island, claimed and reserved the right of seceding, at their own pleasure, in their several ratifications. I do not so read or understand the record. They would not have been admitted with any such baneful and disorganizing reservation, but would have been kept out, and treated as aliens, as they deserved. A pretty government would it be, where a meagre minority of the people could claim the supremacy of dictators to the majority. I would prefer, vastly, the sway of a Czar or a Sultan; because, under either of the last, we might, at least, have peace and permanence—not an Italy of the middle ages, cut up by parties of Guelphs and Ghibellines. Such a government, fellow-citizens, as secessionists would force on you, was never designed by a Convention over which Washington presided, and in which Madison, and Jay, and Hamilton were principal actors.

But did these States make any such reservation? Let us go to the record, and take it by its plain, common-sense, usually received meaning. I find in the Virginia form of ratification, that the delegates decided that they "do, in the name, and on behalf of the *people of Virginia*, declare and make known that the powers granted under the Constitution, *being derived* from the *people of the United States*, may be resumed by *them* whensoever the same shall be perverted to their injury or oppression." There is no sophisticating this declaration. The "people of Virginia" declare that "the powers granted under the Constitution are *derived* from the *people of the United States*." That is clear. Virginia, then, does not claim supremacy, or even individuality, except in so far as her people assent to the Constitution. These powers, "when perverted," may be "*resumed*," not by the people of Virginia *alone*, but by the "people of the United States." That is clear also. But further on they declare that they (the delegates) "do *ratify* the Constitution," not on the *condition*, but "with a *hope* of amendments." This language needs no explanation. It is the language of unqualified assent. It is language which looks to anything else than the *right* of States to *secede* when they please from the Union. (Elliott's Deb., vol. 2d, p. 476.) But New-York presents a more direct refutation of this doctrine. I find their form of ratification to read thus: "That the Constitution under consideration ought to be ratified by this Convention, upon condition nevertheless," &c.; among which conditions, I may say, there is not one which

includes secession. Indeed, on the day following, a delegate moved to strike out the words "*upon condition*," and insert, "*in full confidence*;" and the motion prevailed. But, as if to clinch the whole, a Mr. Lansing did move, when the final question was put, to adopt a resolution, "that there should be reserved to the State of New-York a right to *withdraw* from the Union, after a certain number of years, unless the amendments proposed should be previously submitted to a general Convention." The motion was promptly and largely defeated. This, fellow-citizens, would not seem to contemplate secession. (Elliott's Debates, vol. 1, p. 357.)

Can a State then secede? I can think of but one way, by which, under the Constitution, this can be done, and that is by "consent of Congress." Even this is not very clear, but it is, I think, fairly debatable. In reflecting on the subject, and investigating its merits, I was arrested by the following language, found in the latter clause of the tenth section of the first article of the Constitution: "No State shall, *without the consent of Congress*, lay any duty of tonnage, keep troops or ships of war in time of peace, enter into any agreement or compact with another State, or *with a foreign power*," &c. I have been unable to find any contemporaneous explanation or elucidation of this latter member of the clause. Indeed, Mr. Justice Story, in his admirable Commentaries on the Constitution, remarks as concerns this expression: "What precise distinction is here intended to be taken between *treaties*, *agreements* and *compacts*, is nowhere explained; and has never, as yet, been the subject of any exact judicial or other examination." (Com., p. 512.)

If, however, a State, by consent of Congress, may lay a "duty of tonnage," the same power, by the same construction, and under like consent, may form a "compact with a *foreign power*." This certainly *implies* a separation of that State from the United States Government, in some shape; for by the Constitution, the President and two thirds of the Senate *alone* can form a compact or treaty with foreign powers. This, fellow-citizens, is the only cloak which I can find in the Constitution to cover the doctrine of secession. It is very remote, and implied at the best. It is a bone, however, at which its advocates may gnaw, with entire safety to the country and the Union. If it covers their doctrine, it at least carries along a previous condition which would be fatal to their theory. It demands a subserviency to the will of the great aggrieving power, which is "Congress." They may make the most of it.

I have other questions to submit, and I have done. What would be the situation of a seceded State, in the presence of a powerful and overshadowing empire like that of the United States,—admitting, that is, that a State may peaceably secede? Why, in the first place, such State would be an alien, a foreign power, having no sympathy or interest with the other States, and no claims upon them. Would such State be freer or more independent, thus dissevered? Would she be allowed to exercise a single attribute or privilege of sovereignty, when we chose to interfere? And would we not interfere if she formed any alliance with a foreign power, prejudicial to our interests, or that might be dangerous to our liberties? She would, in fact, be a mere miserable dependency, constantly watched and suspected by an all-powerful neighbor, liable, at any time, to be overrun and subdued, or blockaded and invested on all sides, so that she could not move. An interior State, like Arkansas, for instance, which has not even an outlet or seaport of her own, would be especially ruined in case of secession. If the seceding State, as is more likely, was South Carolina, a squadron of United States cruisers would never be out of sight of Charleston harbor. It most likely would be so ordered that no vessel could enter that port without first being searched by a man-of-war boat. The very thought of such disruption is repulsive—the picture absolutely humiliating. But a State being once severed from the protection of the Constitution must look out against unpleasing consequences. She is then under that law only, which makes the weaker power the very creature of the greater. May such spectacle never disgrace our shores!

This brings me to the close of my task. I have thought that I see enough of danger in the dissemination of certain doctrines from high and influential sources, to authorize this intrusion. This, at least, is my apology, if I shall encounter uncharitable criticism or rebuke. The good and wholesome doctrine of true State rights has, in my opinion, been perverted to subserve unlawful ends. I have been raised to venerate

the true State rights doctrine, but not those which lead to disruption, and unconstitutional resistance of the laws of the General Government. It is still my pride to claim affinity with that enlightened school of politicians; but when they so torture the teachings of the early fathers as to ally with disunionists and secessionists, under a counterfeit of their ancient sacred banner, I part company with them. I believe that it is right to inculcate the doctrine of State sovereignty as assumed by Madison, and to guard against the tendencies to consolidation. I confess, however, that I see but little danger of the last. I never felt such danger, except during the iron dominion of Gen. Jackson. Such danger is more to be feared in connection with resolute and over-popular men, the pampered pets of a powerful party, than in any undue tendencies of the government.

In conclusion, fellow-citizens, I am unable to see anything so ominous in the present aspect of our national affairs, as will authorize us to go about banding and marshalling the States for a crusade against the action of the General Government,—especially under the lead of such Hotspurs as I perceive to be at the head of the resistance forces. I am a Southerner by birth and education—a Southerner in pride of land, and in feeling—a Southerner in interest, and by every tie which can bind mortal man to his native clime; and I shall abide the destinies of the South. But I venerate the Federal Constitution. *I love the Union.* I love the first for its beneficent protecting influence and power; I love the last for its proud and glorious association with all that is dear to an American heart.

A Southron.

October, 1850.

THE GENIUS AND WRITINGS OF WASHINGTON IRVING.*

Nothing, certainly, is further from our intention, than a premeditated design to subject, or endeavor to subject, the distinguished author whose name heads this article, to those ordinary critical inflictions which seem to be associated, by general understanding, with the name and with the privileges of a reviewer. His works belong to a class, and to a period in the history of American literature, which must ever shield them from harsh or uncandid scrutiny. They possess a charmed *panoply* that forbids rash or unseemly familiarity, and that represses the least suggestions of ungenerous critical animadversion. His beautiful touches of sentiment, and of exquisite humor, have so linked themselves with cherished associations of early intellectual enjoyment, or with scenes of quiet domestic happiness, as to preclude any but sensations of unalloyed agreeableness when scanning the pages now under consideration. They have cheered the fireside of the peasant, and enlivened the saloons of the wealthy. They have brightened hours of gloom and of depression, and relieved oftentimes the more austere and less inviting studies which make up literary tasks, and which form the pathway to mental accomplishment. They lend increased interest to the hilarious social circle, and revivify the fading spirits of the invalid. Life, under the delightful sensations they inspire, seems to be less alloyed with sordid impulses, and reality less stern and burdensome. Indeed, we are constrained to say, even at the risk of being thought paradoxical, that there is a *something* in the style and tone of this elegant writer, a magical diffusion of buoyancy imparted by his works, that smooths the frown of misfortune, softens the anguish of affliction, lights up the sombre moments of despair, and makes one almost laugh at the ill success which follows his most toilsome efforts after the good things of this world. We confess to the very greatest admiration of this happy art and enviable peculiarity of Mr. Irving's writings. We

* Irving's Works. New edition, revised. New-York: G. P. Putnam. 1850.

consider the attainment of such the *ultima Thule* of authorship. It evinces adeption in a *philosophy* of very rare, because of its very difficult inculcation. Of all the great writers whose works have come under our observation, we can think of only two who will bear comparison with Mr. Irving in this respect—and they are the very greatest—viz., Lawrence Sterne and Sir Walter Scott. All who have read Tristram Shandy feel less disposed to weep than to smile at the poverty and disappointments of poor Yorick; while the crosses and mishaps which befell Uncle Toby, not to name the famous wound in his groin received at the siege of Namur, beget the most incessant and irresistible merriment. We cannot, it is true, feel pleasure, in its proper sense, in contemplating the fact that so good a creature as Yorick should have been poor and dependent; but, under other and more propitious circumstances, Yorick would not have been *the* Yorick that he was; and thus, a misplaced notion of consistency on the part of the author might have lost to the world one of the most exquisite creations of genius that adorns English literature. Nor does the reader ever associate *misery* with the poverty of Yorick. The good sense and waggish mirth which attend this fine character whenever brought out to act his part in that inimitable melo-drama, serve to impress a highly valuable lesson of contentment and moral adaptibility. All visions of distress vanish, and we follow with a smile the eccentric parson in his parochial wanderings, and to his forlorn manse; we fancy him exorcising want with jests, combating melancholy with wit, bantering the future with agreeable references to the past; and, at last, we bid him farewell in the act of *quizzing* while death stands just at his bedside. And indeed, so artistically has Sterne portrayed the closing scene, and so eminently has he succeeded in impressing the *philosophy* disguised in the waggeries of this unsurpassed character, that even while Eugenius is sobbing his adieu, we are not quite certain whether Yorick is laughing or repining at the world's selfishness and his own crushed ambition.

We shall not pause to instance or particularize from the Waverley novels. Every volume of them abounds with striking illustrations of the idea we are endeavoring to convey to the reader's mind in connection with the writings of Mr. Irving—viz., that philosophy which directs itself to a healthful accommodation to the mishaps and vicissitudes of life. We shall barely say that the piquancy and heroism of Die Vernon, under very severe trials, afford a most tasteful exemplification of Sir Walter's admirable powers of moulding his reader's mind, through the influence of character, so as to meet the adversities or the prosperities of the world with a like equable temper. Equanimity under all circumstances is a prominent feature in all his delineations of character; and the principal charm of his novels consists in the uniform good humor he manages to intersperse throughout the entire development and progress of his story.

But an interest more distinctive and fascinating, though in fact quite nearly allied with that agreeable peculiarity to which we have just adverted, belongs to the writings of this model American author. We feel, while engaged in reading them, as though we could live long years in short moments of life, while we sympathize with his truthful characters. They are not gay creatures of the element, nor mere sentimental delineations. They derive not their charm from the ephemeral and delusive portraitures of fancy. His beauteous pen delights to wander among domestic scenes, and to dwell with the congenial familiarities of daily habitude. He withdraws his readers from imaginary realms, and introduces them to ordinary life. But the transition is never abrupt, never unwelcome. He works with the skill of a master, and strews the descent with every tempting allurement that genius can invent or taste desire. Under his magical guidance, we discern in things which before appeared indifferent sources of the fullest delight and the most intense interest. The healthful breathings of the common air seem instinct with unspeakable rapture. The most ordinary habits which link one season of life with another, become the prompters of thoughts and remembrances which have long lain dormant in unawakened recesses of the heart. He brings to mind, oftentimes by a single stroke, scenes and sweet recollections of childhood's hours, and pictures them with a vividness that translates us in a moment to that blissful period; and the world again looks brightly as of old, and life seems to smile, and the future, disallied with all unwelcome thoughts of the present, beams

once more with those illusory and bright-faced phantasmagoria that had so charmed and invited our youth. And then we feel capable of a more contented and sensitive life than we have ever before dreamed of, and delight to linger on pages which thus rekindle the flame of long-forgotten sources of pleasure.

The nicest scrutiny will fail to detect the least inclination to a misanthropic cast of mind in any of this elegant author's writings. The social virtues present to him a more grateful and congenial scope than the fiercer passions which more often tempt the descriptive adventurings of gifted writers. Mr. Irving would shrink from subjects that call for dark pictures of human nature, and abjures contact with those startling scenes which alone drew forth the full powers of Byron. He does not seek for the sublime in the mere intensity of burning passion, or for sources of enjoyment in those feverish gratifications which some would teach us to believe the only felicities worthy of high and impassioned souls. But, like Sir Walter Scott, he writes everywhere with a keen and healthful relish, as Talfourd would say, for all the good things of this life; constantly refreshing us, where we least expected it, with a deep sense of that pleasure which is spread through the earth, "to be caught in stray gifts by whoever will find," and brightens all things with the spirit of gladness. His pen is always linked with virtue, and they travel arm-in-arm through every page of his works. He has evidently never aimed at or practised that refined art which glosses over illicit indulgences, yet with characteristic felicity of temperament he never glides into austere denunciation of wrathful Puritanism when glancing at the weaknesses or frailties of human nature. The admirable sketch of "the Stout Gentleman" exhibits most tastefully his manner of allusion to those little peccadilloes that so often cross our prosy journey through the labyrinthal mazes of society. He meets them with clearly implied discountenance, but rather burlesques and jokes than quarrels. Indeed, we can truly say of Mr. Irving as a writer, that, as often and delightfully as we have roamed through his works, we have never yet caught him in a bad humor. To associate a frown with any of his productions, would be, in our humble judgment, to shear them of their most attractive and their rarest charm. We somehow, in turning his pages, always imagine the benevolent and rather jocund face of the writer to be lighted up with a roguish, significant smile, indicative both of healthful mental recreation and enjoyment, and of a pleasing anticipation of successfully imparting to his future readers his own happy and enviable good-humor.

The absence of complicated style and pomposity of words or sentences is another striking peculiarity of this author. His language is the most simple, and his style charmingly easy. A child may read and understand, and yet not detect the admirable artistic skill discernible to maturer eyes, which speaks forth at every period and semicolon. If we may venture such a liberty, we would suggest that there is, perhaps, too much of the *pruning-knife*, or rather of the *smoothing-plane*, to be met with in gliding through the succession of melodious sentences which mark all his productions. And yet his skill is so nice, and his accomplishment so perfect, that in the enthrallment of sense excited by his magic beauties, we find it difficult to trace the point where naturalness ends and art begins. Mr. Irving, as a writer, forcibly reminds us of Mr. Macready as an actor and a reader of Shakspeare. The rare taste and extreme fastidiousness of this distinguished player have enabled him, by deep study and long practice, to hide all traces of his art by the bewitching graces of an affectation so perfected and refined as to impart a delightful oblivion of everything but the amazing accomplishment of the artist. We must leave our critical readers, who have heard and who have read these eminent litterateurs, to decide which of the two has attained to the highest perfection. Our decided preference for Mr. Irving's "*occupation*," as well, perhaps, as our American predilections, might incline us too readily to award the palm to our distinguished subject.

We find, on glancing at Carey & Hart's edition of the late Lord Jeffrey's Miscellanies, that we are not without the aid of very high authority for this single effort at criticism in connection with the writings of this elegant author. In his notice of Bracebridge Hall, the great Scotch reviewer indulges the following apt and eloquent remarks:—

"The great charm and peculiarity of this work consists now, as on former occasions, in the singu-

lar sweetness of the composition, and the mildness of the sentiments—sicklied over perhaps a little, now and then, with that cloying heaviness into which unvaried sweetness is too apt to subside. The rhythm and melody of the sentences is certainly excessive; as it not only gives an air of mannerism from its uniformity, but raises too strong an impression of the labor that must have been bestowed, and the importance which must have been attached to that which is, after all, but a secondary attribute to good writing. It is very ill-natured in us, however, to object to what has given us so much pleasure; *for we happen to be very intense and sensitive admirers of those soft harmonies of studied speech in which this author is so apt to indulge; and have caught ourselves, oftener than we shall confess, neglecting his excellent matter, to lap ourselves in the liquid music of his periods, and letting ourselves float passively down the mellow falls and windings of his soft-flowing sentences, with a delight not inferior to that which we derive from fine versification.*"

The sincerity of this admission, thus italicized, is abundantly proved, not only because it silences even the lenient *criticism* of the first part of the paragraph, but because it happens to be, if we are any judges, the most beautiful and eloquent sentence ever penned by the critic himself—at least so far as the published form of his Miscellanies warrants. The sentiment is that of an ardent admirer, not of a cold reviewer; and we may say that, after an agreeable perusal of his Lordship's works, we concluded that, of all productions which ever passed the scrutiny of his slashing criticism, those belonging to Washington Irving were his chief favorites.

We do not hesitate to confess to the same weakness—if weakness it be—which his Lordship has so artlessly admitted in the sentence just quoted. We plead guilty to being charmed with the *finished* elegances of Irving's style, and to being fascinated with the mellifluous diction and siren-toned harmony of his *polished* sentences. It is only after delight has been again and again satiated, and after admiration has been exhausted, that we can get our consent to turn back, after having wandered captive through scores of his glowing pages, and recall our enthralled senses for the less welcome task of even friendly criticism. And yet, we wish it distinctly understood, we have no *fault* to find. If Irving had written less sweetly, he would never have attained to the *laureateship* of American literature,—a position to which universal suffrage has long since assigned him. We certainly should not have so loved to linger over the enchanting flow of his legends, and sketches, and tales. In all these, to a mind gifted with appreciative and truly refined tastes, there dwells a mellow influence that calls up countless floating reminiscences of early classic gleanings. The majestic imagery of Virgil is sometimes forcibly recalled as we follow this delightful guide through the storied precincts of the Alhambra, or among the startling and fascinating superstitions of Moorish life. At other times, while tracing his peregrinations among the hills and valleys of Spain, we find our fancy wandering back to the school-room or to the college halls, and again following Horace on his journey to Brundusium; or else basking amid the flowers of Rome's fragrant gardens, or mixing with the classic revelry—the song—the recitation—the poetical effulgences of a Roman banquet. Then again we are agreeably reminded of Juvenal's pungent wit and racy lampoonings, while laughing over the "Art of Bookmaking," or the characteristics of burly "John Bull." We live again amid the heroic inspirations of Livy's pictured page, or the glowing chapters of the "Viri Romæ," as we read of the noble fortitude and daring achievements of "Philip of Pokanoket." The Conquest of Granada suggests lively recollections of the breathing portaitures and exciting scenes and angry conflicts of Sallust's Jugurthine War, or the fabled battles and sieges which belong to early Roman history.

We have no heart to find fault with writings that come to us thus freshened with the charms of early association, and that teem with such illimitable harvests and priceless treasures of intellectual wealth and enjoyment. But we may venture to adduce and transcribe a specimen of that peculiar and charming blemish of style that belongs to Mr. Irving as a writer, to which we have objected as too monotonously sweet, and which Lord Jeffrey so leniently condemns while he so candidly admires. We know not that his Lordship alluded to any particular passage; we shall offer one which in our own opinion eminently justifies the criticism of "excessive rhythm and melody," and the "labor and importance" of which his Lordship deems to be rather too much a primary consideration with the author. At the same time, we must admonish our reader that tempting seductions will beset the path of his judgment, and melody as entrancing as

that of the spheres will assail his ears, to silence the promptings of criticism. He shall decide whether the admonition be too highly associated. We quote from the opening pages of the Sketch Book, containing the author's "Account of Himself." In speaking of his early rambling habits, and fondness for the gorgeous scenery of his native country, Mr. Irving there says:—"I visited parts of my own country; and had I been *merely* a lover of fine scenery, I should have felt little desire to seek elsewhere its gratification; for on no country have the charms of nature been more prodigally lavished. Her mighty lakes, like oceans of liquid silver; her mountains, with their bright aerial tints; her valleys, teeming with wild fertility; her tremendous cataracts, thundering in their solitudes; her boundless plains, waving with spontaneous verdure; her broad, deep rivers, rolling in solemn silence to the ocean; her trackless forests, where vegetation puts forth all its magnificence; her skies, kindling with the magic of summer clouds and glorious sunshine;—no, never need an American look beyond his own country for the sublime and beautiful of natural scenery."

This short extract certainly presents a most formidable array of measured rhythm and of graded melody, and abounds, if we may so say, with dactyles, spondees, and all the nice prosodial paraphernalia that soften and attune hexameter versification. The commas, and semicolons, and dashes form only so many spaces between a succession of ravishing musical cadences that voice imagination, and lull into forgetfulness all critical whisperings of untasteful "excess." When reviewing books which, like these, abound with paragraphs and pages alike harmoniously toned, we cease to wonder that Lord Jeffrey should smother his critical acumen, to "lap himself in the liquid music of periods, and float down the mellow falls and windings of soft-flowing sentences." But yet we are told that the most accomplished musical composers, after sensualizing through an enchanting continuity of melodious bars and staves, find it necessary to relieve the ear, now and then, by a harsh and grating discord. This is done that harmony may not cloy, and that the effect of music may be heightened by agreeable contrast. Hence Lord Jeffrey, finding that his favorite author is unawakened to this *sole* auxiliary of his art, characterizes the writings of Mr. Irving as being "sicklied over with that cloying heaviness into which *unvaried* sweetness is so apt to subside." If it be a blemish, however, it is a blemish that very few who "have music in their souls," or who are pleased with "concord of sweet sounds," will be disposed to quarrel with or to censure. The chieftain of the modern critical band yields to the Circean influence, and it will, at least, be advisable for all subordinates to steer clear of the enchanted shores. As for ourselves, we have only made Lord Jeffrey's remark the text of our own suggestions, and have aimed less at criticism than at amplification and explanation.

The writings of Mr. Irving show a predominance of the humorous over the tragical cast of mind. We should infer that he was less fond of the buskin than of the sock; would like Falstaff better than King Lear; and would some rather laugh through the graphic pages of Rob Roy or Guy Mannering, than to dwell amidst the groves of Ravenswood or the shaded recesses of Cumnor Hall. He seems to be himself only in the character of his Diedrich Knickerbocker, and only at home when nestling among the old-fashioned Dutch families of his native Hudson. Critics have said that the genius of Sir Walter Scott shone the most resplendent while his foot was on the heather, or while dealing with Scottish character. It certainly was so to a very great extent; but the splendid imagery and gorgeous picturings of Ivanhoe and Kenilworth showed that his creative powers were bounded by no localities. And in applying a similar remark to Mr. Irving, we do not at all mean to say that *his* genius is fettered among the Alpine fastnesses or majestic windings of the lordly Hudson; for while we must reverentially class the sage relicts of Mynheer Knickerbocker as the most excellent of his writings, the quaint humors of Bracebridge Hall, the classic pages of the Alhambra, the splendid descriptions of the Conquest of Granada, and the tasteful portraitures of his Tales of a Traveller, evince a versatility of talent that silences contradiction.

When personating the old Dutch chronicler, Mr. Irving always draws on the sock and the comic mask. Not once is his visage darkened by a tale of sorrow, or his good humor disturbed by a scene of misery or

suffering. He even deals with grave subjects as if he intended to pursue the laughing philosophy of Democritus, and discard for ever that of the sterner school. The History of New-York is, in our judgment, a work of unsurpassed merit as a specimen of unvarying, untiring humor. Its exceeding chasteness, too, and the classic purity of diction which embellishes every page, commend it to all classes of readers. Most of the comic or humorous writers are so broad and undisguisedly vulgar as utterly to repel any but general readers. Swift and Sterne and Smollet are all eminently liable to this objection, whatever be their consummate talents and skill as writers. But anybody, of any profession, or of either sex, may read the humorous works of Washington Irving, without fear of offense to the dignity and gravity of the one, or to the modesty and refinement of the other. Divines and scholars; men of erudition and men of science; literary characters and eminent authors, have all alike found delight in reading the History of New-York, by Diedrich Knickerbocker; and, more than that, have found instruction. The author of Waverley used to linger for long hours over its mirth-inspiring pages, convulsed with laughter; and has been heard to declare that he considered it an antidote to all species of blue-devils. And who has ever read the story of Rip Van Winkle without arising from its perusal in a better humor with himself, his family, his neighbors, his country, and with the world? It has passed that ordeal which is the surest token of success and of general favor,—the *provincializing* the story as a familiar proverb or figure of speech. And no wonder. It is all American. Its wildness and its humor are entirely our own. We look not to foreign climes, as is too often the case with most familiar and popular legends, for its foundations. The scene of the hapless hero's residence, and of his famous mountain adventure, looms forth above the broad Hudson, cresting boldly its majestic western horizon, and may be viewed daily by the thousands who traverse its romantic waters. We will venture the assertion, that whoever turns his eye to catch a passing glimpse of the Kaatskill mountains, as their empurpled summits print their outlines on a clear evening sky, indulges a smile, unconsciously perhaps, in memory of Rip, his dog Wolf, and his shrewish but thrifty dame.

But, leaving the Highlands, let us descend the smooth current fifty miles or so; and as we glide into the broad and noble expanse of the Tappan Zee, where "the old Dutch navigators were wont prudently to shorten sail, and implore the protection of St. Nicholas," and coursing the vision along the succession of "spacious coves" which here "indent the eastern shore," search for "the bosom" of the one in which "lies the small market town or rural port, which by some is called Greensburg, but which is more generally and properly known by the name of Tarrytown." What medley of agreeable associations is that which thrills the breast? Fancy has carried us away to the social fireside where first we opened the Sketch Book to read of Brom Bones and of Ichabod Crane. We can, indeed, scarcely trust ourselves to speak of the Legend of Sleepy Hollow. The thoughts to which it gives rise belong to an era of childhood to which we are especially partial, viz., those listless hours whiled away beneath the quiet, unostentatious roof of the old country schoolhouse. We doubt not but that its perusal affects others in a like manner. Where the mind first opened, where the fancy first quickened, where hope first fluttered, and where ambition first sparkled before the mind's vision, there are gathered the most cherished associations of after life. And in this country of ours, where the *sovereign* is found as well in the ragged, bare-headed urchin that gathers his scrap of learning from itinerant pedagogues, as in the starchy inmates of colleges and universities, it is a fact well authenticated that genuine country schools have been the nurseries of the most exalted intellects that have shed renown on our history. It is therefore that this sketch has ever been so highly prized in literary circles, as well as because of its rare idiomatic chasteness and purity of style.

We are free to confess that we have long regarded this sketch as Mr. Irving's *chef d'œuvre*. Among all its finished compeers, if we may thus speak, it stands, in our judgment at least, inimitable and unrivalled as regards any or all of the various excellences which make up the sum total of a master-piece. Its simple, undefiled Saxon elegance of language, the beautiful intonation of short paragraphs, the melody of the smooth-flowing sentences, the tasteful touches of refined sentiment, the chaste ebullitions

of humor and of satire, the choice specimens of descriptive eloquence, and the delightful train of associations evoked by its lovely pictures of quiet domestic life, constitute an entirety of rare and unequalled excellences that must long uphold the Legend of Sleepy Hollow as one of the most cherished literary *heirlooms* of the country. Every page possesses its separate charm. Every one forms the first link in a long chain of agreeable reminiscences. Like the dwelling-place of our infancy revisited in manhood, as Macaulay has said in one of his delightful essays; like the song of our country heard in a foreign land, they produce upon us an effect wholly independent of their intrinsic value. One transports us back to a remote period of history—a period ever welcome and grateful, because it belongs to an era of patriotic associations as well in legendary as in revolutionary interest. Another page places before us lively pictures of the scenes and manners of a past day—the quiet and simplicity of rural life, and the listless inculcations of a superstitious age and population. A third calls up all the dear remembrances of happy childhood—the school-house, the recitation, the play-time, and the merry holiday. A fourth brings to mind the dim, floating impressions of the nursery days, and the bright firesides of our infant life,—the tale-telling hours of poor Cock Robin and of Little Red Riding-hood; or, peradventure, more appalling stories of Jack o' the Lantern, of Whip-poor-Will, of dough-faces, and of winding sheets. In fact, there is no period of our existence but what may find some spot of genial sunshine in these charming pages. We cannot forbear to ask the reader's indulgence while we extract what we consider a few of the choicest cullings, both in proof of our thoughts and suggestions, and as evidence of the author's beautiful taste, his rare accomplishment as a writer, and of his felicitous temperament.

The first shall be his description of the Hollow itself,—a description that at once absorbs attention and captivates fancy, while it calls to mind some distant strain of melody that occasionally steals over the soul to awake some long silent chord:—

"Not far from the village, perhaps about two miles, there is a little valley, or rather lap of land, among high hills, which is one of the quietest places in the whole world. A small brook glides through it, with just murmur enough to lull one to repose; and the occasional whistle of a quail, or tapping of a woodpecker, is almost the only sound that ever breaks in upon the uniform tranquillity. . . . . From the listless repose of the place, and the peculiar character of the inhabitants, who are descendants from the original Dutch settlers, this sequestered glen has long been known by the name of Sleepy Hollow, and its rustic lads are called the Sleepy Hollow Boys throughout all the neighboring country. A drowsy, dreamy influence seems to hang over the land, and to pervade the very atmosphere. Some say that the place was bewitched by a high German Doctor, during the early days of the settlement; others that an old Indian chief, the prophet or wizard of his tribe, held his pow-wows there before the country was discovered by Master Hendrick Hudson. Certain it is, the place still continues under the sway of some witching power, that holds a spell over the minds of the good people, causing them to walk in a continual reverie. They are given to all kinds of marvellous beliefs; are subject to trances and visions; and frequently see strange sights, and hear music and voices in the air. The whole neighborhood abounds with local tales, haunted spots, and twilight superstitions; stars shoot and meteors glare across the valley oftener than in any other part of the country; and the nightmare, with her whole nine-fold, seems to make it the favorite scene of her gambols."

The next extract contains an account, in the author's raciest style of satire and rich humor, of the hero of the Legend and his tenement, interspersed with characteristic strokes of sentiment that impress none the less because of their seemingly burlesque features:—

"In this by-place of nature, there abode, at a remote period of American history, that is to say, some thirty years since, a worthy wight, of the name of Ichabod Crane, who sojourned, or, as he expressed it, "tarried," in Sleepy Hollow, for the purpose of instructing the children of the vicinity. . . . . The cognomen of Crane was not inapplicable to his person. He was tall, but exceedingly lank, with narrow shoulders, long arms and legs, hands that dangled a mile out of his sleeves, feet that might have served for shovels, and his whole frame most loosely hung together. His head was small, and flat at the top, with huge ears, large green glassy eyes, and a long snipe nose, so that it looked like a weather-cock perched upon his spindle neck, to tell which way the wind blew. To see him striding along the profile of a hill on a windy day, with his clothes bagging and fluttering about him, one might have mistaken him for the genius of famine descending upon the earth, or some scarecrow eloped from a corn-field. His school-house was a low building of one large room, rudely constructed of logs, the windows partly glazed, and partly patched with leaves of old copy-books. . . . It stood in a rather lonely but pleasant situation, just at the foot of a woody hill, with a brook running close by, and a formida-

ble birch tree growing at one end of it. From hence the low murmur of his pupils' voices, conning over their lessons, might be heard in a drowsy summer's day, like the hum of a bee-hive, interrupted now and then by the authoritative voice of the master, in the tone of menace or command, or, peradventure, by the appalling sound of the birch, as he urged some tardy loiterer along the flowery path of knowledge. . . . .

"When school-hours were over, he was even the companion and playmate of the larger boys, and on holiday afternoons would convoy some of the smaller ones home, who happened to have pretty sisters, or good housewives for mothers, noted for the comforts of the cupboard. . . . .

"Another of his sources of fearful pleasure was, to pass long winter evenings with the old Dutch wives, as they sat spinning by the fire, with a row of apples roasting and spluttering along the hearth, and listen to their marvellous tales of ghosts and goblins, and haunted fields, and haunted brooks, and haunted bridges, and haunted houses, and particularly of the headless horseman, or Galloping Hessian of the Hollow, as they sometimes called him. . . . . But if there was a pleasure in all this, while snugly cuddling in the chimney corner of a chamber that was all of a ruddy glow from the crackling wood-fire, and where, of course, no spectre dared to show its face, it was dearly purchased by the terrors of his subsequent walk homewards. What fearful shapes and shadows beset his path amidst the dim and ghastly glare of a snowy night! With what wistful look did he eye every trembling ray of light streaming across the waste fields from some distant window! How often was he appalled by some shrub covered with snow, which, like a sheeted spectre, beset his very path! How often did he shrink, with curdling awe, at the sound of his own footsteps on the frosty crust beneath his feet, and dread to look over his shoulder lest he should behold some uncouth being tramping close behind him! And how often was he thrown into complete dismay by some rushing blast, howling among the trees, in the idea that it was the Galloping Hessian on one of his nightly scourings. . . . All these, however, were mere terrors of the night, phantoms of the mind that walk in darkness; and though he had seen many spectres in his time, and been more than once beset by Satan in divers shapes in his lonely perambulations, yet daylight put an end to all these evils; and he would have passed a pleasant life of it in despite of the Devil and all his works, if his path had not been crossed by a being that causes more perplexity to mortal man than ghosts, goblins, and the whole race of witches put together, and that was—a woman."

We shall give next a page of that fine descriptive excellence in the every-day walks of life, a specimen of that nice observation and healthful jollity so characteristic of this popular author. It is the description of an old Dutch farmer and his household; and we may as well add, that it is suspected that Mr. Irving's present beautiful residence is the original of that here given as the one inhabited by old Baltus:—

"Baltus Van Tassel was a perfect picture of a thriving, contented, liberal-hearted farmer. He seldom, it is true, sent either his eyes or his thoughts beyond the boundaries of his own farm; but within those everything was snug, happy, and well-conditioned. He was satisfied with his wealth, but not proud of it, and piqued himself upon the hearty abundance, rather than the style in which he lived. His stronghold was situated on the banks of the Hudson, in one of those green, sheltered, fertile nooks, in which the Dutch farmers are so fond of nestling. A great elm tree spread its broad branches over it, at the foot of which bubbled up a spring of the softest and sweetest water, in a little well formed of a barrel; and then stole sparkling away through the grass to a neighboring brook, that bubbled along among alders and dwarf willows. Hard by the farm-house was a vast barn, that might have served for a church, every window and crevice of which seemed bursting forth with the treasures of the farm; the flail was busily resounding within it from morning till night; swallows and martins skimmed twittering about the eaves, and rows of pigeons, some with one eye turned up, as if watching the weather, some with their heads under their wings, or buried in their bosoms, and others swelling, and cooing, and bowing about their dames, were enjoying the sunshine on the roof. Sleek, unwieldy porkers were grunting in the repose and abundance of their pens, whence sallied forth now and then troops of sucking pigs, as if to snuff the air. A stately squadron of snowy geese were riding in an adjoining pond, convoying whole fleets of ducks; regiments of turkeys were gobbling through the farm-yard, and guinea fowls fretting about it, like ill-tempered housewives, with their peevish, discontented cry. Before the barn door strutted the gallant cock, that pattern of a husband, a warrior, and a fine gentleman, clapping his burnished wings, and crowing in the pride and gladness of his heart—sometimes tearing up the earth with his feet, and then generously calling his ever-hungry family of wives and children to enjoy the rich morsel which he had discovered."

We have reserved the most beautiful for the last of these excerpts. It is one of those melodious exuberances of the beautiful and the graphic over which the reader so delights to linger. The very selection of the season is tasteful, and makes the description more loveable. It indicates, too, in a striking manner, that keen relish of the substantials of life which we have elsewhere noticed as a peculiarity of Mr. Irving's works, and teaches, as does, indeed, the paragraph last quoted, the healthful flavor of a contented mind:—

"It was, as I have said, a fine autumnal day; the sky was clear and serene, and nature wore

that rich and golden livery which we always associate with the idea of abundance. The forests had put on their sober brown and yellow, while some trees of the tender kind had been nipped by the frosts into brilliant dyes of orange, purple, and scarlet. Streaming files of wild ducks began to make their appearance high in the air; the bark of the squirrel might be heard from the groves of beech and hickory nuts, and the pensive whistle of the quail at intervals from the neighboring stubble field. . . . . The small birds were taking their farewell banquets. In the fulness of their revelry, they fluttered, chirping and frolicking, from bush to bush, and tree to tree, capricious from the very profusion and variety around them. There was the honest cock-robin, the favorite game of stripling sportsmen, with its loud querulous note; and the twittering blackbirds flying in sable clouds; and the golden-winged woodpecker, with his crimson crest, his broad black gorget, and splendid plumage; and the cedar bird, with its red-tipt wings and yellow-tipt tail, and its little montero cap of feathers; and the blue jay, that noisy coxcomb, in his gay light blue coat and white under-clothes, screaming and chattering, nodding, and bobbing, and bowing, pretending to be on good terms with every songster of the grove. . . . .

"As Ichabod jogged slowly on his way, his eye, ever open to every symptom of culinary abundance, ranged with delight over the treasures of jolly autumn. On all sides he beheld vast stores of apples, some hanging in oppressive opulence on the trees, some gathered into baskets and barrels for the market, others heaped up in rich piles for the cider-press. Further on he beheld great fields of Indian corn, with its golden ears peeping from their leafy coverts, and holding out the promise of cakes and hasty-pudding; and the yellow pumpkins lying beneath them, turning up their fair round bellies to the sun, and giving ample promise of the most luxurious of pies; and anon he passed the fragrant buckwheat fields, breathing the odor of the bee-hive, and as he beheld them, soft anticipations stole over his mind of dainty slapjacks, well buttered, and garnished with honey or treacle, by the delicate little dimpled hand of Katrina Van Tassel. . . . . Thus feeding his mind with many sweet thoughts and 'sugared suppositions,' Ichabod journeyed along the sides of a range of hills which look out upon some of the goodliest scenes of the Hudson. The sun gradually wheeled his broad disc down into the west. The wide bosom of the Tappan Zee lay motionless and glassy, excepting that here and there a gentle undulation waved and prolonged the blue shadow of the distant mountain. A few amber clouds floated in the sky, without a breath of air to move them. The horizon of a fine golden tint, changing gradually into a pure apple green, and from that into the deep blue of the mid-heaven. A slanting ray lingered on the woody crests of the precipices that overhung some parts of the river, giving greater depth to the dark gray and purple of their rocky sides."

We have dwelt on this beautiful and finished sketch, and we meant to dwell on it. We trust that by this time we have succeeded in placing before our readers apt enough specimens to impress our suggestions as to the style and character of Mr. Irving's leading works. Since the days of Addison no writer has penned as many pages of pure, unadulterated, and unaffected Saxon, embodying so much of the really elegant and so much of the humorous, is as to be found in the Legend of Sleepy Hollow. We may go further, and frankly own that we admire much more Mr. Irving's raciness than Addison's exquisiteness. Despite the transcendent composition and sparkling elegance of the Spectator, we nevertheless must be untasteful enough to confess that we sometimes grow weary of its refined sentiment and lengthened disquisitions. Will Honeycomb is not always easy, or intelligible either; and, with all his rich flow of high comedy, never does he appear before us in the sober habiliments of downright every-day life. But we never grow weary of the Sketch Book or of Bracebridge Hall; and Mynheer Diedrich Knickerbocker always comes to us in genuine homespun garments. It does not require a high degree of mental cultivation and training to get at and enjoy his meaning. His great forte is adaptability; and his boldest flights may be compassed by ordinary minds.

As a mere narrative, Dolph Heyliger is superior both to Rip Van Winkle and to the Legend of Sleepy Hollow. It is, as usual, sprinkled throughout with a great deal that is quaint, and with much that is humorous; but its leading associations are those that are wont to be connected with goblins, and spectres, and haunted ruins, and the whole familiar tribe of Raw Heads and Bloody Bones. It is one of those fine stories that children delight, yet tremble, to read by a feeble lamp or a flickering fire-light. And yet it abounds with brilliancy of imagination, and with power and splendor of description. It unfolds the beauties of local scenery, and presents successive glowing pictures of the gorgeous and majestic coast of the Hudson. As illustrative of this, we shall venture to give one short extract, and but one. It is the scene which opens to Dolph's vision just after he had embarked on the sloop he had seen in his dreams, commanded by the old lame, one-eyed captain:—

"In the second day of the voyage, they came

to the Highlands. It was the latter part of a calm, sultry day, that they floated gently with the tide between these stern mountains. . . . Dolph gazed about him in mute delight and wonder at these scenes of nature's magnificence. To the left the Dunderberg reared its woody precipices, height over height, forest over forest, away into the deep summer sky. To the right strutted forth the bold promontory of Anthony's Nose, with a solitary eagle wheeling about it; while beyond, mountain succeeded to mountain, until they seemed to lock their arms together, and confine this mighty river in their embraces. There was a feeling of quiet luxury in gazing at the broad, green bosoms here and there scooped out among the precipices; or at woodlands high in air, nodding over the edge of some beetling bluff, and their foliage all transparent in the yellow sunshine."

We must now bid a respectful adieu to honest Diedrich and his good humor. The companionship of the jolly, entertaining old gentleman is not tiresome, but we must not spoil his character by letting him, in our hands, become exclusive. We leave him to find a quiet, snug corner in the heart of every admirer of Mr. Irving—which he richly deserves.

One of the most lovely passages that occur in all the works of Mr. Irving is found in the opening pages of the second volume of his Sketch Book, beginning with Christmas and the stage coach, and ending with the Christmas dinner and festivities of Bracebridge Hall. We never suffer a twelvemonth to pass without at least reading once these delightful sketches. They were evidently penned with a view to endeavor to revivify the fading influences of this golden festival, so dear to all who own genuine, heart-deep sentiment. They lift us from the present, with its anxious cares, and its endless toils, and carry us back to the shining hours of childhood, when life was yet in its infancy, and before contact with the noon had blighted the illusions of its dawn. If happy and prosperous, reading them makes even the future look brighter and more inviting. If afflicted or distressed, they beguile of unwelcome anticipations, and garnish the path of life to come with shadowy associations of that which is past.

"Of all the old festivals," says Mr. Irving, "that of Christmas awakens the strongest and most heartfelt associations. There is a tone of solemn and sacred feeling that blends with our conviviality, and lifts the spirit to a state of hallowed and elevated enjoyment. . . . . It is a beautiful arrangement, also, derived from days of yore, that this festival, which commemorates the announcement of the religion of peace and love, has been made the season for gathering together of family connections, and drawing closer again those bands of kindred hearts, which the cares and pleasures and sorrows of the world are continually operating to cast loose; of calling back the children of a family who have launched forth in life, and wandered widely asunder, once more to assemble about the paternal hearth, that rallying-place of the affections, there to grow young and loving again among the endearing mementoes of childhood."

We love to read and to dwell on passages and sentiments like these. They steal to the soul like the soft music of brighter and purer spheres, and come over the affections as the voices of mystic spiritual communion with other and better days. Deeply is it to be lamented that these chastening influences, which so link the present with the past, are gradually dwindling and declining before the refinement or the utilitarianism of the age. Most of the glorious old holiday customs have disappeared; others are fast disappearing beneath modern encroachments. "There is," as Mr. Irving justly says, "more of dissipation, and less of enjoyment. Pleasure has expanded into a broader, but a shallower stream; and has forsaken many of those deep and quiet channels where it flowed sweetly through the calm bosom of domestic life. Society has acquired a more enlightened and elegant tone; but it has lost many of its strong local peculiarities, its home-bred feelings, its honest fireside delights."

We next follow Mr. Crayon in his merry coach-ride through festal throngs, and beaming faces, and smiling evidences of a Christmas approach in England; and then comes the lovely adventure of the little returning school-boys, their meeting with the old family servant, and Bantam, and Carlo, and their arrival at home. "I looked after them," says our author, "with a feeling in which I do not know whether pleasure or melancholy predominated; for I was reminded of those days when, like them, I had neither known care nor sorrow, and a holiday was the summit of earthly felicity." Then we are introduced to Mr. Frank Bracebridge at the inn kitchen; the chaise drives up, and the two friends set out on their cold moonlight ride for the jolly old Hall. The crusted ground beneath, the snow-spangled forests around, the chilling air of a clear

December night, are all impotent to dispel the warmth which glows in their hearts, as thoughts of the festive morrow kindle and gladden within. They wind along through the venerable park and sheeted lawn, "which here and there sparkled as the moonbeams caught a frosty crystal;" the blaze of the "yule clog," streaming merrily through the skeleton shadows of ancient trees, gnarled by winter's cold touch, lights them to the portals of the old family mansion, and the sound of music and jolly laughter tells them that the time-honored festival has begun. The "Squire" welcomes them with old-fashioned cordiality—the Christmas tapers are lighted—the supper-table groans beneath the weight of Christmas dainties; and then open those charming scenes of domestic life and domestic enjoyment which illumine the soul with the reflected influence of the happy season and of the beaming faces around, and make amends for long years of suffering in one short, sweet gala moment of obliviousness. The antiquated manners and disposition of the old Squire, the social peculiarities of his old family servants, and the whims and oddities of Master Simon, now successively assail the risible faculties, and lay bare whole sluices to amusement and good cheer. The mirth of the chimney-corner—the wild wassail of the servants' hall—the jovial tale-tellings—the inspiring dance—the sparkling ale cups, all speak the voice of cheerfulness, and seem to say, in the words of Master Simon's song:

"Now Christmas is come,
Let us beat up the drum,
And call all our neighbors together;
And when they appear,
Let us make them such cheer
As will keep out the wind and the weather."

We could linger most agreeably among such lovely scenes, and thus detain our readers for many, many pages. Besides their beauty and exterior embellishments, they afford salutary lessons of healthful moral and intellectual exercitation. Their winning and irresistible impressiveness outweighs tomes of tedious and long-spun treatises. They address their influences to the heart, and are unconsciously, yet welcomely, stereotyped while being read. They pursue no circuitous track of reaching their destination through dry channels of logical persuasiveness,—battering the mind to touch the affections and direct sentiment through the medium of mere duty,—calling in the aid of long professional and prosy lecturings to wake into life feelings that are instinct to the better part of our nature;—they work up directly from the parent fountain, and diffuse their purifying and softening influences in the very moment that the master's hand sweeps the chords he has attuned.

It should not, however, be rashly inferred, from what we have been saying, that the genius of Mr. Irving runs only in the comic line, or that his writings are barren of all oblations to the shrine of the tragic muse. His lyre does not, it is true, send forth those sad wailings that intone Mackenzie's harp, and loves not so much to associate its melody with the willow; but its music oftentimes penetrates and "unseals the fountain of tears." But it is a luxury, a relief, to weep as Irving can make his reader weep. The bosom, after its fulness has been discharged, is not oppressed with those gloomy, mournful, depressing sensations that follow us from poor Harley's grave in the Man of Feeling; nor are we haunted for whole days by the spectral visions and heart-heavy emotions that belong to the sad *dénouement* of the Bride of Lammermoor. The heart is gently opened by the touch of sentiment, the tear drops softly over the apt reflection, and then the vent is closed by the beauty of the parting thought. A lovely calm succeeds to the flow of gushing emotions, and we leave the grave softened to its lonely horrors, and associate its repose with all that is tender and interesting, rather than with the hollow silence and decay of death. We shall again turn to the Sketch Book to find illustrative passages. We select first from the closing lines of "Rural Funerals," presupposing that our reader is familiar with the sketch:—

"There is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song. There is a remembrance of the dead to which we turn even from the charms of the living. Oh the grave! the grave! It buries every error—covers every defect—extinguishes every resentment! From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave even of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb, that he should ever have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering beneath him?

"But the grave of those we loved—what a place for meditation! There it is that we call up in long review the whole history of virtue and gen-

tleness, and the thousand endearments lavished upon us almost unheeded in the daily intercourse of intimacy—there it is that we dwell upon the tenderness, the solemn, awful tenderness of the parting scene. The bed of death, with all its stifled griefs—its noiseless attendance—its mute, watchful assiduities. The last testimonies of expiring love! The feeble, fluttering, thrilling—oh! how thrilling!—pressure of the hand! The faint, faltering accents, struggling in death to give one more assurance of affection! The last fond look of the glazing eye, turning upon us even from the threshold of existence!

"Ay, go to the grave of buried love, and meditate! There settle the account with thy conscience for every past benefit unrequited—every past endearment unregarded, of that departed being who can never—never—never return to be soothed by thy contrition!

"Then weave thy chaplet of flowers, and strew the beauties of nature about the grave; console thy broken spirit, if thou canst, with these tender, yet futile tributes of regret; but take warning by the bitterness of this thy contrite affliction over the dead, and henceforth be more faithful and affectionate in the discharge of thy duties to the living."

We shall next trespass on the concluding paragraphs of the "Pride of the Village," found in the same series:—

"It was a wintry evening; the trees were stripped of their foliage; the church-yard looked naked and mournful, and the wind rustled coldly through the dry grass. Evergreens, however, had been planted about the grave of the village favorite, and osiers were bent over it to keep the turf uninjured.... The church door was open, and I stepped in. There hung the chaplet of flowers and the gloves, as on the day of the funeral; the flowers were withered, it is true, but care seemed to have been taken that no dust should soil their whiteness. I have seen many monuments, where art has exhausted its powers to awaken the sympathy of the spectator, but I have met with none that spoke more touchingly to my heart, than this simple but delicate memento of departed innocence."

The last we shall give is rather a sublime touch of the tragic than the sentimental. It is conceived in the genuine Shaksperian spirit. The forlorn image of Ophelia flits before the vision as we read, and the dramatic point might even have challenged the powers of Mrs. Siddons. We allude to the passage in the sketch of the "Broken Heart," where, after rehearsing the story of the young Irish girl—her love, disappointment and sorrow—the writer boldly but beautifully essays the following delicate venture:—

"The person who told me her story had seen her at a masquerade. There can be no exhibition of far-gone wretchedness more striking and painful than to meet it in such a scene. To find it wandering like a spectre, lonely and joyless, where all around is gay—to see it dressed out in the trappings of mirth, and looking so wan and wo-begone, as if it had tried in vain to cheat the poor heart into a momentary forgetfulness of sorrow. After strolling through the splendid rooms and giddy crowd with an air of utter abstraction, she sat herself down on the steps of an orchestra, and looking about for some time with a vacant air, that showed her insensibility to the garish scene, she began, with the capriciousness of a sickly heart to warble a plaintive air. She had an exquisite voice; but on this occasion it was so simple, so touching, it breathed forth such a soul of wretchedness, that she drew a crowd mute and silent around her, and melted every one into tears."

The best story of Mr. Irving's by far, we think, is the Student of Salamanca, found in the latter end of the first volume of his Bracebridge Hall. His stories of the Alhambra, or Tales of a Traveller, may, perhaps, furnish specimens some prettier and more vivacious; but none exhibit such bold traces of the genuine tale-writer, in all particulars, as that we have mentioned. It is free from the only unpleasing and unsuccessful feature in our author's writings—that is, his marvellous awkwardness in managing love scenes. The intercourse of the "gallant Captain" and his "fair Julia" is so exceedingly stiff and so ill-contrived, that we would have been better pleased if both characters had been eschewed from the otherwise delightful account of the Bracebridge family; and we are halfway inclined to believe the author when, in the Legend of Sleepy Hollow, he frankly says, "I profess not to know how women's hearts are *wooed* and won. To *me* they have always been matters of *riddle* and admiration." Add to this confession the fact that Mr. Irving has been, through his now long life, an incurable bachellor, and we may find some clew to this one defect, not in his writings, but in his tastes.

The Student of Salamanca, however, is not liable to this objection, and contains passages here and there which would argue that our author, though "grown old without the benefit of *experience*," as a lover, has yet, by some means, scented the delicious exhalations of a draught he has steadily refused to taste. "Let those who would keep two youthful hearts asunder," he now says, "beware of music. Oh! this leaning over chairs, and conning the same music book, and entwining of voices, and melting away in harmonies!—the German waltz is nothing

to it." This, we respectfully suggest, is not the language of *ignorance* as to "how women's hearts are wooed and won." Bulwer himself could have done no better—and, in fact, Ernest Maltravers is made to fall in love with Alice just in this way. No one who has read that beautiful tale of love can forget the charming musical employments which first rustled the little blind divinity, and beguiled the sweet hours passed at the dear little cottage. And who knows, may we not venture playfully to ask, but that Mr. Crayon may have indulged some mischief in his day? We therefore like the Student of Salamanca; and although Lord Jeffrey dashes cold water on it as being "too long," and as "dealing rather largely in the common-places of romantic adventure," we must still pronounce it to be, on this, as well as on other accounts, the most finished, well sustained, and interesting of Mr. Irving's stories.

We waive all notice of our author's more extended and labored works. They do not come within the purposes of this article; and, whatever be their merits as grave productions of history, we are persuaded that the Life of Columbus, of Mahomet, and the Astoria, will never be so welcomed to the shelves of private and select libraries, as the Sketch Book, Bracebridge Hall, Knickerbocker, the stories of the Alhambra, and the whole charming kindred series.

The writings of Mr. Irving have, perhaps, been more extensively sold and more generally read than those of any other American author. He is certainly the most popular and the most venerated American author. Many reasons might be given to explain this preference. Since the time when his favored productions were first issued, a new generation of readers has taken the place of that which was contemporaneous with their issue. They are intimately identified with recollections of the nursery and of early school-days. Most of us can remember to have seen parents, and relatives, and family friends, long since gathered to their final resting-places, laugh heartily over the pages of Knickerbocker's chronicles of New-York, and enliven many a social winter evening circle by reading Rip Van Winkle. Many, now heads of families, look back longingly and pleasurably to the time when they first read the Legend of Sleepy Hollow; and how, in the merriment of youthful ardor, they mischievously nicknamed their familiar old schoolmasters Ichabod Crane; or how, in the exuberance of excited fancy, they careered about on little dare-devil ponies in the characters of Brom Bones and his rantipole, rattling gang. These buoyant recollections, and the long years intervening from their original issue, have, in a manner, consecrated his works. But a more substantial reason than even any associated with this golden period of life, which has contributed to establish their popularity, is found in the fact that Mr. Irving has long justly been considered the chief representative of American literature. For more than a quarter of a century he has, in this respect, been the pride and the support of the nation. To offset the bright array of famed writers in England,—writers distinguished not alone for the matter of their productions, but for the classic elegance, and chaste simplicity, and Saxon purity of their style,—we have been forced to resort alone to the name of Irving. When the journalists of England and Scotland point us to the names of Byron, or Moore, or Scott, or Wordsworth, their lauded heroes of verse, and challenge a comparison with America, we are forced to submit, and quietly endure the taunt. They spread their arms over the brilliant series of Waverley novels, and boast undisputed supremacy in the achievements of romance; we can oppose the single name of Cooper, but, in such company, we nevertheless do so with a degree of quite allowable diffidence; for, though justly proud of such works as the Spy, the Mohicans, the Pilot, and the Water-Witch, we are obliged to confess a total eclipse when essaying to compare them with Guy Mannering, with Ivanhoe, with Kenilworth, or with Old Mortality. We have, to be candid and honest, no writer of poetry that can at all approximate an equality with even second rate poets in England; for no one will pretend that America has produced a Southey, a Cowper, a Collins, or a Young, and all these have been ranked as second rate in comparison with some we have elsewhere named. In fact America has been barren, lamentably barren, in this respect. Joel Barlow gained more praise than any other American writer of poetry ever has gained since, and yet the Columbian has waned into almost utter oblivion. Some, it is true, have written quite prettily, and others quite spiritedly; but, if we except Mr. Longfellow, it is very improbable, we

think, that any of the present tribe will long outlive their own day and generation. This last-named gentleman (if he will allow us to prophesy of him) has, indeed, cast before him the shadow of coming renown in the world of poetry, and, if his life shall be spared, we confidently look forward, we are obliged to say, to a period of poetical regeneration and redemption through his efforts. We have it in mind to express ourselves on this very interesting subject somewhat more concisely and lengthily, in the course of the coming year, in review of the works of some one among those dubbed *poets* by magazine editors and weekly literary journals. For the present we must cease, and begging pardon for the digression, return to our subject.

It may be true, also, that the Waverley novels stand on an unreachable and overshadowing eminence in the line of romance writing. But when we are pointed to Addison as an exquisite writer, and to Mackenzie as the most refined of sentimentalists, or to Sterne and Swift as the first of humorists, we can hold up our heads and accept the challenge. The Spectator contains no passages remarkable for classical elegance that cannot be mated in the Sketch Book or in Bracebridge Hall. Even Lord Jeffrey, with all his Anglican prepossessions, goes so far as to say, in citing an extract from the last work, that it "is not an altogether unsuccessful imitation of the inimitable diction and colloquial graces of Addison." Nor have we been able to find purer or more refined *sentiment* in The Man of Feeling, The Man of The World, or Julia De Roubigné, than can be pointed out from portions of the same works of the American author. Tristram Shandy and Gulliver deal in broader wit and coarser humor, but we find little difficulty in laughing through the history of Mynheer Diedrich, or at the old-fashioned whims of the Squire, and Master Simon, and Lady Lillicraft. In no manner, nor in any particular, do we seek to shun comparison in the case of Mr. Irving. And when, as late even as year before last, we find Lord Jeffrey, with the whole endless pile of late literary productions on both sides of the Atlantic before him, and at his command, pronouncing him "the most amiable and elegant of American authors," we safely conclude that he might pass muster at any assembly beat of English writers.

The great secret of Mr. Irving's unrivalled popularity will be found to consist, we think, in the pleasing national associations belonging to his works. He has imparted to the Hudson and its vicinity a romantic and storied interest not less strong than that which the genius of Sir Walter Scott has thrown over Scotland, or than that with which the writings of Goethe and Schiller have invested Germany. There is scarcely a scene that adorns its noble banks that has not been garnished with the charm of his magic pen. His chronicles and tales are as familiar to the backwoods hunter as to the polished litterateur of towns and cities. They are read and treasured alike by the humble cottager and the haughty millionaire. They may be found in the squalid dens of Five Points, as well as in the sumptuous palaces of Fifth Avenue. Preachers and sportsmen are equally delighted to read them. They possess, in fact, every element of popularity, and have received the homage of all classes, professions, and occupations. Everybody who reads at all tries to procure a copy of them. Nobody reads them without becoming a friend and an admirer of the amiable author.

We have, therefore, felt much pleased to notice the late cheap and very adaptable edition got up by Mr. Putnam, a specimen of which has formed the basis of this review. The typography is excellent. We rarely meet with execution as neat and workmanlike, particularly in editions intended for such indiscriminate circulation. We feel assured that the masses of readers, especially in the South and Southwest, will feel under obligation for his enterprise, and that obligation will be very vastly heightened from the fact that this new issue has received the revisory touch and superintendence of the venerated and illustrious author.

Mr. Irving is now in the ripe and mellow autumn of quite a long life. His age is ripe with honors fairly and nobly earned. He has filled a much larger space in the world's eye than any other of the literary men of America. He is as great a favorite in England as he is in the United States, while he has lived to see his works pass through successive editions in France, and Germany, and Spain. He has long since attained an eminence of renown that lifts him above the impressions or the influences of laudation and flattery, and that enables him to look

alike complacently on criticism and on admiration. Snugly nestled in one of those beautiful and picturesque nooks of the "lordly river," so intimately associated with his genius, and in the very lap of scenes rendered famous in story by the magic of his pen, the waning hours of his latter life glide quietly on, leaving to him that serenity of thought which surveys with calmness the brilliancy of the past, and eyes undazzled the visions of that golden effulgence which will halo his posthumous fame.

J. B. C.

Longwood, Miss., 1850.

RUSSIAN AMBITION.*

Throughout the range of English literature we know of no work which assumes to give a compendious review of its history; which assumes to trace the progress of the English language from any historic limit, on the hither or thither side of Druidical days, through the rule of the Heptarchy, through Saxon revolutions, Danish inroads, Norman conquests, through the fusion and confusion of idioms and dialects, the barbarism of monkish times, and the diseases of later days consequent on mimicry of continental song, tale, history, and mannerism, which form together that heterogeneous medium of converse generally known as "the Anglo-Saxon tongue." D'Alembert and the Encyclopædists certainly made a fair and bold attempt to lay the foundations of such a work for France,—to reduce the literature of their country to a well-arranged, well-jointed, and compendious whole. In the present generation some desultory efforts have been made to follow up the superstructure; but the result has been such as we might expect, if an architect of modern castellated cottages attempted to rebuild the broken arches of a Gothic ruin. Nor in Germany do we believe any such attempt has been carried beyond design—if we except the noble history of the literature of the nineteenth century, which is contained in the opening volumes of Schlosser's work; although, by way of apology, it is right to remember that German literature is too modern in creation, wants those abundant resources in deep antiquity possessed by the lands of the Briton and the Gaul, and which are needful to give to a national literary history the true ideas of extent and grandeur. German philologists, laborious as they all are in research, broad, grasping, and strikingly novel as many of them are in conception, seem to have devoted themselves with much more vigor and with the rarest success to the literature and history of lands neighboring, or of nations forgotten. Niebuhr has raked up from the ruins of a buried empire fragments of vitality and beauty. Heeren in Greek history, a hundred others in the Greek tongue, have furnished to the world proofs that genius can conquer even time. Thus too Gesenius, the friend, and, we believe, the relative of the author of the work before us, searched through the tombs of Judea, till he found for himself immortality, and for the children of the scattered race forgotten memories. To the more modern idioms of continental Europe, dating far back however in the barbaric times of the Hun and the Visigoth, other Germans, scarcely less celebrated, certainly not less laborious and original, have devoted their genius and their lives. To them in their several departments, and scarcely at all to men of Slavic birth, we owe the vast body of materials which, together with her own researches, have been compressed into the present volume by its distinguished authoress, under the name of Talvi.

Were the author not covered with that sanctity which the critic, possessing even a

---

* Historical View of the Languages and Literature of the Slavic Nations, with a Sketch of their Popular Poetry. By Talvi. With a Preface, by Edward Robinson, D.D. LL.D., author of "Biblical Researches in Palestine," &c. New-York: George P. Putnam, 155 Broadway. 1850.

modicum of gallantry, is bound to respect, we should say of the work before us that its publication is an honor to the American press, and a sign of rarest promise for American literature. The production of a foreigner, whose native tongue is foreign too, its style of English is devoid of mannerism, unpretending, concise, and easy. If it never rises into eloquence, it never sinks into commonplace or wanders into verbosity; the reader is struck with this from the beginning, and the purity and exactness of Talvi's English, about which nothing is said, are pretty solvent securities that Talvi's Slavonic, and Talvi's Russian, are founded upon at least an equal knowledge and an equal critical perception of the idioms whose history and peculiarities form the subject of her present work. We believe there are few women in history, since Lady Jane Grey wrote Greek verses, of whom even half so much can be said. If we add that the pretentious chit-chat, the "polite literature" farrago, the display of shallowness and vanity, which make your mere Blue-Stocking the burr and torture of literary life, are utterly wanting throughout the present volume, we have pointed to some characteristics of Talvi which alone entitle her in her peculiar sphere to the position of one of the noblest authoresses of our modern time. In fact, we know but two women at present living to compete with her.

Yet this book has its faults, arising mainly from the limited space possessed by the author, a space by no means commensurate with her gigantic design. Were the etymological part more diffuse, the work, with the addition of tabular and other mechanical arrangements, might easily become a singularly critical grammar of the Slavic tongues. Were the historic portions more lengthy, more replete with detail, more profound, and more connected, the work, with less superficial criticism and more extended extracts, would become a first-rate literary history. As it is, it will be prized by various readers, for various reasons. The grammarian, disregarding altogether its historic fragments, will regard it as a rare commentary on Slavic grammar; and, on the other hand, the student of literary history will find in it innumerable small facts, collected and arranged to his hand, to which patience and the pen can give in enterprises of a wider range any extent of amplitude. To both indeed it will be a valuable repository; but to neither a text.

From these considerations a third, and the main fault, follows. Published in a land where the English tongue is spoken, where but few know even the rudiments of a single Slavic idiom, and almost none are at all read in Slavic literature; intended moreover as a medium by which what critics call "the general reader" (a character who is never supposed to know anything but his prayers, and sometimes, it must be said, not even so much,) can become acquainted with the peculiarities of those swarming tongues of mid-Europe, which have been hitherto closed to all the world beside; it is to the said "general reader," excepting in a few intelligible pages here and there on Slavic history or manners, a mass of the unpronounceablest proper names we have met lately, collected together in due order and upon the best authority, displaying the profound erudition of the writer, but to the "general reader" displaying the profoundest mist. Certainly, if it were not the first duty of an author to make his work intelligible to those for whose perusal he intends it, we could find for Talvi much to extenuate, and not a little wholly to excuse. But the original conception of the book before us conceived too that confusion to the reader, which must necessarily, unless with minds the most concentrative and rapid, on subjects homogeneous, and sequent in detail as the facts in a narrative, be the characteristic of a work which assumes to compress Homer into a nutshell, to take a readable review of the literary history of a score of nations, within a wide-lined octavo volume of four hundred pages, printed in the neatest bourgeois type of Mr. Putnam's elegant establishment. Talvi has failed in doing this, because the unaided hand of man could not do it, and because steam travelling has not y et been applied to thought. Even in the best and happiest portion of the volume, that which contains those exquisite specimens of Slavic bardic poetry, of which we shall presently give some examples, the authoress, with the taste of an artist, but with the hot haste too of a compiler limited to time, has shown only so much as to make us the more admire the poetic beauties we cannot see. Of the bardic portions of the work alone, given in greater extension and variety, with the versified translations of Dr. Bowring and

other contributors to English magazines, and accompanied with essays on manners and traditions, of which we have in the present volume such graceful examples, a work might have been formed, less erudite no doubt, less profound, less prized mayhap by the Slavic scholar, but certainly more delicious to the reader, more productive to the publisher, and a thousand times more calculated to effect the objects of Talvi, a popular study among English readers of the literature and poetry of the Slavic race.

Absolutely, however, to supply the "general reader" with such a desideratum, to frame a literary history which through the medium of his vernacular will make him familiar or even remotely acquainted with a foreign literature, is impossible. To the student of a language, be it to him native or foreign, to him who has journeyed over the fields of thought to which the language is the high road, to him who is about to journey over them, a literary history of the whole, a chart by which he may know whither his reading tends, what he has read, what he has yet to read, what, unless he read, he cannot consider himself an adept in that literature; such a chart, to such a man, would be of inestimable value. But neither to Slavic literature nor to the literature of Honolulu is there a royal road for the ignorant, or the inert. A literary history, in the hands of a man ignorant of the literature or of the language, is positively useless—may even become mischievous. One of Murray's "Guide-Books to the Rhine" would, you would say, be useless and also harmless in the hands of a cockney who has never migrated beyond the brick regions of his nativity; but if the same cockney, having assiduously thumbed the Guide-Book, should presume in society to dole out by retail Murray's ideas of the Fatherland as his own, should become, on the clippings of a London catch-penny factory, a make-believe traveller and a stay-at-home lie, you would say the Guide-Book, however useful for actual travellers, was to him at all events an unmitigated evil. So of all literary histories of the kind before us,—they can be useful only to him acquainted with the literature. The mischief, however, is barred in the present instance; for not even the imaginative cockney vagrant aforesaid could, on the contents of the work before us, make the most stupid dinner party believe that he knew an atom of the subject of which it treats. Be this a virtue or a defect, it is nevertheless true. Talvi has written a work for the scholar; and, entirely involved as her thoughts and habits of mind seem to be in philological details, in etymological characteristics, in the mechanical oddities by which these strange and wondrous nations of the Slavi have managed to make of one language as many various dialects, alphabets, and enunciative mechanisms as they are in themselves distinct tribes, she has amassed into her book a store of dilettantisms, but not a grain of expanded thought. In our judgment, a literary history should be more than this,—it should be a history of mind as well as matter, of ideas as well as words. Not alone of ultimate and penultimate syllables should it speak, of affix, prefix, suffix letters; but of the dawn and growth of genius, of the birth, progress, and vicissitudes through the varying ages of that national soul of which the literature of a nation, or a race, is always the embodiment, whether it be a bundle of popular songs, such as we may suppose to be the melodious discords enjoyed by the enlightened brethren of Mr. Daniel Tucker the elder, in the sandy Republic of Liberia, or an accumulated store of philosophy, grandeur, and beauty, as noble and eternal as that of Greece. In the rolling of worlds and the sundering of ages, stone walls, whether they form a hovel or a temple, are crushed into dust; but the one thing eternal is the literature, is the temple of ideas, is that into which the sequent generations of a people have infused their soul. It is this soul which becomes to after ages and men the representative of the races or the kingdoms which lie buried in the eternal past; and to trace it from age to age, through national greatness and national imbecility, is the true business of the literary historian. This portion of her work Talvi has entirely omitted, perhaps intentionally forborne. To us however it is the one thing which makes any literary history of more value than a grammar of words; the one thing which separates Lindley Murray on labial mechanism with guttural accompaniments, from any work wherein is displayed or recorded the development of human genius, be it the plays of Shakspeare or the biography of Jean Paul.

Of the Slavic race especially; of that race which for some two thousand years has lain amid the snows and forests of Eastern Europe

neglected and unprized, till suddenly a Moscow burning, or a Magyar-land baited to death, displays them to us in all the grandeur and ferocity of the swarming hordes which desolated Imperial Rome—which we of a larger civilization will not stoop to regard till a Napoleon, flying with his armies troop on troop in ruins, warns wondering Europe that in the North are tribes, rude, barbarous and inflexible, which if care be not taken will overwhelm and subjugate it; of this race, we say, the literature, if it be at all a matter of interest, if it be worth writing a book about, or reading a book upon, is interesting for far more than its grammatical flexions. If it have a literature, the general reader, having learned his prayers in English and acquired some small taste for philosophy, will inquire, What character has this people stamped upon its works; are its songs savage and barbarous; tell they of the ominous death the invader flying from its soil foretold to Europe; are they evidences that the Slavi are really the abandoned of the Creator to Night and Nemesis; or has even the rude Russ, the wild Croat, the stealthy Kozak, have even these affections of the heart, impulses of nature's nobility, bright imaginings and mirthful music with which to commune in echoes with the forest, and make the watchfire of the tired soldier a scene of peace and joy? Of such matters, of the vicissitudes and various fates which gave the peculiar impress of the nation's soul to its literature, of the manner in which the literature grew, of what it is, of what it may be, and not of their fashion of declining nouns or using the definite article, will the reader inquire. And though our means are scant, our resources very poor and limited indeed, we shall endeavor to set forth in as condensed a manner as possible the reasons why all Slavic literature is to men of this generation of intense interest, and why the selections of bardic poetry given by Talvi are even of greater value to us of the Western World than the subjects of which they immediately treat, their limited quantity, or their heretical dress would lead the superficial at first sight to imagine.

It seems to be one law of humanity upon the earth that to every nation is given a stated period for its history. We might even mark the era of a race's greatness, or an empire's sway, by calling it its historic period. Before that dawned it was night—returning night forbade it longer to shine. Thus civilization and barbarism, the one recording the voice of ages, the other silence only, succeed each other in every race and land as inevitably, and probably at periods as definitive, as the sun gives or withholds his light to earth. Till Rome became great its history was a shepherd's song, or an idolater's myth; and when its day of greatness had drawn to a close, no trace longer remained of its high and puissant nobles, of its steel-ribbed legions, of its aristocracy of mind, by which the subsequent world can trace the merging steps of its children back again into barbaric oblivion. Rome was, and ceased to be—we know no more. Where Rome stood, there were ruins; "long-bearded" barbarians, after wandering for some five hundred years by the Vistula and the Danube, had settled over Northern and Central Italy, and were proceeding to found those Longo-Bardic or Lombardic republics which, in subsequent ages, attained the glory by commerce Rome disdained to purchase save with her blood. But these self-styled "dog-headed men," "drinkers of the blood of the battle-field," were but the vanguard of tribes and nations more vast, and if possible, more savage. On the opposite side of the Illyrian sea, in the old Roman provinces of Illyricum, Noricum, Dacia, Pannonia, from the Danube banks even to the Ægean and the Euxine, and thence far north into the wildernesses unknown to Rome, and which we have since included in the names Poland, Russia, Bohemia, Lithuania; in fact, over all Europe from the Adriatic to the confines of the ancient Persian Empire, lay the various tribes of one race herding together in wildest savagery and brigandage, so uncouth and untutored that they do not appear till later days to have possessed among themselves even a generic or distinctive name. There, in that illimitable region, has that race whose units are millions lived from that hour to this, the terror and the bulwark, the victims and the conquerors of the Roman and Byzantine Empires; the vagrant sons of the great European desert for ages unrevealed, save as the first defenses against a Moslem invasion, as the instruments of some remorseless massacre, or the victims of a wholesale slaughter equally remorseless. Sections of them, from varying epoch to epoch, have risen into national independence, and republican and imperial splendor; and

even then they are known to us by names not generic, but local or accidental, while in the palmiest days of one tribe or family, the names of others have passed into the more cultivated and less figurative tongues of Western Christendom, as household words with which to frighten children and disgust even men; as synonymous in the over-heated imagination of Mediæval Europe with all that is mean, ruthless, terrific, or brutal. Even in the days of Justinian, their name was a name of awe, against which he vainly raised the fortifications of the Danube. Greed for Roman wealth or a Roman province, and a frozen stream, sufficed to bring a hundred tribes clad in shields, and mounted naked on the light horses of their region, swooping down upon the empire, and driving the Roman citizen back in affright to the very walls of Byzantium. The invaders settled down in the provinces with a grim humor. Their cruelty in later days became a theme for goblin-loving nurses. To this hour our nursery tales speak of the Ougres, a Bulgarian tribe, as monsters of ferocious aspect, tusked and talonned, devourers of the flesh of men. The very name of Bulgarian or Bolgorian (dwellers on the magnificent Bolga, or as we say Volga) is now in most of the languages which partly owe their origin to barbaric dialects of the Latin tongue, as for instance in the English and French, a name used to designate the perpetrator of a vice abhorrent to manhood and known to Jewish ages by the history of Sodom. And yet again, such are the changing fortunes of men, such the chance origin of words the most familiar, the generic name of the northern enemies of Rome, of those whose warfare, naked, on foot, with bows, poisoned arrows, and a long rope, drew strains of terror from the Byzantine historians,—the name of that people whose ambuscades, "lying under water, drawing breath through hollow canes," and rising with savage yells from the morass and the lake, struck dismay into many an imperial legion,—the name of that race Belisarius himself could resist but not subjugate,—even their name became, in later days, and is to this hour, synonymous with the lowest political and social abasement. After the fall of the Roman Empire, the German and Gothic tribes, already learned in the rudiments of "civilized commerce," made inroad on inroad into the regions of the Danube and the Volga, carrying off their scores of captives to be sold into bondage in Western Europe. These captives were one and all of the nations of the Slavi; in the markets of the West the purchasers of men and women appraised a "Slave," even as more modern men trade in the children of Africa; and since then, the Western nations of Europe have given to the man so miserable that he does not own himself, the name, in pity or contempt, generic of the Polish republic and the Russian empire—SLAVE.

From such facts—peering through our literature, and breaking from us in every chance conversation—we can discern the estimate formed some centuries back of this gigantic race. And it is but in later years, but when by exploits in war in 1815 and 1848 they have forced themselves in terror upon Europe, that the more notorious races of the West condescended to remember their existence. In our own days the name of Croat is synonymous, to the poor "general reader," with a ferocious brigand; the name Kozak, or Cossack, symbolizes to his mental perception a human cat. To speak of Croatic literature, of Kozak history, would provoke boisterous derision in the best regulated family of "general readers;" to confess a sympathy with the Sclavonian hordes of the frontier, to speak of the children of the Don and the Ukraine as avenging instruments of eternal justice on the infamous aristocracy of Poland, would draw upon our heads the charge of lunacy or of monomaniacal hostility to "liberty and republicanism." Yet these children of the Slavic mother have, during two thousand years, been subjected to cruelties unexampled, have been the first victims of every Turkish, Tatar, or Mongolian invasion, have stood in the van of Europe, and rolled back to the Bosphorus again and again the human tides of Asia; or if the latter did make good a footing, the Slavi alone were the sufferers. Nor during all this period, from the first dawn of even a rude civilization after the dismemberment of Rome, have the Slavic race ever been without some noble type of national power, some distinct and not inglorious nationality. Fixed on the confines of the most powerful empires of the early ages of Christianity, and subject to every turmoil of the mediæval days, they have held their grip firmly on the soil, like native rocks, and preserved throughout, their

names, their traditions, their language, and their songs. The Latin priests of Germany, the Greek priests of the Eastern Empire in vain essayed to reduce them under the Latin liturgy, or the Greek tongue. The former they utterly resisted; the latter they followed in worship, preserving as the medium of their orisons the Slavic language. Up to the time of Basil II., the Bulgarian preserved his kingdom and his national existence. When the Roman Empire fell before the Moslem, and the Greek Christ gave way before the children of the Prophet, the south-eastern Slavi for a time preserved their independence, and to this hour have guarded their language, their religion, and the tradition of their imperial destiny. Even in later days the Slavic Republic of Ragusa is celebrated for literature and refinement. When Duke Arpad led his Magyar bands from the sea of Azov, he overran Hungary, and fixed himself there, indeed, upon the necks of the Slovacks; but his conquest, ever a military one, has resulted in our day in a terrific resurrection, of which we have only seen the terrible beginning. Even then, and after, the Slavi of Poland reared up a proud and colossal republic of which the Ukraine was the penal colony, the "Siberia,"—a republic which held the sway of half Europe, which struck terror into Stamboul, and indulged Vienna with an existence,—a republic whose arms under Sobieski were felt in every part of the mediæval world from Asia to Sweden, from the Rhine to the heart of modern Russia. And when Poland yielded up her life by the Vistula river, under Suwarrow's sword, it was only to a more colossal type of Slavic power; that type of Slavic nationality about which the sister nations, from the Kozak and the Servian subject of the Turk, to the peasant on the confines of Germany, are gathering fast and thick, threatening with an overwhelming doom all Europe. Bolgaria, Ragusa, Bohemia, Moravia, Poland,—here is a race not of emperors but of empires, sequent through the ages of Christianity, with which no race Teutonic or other can boast a rivalry; they are the continuous embodiments of the Slavic soul, ever renewing its nationality with increased grandeur and magnificence, until through a line of ancestral States, each in its day illustrious, they come down to us in our day after the lapse of two hundred ages represented by the gigantic empire of "all the Russias."

In any period of the world a picture so grand as this must be to the student of history, or to him who seeks from the past to gather some narrow insight into the future, a subject of intense interest, and it might be of admiration. But in our age the picture is living and real, pregnant with turmoil and woe to the weaker realms of an effeminate civilization, hanging like a doom which they cannot avert and fear to provoke over the nations of Europe, and not without material consequences even to the republics of America. The genealogy of nations has hitherto been a study for the antiquary, harmless to all, interesting to the ethnologist alone. Now, however, we are about to see it play its part in political revolutions—we are to see the memories of a common ancestry prove stronger than the material bonds of existing government, than the popular habitudes consequent on ages of obedience to antagonistic rulers and antagonistic laws. We are about to see an attempt made to set at naught the history of some thousand years, and to bring again "into one fold, under one shepherd," in an order less possible to be annihilated, more trenchant to destroy, the multitudinous swarms whose forefathers beset the Roman world, and who now are scattered among the four empires of the East. It will please some to regard "Panslavism," and "German Unity" as bugaboos, as ideal phantasms, impossible to be realized. But be the result what it may, it is undeniable that the present Russian Government has conceived the idea of uniting all the Slavic races under the sceptre of the Tzar; it is undeniable, in fact it is openly avowed, that the ancient dream of the Slavi, the conquest of Constantinople, is now one of the "pivotal" points of Russian policy. It is equally undeniable, for we have seen it within the last two years, that already the designs of the Tzar have been successful throughout the Slavic dominions of Austria, and the Slavic populations of Turkey.* We presume no politician any longer looks for the Austrian empire on

* Written prior to the recent declaration of Russia respective to the dismemberment of Prussia. Of the success of these plans at present we give no opinion, our object being rather to exhibit the gigantic intentions of the Tzar.

the map of Europe. The Hungarian war ended not alone in the defeat of Kossuth and his brave compatriots, but in the utter political annihilation of the Magyar aristocracy, the former Austrian garrison in Hungary, and its dependencies. These gone or politically dead, the Slavic races are Russian. Jellachich, Ban of Croatia and the southern frontier, nominally an Austrian official, is now really the Vice Regent of the Tzar. Moldavia and Wallachia, inhabited by Slaves nominally belonging to the Turkish empire, are in the actual military occupation of Russia. Servia, inhabited by the Slavic Serbs, is avowedly disloyal to the Porte, and waits but to throw itself into the arms of its Russian sister. While, on the other hand, we wait, mail after mail, to hear the result of that insurrection in the present Turkish province, and former Slavic kingdom of Bulgaria which has notoriously been excited by Russian emissaries of Panslavism. Half of Turkey, and the northern half, is therefore already Russian. Austria no longer exists, at all events, east of the Theiss or south of the Danube. Croatia is the foremost champion of Slavic unity, the foremost advocate for the fusion of all Slavic idioms into a common tongue, hating alike the German and the Magyar. Bohemia is all Slavic—Moravia, Gallicia, the same. Add to this that there is no longer in Poland or in Hungary, an aristocracy who care or dare to stand between the imperial sword and the nationalities it is about to grasp, and we may safely conclude that the dream of the Russian dynasty is half fulfilled, that the road is clear from Moscow to the Bosphorus.*

We should estimate the probable consequences of this vast revolution, or its imminence, but poorly, if we did not take into consideration, together with the progress already made, the peculiar characteristics of Russian policy, the enormous vitality, energy, and growth of Muscovite life, and the character, habitudes and vastness of the Slavic race, which the Cabinet of St. Petersburg has already raised against existing Europe. The actual areal growth of the dominions of the Tzar, and the numerical increase of his actual subjects, including the Slavic races subject to him in Europe, and the Tatar, Persian, Georgian, and other races conquered or annexed to his empire in Asia—the people of Slavic origin now nominally subject to Turkey, Austria, Prussia, but more closely knit by affection or fanaticism to the orthodox Emperor, than they ever can be to their present government, and who soon must be avowedly his subjects—these are main items not to be omitted. A recent British writer, on this subject, gives the following as "the population of the Russian empire at different epochs:"—

At the accession of Peter I., in 1689,	15,000,000
——— Catherine II., in 1762,	25,000,000
At her death in 1796,	36,000,000
At the death of Alexander in 1825,	58,000,000

This huge increase of actual heads of subjects, without will save that of "the White Tzar," has been principally acquired by conquest. Since the death of Alexander no great acquisition of new territory has been made except in the direction of the Caspian and the Persian Gulf; but we should perhaps be below instead of above the mark, if we set down the population of the Russian empire, in this present year of 1850, at from sixty-five to seventy millions of men.

The same writer continues, going over the map of Europe, and tracing thereon the progress of Russian sway: "The acquisitions of Russia, from Sweden, are greater than what remains of that kingdom. Her acquisitions from Poland are nearly equal to the Austrian empire. Her acquisitions from Turkey in Europe are of greater extent than the Prussian dominions, exclusive of the Rhenish provinces. Her acquisitions from Turkey in Asia are nearly equal in dimension to the whole of the smaller States of Germany. Her acquisitions from Persia are equal in extent to England. Her acquisitions from Tartary have an area not inferior to that of Turkey in Europe, Greece, Italy and Spain; and the acquisitions she has made, *within the last eighty years*, are equal in extent and importance to the whole empire she had in Europe before that time. The Russian frontier has been advanced towards

Berlin, Dresden, Munich, Vienna, and Paris, about	700 miles.
Towards Constantinople	500 "
" Stockholm	630 "
" Teheran, [and therefore towards British India]	1200 "

* It is now further proposed to add to the Russian dominions the Prussian provinces of Silesia; these are largely Slavic.

"In these calculations," adds the writer, "we have taken no notice of that indefinite advance which has been made by Russian influence in Asia. This is in perpetual increase; every day its emissaries are multiplied, insomuch that it may almost be said that its revenues are chiefly employed in paving the way to Oriental conquest."

This enormous increase of Russian power expands into huger dimensions, and we become more fully alive to its future necessary expansion, by recollecting for an instant how short a time it is since there was no Russia, since there existed among the snow-clad and inhospitable forests of the north no empire, but a horde of grim-visaged, fur-clad barbarians, unknown to all but the luckless or belated wanderer. The rule of the world, its territorial and material sway, are now divided among three nations: The United States, Great Britain, and Russia. Something less than three hundred years ago, two of these had not yet emerged into mundane existence, and the birth of Northern America and Russia may be said to be almost contemporary. The discovery of this continent led to many voyages on various pretexts, or rather on one standing purpose—the discovery of a northwest passage to the East; and in one of these, one Chancellor, having parted from his commodore, Willoughby, who perished, after drifting about in the icy seas for nearly a year, opened one fine morning on a great bay, into which, espying a fisher boat, he boldly entered. The astonished voyagers, after much inquiry, found themselves in the recently acquired dominions of Russia, or, as it was then called, Muscovy, and under the rule of Tzar Ivan Vassiliwich, the Terrible. Chancellor visited the court of the Tzar, kept a journal, and returned to Europe, bearing news to London merchants of a great land of hides, tallow, iron, ice, and reddish beards. Thence was opened that commercial existence for Muscovy which her rulers, even while employed in war and conquest, have never ceased to foster. But even a full century after, how little of the northern empire was known to England or Englishmen, we may gather from that strange "Historie of Moscovia," compiled seemingly for his own information by the best informed and perhaps the ablest European statesman of his day, John Milton. Not fifty years before Chancellor's hap-hazard arrival, the first Tzar had existed by favor of the Emperor Maximilian. To his Polish and Lithuanian neighbors he was alone known, and by them as a suborned enemy, of the reiver kind. A rude magnificence, heavy with uncut gems, cloth of weighty gold, and diadems and etiquette equally ponderous, contributed to the embellishment of the court and the wonder of the seaman. The territory of the Tzar was limited to the frozen north, immense and snow-clad; and the number of the subjects of Ivan, the nucleus of that grand Slavic empire of our day, may have been from four to eight millions. The imagination of the Tzar knew nothing outside of his civilized icebergs but a barbarous Europe, excepting a powerful prince, called Emperor of Germany, who had raised his predecessor Basil to a position of imperial grandeur. And when Elizabeth of England sent an ambassador to the court of Moscow, the rude Ivan, with the same spirit as an Avar chieftain might have exhibited to an emissary of Justinian, threatened "to throw him out of doors." Sithence the frozen court has grown to a gigantic empire, covering throughout the two elder continents of the world a space larger than Europe,—swaying and bending to its smallest will some seventy millions of men; making and unmaking kings and kingdoms; raising up and hurling dynasties out of doors, with more ease than Ivan the Terrible would have footed the ambassador of Elizabeth.

It would be a childish error to suppose that the establishment of a power materially so gigantic, and in its results so imperial, is owing to brute force alone, to the capacity of an individual, or to the fortuitous accidents of time. Russia has had the good or ill fortune to be ruled by Tzars and Tzarinas of iron will, grasping ambition, and majestic intellect,—by Peter, by Catherine, by Alexander; by fools, too, as Paul. But that which beyond the intellect of the first drove Russia forward in the vanguard of power, kept her in the days of Paul from retrograding into imbecility,—that which has, in despite of the accidents of time, and the chains of ice which held the Russian to his native north, driven him down into the heart of Europe, cleaving off the elder empires nation after nation more venerable and more illustrious, is a consistent and extremely astute "policy," or more properly, the machinery of a conspiracy which never

dies, by which the acts of Tzar and Tzarina are governed, which guides the Emperor in his closet and in his council, regulates the brute force of the meanest soldier in the battle-field, directs the energies and utterance of agents, male and female, in the saloons of Paris and the palaces of England, as well as those of the poorest spy or meanest emissary on the Caucasus, in northern Hindostan, and even within the walls of China,—a conspiracy which has all the vastness, the intense fanaticism, the astute selection of agents, the silence, the secresy, the unscrupulosity we attach, truly or not, to Jesuitism, combined with resources of which a part, and but a small part, are Siberian golden mines, palaces piled high with mouldy wealth, and the means of making good by war, generalship, and myriad armies, whatever designs may be from time to time sufficiently matured by propagandism, and may be considered most ripe for realization. Higher than the Tzar himself, Tzaring it over the White Tzar, electing him, ordering him, guiding him, changing and restoring his ministers at will, slaying them, slaying even him, even as they slew Paul with his son Alexander's hand, and then slew Alexander, his work being consummated,—this Russian policy, this terrific conspiracy, more fearful and a thousand times more vast than that of the assassins, appalls and subjugates the world. Who its directors are is known to few, all of them perhaps to none, some only to any, but one or two to us, and that by mere report. For some centuries it has existed, receiving at regular intervals reports of deeds done and deeds doable from its hydra-headed agents, stowing them away in archives, and putting them into action at the very nick and crack of time. The dismemberment of Poland is, throughout the history of the world, an exploit unexampled for astute statesmanship, persistent vigor, and ruthless ferocity. It was conceived in peace and amity, consistently matured in friendship and in war, and realized in a slaughter which has taught the modern world that the story of Tamerlane is not a frightful fable, but a sanguinary truth. In our own day we see the dismemberment of Austria carried on step by step, even as was cloven to pieces the empire of the Jagellos; and the instinct fear of the Turk, combined with Bolgarian and Servian insurrections, Moldavian occupations, and Shumla jails of hospitality, may teach us how that empire too merely hangs together, waiting for the Northern thunder-word which is to roll it into dissolution. Nor are the objects of the conspiracy confined merely to the acquisition of immediate territory. We have seen during the last two years that Nicholas is as actively hostile to republican ideas in Germany, Paris, or Italy, as Alexander was against the existence of Napoleon the Emperor or the King of the Lombards; that in fact the Vice Regent of the Greek God on earth presumes openly to dictate *thoughts* to Europe. And it is a fact now acknowledged among the most skeptical of English politicians, among men of a very different stamp from the shivery-shakery school of philosopher Urquhart, that since Prince Nassau Sieger presented his report to Catherine on the conquest of Hindostan, a plan immense in conception, but perfect in detail, has been steadfastly pursued through toward and untoward circumstances, to subjugate the Caucasus, annihilate Persia, mount the spiral tops of the Hindoo Kush, and by way of Kashmere and the Punjab carry the eagles of Russia to the banks of the Indus and the very walls of Bengal; a plot known well to the English, but which they cannot stay, and dare not prematurely provoke; one, too, which must in time be successful if European strategy, combined with barbaric fierceness and Asiatic cunning, the ingredients of a Russian's soul, be superior to the mere kill and plunder system, by which the Leaden Hall street East India Company have managed to establish an empire in the East, and acquire the rooted hostility of its inhabitants.

Necessary to the perfection of these gigantic designs, and to a certain extent preliminary to them, is that other one, not at first sight so vast, but really more astounding, of gathering together under one common head the scattered families of the Slavic race. Their numbers and the space they cover may be estimated from the fact that from the Adriatic, or, as we may call it, the Mediterranean itself, to the regions of biennial day, the one tongue is spoken, the same traditions are related in story, the same songs cheer the firesides and nerve the children to ambitions of war and heroic deed; the one religion, we might say too, guides their steps on earth, metes out for them the paths of right and wrong, and promises to th

faithful, fertile pasturage, bounding steeds, and nomadic bliss among the endless steppes of the Slavic Heaven. Million by million they speak the one Slavic, various in idiom, identical in fact; hate the Turk, the German, the Magyar, the Polish and Gallician aristocrat of the *ancien régime;* fear God, and adore the Tzar according to the Greek Catholic Church. To his immediate subjects the ruler of Russia is not only Emperor and King, but High Priest, Pope, Vice Regent of the Lord God on earth. In the temples of Novogorod, Moscow, St. Petersburg, there is a sanctuary reserved for him, and him alone, walled in with costly pillars and walls of massive marble, more ambitious and more rich than the Jews of old dedicated to the keeping of the covenant. Wherever a temple is in his dominions, there is his appointed sanctuary hidden from the eyes of the vulgar, within which, with the ubiquity given by more western nations to their God only, he is supposed to be. In him is centered all religious and political power; he kills or lets live on the earth, makes and unmakes priests and bishops, resolves religious doubts, creates religious dogmas, punishes with iron hand the skeptic, the Latin, and the infidel, and looses or binds the sins of men in heaven. He addresses his subjects, even in wrath, as his children whom he sends to doom, and they yield him even in their sufferings the worship of a God. The priest bows to the sanctuary which may or may not hold him, ere he presumes to address his liturgic invocations to the Creator, and the people bend the knee before it ere they raise their souls to Heaven. Nor is this visible head of the Russian Church a mere formula, a monarchic hoax, like that of the Church of England, in which no man is ever imagined to believe; nor yet like that of the Western or Roman Catholic Church, a nerveless and vacuous imbecility, without faith in its subjects or reason in its acts. The head of the Russian Church, the Tzar as Pope, is the one high priest on earth in whom there is faith, an undying, unyielding, and, taken in the mass, an inconvertible faith. The Latin Church, once mistress of the world, having pinned its existence to the robes of kings, has been dragged down with them to the pit wherein welter the effete superstitions of mankind. The Russian Church, on the other hand, having trusted itself with the fate of the resurgent, ignorant, and colossal democracy which it rules, rises with them, spreads with them, strengthens them, and is strengthened by them. Of all the hierarchies worked out by the hand and genius of men from the gospel of the Saviour, this alone remains with vitality and power. The wondrous religious and political rule which the Tzar derives from the joint possession of supreme spiritual and temporal authority, may be estimated from two anecdotes, said in good faith to have occurred. When the Asiatic cholera last swept over Europe and America, it was rumored in St. Petersburg that the afflicted were being poisoned by the doctors. A violent popular commotion ensued. The Tzar appeared, had the most violent arrested, (since when, as Yankee Hill, were the poor fellow living, would say, "they have never written to their friends,")—and addressing "his children," told them to go home quietly, that he would take care of the cholera. The commotion ended. Again, during the insurrection of 1825, a young officer of high family, and much beloved, addressing the soldiers of his regiment, called on them to cheer for a Republic. Having done so lustily, one old sergeant stepped forward, and, delivering the military salute, said, "he and his brethren would cheer for anything his excellence, the officer, ordered, as in duty bound, but he wished for self and fellows to know what a Republic was?" The officer thereon delivered himself of a very excellent oration on human rights, and the glory of Republicanism. "And who will be Tzar in that new Republic?" questioned the spokesman. "Tzar," answered the officer; "there will be *no* Tzar!" "Then please your ex-, cellence," answered the astonished sergeant with a serious wag of the head, "it will never do for Russia." Such is the unprecedented power the Emperor of the Russ possesses, not alone over the bodies, but the souls and ideas of the Slavi.

Outside of his dominions there are, as we have said, other tribes of Slavi, as numerous and as trustful, who absolutely envy the lot of their Russian brethren, and who believe in a Russian invasion with the same hopeful faith as the Jews of the age of Abraham trusted in the coming of a Messiah. To set down in order the exact number of these, scattered throughout four different kingdoms as they are, is not at present within our reach. But trusting to

Talvi's enumeration, which is anything but complete, we find the Slavic population sufficiently numerous. We condense the catalogue in the book before us. The author, judging by the test of language, not of modern locality, has divided the Slavi into two branches, the Eastern and Western Stems. We shall follow her guidance, but the reader will remember that the tribes in Turkey are even more intimately related by affection with the Russian Slavi than many enumerated here :—

TALVI'S ENUMERATION OF THE SLAVI.

A. EASTERN STEM.

I. *Russian Branch.*

1. Russians, almost purely Slavic,	38,400,000
2. Russniaks, or Ruthenians, (in Malo-Russia, Southern Poland, Gallicia, Red Russia, the Bukovina, North-eastern Hungary, and partly in Wallachia and Moldavia—including also Kozaks—above -	13,000,000

II. *Illyrico-Servian Branch.*

1. Illyrico-Servians proper, called Rascians or Raitzi, in five subdivisions.	
a. In Servia, (Turkish,) - - -	1,000,000
In Hungary, (Austrian,) -	400,000
b. Bosnians, - - - - - -	500,000
c. Montenegrins, (Albanians,) -	60,000
d. Sclavonians, (Austrian,) - -	500,000
e. Dalmatians, (Austrian,) -	500,000
2. Croatians, (Austrian,) with Croats in Hungary and Turkey, - -	800,000
3. Slovenzi, or Vindez, (Styria and Hungary,) over - - - - -	1,000,000

III. *Bulgarian Branch.*

Under Turkey, - - - - -	3,500,000
In South Russia, - - - - -	80,000
In Hungary, - - -	7,000
Total Eastern Stem,	56,497,000

B. WESTERN STEM.

I. *Czekho-Slovakian Branch.*

1. Bohemiams and Moravians, (Czekhes,) (Austrian, and partly Prussian,) about - - - - - -	4,550,000
2. Slovaks, (Hungary,) from 2,000,000 to	3,000,000

II. *Polish, or Leckian Branch.*

In Poland, Silesia, &c., - - -	10,000,000

III. *Sorabian-Vendish Branch.*

In Lusatia and Brandenburg, - -	2,000,000
Total Western Stem,	19,550,000
Total Eastern Stem,	56,497,000
Grand total of the Slavi,	76,047,000

Amassing thus together a population of 76,000,000 in Europe, some already under the sceptre of Russia, and the rest of whom the Tzar contemplates as future subjects. The vast majority, it is needless to add, are members of the Greek Church; some, as in Hungary, Protestant, some Roman Catholic, and a few Mahometan. Less than half of the whole are at present Russian in fact and feeling; the remainder are for the greater part Russian or Slavic in feeling, if not in fact.*

It is this gigantic and wide-spread race, which, by the revolutions of time; by claimants of the "right divine" to own bodies and souls found growing within certain limits; by parchment proxies of the eternal will, bearing the impress of Potemkin, Talleyrand, Castlereagh; by that monarchic conspiracy against Europe, called in later days the Holy Alliance, has been distributed throughout some half dozen distinct, and for the most part antagonistic governments, that the Tzar is ambitious to bring in a consolidated mass under his sceptre. The mere statist, by the aid of a good map, an indifferent pair of compasses, and any common work on geography, can estimate the proportionate relation which the Russian empire, thus enlarged in area and population, will bear to the other empires of Europe, and to this one of America. And if the same person be a tolerable proficient in "Simple Proportion," he can further estimate the consequent increase in the "available resources" for new Russian armies—that is, the number of additional human bodies fit to play at give and take with ball and sabre. Without entering into the details, it is sufficient for us to know that with half the

* To the above enumeration, more fully given in Talvi's work, the author adds: "There is no doubt, that besides the races here enumerated, there are Slavic tribes scattered through Germany, Transylvania, Moldavia, and Wallachia, nay, through the whole of Turkey. Thus, for instance, the Tchaconic dialect, spoken in the eastern part of ancient Sparta, and unintelligible to the other Greeks, has been proved by one of the most distinguished philologists (Kopitar) to have been of Slavic origin." Farther, we add, the modern Greeks are the descendants of a semi-Greek and semi-Slavic ancestry, and the influence of Russia among the inhabitants of the classic land, is no secret to Admiral Sir William Parker, the Jew Pacifico, or the man who telegraphed "the Piræus" from Halifax to the New-York newspapers lately, as "the Picayune."

number, that is, with his own Slavic subjects of Russia, the Tzar has managed to conquer and hold together an empire, to which that of Rome or Assyria was but a patch of earth. Actual numbers, however, form only a part, and a small part of Russian power. The subjects of the Tzar are animated by a faith in him, in presence of which death, misery, annihilation, even the uncertain eternity to come, are as nothing. Physically, the peasant of Russia is equal in strength to the peasant of any other land. In a bodily hardihood, acquired amid plains of snow, he excels other Europeans, and with the training of a soldier, and any kind of decent and not obese food, he takes his stand on the field of battle, a machine, will-less, sturdy, perfect in its kind, inferior only in enthusiastic esprit-du-corps to the less bulky and more volatile children of France, or to the Irish soldier in English ranks. Morally, the Russian nation is capable of a more patient persistence of design, of more endurance in defeat, of more immense sacrifices to the idea of nationality, than any with which we are acquainted. An Englishman, when he remembers that no invader of his island, from William the Conqueror to William Dutch, ever had to fight more than a single battle ere Britain lay subjugated at his feet, can estimate the endurance exhibited by Russia during the invasion by Napoleon; and even the modern Revolutionist, remembering the scenes at the recent bombardment of Rome, can estimate and be just to the heroism of that sacrifice which gave Moscow to the flames rather than permit it to become the shelter of an enemy. Of this population, so formed, generation by generation is inured to military service; from every land of Europe are picked out the men most distinguished for strategic learning and soldiership, to become teachers of war in colleges exceeding in number and imperial profuseness the military institutes of more renowned lands. Whole nations or tribes of the Slavi are reared in the saddle of the light-dragoon. The Kozaks of the Ukraine and the Don, whose birth may be dated, not from "seeing the light," but seeing the backs of their horses' ears, form a semi-nomadic army of guerilla cavalry, knowing no God but the Tzar, no law on earth but their Hetman's will, and ready at a moment's warning to mount and ride troop on troop, from the banks of their native river into the heart of Europe. There, in the presence of the enemy, no confusion takes place among these banded tribes. All, held in the hand of a military chief, are worked with the precision of a machine. Nay, the Polish officer in the Russian service exhibits the emulative spirit of a private, and wishes to show the enemies of his country, even when fighting their battles, how superior to the ponderous frames of the Imperial Guard is the aristocratic chivalry of his ancient republic.

Nor are the Slavic nations and tribes still nominally under Austrian and Turkish dominion a whit inferior to their brethren of the North. The Albanians and Montenegrins are, as a race, unconquerable, who to this hour preserve a species of pristine clanship against all the forces of the Porte. Their daring, we might say their knight-errant, or, if you will, brigand spirit, is proverbial. The chivalry of the Bohemians, their high cultivation and soldier soul, are as well known to Austrian generals, as their fantastic and picturesque costume to the carpet hero of the London fancy ball, or Parisian masquerade. But the most military population in Europe, perhaps of the world, are the Croats and Sclavonians of the frontier. Formerly the dependents of Hungary, exposed on the one hand to the outrages of the Magyar aristocracy, and on the other to the raids of Turkey, miserable, helpless, and despised, it occurred to an Irish soldier, Lacy, driven into exile by the Williamite conquest of his country, and then a marshal in the service of Austria, that of them could be organized a military barrier, unexampled in stability and hardihood, against Moslem invasion. To him is mainly owing that soldier soul, at once organized and ruthless, which in late years subjugated the German people in Vienna, and hung upon the Hungarian army of freedom with a ferocity and persistence equally insensible to defeat in misfortune, or mercy in success. Add to these the notorious Slavic spirit which actuated the peasants of Austrian Gallicia, when in 1846 with scythe blades they hewed in pieces the ranks of their insurgent aristocracy; and the gallant bearing and soldiership of the thoroughly Slavic Polish nation nominally under Austria; and we may arrive at the truth imaged in the mind of the French orator when he uttered that remarkable sentence: "No, the

nationality of Poland has not perished *yet;* if it had, we should find the Polish people marching million by million to the walls of Paris in Russian ranks, to avenge itself on ungrateful Europe."

How imminent this consummation may now be, we may conclude from the fact that there is now in Poland, even in Warsaw, a young and growing party who look to Panslavism as a destiny, and to a perfect and complete amalgamation with Russia as the best thing possible for their country. Throughout all the other Slavic tribes and nations, numbering as we have seen some seventy millions of men, the Tzar has assiduously spread similar doctrines. Speaking in the various dialects of the common tongue, he promises them by his thousands of agents, in secret or openly, imperial grandeur and imperial rule; he speaks to them as a father to his children, as a brother and as a friend to brothers and friends; tells them how the Slavic race has been rent asunder, and trodden down piecemeal by the Europe he despises, and holds forth to them under his direction a brotherhood in language, religion, and nationality, and a reward of majestic power and merciless vengeance, dear to the hopeful hearts of a race long subjugated and dismembered. Every faith, every superstition, every tradition, every sympathy of the Slavic soul is worked into his service. Secret propagandism, pulpit and tribunitial eloquence, the ties of kindred, tongue, a common misfortune, a common redress, gifts of gold, jewels, arms, and munitions of war, all are united to this end. When this idea of Panslavism originated is known only to those who have access to the secret archives of St. Petersburg. But the gigantic steps with which it has already advanced may be known to any who will take the trouble of examining into facts; and its probable results may be estimated by those familiar with the progress of ideas of political splendor, among a semi-cultivated, a superstitious, yet a warlike and ambitious people.

One main engine for the furtherance of this scheme has been the revival of Slavic literature; and the reader curious in details on this subject, taken correlatively with the general political idea, will find much in Talvi's book to interest, and not a little to astonish him. Our Bible Societies will think it queer, that these remarkable institutions of propagandism are as old among the Slavi as Cyril and Methodius. The high-toned Protestant writer who fancies himself the very perfection of the development of Christianity and free-will, growing out of these later ages of mental enlargement, will we fear suffer a depression in spirits, when he is informed that older and infinitely nobler than the Protestantism of England, is the Protestantism of the northwestern Slavi, whom he regards as barbaric. And, indeed, to the poor "general reader" the idea of a Croatic love-ditty, or a Kozak serenade, must be as startling as that of a sentimental lyric by harmoniously screaming and delicately amorous vultures, or of an elephantine sylph-like *pas-de-deux.* Yet to the man of large intellect and fine affections, it will appear quite just and possible, that even the Croat and the Kozak should have their loves and hatreds, their ideals of noble deed and heroic suffering, their traditions of wrong done their forefathers, their dreams of a mighty, and to them a just vengeance, their sympathies of home, and wife, and native land, and their heaven of thought wherein the mundane soul reposes for an hour. And, in truth, if anything were needed to redeem the Slavic race from the biased hate and one-sided prejudice we usually entertain for them, it is the exquisite and heartfelt music which flows throughout their poetry. In this, as in some other characteristics, they partake more of the nature of the Celt than of any other ethnological type. These fierce frontier men are reared to music from their infancy; the life of a son of the Ukraine is a wild and bounding war-song, his death a heroic elegy. Of their lighter songs, which this warrior land, with haughty manhood, denominates "female songs," as fit only for women, or boys in pupilage, we are not here to speak. Talvi gives us a few, which, from the smooth and genial dress they have received in her hands, we wish were twice as numerous. Nor of the grand Rhapsodia, which must be unsurpassed if we may credit the report of those who have heard them, since Homer sang the glories of his native Greece, or the Kymric bards of the Welsh mountains foretold the return of Merlin—of these bursts of unpremeditated and musical eloquence, it is not in our power to give a specimen. However, among examples of Slavic poetry in the book be-

fore us, there are a few bardic songs, perhaps equally well adapted to display the peculiar characteristics of the people. Popular poetry, the creations of a primitive and not over-cultivated muse, we take to be the purest embodiments of the nation's spirit—the simplest and best exemplars by which to know the habits, temper, and ideas of a race. The national characteristics of the Slavi,—calm, deep-voiced melody, a natural but not boastful contempt for suffering, danger, or death, a peculiar Asiatic idea of destiny and obedience, joined to a fierce heroism and relentless hate,—these will be found throughout the following songs. We select one or two illustrative of some of the peculiarities of Slavic character upon which we have already enlarged.

We have spoken of the relation formerly existing between the Kozak of the Ukraine and the Polish Republic. We subjoin an "elegy" or lament, of singular power and most uncivilized deportment. Artistically the reader will note the melodious sorrow or emphatic effect produced by the repetition of the themes the declaiming bard deems most impressive or heart-stirring. This habit of repetition, not exactly a chorus or *refrain*, but with much of its peculiar effect, is quite general throughout all Slavic poetry, and gives the charm we find in old English or Scotch songs, and in many of Béranger and Burns, to the love-ditties, and "female songs" especially, of the Slavi.

ON THE MURDER OF YESSAUL TSHURAÏ.*

O eagle, young gray eagle,
Tshuraï, thou youth so brave,
In thine own land, the Pole,
The Pole dug thee thy grave!

The Pole dug thee thy grave,
For thee and thy Hetman;
They killed the two young heroes,
Stephen—the valiant Pan.

O eagle, young gray eagle,
Thy brethren are eagles too;
The old ones and the young ones,
Their custom well they knew!

The old ones and the young ones,
They are all brave like thee,
An oath they all did take,
Avenged shalt thou be!

The old ones and the young ones,
In council grave they meet;
They sit on coal-black steeds,
On steeds so brave and fleet.

On steeds so brave and fleet
They are flying, eagle-like;
In Polish towns and castles
Like lightning they will strike.

Of steel they carry lances,
Lances so sharp and strong;
With points as sharp as needles,
With hooks so sharp and long.

Of steel they carry sabres,
Two-edged, blunted never:
To bring the Pole perdition
For ever and for ever!

The following ballad displays in pretty fair and intelligible language the relations between the Russian Slavi and their Moslem neighbors. We should mention that the term "white" applied to the Tzar (Peter I.) is the figurative Slavic adjective for anything great and good, *resplendent* as it were. Azof was besieged in 1695:—

THE STORMING OF AZOF.

The poor soldiers have no rest,
Neither night nor day!
Late at evening the word was given
To the soldiers gay;
All night long their weapons cleaning.
Were the soldiers good,
Ready in the morning dawn,
All in ranks they stood.

Not a golden trumpet is it,
That now sounds so clear;
Nor the silver flute's tone is it,
That thou now dost hear.
'Tis the great white Tzar who speaketh,
'Tis our father dear:
Come, my princes, my Boyars,
Nobles, great and small!
Now consider and invent
Good advice, ye all!
How the soonest, how the quickest,
Fort Azof may fall?

The Boyars, they stood in silence,—
And our father dear,
He again began to speak,
In his eye a tear:
Come, my children, good dragoons,
And my soldiers all,
Now consider and invent
Brave advice, ye all!
How the soonest, how the quickest,
Fort Azof may fall?

Like a humming swarm of bees,
So the soldiers spake,
With one voice they spake:
"Father, dear, great Tzar!
Fall it must! and all our lives
Thereon we gladly stake."

* Yessaul is the name of that officer among the Kozaks, who stands immediately under the Hetman. The ballad refers to an incident which happened before 1648. It is from Sreznevski's *Starina Zaporoshnaya*, i. e. *History of the Zaporoguehn Kozaks*, Kharkof, 1837.

Set already was the moon,
Nearly past the night;
To the storming on they marched,
With the morning light;
To the fort with bulwark'd towers,
And walls so strong and white.

Not great rocks they were which rolled
From the mountains steep;
From the high, high walls there rolled
Foes into the deep.
No white snow shines on the fields,
All so white and bright;
But the corpses of our foes
Shine so bright and white.
Not up-swollen by heavy rains,
Left the sea its bed:
No! in rills and river streams
Turkish blood so red.

In the above the reader will remark a singular and very emphatic mode of Slavic thought. It consists in the denial of some thing, for which the fact detailed in the narrative might be mistaken; thus:—

Not a golden trumpet is it,
* * * *
Not a silver flute's tone is it,
* * * * *
'Tis the great White Tzar who speaketh!

Again, the entire of the last verse is a repetition of this singular figure. "Not great rocks," "but foes" which rolled, &c. "Not white snow," "but corpses"—"not heavy rains" have swelled the rivers, but

"Turkish blood so red!"

Talvi gives many examples of this figure; some are far-fetched enough, some peculiarly graceful. Thus in the lighter songs:

"*Not* a *swallow* 'tis that hovering clings,
Hovering clings to her warm little nest—
To the murdered son the *mother* clings."

Again, from Bowring:

"What 's so white upon yon verdant forest?
* * * * *
Lo! it is not swans, it is not snow—there,
'T is the tents of Aga, Hassan Aga."

Again, from Talvi's own versification:

"To White Buda, to white-castled Buda
Clings the vine tree, cling the vine tree branches?
Not the vine tree is it with its branches,
No! it is a pair of faithful lovers."

There is a figurative metaphor in these lines, a simile of the affections, infinitely more charming than any could be of mere words. And so throughout—Slavic poetry is never outward; like all great poetry, the thoughts it does not express, but evokes, are infinitaly more poetical than the "winged words." With us it is quite different: we often have splendid poetry, words flowing with exquisite music, like "water lilies floating down a rill"—but seldom a thought at all. Indeed, we heartily sympathize with young women and opera-going men, who set down anything as unreadable which they cannot understand without thinking. They clearly "won't do for Russia," any more than the sergeant's Republic.

We close our extracts with another of more ancient date than the last, in which we behold (more visibly than if a modern "illustrator" had etched *his* notion thereof) a faithful Boyar accepting welcome death from the hand of his "truly gracious Tzar." Talvi introduces it with the following preface:—

"There is one trait in the Russian character, which we recognize distinctly in their poetry, namely, their peculiar and almost Oriental veneration for their sovereign, and a blind submission to his will. There is indeed somewhat of a religious mixture in this feeling; for the Tzar is not only the sovereign lord of the country and master of their lives, but he is also the head of the orthodox Church. The *orthodox* Tzar is one of his standing epithets. The following ballad, which we consider as one of the most perfect among Russian popular narrative ballads, exhibits very affectingly the complete resignation with which the Russian meets death, when decreed by his Tzar. In its other features, also, it is throughout natural. Its historical foundation is unknown. There are several versions of it extant, slightly differing from each other; which seems to prove that it has been for a long time handled by the people."

THE BOYAR'S EXECUTION.

"Thou, my head, alas! my head,
Long hast served me, and well, my head;
Full three-and-thirty summers long;
Ever astride of my gallant steed,
Never my foot from its stirrup drawn.
But alas! thou hast gained, my head,
Nothing of joy or other good;
Nothing of honors or even thanks."

Yonder along the Butcher's street,
Out to the fields through the Butcher's gate,*
They are leading a prince and peer.
Priests and deacons are walking before,
In their hands a great book open;
Then there follows a soldier troop,
With their drawn sabres flashing bright.
At his right, the headsman goes,

* Names of the street and gate in Moscow, through which formerly criminals were led to execution.

Holds in his hand the keen-edged sword;
At his left goes his sister dear,
And she weeps as the torrent pours,
And she sobs as the fountains gush.

Comforting speaks her brother to her:
"Weep not, weep not, my sister dear!
Weep not away thy tears so clear,
Dim not, O dim not thy face so fair,
Make not heavy thy joyous heart!
Say, for what is it thou weepest so?
Is 't for my goods, my inheritance?
Is 't for my lands, so rich and wide?
Is 't for my silver, or is 't for my gold?
Or dost thou weep for my life alone?"

"Ah, thou, my light, my brother dear,
Not for thy goods or inheritance,
Nor for thy lands, so rich and wide,
Is 't that my eyes are weeping so;
Not for thy silver and not for thy gold,
'Tis for thy life I am weeping so."

"Ah, thou, my light, my sister sweet!
Thou mayest weep, but it won't avail;
Thou mayest beg, but 'tis all in vain;
Pray to the Tzar, but he will not yield.
Merciful truly was God to me,
Truly gracious to me the Tzar,
So he commanded my traitor head
Off should be hewn from my shoulders strong."

Now the scaffold the prince ascends,
Calmly mounts to the place of death;
Prays to his Great Redeemer there,
Humbly salutes the crowd around:
"Farewell world, and thou people of God;
Pray for my sins that burden me sore!"

Scarce had the people ventured then
On him to look, when his traitor head
Off was hewn from his shoulders strong.*

We trust we have, by the above extracts, sufficiently illustrated our object, mainly political. Into the various schemes of the Tzar, to push forward the literary energies of the Slavic people, to unite them by a common tongue, and a literature transcendent among the nations of Europe, it is not our present aim to enter. Such as we have given are the songs of 70,000,000 of a warlike and tenacious race—such the songs children learn by the firesides of their fathers—such the eloquent music discoursed by maidens to their lovers—such the heart-stirring tones heard around the bivouac of a Russian legion, around the watch-fires of a Croat or Kozak, whether they sup upon the track of a Napoleon, feast amid the ruins of a Magyar land, or burn imperial thrones for fire-wood in the palaces of Paris. Such too the terrible music which will yet awake Western Europe from the hideous dream of "civilized monarchy," from the nightmare in which hypocritical "constitutions" and royal oaths of mockery crawl across a sickly nation's face, to the manhood and life of a republican existence, or the death of a relentless despotism.

For, granting even that the full reality of Panslavism is a thing impossible in political ethics, no statesman, however radical or conservative, however democratic or despotic he may be in general thought, can close his eyes to the fact that the power of Russia is steadily increasing, yearly and year after year, and that with a ratio of increase unprecedented in the history of empires. From the earliest hour of her national existence to this, Russia has never lost a square rood of ground she had once mastered. And with the amassing of territory, the growth of wealth, the accumulation of power, her activity, her vitality, her ambition, her silence, her secret plottings, her open threats and public brigandage are still on the increase. Give her another Persian province—she instantly makes a broader stride into Turkey, and says, "I'll have that too." Defeated on the mountain slopes of the Cherkesses, with relentless severity she atones for her loss by desolating the banks of the Theiss and the Danube. Keep her out of the Bosphorus, and she lays hold of Austria with the embrace of a Judas, and in the most brotherly manner hands her forward to death. Cross her in Greece, and she turns up in Denmark arming with the sabre and the port-fire the enemies of Germany. Not in sorrow, but in proud and boastful triumph, may her rulers exclaim, "*Quæ regio in terrâ nostri non plena laboris?*" What land indeed! We have seen her during the last two years hurl legion after legion up the walls of the Caucasus, regardless of defeat; subjugate and occupy two Turkish provinces; annihilate one Austrian kingdom; dethrone an old Hapsburgh and crown a young one; threaten a Pope with her anger, and graciously pardon his errors on repentance; dictate to Presidents of republican France; beard England in the Hellespont, and oblige her boasted fleets to lie, in telling what brought them there; abolish the long-dreamed of nationality of

* *Buinaya golowushka*, that is, the *fierce, rebellious, impetuous head*, and *mogutshiya pletsha*, or *strong shoulders*, are standing expressions in Russia, in reference to a young hero; the former, especially, when there is allusion to some traitorous action.

Germany; raise Greece into the attitude of war, and lower her into the baseness of submission; sit in judgment upon the infidelity of the West, and dictate religious faith, political thought, and the terms of existence to Europe. At this present moment her nod is as terrible as that which the imagination of Homer ascribed to his "earth-shaking Jove." Her word is supreme in Vienna, Turin, and Naples; in Rome itself she sways the counsels of a Church which numbers the largest amount of subjects of any in the world. At Athens, at Stockholm, at Constantinople she reigns; in Berlin she pulls about as with wires a puppet for a king. In Paris, with red gold, the promise of a woman, and the threat of a Beauharnais, she smashes the universal suffrage won with the blood of three revolutions, and holds over the head of Orleanist, Bourbonist, and Socialist alike the threat of an empire "without glory and without genius,"—the grinning and re-animated bones of a forgotten despotism. In London itself she avenges an indignity in Greece, by raising up her suborned newspaper organs, the most powerful in England, and marshalling in the oldest and most illustrious legislature of Europe her peerage of treason. Somewhere this must end, either in complete mastery of Europe or in utter defeat. The Russian soil you cannot conquer; you must establish a fortress on the pole before you master her rear; on either flank lie northern oceans and ribbed walls of ice; while to reach her capital impervious wastes of endless snow must be pierced through, to find therein the graves of armies. On her western and southern frontiers alone can she be met by defensive war, by offensive propagandism, and that not by the armies of an alliance devoted to her, not by the hirelings of monarchs, not by the human machinery purchased and trained for the service of aristocrats. This terrible war must be borne by the populations of Europe, taking from the soil they own a courage beyond discipline, a desperation which, living, knows no defeat.

The day is fast coming, my constitutional friends, when royal constitutions "won't do for Russia;" a free European people, a free Germany, a free France, a free England only will "do for" her,—these alone can meet her, can alone defeat her. Who so vain as to believe that the people of England, for instance, could undertake—did their Russian House of Lords permit them to undertake—a war in defence even of their limited liberty and wretched civilization, and support at the same time a peerage of princely nobles, a Church of expensive bishops, an army of scions of nobility, a navy for asserting dignity and collecting Jews' debts, a royal household, and a large and increasing family of small and interesting Guelphs? Think you, with these and the last war debts hanging about their necks,—with an imbecile Whiggery to guide them, which, when Europe was tumbling into anarchy, knew no release from doom for "constitutional monarchy" but the setting up of a Duke of Genoa, an Italian beggar of rank, as King of little Sicily,—think you, with these, Englishmen could protect the civilization of the elder world, and drag European letters, art, science, and liberty from the very maw of despotism and Night? It is not to be thought of; they must strip in self-defence, strip mother-naked, without a single muffle of royalty about them, and "die or conquer for themselves alone." Europe may become Kozak—but it can only be by leaving it a desert.

Nor to this great battle for civilization can we of this Western World be patient witnesses. Every day the Atlantic is growing less and less; we and Europe are becoming one. The liberty we have winnowed from the chaff of ages, our stable republicanism, our commerce, our arts, our democratic education, are acquisitions too dearly purchased to be abandoned with life. Already on more than one occasion have the sympathies of our people justified the interference of our Government in behalf of European republicanism. When the war shall lie between the Europe of freedom and the Europe of the Vandal and the rehabilitated Hun,—when the English people themselves shall gird up their loins for the Holy War,—think you we can turn deafly away, or look on quiescent? Even if we should, even should all Europe be quenched in night, even should the foul disgrace of neutrality then attach itself to our flag, the day will not be distant when another Hermit Peter will evoke an enthusiasm throughout this continent forgotten by men since the fall of Ascalon, and bring the New World to the redemption of that Europe which is to us all a Holy Land, and will be but the dearer to our children, for that beneath the sway of a

barbarian lies the sacred sepulchre of their ancestral history.

POSTSCRIPT.

Since writing the above, a recent mail has brought us intelligence, which cannot be doubted, of the formal declaration by the Russian Government of its intention to invade Prussia, for the purpose of seizing the Silesian provinces, and otherwise partitioning between itself and France the dominions of the Great Frederic. By reference to the statistics we have given, it will be seen that the Silesian provinces contain more than 10,000,000 Slavi. We have been further informed that new levies have been ordered throughout the Russian dominions; and at this present moment the British and French agents of the Czar are negotiating new loans of money avowedly for war purposes.

The pretence for this action of the Czar is the countenance and support given by Prussia to the brave men of Schleswig-Holstein, against the aggressions of the Danish monarchy. But the step is by no means accidental; it is but a part of the system we have been describing, and is so strikingly confirmatory of the above article that we take leave to call attention to it.

We beg our readers further to watch the action of England in this matter. So far, it is pusillanimous in the extreme. But whether she fight or not, and we do not think she will, the result will be the annihilation of the Austrian and Prussian monarchies, and the formation of a Confederated German Republic,—either that or a desert.

But while England is thus engaged, would it not be quite as well for the American people to look after Central America? When thieves fall out, honest men may get their own.

[At the risk of having as many postscripts as old ladies of single propensities are wont, we may add, that Prussia has succumbed, and that England has allowed it. "The dominions of the Great Frederick" form now a Russian outpost—it is going hard with "constitutional monarchy," for which let all true men be devoutly thankful. The end is not yet.]

BRITISH POLICY HERE AND THERE: WHO FEED ENGLAND?

In an article in the November number of this Review, we endeavored to give a condensed exposition of the true nature and tendencies of what the English call "Free Trade," and of its effects upon this country, and through this country upon less fortunate nations. In attempting to place in distinct terms before the reader the motives which have guided and guide the British Government and mercantile classes on all trade questions, we knew we were throwing ourselves in the teeth of long established prejudice. In almost every country of the world classes of men exist of native birth, who from mistaken judgment, from trade interest, or servile prejudice, are the partisans and worshippers of foreign rule, foreign ideas, and foreign forms. In our former article we alluded to the power exercised over the revolutionary people of Europe by the "liberal" hypocrisy of England. At this hour, throughout Germany, Prussian or Austrian, we find Teutonic idealism endeavoring, with the best intentions, to get itself into the "constitutions" of England. For seventy years we have seen every change in France bepraised, by one class or another of Frenchmen, as truly English. Robespierre honored himself as a Cromwell; Napoleon long indulged in the idea of turning Monk; Charles X. imagined he was Charles II., till by mistake he turned out a James; Louis Philippe held till February, 1848, that he was the Prince of Orange or the House of Brunswick, or both in one; and now, even Alphonse de Lamartine, "poet, orator, and statesman," bewrites himself as truly English—but then he, to be sure, is looking for a loan in London. In Ireland every one knows there is an "English interest;" and even in India, Christianized Hindoos, covered with piety and Manchester cloth, are taught to write prize essays in praise of Britain.

But in all these instances we can account for Anglomania; here, however, on this Republican soil, a Republican may occasionally indulge in wonder on finding the Manchester god transcendently worshipped. For, independently of the classes whose pecuniary interest impels them, there are many to whom the patterns on English "goods" read as revelations—to whom the theories of Malthus, and the statistics of McCulloch, are the only gospels worthy of belief: well-intentioned men, for the most part, who desire to be right, and not knowing how, indulge in the habit of riding hobby-horses. Our respect for the institution of the hobby-horse, let us remark, is sincere and profound. Rabelais instances the wondrous genius of Gargantua, by narrating how the child "himself of a huge big post made a hunting nag, and another for daily service of the beam of a wine-press;" and further, we know that, in more modern times, the institution was bestrid with great perfection, ease, and good results to mankind, by the philosophic Mr. Shandy. Perhaps you too, good reader, ride a hobby, and if so, and if the equine rocker be your own, made like Gargantua's, by your own handicraft, and trained to the conveniences of your nether man, we wish you all joy and comfort. Sit by your fire-side, knightly reader, without fear and without reproach, go see-saw up and down, and then, down and up, and call yourself a "Conservative." You *are* a Conservative; you keep your place, get into a mighty pother by never moving, and if the world moves, carrying you and your hobby along with it, it is a foolish world, and a ridiculous world, and an un-hobby-ridden and radical world—out upon it for a world! But concerning hobby-horses, we give you two items of advice. Be careful and never attempt to ride another man's hobby; learn the paces of your own, and keep to your own, for you remember how wofully it fared with those aristocratic gentlemen, the Lord of Breadinbag, the Duke of Freemeale, and the Earl of Wetgullet, when they came to ride Gargantua's. And again, we advise you, Chevalier on post, take care and do not ride your hobby across your neighbor's shins.

Of all hobby-horsemen, the rider of English hobbies in our Republic is the most pitiable soul. We have met, and can understand an Englishman, self-exiled to this country to make money out of her, getting astride of the "greatness" of that England which refused him a shirt or a dinner. But the case is altered when one of these Englishmen tires himself, and getting him down, lends his nag to one of a great crowd of Americans who have long envied the respectability and comfort of the owner. Such an American borrower of other men's follies, is one of those singular mortals whom we cannot understand. He gets astride, and breaks his shins, and breaks your shins, and rolls to and fro, and howls again, and yet will not get off. You cannot persuade him he rides another man's hobby, or that it is a hobby which he rides. Create even a doubt in his mind of the contrary of either fact, and you make him miserable. Drive him to the wall when he hits your shins too hard, and he roars again that he is astride of a true thing. Reason with him that the thing he rides is a mere pretext, a wooden pretext, and that it does not become him of all men, to ride that of all wooden pretexts, and he weeps like an infant, saying his friend rode it quite cavalierly for a long while, and with great distinction, and that he knows it must be a horse, a living horse, and no lie, but true as truth in all its points; and so he takes again to his see-saw exercise, and breaks his shins worse than ever—poor, miserable soul that he is!

Astride of this "greatness of England," some of these hobby equestrians have fallen foul of us latterly—say our facts are not facts, but that their hobby is a horse; and in proof they tell us, 1st, That England produces from her own soil ample food for her population. 2d, That even if she does import food from other countries, she gives value for it. 3d, getting bold on their hobby, That she is an exporter of food. And further, they have, with great wagging of the head, discountenanced in the most awful manner the preaching of any doctrines to the contrary.

Now, our doctrines to the contrary are nowise new. The asserters of the above propositions are members of an inveterate hobby-horse school—ride in company with Harriet Martineau, Malthus, and McCulloch—and yet they forget that while McCulloch endeavors to show by statistics, which we shall presently account for, that England does produce food in abundance, while others of the same school attempt to show that she is an exporter of

food, yet these are the very men who have held and hold that there is a "surplus population" in England. If men starve there, Harriet Martineau, Malthus, and McCulloch, *et hoc genus omne*, give as a reason that the starving are "surplus." Our Anglomaniac friends will not see that they are riding two flatly contradictory hobby-horses; that, if there be raised food enough in England, the mouths in England cannot be too many, and *à fortiori*, that if England be an exporter of food, there can be *no* surplus mouths, but that in reality the mouths must be too few.

Here is contradiction on the very start. We leave our wood-equestrian friends to reconcile it. In the doctrines of Malthus, or of his school, we have not one particle of belief. We believe that the resources of the earth in food are superabundant for the utmost population which can be crowded on its surface; and where this superabundance is not forthcoming, be assured it is owing to some breach of natural law, which compels a perversion of the national industry. The surface of England *is* capable of producing more than ample food for her largest population; but, we assert it does not produce it, and has never since the days of the Norman William been permitted to produce it. Then was formed that roll-call of robbery, which the English people, lifted in mass off the land, called in their sorrow "Domeday's Book," signifying that the Saxon people of England till the day of doom were never to be the owners of their soil, or the recipients of its produce—that till Doomsday their lot was to be coerced to till the land of others for the mouths of others, to bear on their shoulders "men of property," who were to use them as "men of work." All the changes of time have never overthrown or materially altered that relation. The *names* of Norman and Saxon may have merged into "upper ranks" and "lower classes," into "nobility, gentry, and clergy" on one side, and "masses" on the other,—into "men of property" and "persons of position" on one side, and "the labor market" and "surplus population" on the other; but the true fact, as Robert of Gloucester told it, is to this hour the same true fact:—

. . . . "The Folc of Normandie
Among us woneth yet, and schulleth ever mo. . . .
Of the Normannes beth thys hey men, that beth of this lond,
And the lowe men of Saxons."

Or, to adapt Robert of Gloucester to the "Spirit of the Age" and the nineteenth century, and make him, as they make Shakspeare, "interesting":—

. . . . "The Men of Propertie
Among us ruleth yet, and robbeth ever mo. . . .
Of the Owners be these high men, that be of this land,
And the lowe men be *Surplus!*"

At this hour a few thousand persons *own* all England, and the area of English soil cultivated, the seeds grown, the produce raised in amount and kind, is regulated, not by the wants of the people, not by the desires or enterprise or capacity of the tillers, not by freedom of trade; but by the amount of rent needed for their personal profligacy by these few thousand aristocrats. By the most recent statistics of English make, the number of English human beings "engaged in agriculture," that is, employed in producing the rent aforesaid, is less than two fifths of the population of England—varies in fact between two fifths and one fourth. Suppose these all fed, and their owners all feasted, what then becomes of the remaining three fifths or three fourths, who never produce a root?

These facts were fully before the man who is, we may safely say, recognized as the first economic authority in the United States, when he wrote the extracts we shall presently subjoin, the author of the Past, Present, and Future. We shall quote not from that work, however, but from a subsequent work to which, we believe, we are at liberty to refer. We quote him not to bear us out in any of our statements, but simply to show that the general doctrine with which our critics have so much quarrelled (Breadinbag and the rest) has already been recognized and laid down by Mr. Carey. In the anonymous production to which we allude, Mr. Carey says:—

"With abundant wealth to be applied to the work of improvement, and with a power to produce food at less cost of labor than any country in the world, except Belgium, *Great Britain buys her food abroad*," &c. &c.

And again:—

"Nevertheless, *she buys her food abroad* when she might produce it at home, and *that she may do so*, she crowds hundreds of thousands of people

into closely built, ill-drained, and ill-ventilated towns, [called manufacturing districts, being for the manufacture of dry goods, Christianity, scarlet fever, cutlery, and cholera,] whose cellars are filled with starving operatives, who, if they could be em ployed on the land, would obtain larger and more constant returns to labor than any others in the world. So employed, they would need neither fleets nor armies for their protection. [Mr. Carey means, probably, not *their* "protection," the people's protection, but the protection of the landlords and others, who at present rob them of both land, and food, and labor,] and taxes might be dispensed with, [that is, as we understand Mr. Carey, landlords, nobility, gentry, and clergy, tax-gatherers, generals, queens, and other bodies who live on taxes, would have to dispense with themselves beforehand,] whereas under the existing system, by which the *soils* of Germany and Russia, of Canada, South Africa, and Australia, *are cultivated by the aid of spinning jennies and power-looms*," &c.

Mr. Carey omitted to add to the above enumeration of the agricultural implements by which British colonies are cultivated, some very important ones, viz.: "our cotton," "free trade," "democracy," and so forth.

Again Mr. Carey writes:—

"Her [England's] constant effort has been to produce *an unnatural state of things*, [Mr. Carey means by "an unnatural state of things," the state of "free trade,"] by which she might tax the world for the support of the fleets and armies by which it was to be maintained, and the effect upon herself has been that of producing an unnatural distribution of her population. The consumers of food - the people employed in the work of converting raw materials into cloths and hardware, and those employed in the work of transportation and exchange—*have borne too large a proportion to the producers of food, and hence has arisen that dependence on the proceedings of distant nations* that is now held to be the very perfection of a sound political economy."

That is the economy of our worshipful friends, Breadinbag, Freemeale, and Wetgullet.

And in concluding this subject Mr. Carey writes:—

"The true cause of the present and probable future difficulty of England, may be found in the fact that her policy has tended *to compel her subjects in Ireland and in all her colonies throughout the world, as well as the people of other nations*, [by "free trade," you know,] to do that which they would not naturally do, in sending the food and the wool to the spindle and the loom, instead of bringing those simple and inexpensive machines to the great machine that produces food and wool. The effect upon them has been that of preventing the natural concentration of man by aid of which labor is rendered more productive, and of causing the exhaustion of the land they cultivated, and thereby increasing the difficulty of producing the commodities for the supply of which England was thus rendering herself dependent upon them. She has exhausted every country that was dependent upon her, and the state of exhaustion that she now herself exhibits is but the necessary consequence of this great error of her policy."

Mr. Carey adds a final assertion to the above remarkable sentences. Looking to the fact that England, having depended on countries and nations subject to her for food, and having exhausted them, being at the same time utterly without power to feed or sustain herself, is entirely dependent on the economic folly or stupid prodigality of nations *not* in her power, but who at any moment may become wise, and leave her without a dinner, he pronounces this very plain sentence:—

"Her day of power is past."

The present writer has nothing thereto to add.

We have quoted Mr. Carey merely for the purpose of establishing the fact that the doctrines to which our noble hobby-horse critics most strenuously object, are no new doctrines; and least of all novel in this Review. But we do not believe that it is possible for any writer, who founds his conclusions on figures furnished by British statists, as all economic writers must, to comprehend the full extent to which England, in Mr. Carey's words, "has compelled her subjects in Ireland and in all her colonies throughout the world, as well as the people of other nations," to feed her; and for these reasons:

1st. The English Government and upper classes, for reasons we shall presently explain, have at all times endeavored to make it be believed that their country was independent of all foreign nations; that the people of England did and could live independently of all the world,—nay, that if a "wall of brass" (as Berkeley said, but not of England) were raised around her, the loss would be that of the world and its nations, not of her or her people; so beneficent a dispenser is she of universal wealth, comfort, charity, piety, and cotton goods to all mankind. To make this believed, tables of produce, export, and import have been systematically falsified or altogether suppressed.

And accordingly, when the "Repeal of the Corn Laws" was proposed, which laws, mind you, did not prevent but only taxed the import of corn, the landlords proved from governmental statistics and official tables that there was, had been, and would be abundant food grown in England, as by governmental and all previous statistics they were quite enabled to do. The landlord "House of Commons" held this doctrine, till fear of popular commotion compelled them to give it up, and declare all previous tables and statistics as to food, made by their "honorable House," untrue from beginning to end. The *fact* of the repeal of the Corn Laws by the English Legislature proved all previous statistics on home-grown food to have been fabricated, and further proved that the English people (of the "lower classes" of course) starved, *because* their country, even with all which could be plundered from Ireland, Scotland, and Wales in addition, *did not produce* sufficient food for their necessities. Any reasoning founded on statistics referring to periods prior to the repeal of the Corn Laws, as any of Mr. McCulloch's we have seen do, cannot therefore be relied on,—may be true by accident, but must, in general, necessarily be false.

2d. Economic writers cannot determine what quantity of produce consumed in England is English produce, what not, in existing circumstances, because, since the repeal of the Corn Laws, no account of her own produce has been rendered, nor has any attempt been made, that we know of, to render such an account. Prior to that repeal, it was a matter of interest to the nation to know how much food of their own (or nominally their own) they could depend on; how much it would be necessary to pay taxes for; growers, factors, consumers, and Mark Lane speculators were all interested in this discovery. Hence official returns and the like, correct and incorrect. But since the repeal of the Corn Laws, the produce of England has been a matter of interest to none but the growers; and hence no returns of *home* produce have been made or attempted to be made. The repeal of the Corn Laws cut also in another direction,—"tax-collectors," "revenue department," "government," and the like, had no longer a taxative interest in returning duly and fully imports of food. We shall presently show that all returns of imports made by English Governments, for long years, have been false returns, and *intentionally* falsified. But this apart, since "free trade" in other people's corn has been enacted as "law," such returns as have been made have been merely fragmentary, one-sided, and were got up to serve some special purpose in a parliamentary debate. Even in such of them as we have seen, the countries whence the imports come are not particularized. Mr. Bool, being as usual not squeamish, lumps the accounts, takes all he can get everywhere, bolts the whole, and utters, with a divine look of truly Christian benevolence, by way of grace, "Thanks be to the Lord Free Trade!"*

---

* However, though we cannot pretend to state how much, in figures, of the world's food John eats, we are pleased to be enabled to produce a very recent authority, and one which no American can question, as to the general fact that John does not eat his own. John has several times sent out to various parts of the world sleeky, humanitarian gentlemen as commissioners, to congratulate the nations of the earth in general, and those whom he robs in particular, on the important fact that *he* has eaten a good dinner, that *he* is getting along finely, and growing very fat, let the world want as it may; the great object of God in creating "the earth and the fulness thereof," and the "Whole Duty of Man," being to feed him, John. It is to one of these emissaries of love we are now about to introduce the reader. Mr. George Thompson, M. P., an itinerant repository of the Brougham and Wilberforce sediment, devoted too to ameliorating the condition of all thieves and scoundrels, (as becomes an enlightened "nineteenth-century" individual,) and elected under the wing of Mr. Johann Cobden, to assist him in enabling Manchester manufacturers to feed their workmen on American and every other corn *but* English, has very recently arrived here to preach "abolition" and "free trade;" that is, to elevate black labor and put down white handicraft; or, in words peculiarly humanitarian, to ameliorate the condition of the negro, and *non*-ameliorate the condition of the Yankee. This gentleman attempted to deliver a speech in Boston, (and we are very sorry he was not permitted to deliver it: if George Thompson can imperil the confederacy of the United States, the weakest wind can shatter it,) which has since been published. It was intended as congratulatory of the citizens of Massachusetts, (where, by British free trade, factories are stopped, and men and women are idle;) and our readers will judge from this gentleman's volunteer confessions whether in our last essay we have misrepresented aught with reference to "free trade" and England.

He writes of "free trade in corn:"—

"The abolition of the Corn Laws has cheapened the food of the people. [That is, the English, *his* people,—a pretty subject truly to congratulate Americans upon—and in Boston; it has not cheapened food though in Lowell, but made it so dear

3dly. The third reason why it is utterly impossible for any man, even a British "statesman," even Mr. McCulloch, to state, with the slightest pretence to accuracy, what the yearly agricultural produce of England proper, at any period at all events in this century, may have been, or now is, is that a mean subterfuge has been for long years systematically adopted, by legislative and governmental authority, to *mis*-represent facts, to fabricate certain false returns in her favor, and purposely to omit and smother accounts or items of a contrary character, to the end that it might appear in grave official tables, that England produced yearly much more than she ever did, or than under her present oligarchic system, and with her naturally poor soil, she ever can. It was essential to the foreign policy and home stability of the English aristocracy, that foreign nations should be taught to believe the English nation was self-supporting, to believe the island a citadel not only bulwarked, but victualled for a siege; provided even with parks and gardens, and rich tilled lands within its "sea-girt wall," on the produce of which the garrison could live and fight for ever. It was essential, too, that the people within, whether they were called to fight with Europe or America, or to work in peace as mere day-laborers for their food, should be made to believe that food, at all events, should not be wanting to them; that "come what would, England could stand!" Foreign nations were to be overawed with this *prestige* of stability; an oppressed and merely animal population were to be assured of a contented digestion. Hence it became the necessity of any government presuming to wield this policy, to render returns with an "official" stamp, and the gravest aspect of arithmetical truth, which would exhibit the yearly produce of England as equal to her yearly consumption. Accounts were to be rendered to this effect, had indeed to be rendered, come the items of produce whence they

---

that nobody now can get it there.] It has," he goes on, "opened our [viz., the British] ports to the harvests of the world, [made, in fact, the whole world a great shoemaker's cabbage garden for Mr. Johann Bool.] It has," continues the excellent gentleman, "extended *our commerce* with all grain-producing countries. [We should feel much happier, to be sure, about *English commerce* being extended--about Mr. Johann's pot-boy having more to do than ever, carrying away other people's food and giving them cottons and cutlery--carrying away more of our food, and destroying our cottons and cutlery.] It has established," he continues, "a sound regulating principle, the benefits of which are felt throughout all our [the British] trading and monetary transactions."

Now what is this "sound regulating principle;" what can it be? We really cannot tell, unless Mr. George Thompson, M. P., Englishman, meant thereby to convey the undeniable *fact* (not principle) that all the grain-producing countries of the world, and especially America, (such an honor for America!) have been working night and day, digging, sowing, reaping, gathering, garnering, to feed *him* and his, for the small return of cotton patterns!

And really it seems this must be it; for Mr. Thompson, who, we should do him the justice of saying, is a desperate wit and keen satirist in his way, adds, to the "citizens of Massachusetts:"—

"Let it not for a moment be supposed by any on this side of the Atlantic, that there is he faintest prospect of a return to the protective laws which have been recently swept away by the reformers of England. There is not one man among *us* regarded by the People as worthy the name of an able or safe statesman, who would venture to propose the re-imposition of the taxes upon food, or the restoration of the old and now for ever exploded protective policy."

That is: Let it not be supposed by you, ye people of New-England, that we are going to let you set your mills agoing again; nor by you, people of Ohio, that we do not like your corn and your beef; nor by you, people of America, that we, the great English people, at whose feeding you so much rejoice, are not going to feed on you for evermore! Think ye, one of *us* "statesmen," looking out for the regard of the eaters of your food, would make them quarrel with your mutton? Don't you see, if some of you set your mills agoing and closed ours, and others of you brought your food to the nearest of your own mills and fed your own people, while they clothed you in return, that we would get none of your food, that none of you would have to come to our shop to buy, that you would get wealthier and happier, and we would get poorer, "our ports not being open to *one* great harvest of the world;" and do you think we are such fools as, of our own accord, to bring that about, or let you do it if we can hinder you, O citizens of Massachusetts?

A pretty congratulatory address truly to the "citizens of Massachusetts." Nevertheless, even to factory girls, and those who would "ameliorate *their* condition," *fas est ab hoste doceri*, may not, after all, be an unintelligible maxim.

If Mr. George Thompson's speech have a meaning, we have faithfully interpreted it; however, meaning or no meaning, and we will not insist that Mr. Thompson ever means anything, as an authority from the "other side," speaking geographically and argumentatively, that England *does* live on "the harvests of the world," and not on her own, it may be worth while to introduce him to the valiant Chevalier Breadinbag, for the benefit of self and fellows.

might. Accordingly the simple piece of legerdemain was resorted to, of calling all food found within the year on English soil, "English produce," and so setting it down in the official returns, thereby throwing the *onus* of proving that it was not English produce on any who questioned the truth of the returns, the returns being only "comeatable" by those who made them.

Now in the matter of food this negative is difficult of proof. If a man steal a barrel of your flour, you may know and swear to the barrel if it have your brand on it; but let the barrel be changed, and you cannot swear to your flour: so of wheat, oats, meal, &c. &c., of every cereal and vegetable product common to the English and any other soil. So, too, of animal food—bacon, or pork, or mutton, does not bear the impress of the "stars and stripes," or of "the Irish harp," or "red-hand," upon its buttocks, when hung up in a London stall. Thus of everything edible—let the English claim as "English produce" anything found on the English soil, of which some is grown there, and no man could prove it was not.

But one check existed or exists, by which to exhibit the presumption of such a claim—by which to prove that all the food on English soil is not of English production; and even this check is entirely in the hands of the Government itself. This check is the amount of food carried into England from other countries, as entered at the ports, &c., by revenue officers and shipmasters. And accordingly, if England proper entered in her custom and revenue lists the amount of food carried within her confines each and every year, by subtracting this amount from the sum total of food found upon her soil, in each and every year, the difference would be the true sum of English growth. (Total in England—Import=English produce.) Accordingly, to keep up the show of truth in their assumptions, it became the policy of the English Government to make the return of food imports small, and that of the "Total in England" great. This was from time to time effected in the following manner:

In the reign of Queen Anne, Scotland was "united" to England. By the act of "Union," made by England, all trade thereafter between the two nations was declared inland or coasting trade. Prior to that, the trade was as between any two independent nations, in which exports and imports were duly accounted for, allowing for the irregularity of all accounts and returns one hundred and fifty years ago, and vast facilities for smuggling by land and sea. But, since then, exports from Scotland to England, and imports by England from Scotland, and *vice versa*, have not existed, and do not exist, in the returns of the "honorable House,"—although Scotland is a food-producing nation, exporting large quantities of food to England, all of which, of course, are set down as "English produce." Thus Scotland for a hundred years was made the scape-goat of "English food."

But as the mouths of the English nation multiplied, and the voracity of Englishmen grew apace, Scotland became insufficient as a produce garden of "English" food. In fact her soil, always poor, became soon exhausted, and what with a couple of insurrections, a score of famines, and an economic system of English make, her gallant population were undergoing rapid extirpation—have been now extirpated to such an extent, that when the Queen of England of late years visits her "Highland Castle," English footmen have to be dressed up in old plaids, and stuck here and there in the landscape, that she may cheat herself into the belief that the Celtic race has not altogether disappeared from a valley which, but a few generations ago, numbered fifty thousand of its tartaned clansmen.* In short, as we have said, it became impossible in the days of George the Third to keep up the peculiar equation we have above referred to with any credit. Ireland in the meantime, having got leave to draw breath from the tyranny of penal laws and usurped legislation, rapidly "developed her resources," but almost entirely for her own behoof, this time. Her people were increasing in wealth, comfort and spirit; agriculture was extending, but at the same time manufactures were growing too, and so the English made little profit out of her. The design was laid of "making a Scotland of her." She was "united" to England—

Infandum, Regina, jubes revocare dolorem?

She was "united,"—let that word cover

* Let us add (as young ladies do when in "writing romantic fictions" they intersperse a truth) that this is "a fact."

all. From that hour her manufactures were at an end. "Duties" were laid on, preventing all export save of raw produce, and that, only permissible to be taken by English ships, was declared thenceforth "*coasting trade*." Her exports to England were no longer entered to her credit, or but loosely and partially entered. George the Third and his ministers at the same time offered large bounties for the produce of certain food to be grown in Ireland; and this produce of food, so unnaturally forced, by coercing and inducing the people of Ireland to do that which was directly opposed to their interests, was "coasted over," almost entirely without entry, to England, and once there called English, eaten as English, and returned to "our honorable House" as "English produce."

For a certain time, indeed, the remnants of the old "English interest" in Ireland endeavored to keep up an account, in order that themselves, not their country, might not be over-robbed, in order that they too might get a share of the plunder, as Ireland still retained a "treasury" and "revenue department;" and from such accounts we shall presently extract a little. Such a state of things was, however, necessarily, very disagreeable to the English oligarchs, a very impertinent and insufferable interference, indeed, with *their* plunder; and accordingly, among other steps to prevent its continuance, the "treasuries were consolidated;" that is, Ireland's treasury, body and bones, was taken and put into the English, after which the international accounts have been mere moonshine. The farce did not last much longer; for twelve or fifteen years a single year's account of such produce has not been rendered upon which any man can rely. Almost every atom grown in Ireland within that time and carried to England, has been declared "English produce," and no man can say that "it is *not* English." Between England and Ireland, we repeat, for those years, not a single item of account as to import or export has been kept, or pretended to be kept, with any regularity; purposely and aforethought these accounts were omitted or suppressed, or partially contorted, that no foreigner might know to what extent the English nation was fed by "the starving Irish"—and that even the Irish might not know how deep the vulture's beak was driving into their vitals. But, *nil admirari*,—why *should* we wonder? It is the every-day trick of the vulgar swindler, to hide every item which may give an inkling of the amount he is plundering; and who ever heard of even a "conscientious thief," leaving an account on the lid, of the moneys he has stolen from the desk?

And now let us take this one little island of Ireland, and endeavor, almost without an authority save that furnished by Englishmen, to determine even proximately the amount of produce owing to her by England in account for fifty years,—the amount which English emissaries and agents are now actually, year after year, seizing on her soil with economic claws, carrying from her ports to their country without account and without return, and calling it, once there, "English," and eating it as "English." Let us remember, too, that this is the selfsame island whose inhabitants for now five years have been known throughout the world as the "starving Irish"—as "vile Celts," in the polite literature of the *Times*, who would not work—as lazy scoundrels, producing nothing, owning nothing, deserving nothing—as the very offscouring and excrement of humanity—but yet who, hanging, as they do, a worthless log about the neck of the charitable English people, the charitable English people have nevertheless supported, lent money to, fed, built workhouses to shelter, protect, and reform, nay, sent round the begging-box on their behalf to the philanthropic and benevolent governments and peoples of the whole world. These are the poor wretches for whom the Archbishop of Canterbury and the rest of the Bishops (hard-working men all) preached "charity sermons;" these are they for whose behoof the Queen of England, by "prevenient grace," ordered an universal day of prayers; these are they for whose crops, every harvest of the last five, she and her ministers offered up to God a Parliamentary thanksgiving, (and well they might;) these are the "Irish subjects," recipients of the public charity of mankind, on whose behalf the English Queen returned thanks by letter and speech, to her British people, to the Turk by the Dardanelles, to the people of America; these are the irreclaimable mendicants, for alms bestowed on whom, the meanest Englishman that ever trod the earth thinks himself justified in standing up before God and man, and expressing "a

nation's gratitude" for "generous pity." Such is the coloring English authorities and English men give the matter—now for facts. Does Ireland need charity? did she ever need or *ask* charity? Is she able to labor, and has she resources to feed and clothe herself? Does she grow sufficient food—has she every year of her existence grown sufficient food for her whole population? If so, what has become of it—who eats it—who has eaten it—*who* has plundered her of her means of living, and left her starving? Who plunders her in her starving, and then comes out before the world with a sleek face, shakes his head over "poor Celts," thanks *his* God for *their* dinner, and tenders on *their* behalf *his* thanks to "charitable humanity"? Cant and hypocrisy we have listened to till the world is sickened—now for facts.*

We have already mentioned that prior to the year 1800, the year of "the Union,', Ireland subsisted plentifully on her own food and that her people clothed themselves. There was also an export of manufactured goods, silks, linens, lace, &c. Only so much cereal or animal products were exported to England as were sufficient to pay "absenteeism" its rents, of which we shall presently speak. With the Union all was changed—manufactures sank, struggled, and finally ceased in all but name. The export of food to England increased, ran higher and higher, till even, as given in the tables presented by McCulloch, a thoroughly English authority, we find the following statistical results (McCulloch's Geogr. Dic., Ed. New-York, 1843–4, Art. Ireland) :—

Of cereal products, Wheat and Wheat flour, Barley, Bere, Oats and Oatmeal, Rye, Peas, Beans, and Malt—

In the year 1801 imported into Great Britain from Ireland, 525 qrs.*
" " 1838 " 3,474,302 "

Increase in 37 years—nearly 3,500,000 quarters, or, *seven hundred thousand per cent.*

This increase was gradual and steady, taking a slight leap occasionally, exactly when a vacuum occurred in the English stomach. Thus McCulloch, commenting upon his own table, cannot conceal his astonishment, but with "notes of admiration" writes, just as if a rogue should write, "Think how much we have robbed!!" as follows :—

"The preceding table shows that they [the Irish exports of "English food"] had increased from less than a million of quarters previously to 1817, to nearly three millions and a half in 1838!!"

* Even this meliorative Mr. George Thompson, speculator in Abolition in the proper market for the sale of that commodity, and in "Free Trade" in the proper market for the sale of *that*, even this meliorative Englishman presumes before the American nation, by way of flattering an assembly of Bostonians, to utter such hypocritical praises as the following, knowing to the full the profound and unmitigated hypocrisy of which he was guilty in so speaking. In the speech to which we have already referred with reference to the Manchester το καλον the "Repeal of the Corn Laws," this gentleman takes it upon him to say :—

"It (the Repeal) meliorated the horrors of a desolating famine in Ireland, and when I speak of that visitation, let *me* also express a nation's gratitude to this country for its generous pity, and most noble and seasonable assistance rendered in the hour of calamity and want to the people of Ireland."

And pray, sir, "this country," or even a Boston audience of it loving truth and fair play as we know they do, may fairly ask, *who* are you—who are *you*, Mr. Thompson, that you should dare in the United States, or anywhere else, to return thanks for the Irish nation, or even for an Irish dog? What drop of Irish blood is in your veins, what Irish man or woman do you represent, what authority, in the name of decency and truth, have you, that you should appear before us and venture to "express a nation's gratitude to this country for its generous pity?" So! you are one of those street-beggars, are you, who endeavor to create pity for yourself among the passing wayfarers of the world, by exposing the sores of those you have made dependent on you and whom you have beaten almost lifeless. You "beg a ha'penny," do you, for, and give your blessing on behalf of, the starving idiot whose dinner you have just dragged from his very throat to glut your own! Be honest in your thieving, man; have mercy on the decency and charity of a well-disposed world; give up the swindling of small potato virtues – the assumption of a very vulgar grace, at best, and one we do not need or seek for, thankfulness for alms—and in your case thankfulness under false pretences. And the next time you attempt to speak before an American audience, prepare a speech in your true character as an Englishman, thanking us, with more or less sincerity, for that we were so foolish as to play into your hands and stomach, and by heaping well-intentioned but utterly mistaken "alms" upon the "starving Irish," enabled you and yours to eat more and more of *their* Irish *produce*, and some of our alms too. Thank us for yourself, man, in thy meliorated snivel!—but let Ireland alone; if you are wise, let her alone. We have long enough been duped by such English exhibitions of the sores and welts your own hands have inflicted upon your "suffering sister!" On this soil, and in our presence, do not dare to reproduce the disgusting swindle.

* Quarter of wheat—eight bushels.

Wonder they did not know it before they had eaten it—queer people these English, they never think of considering the extent of their thieving, till they have digested the proceeds. Now our motto is *nil admirari;* we are no wise astonished at the great increase of Irish exports in 1818, as compared with previous years. M'Culloch's figures stand thus:—

1817, Irish exports to England, 695.651 qrs.
1818 " " " 1,204,733 qrs.

That is, in one year the increase was about double. Now then, good reader, mark one thing; whenever you notice an extraordinary increase in Irish exports to England, you are not to attribute it by any means to "great improvement in agriculture," as McCulloch remarks; nor yet like him are you to have recourse to "notes of admiration," by way of mystifying yourself with astonishment; but you are simply to conclude that of Irish produce in that year—as Ireland produces a constant quantity, (her agriculture not having in the least degree improved)—the English have eaten more, and the Irish less—the English have needed more, and the Irish have been able to keep less; or in other words, in those years most notable for increase in Irish food exports to England, there was a general scarcity, and the English, to make good the deficit on their part, ate up all in Ireland, and left her people *nothing.* In short, conclude when you see the export figure high, "famine in Ireland;" and in fact and truth, the winter, spring and summer, 1817–18, during which England doubled her imports from Ireland, are notable in Ireland (we should rather say *were* notable before "the desolating famine, meliorated" by English thanks-givers, occurred) as the period of the "*black* famine," or the year of the typhus. This is a mere fact, which any Irish laborer can tell the inquiring reader; and which at once removes all necessity for McCulloch's "notes of admiration"—mere fact, presently to be illustrated a little farther.

But then you imagine this unusual export ceased with the scarcity? Not at all. Mr. Johann Bool had discovered that the shoemaker's cabbage garden *could* produce for him double its usual quantity when it was put to it, and accordingly, save in the ensuing year, he has never robbed below that standard.* In 1820, two years after, the exports of English food, grown in Ireland, were (according to McCulloch) 1,415,722 quarters; five years after they amounted to 2,203,962 quarters, (another year of English scarcity, and of course of Irish famine;) seven years after that, to within a fraction of 3,000,000 quarters, and six years after that, in 1838, to 3,474,302 quarters; since when the accounts were "consolidated," and nothing was known till the "Great God," or "The Great Positive Cause," or "The Simple Fact That You Cannot Take All From A Man And Leave Him Anything," or whatever else you please to call the unerring law of cause and effect, has thrown up the balance of the accounts for Ireland, in the years 1846–7–8–9 and 1850, in a series of "desolating famines," appeased by "generous pity," and thanksgiving English of nomadic habits. We do not need notes of admiration to add to that; it is the plain truth; necessarily must have been, some time, the *plain* truth.

And while this vast increase of Irish exports of cereal products was effected—how about Irish exports of live stock, and animal

* If John had robbed less after the discovery, he would have been manifestly guilty of "mis-government of Ireland." It would have been said, agriculture, and "civilization," and "enlightened commerce" were retrograding in Ireland - the "advance of civilization," the "development of the resources of the country," the "melioration of her condition," being always in the direct ratio of the increase of plunder taken out of her. What a blessed religion it is! the more you rob a man the better you make him, and the better you get; so that the way for you, reader, to get the most rapidly to heaven, and bring your neighbor along with you, is for you to get rich at his expense, and to make him poor for your good; till, after you have died of apoplexy and fat, and he is thrown into a dead-house, a stark naked skeleton, your two souls, the fat and the lean, ascend hand in hand, treading the air to the gate of the Celestial Eden. Beautiful religion! You bear with *his* sorrows for Christ's sake, as preached by the Church of Queen and Bishops in England for some five years now, and he bears with your nefarious tyranny for Christ's sake, as preached by the Church of Rome in Ireland, during the same period. Admirable religions! both Churches having been well paid for the same, as "the laborer is worthy of his hire"—of course he is – Queens of England and Viceroys of Ireland being "middlemen" to the Almighty, taking the lease of nations out of his hands, and using them as their sub-tenants under the "Head Landlord," with priests for bailiffs. Splendid idea of Divinity, and thoroughly English. Breadinbag knows it is.

food? They increased too, enormously increased. McCulloch says, (we quote from him because we have no better,) "The increased exports of animal produce have been obtained, not only without any increase, but with a positive diminution of the land in pasture." And why? Because, according to him, of "stall-feeding." "Stall" fiddlestick! No, but because the farmer, who previously killed his beef at Christmas, no longer could afford, under this economic system of English make, to kill his beef for the use of his family, but by that inexorable system was compelled to send his beef to England to be eaten, that he might get leave to eat potatoes at home. Because the "widow woman," as the Irish say, who previously fed her pig, and killed her pig, and ate her pig, was no longer permitted to eat her pig, but was compelled by this economic system of English make, to send her pig to Johann Bool to eat it; and lastly, because this economic system of "coasting trade," "United Kingdom," "consolidated treasury" and "no account," was expressly designed to take away the Irish farmer's beef, and the Irish widow's pig, and *have* them eaten by the English. "United kingdom," quotha!—reader mine, suppose you and we were to "unite" on the same broad principles, viz., what is yours, is mine, and what is mine—is my own. Do you not think you would soon find yourself "starving Irish," meliorated *into* a "desolating famine," needing fat gentleman, who have eaten all your produce, animal and cereal, to turn up their eyes before an audience ignorant of the facts,and give his thanks on your behalf, for their "generous pity"—Ugh!

As to animal produce exported from Ireland to England, we need only take an extract from a table in McCulloch, (ibid.) showing the relative amount of exports in two years, ten years apart, viz., 1825 and 1835; we have already shown the increase of cereal produce during the same period:—

Exported from Ireland.		1825.	1835.
Cows and Oxen, - - -	num.	63,524	98,150
Horses, - - - - -	"	3,140	4,655
Sheep, - - - - -	"	72,191	125 452
Swine, - - - - -	"	65,919	376,191
Provisions, Bacon and Hams,	cwts.	599,124	379,111
" Beef and Pork, -	"	604,253	370,172
" Butter, - -	"	474,161	827,009
" Lard, - - -	"	35,261	70,267

Excepting in two items, (of dead stock, set off by a more than proportional increase of *live* stock,) an enormous increase; the cereal produce exported all the while more than proportionately increasing, while agriculture was not to any extent improving, the tilled land not extending in area worth accounting for, no reclamations in progress, and population rapidly on the increase. "Starving Irish!" How could they be anything else but starving; if such an economic system could not have that effect, what else could?

Hitherto we have for the most part written of but a single item in this long account. Vast quantities, however, of Irish produce have been exported by English agency and economy, *wholly* for English uses, *not* "into Great Britain," but elsewhere, of which it is impossible for us, under our present circumstances, to form any specific estimate. The statistics in the tables of Irish cereal exports, in McCulloch, from which we have quoted, are only parts of "an account of the quantities of grain, &c., of the growth of Ireland, *imported into Great Britain* from Ireland." The statistics relative to animal produce are from his table showing, or pretending to show, the articles "exported from Ireland" in certain years, without defining their destination. Now of all English tables of Irish exports to England, we have previously shown the necessary inaccuracy. As to the latter table of "exports from Ireland" *to all parts*, McCulloch does not pretend to accuracy—on the contrary, feeling himself in the midst of palpable contradictions, he endeavors to "ease off" in this style:—"It is *supposed*" that many of the articles evidently omitted, "are returned in the Aggregate Value of 'Other Articles,'"—that is to say, "You see we are all wrong, but you will have the goodness to *suppose* us all right." Now we have no such goodness. As far as the returns and tables go, up to 1838, they show a vast debt to Ireland, vast plunder by England, and that is true enough, but insufficient. And accordingly, remembering that such tables of cereal exports of Ireland as he gives us, are defined as exported *only* "*to* Great Britain;" and such statistics as he gives us of the whole Irish export of food, he requests us to suppose right, knowing them to be wrong, we accept in the largest latitude the following acknowledgment:—

"The exportation of the raw produce of the soil has always [not right, but no matter] formed the

principal commercial business carried on in Ireland. During the late war, she *supplied a large share of provisions required for the army and navy serving abroad; and she still sends large supplies to the colonial markets.* Great Britain, however, is by far the best and most extensive market for all sorts of Irish produce, and her exports to this country, especially of corn and flour, and of butter, pigs, eggs, &c., have prodigiously increased."

"Prodigiously increased!"—Well done, Dominie! "Prodigious."

From the above extract, it appears more food is exported from Ireland for English uses, than is brought into Great Britain. It is sent after "the army and navy," to feed the army and navy—it is sent "to the colonies"—it is sent everywhere and anywhere *out* of Ireland. During the wars of the French Revolution, the ports of Belfast, Cork, &c., were filled with English transport ships carrying off the food of Ireland, to feed the armies of Britain in Spain, Portugal, Belgium, France, Egypt, Syria, &c., of which exports no account has been rendered. India, too, has been fought from Seringapatam to the Sutlej, with Irish "sinews of war," of which no account either has been rendered. Wherever an English soldier went to subjugate, an Irish dinner followed on his heels—of which no return exists, or has ever existed, excepting "the lists of killed and wounded" for England's "glory."

We have given McCulloch full play and room. He is the English authority of our friend Breadinbag, and we thought it but fair to show how little he advances to be relied on, and that anything he does print, even to "notes of admiration," and facetious expletives from Dominie Sampson's vernacular, fully bears out our assertion.

But it will be remembered that McCulloch offers no statistics of Irish exports of food, subsequent to the year 1838—for the plain reason, that however plausibly correct some of the figures he presents may be, to print any purporting to refer to subsequent years would be a ludicrous farce—no such returns existing pretending to be correct; and for all such he has the singular arithmetical expression for progressive series, "prodigious." Even presuming the statistics up to 1838, which we have quoted, to be correct, and taking only for granted that the ratio of increase during the ten or twenty previous years has been continued to the present year, the amount of exports of Irish produce to Great Britain (omitting to army, navy, colonies, &c.) would average six millions of quarters, or more. But during the intervening period, five years of famine occurred in Ireland, and the reader must therefore conclude from what we have said, that the exports from Ireland to England must have been increased in proportion to the severity of that famine which was their simple and necessary effect—and following out this law we shall presently prove it to be strictly true. During the same period the English "repealed their Corn Laws," that is, having, after long years' "thorough draining," exhausted Scotland, Ireland and Wales, they found they needed even more food, and accordingly determined to try their powers of suction on the United States, and all other countries. It is a base lie to say that these "Corn Laws were repealed" to meliorate the condition of the Irish—it is a mistake to imagine that their repeal had any such effect; on the contrary, its effect was directly the opposite—we assert it openly and plainly, the repeal of the Corn Laws aggravated ten-fold the Irish famine. And in this wise: In every previous year of famine, a certain quantity of Irish produce was firmly held on Irish soil. Holders of land, whether their farms were great or small, under such "visitations," or periodic crises of the English economic system, made it a rule to "pay no rent," they could not afford to pay during that year, that is, not to give up their necessary food and the necessary food of their families to the landlord and the tax-gatherer. Small farmers in any previous famine might have suffered want, but never starved—nay, were never systematically coerced to starve. But in 1846–7–8, the Whig government of England placed their troops at the disposal of the Irish landlords, and ordered *them* to "drive the country." They obeyed, under the pretence that the English Government were importing "cheaper food," and larger quantities of food than there was grown in Ireland, viz., of "Indian corn,"—that with the refuse of American farmyards, with the off-scourings of the streets of Smyrna, and the sweepings of Asiatic granaries, "the Government would feed and work the Irish." Accordingly, the landlords did "drive the country," lifted every sheaf of corn, every bushel of grain, surrounded even the growing crops with regiments of soldiery and police, cut them down, heaped them on carts, and, scattering them

here and there with prodigal derision along the roads, carried them, guarded by English troops, to the ports where the English steamers lay. There the English factor took the crop, handed the landlord the amount of his claim—the conditioned bribe for the plunder of his country and the starvation of his countrymen—placed the purchase on board the English steamers, and next day, or the day after, the proceeds of the foray were landed on the wharves of Liverpool, Bristol, or London. So too of oxen, swine, sheep, of everything edible;—it was not an infrequent sight to see regiments placed in echelon about a field of doomed wheat—a brigade on march with skirmishers posted and the like, encircling a devoted herd of cattle—a file of infantry, or a squadron of dragoons, marshalling a calf or a porker from an empty cabin to the British ships. In this way the whole produce of Ireland, during the first and most fearful famine, was lifted bodily off Irish soil and placed on that of England. It was done at the instigation and by the desire of that Cabinet over which Lord John Russell still presides; and with the approval and for the gain of that party of which Mr. George Thompson is the representative here. The Irish landlords were merely the unprincipled and base leaders of the foray. They received their money—but the English, and the English alone, ate the plunder. How much it may exactly have been, no human being can tell, because every account of it was purposely omitted or destroyed. The English finding at their hand, with little expense of carriage, and with no delay of voyaging and no "uncertainty of the deep," an island, in spite of the general scarcity, abundantly able to feed itself, deliberately, and with knowledge aforethought, plundered it thorough, as a reiven cateran would a border sheepfold. And so great and so certain were the incomings of the foray, that on turning to the London Times of the period we have specified, and of subsequent periods, the incredulous reader (and indeed, reader, you may well be incredulous) will find it again and again stated, that for weeks on weeks, "twenty steamers per diem have arrived in our ports" from "starving Ireland," "laden with produce,"—with the base *addendum*, that though this statement may be converted to their diabolical purposes, by seditious or evil-disposed persons, (meaning certain decent Irishmen,) yet they, the Times, "think it their duty to mention it as a remarkable fact," or sometimes they would say as a "singular coincidence."

But then, why did not the English government and people import direct from Asia Minor, or the United States, food for themselves? Simply, because food of Irish growth was and is better than any which *can* be imported; because the food in Ireland is nearest to England, and the carriage of it to England of the least expense; because the import of Irish food requires no delay or uncertainty; and lastly, because, in addition to all these gains, it is the cheapest that could be brought into England—the best Irish wheat imported into England, under the present economic system, being cheaper in money cost to that country, than the worst Indian corn could be. The operation of seizing the crops to pay rent, carting them to the ships, selling them to a factor, and paying the purchase-money to the Irishman's landlord, in way of rent, was in nine cases out of ten a farce—a sleight of hand by which England received both the crop and the purchase-money. For, in nine cases out of ten, the seizor of the crop was not an *Irish* landlord, or acting for an Irish landlord—but simply the agent, or collector, or attorney of men living in England, and "owning" land in Ireland, either nominally and virtually by conquest, or virtually by mortgages covering the rents of Irish estates. Thus, when the English factor purchased a crop, carted to him by such an agent, attorney or other, aided by police and soldiery, and paid money for it to the agent or other receiver, that money did not remain in Ireland, was not given to Ireland in lieu of so much food, but was immediately remitted by the party receiving it to his employer in England. Again and again has it happened that the very steamer which brought the crop to the shores of England brought too the "money" which was nominally paid for that crop. By law this was legal between individuals—but between the two nations it amounts simply to this: that the produce of Ireland was removed to England, and the price of it kept there too—England obtained both crop and money; Ireland lost her food and received no substitute.

It was under the pretence of the meliorative mission of "Corn Law Repeal," that this transaction was perpetrated. "Give up

your food, poor people, quietly," quoth the landlords; "you will not starve, do not be afraid of it—Government will feed you, will bring Indian corn and Indian corn meal, excellent food for *you;* plenty of such stuff will be here for you before your rotting potatoes are all rotted, or eaten." And what was the result? Ireland having been stripped completely bare of food, was left to *wait* on "Transatlantic resources"—on winter navigation, on the tricks of commerce, and the speculation of forestallers; her people starved by the million—lay so thick in death along the waysides, that the foot passengers fell over them; while, all the time, the stores of Liverpool and other English ports were filled to bursting with *their* food. Months on months after, there was emptied into the seas and rivers of England, wheat and oats and cereal food by the hundred tons, of Irish growth, which had spoiled and rotted from being too closely packed in storage, while, for want of that very food, the Irish growers of it lay stiff dead.

But then, "Indian corn" *did* come, "Government" did "lend money;"—and what was done with it? The foreign corn was placed in the hands of the landlords, or of "boards" all nominated by landlords, and three fourths of the members of which, by "law," were landlords, for distribution to the "poor." The people were lifted off their land, just as their crops had been, and set to cut up roads, to work week after week, and month after month, at the "reproductive employment" of digging down holes in hard gravel, and filling them up again. Nor was this all: as supervisors of this waste of a nation's industry, whole tribes of English spendthrifts and half-pay officers were brought over, to whom were awarded, from "the loans to the Irish," enormous salaries. A law was enacted still further to increase the number of the starving, by which more than a million of persons were deprived of house and land, and thrown upon the roads. No person ever could be admitted as a recipient of the "English charity" save as the landlords pleased; and this atrocious law armed them still further, by distinctly enacting that no employment, assistance, or food should be given to any individual (or his family) in need thereof, who owned a farm below a certain standard, unless he first abandoned it. To qualify a man to be a beggar, it was enacted that he should become a vagrant. Thus was a universal act of ejectment brought against a whole class, previous to that year fixed, at all events, and as industrious as the laws would permit them. In the very agony of want, with fainting wives and starving children about them, tens on tens of thousands accepted the doom; tore down their houses, and abandoned their farms for the promise of a week's food. Even when the sympathies of America, and the good offices of the worthy Turk were excited by this abominable spectacle, Irish landlords, the chosen of the English Government, and the bailiffs and drivers for the English people, used the alms wrung from the hearts of distant nations by the sufferings themselves inflicted, to increase these sufferings and their own embezzlement. Let it be known throughout this country, that it may never again be possible to practise so heartless a swindle upon the humanity of men; that never again may an Englishman be believed or trusted when he asks or returns thanks for "alms for the starving Irish"—let it be known, we say, the very food sent from these shores, and from those of the Dardanelles, was distributed among "boards of guardians," and individual landlords, in trust for the people; and that they were trustworthy, we need only remark, that it was a common habit of the trustees to work their tenantry by the day and week, with the understanding that they were "working-in their rent," paying them at the same time with "the assistance rendered by this country, in its generous pity." Never did an Irishman, with a spark of honor in his soul, ask for alms for his country; on the contrary, individual Irish families have built up the doors and windows of their houses, converted them into overground vaults, and died therein of want and cold, rather than bend their souls to beggary. Never was a single voice, known and trusted by Irishmen, uttered from Ireland during her long years of suffering, requesting, asking, or begging loans or alms from any people under the sun, from the British or the American, or the Turkish people—never! But the English did—they asked, they begged; filling their own stomachs with the food of the Irish, they publicly whined over the starving owners thereof, (all the while kicking them and beating them underhand,) till distant nations were deceived by their stupendous

hypocrisy. The English begged—the English received—the English used the alms for their own profit and gain—made rent out of them—and let the English be thankful. Never have we heard an Irishman of intellect and honor speak, whose sentiments were not these. The policy of England reduced them not only to want, but when they were bearing that want right manfully, the English press and government had the baseness to represent them before the world, as beggars—nay, upon one occasion, actually hired, paid, and sent over men to Ireland, not one of them of Irish birth or blood, to get up a petition for charity to England! And this petition was actually presented to the English Queen, whose ministers had paid for its fabrication, in the very teeth of the protest of the whole Irish press and people!

We have erred a little from our fair path to exhibit in its true colors a short history of a plot, for baseness and hypocrisy unexampled in the annals of mankind. May it not be without exciting those who read it to careful thought on that country, in whose teeth every man with fat on him seems privileged to throw an insult; may it not be either, without exciting the reader to consider, whether the policy, whose final results we have here described, is not now actually practised against this country, with results less only in degree? If either hope be fulfilled we shall not have digressed altogether in vain, nor we hope beyond all right of pardon.

To resume. During these years of Irish famine, following the analytical law we have heretofore mentioned, an excessive amount of Irish produce must have been carried to England. True, there was a general scarcity throughout Europe, but then this scarcity, as we shall presently show from tables furnished by the English governing persons themselves, did not exist at all in Ireland. The potato crop became diseased, and we may say was utterly lost. But, independently of the potato crop, we shall see that food was grown in Ireland, both in that and every other year, more than amply sufficient for her population. Meantime let us endeavor to arrive at some distinct estimate of the amount of food per annum, carried out of Ireland to England for several years back, under ordinary circumstances, that is, when there was no famine—or more properly speaking, when there was no scarcity in England impelling excessive exports from Ireland, *thereby* causing famine.

From McCulloch's tables we have quoted the exports from Ireland to England in 1838, at 3,474,302 quarters; taking the average price of wheat in England that year at 64s. 7d. sterling, ($15.50,) (as we find it in the statistics nearest to our hand, Wade's Hist. of the Middle and Working Classes, p. 172,) the value thereof in British currency would be £10,770,336 (odd) sterling, or $53,851,681 50. We have already estimated that, supposing merely the same ratio of increase which existed prior to 1838 to be continued up to this year, and no scarcity in England further impelling that increase, the export of Irish cereal produce to England would, in 1850, at the same rate, amount in value to £21,540,672, or $107,703,363, as the actual normal drain from Ireland to England of cereal food alone. We shall verify these estimates by calculations made on entirely different data.

There has fallen into our hands a calculation made and published in the year 1847, by an Irish gentleman whose authority and truthfulness have never been questioned, we believe, even by his enemies. It is a calculation, made from English authorities, of the amount of cereal and animal produce then yearly exported from his country to England, and of the return made for it. "Thom's Almanac," to which he refers, is, we believe, a large work published by the printer to the English Government in Dublin, and contains annually all the statistics relative to the country which can possibly be got together from the reports and returns of the various boards, commissions, and courts. The calculation we have referred to has never been questioned, and we therefore give it, although it is below that we have deduced from the data of McCulloch; ours includes only cereal food,—his both cereal and animal, and it was made three years previous to that we have given for 1850. It is founded on these truths: 1st, That Ireland has to pay to England a certain amount of value yearly; and 2d, That inasmuch as Ireland exports nothing to England but food and a certain quantity of linen, the amount she yearly pays to England, *minus* the value of the exported linen, must be, and has been, paid in produce. None can question the soundness of the principle; and

though the list of items is anything but perfect, we give it as we find it:—

1. Rent to absentees (that is, corn and cattle) sent away, for which Ireland receives *rent receipts* in return,	£ 4,500,000
2. Interest on mortgages, (corn and cattle sent away, for which we get *interest receipts*,)	3,500,000
3. Surplus revenue, (average excess of taxation on Ireland over expenditure in Ireland; it is of course sent away in the shape of corn and cattle.—See *Thom's Almanac*, p. 199,)	400,000
4. English manufactures, tea, and colonial produce, imported into Ireland, (paid for, of course, in corn and cattle.) This we regard as altogether an under-estimate,	10,000,000
5. Coals,	1,500,000
6. Wine, brandy, flax, flax-seed, and French and German manufactures, (see, for the item of flax and flax-seed alone, *Thom's Almanac*, p. 196,)	3.500,000
7. Parliamentary expenses on appeals, private bills, &c.,	500,000
	£23,900,000
Deduct what we pay for in linen manufactures,	3,000,000
Sent away in corn, cattle, poultry, &c.,	£20,900,000

So that this estimate for 1847 varies from that we have previously made for 1850, from the data by McCulloch, but by a few hundreds,—a striking proof of its accuracy in general years. It includes animal products, however, and so far differs from ours.

The author adds, after some remarks on the difficulty of arriving at a true estimate: "It is the more essential that Irishmen should try to gain accurate information on these points, because the English (who eat our bread) take pains to conceal from us how much of it they eat, and for that purpose have allowed no accounts of this traffic to be kept for the last *twelve years*." (The Italics are in the original.)

This estimate was made by a man who has since paid the penalty of "trying to gain accurate information on these points." The author is Mr. John Mitchel. To the estimate itself we wish to direct the attention of the reader.

1st. It was made entirely from English authorities, and deduced from tables referring to periods prior to the famine; and therefore, inasmuch as it did not allow for the greater drain on Ireland in consequence of the scarcity in England, is deficient for the year in which it was made, 1847, and for subsequent years, (for we have already seen that once Irish exports are screwed up to a certain figure, no matter how great, they are never permitted to go below it.)

2d. The items for "parliamentary expenses" and "interest of mortgages" are under-estimates, as investigations have since proved that the interests payable on mortgages alone amount to vastly more than the amount stated. In one province it far exceeds the entire rental.

3d. Many items of "absenteeism" have since been added, not existing in the year 1847; as, for instance, the "instalments" and "interest" yearly payable from every county and "poor-law division" in Ireland, for "loans" made during the famine years.

4th. The item paid in corn and cattle for "German and French manufactures, &c.," goes direct to England,—England trades *her* manufactures in France and Germany; is the carrier to England, and again the carrier to Ireland. Thus she buys with cloth, and pen-knives, and Britannia metal spectacles in shagreen cases, "fancy articles" on the continent of Europe, and sells them again to the Irish for food. It is merely lengthening the wizard tube,—putting in corn and cattle in Ireland, and taking out cotton pocket-handkerchiefs in Germany,—England thereby making three profits, those of manufacturer, carrier, (to and fro,) and broker of foreign manufactures. As to the fifth item, we may also remark, that there are coal fields in Ireland in abundance wholly untouched, because they are "royalties," and so can only be owned or worked by landlords.*

5th. But even taking the above estimate by Mr. Mitchel as correct, it is divisible in the main into two categories: 1st, the exports for which Ireland gets something; and, 2d, the exports for which she gets nothing. We shall now class them so:—

CLASS A.—VALUE OF EXPORTS FOR WHICH SOME RETURN IS GIVEN.

Item 4. Price of English manufactures, tea, and colonial produce,	£10,000,000
Item 5. Price of coals,	1,500,000
Item 6. Price of wine, brandy, flax and flax-seed, and French and German manufactures,	3,500,000
Total, Class I.,	£15,000,000

Dividing, on the other hand, the imports in this class into imports which are capable

* If a tenant discover a coal or other mine upon his farm, or even an old stick in the earth, he cannot touch the mineral or use the stick; his duty is to inform his landlord, who, if he pleases, can then turn the tenant and discoverer out, bring workmen into the farm, and work the mine for his own gain.

of reproducing wealth, and those which are perishable and utterly unproductive, we find that the solitary item capable of reproduction is flax and flax-seed, if we except indeed so much of the coals as may be used in smelting, (a very limited operation there, and one for which the mines of Ireland offer coal equally good, and her bogs, with the merest digging and pressing, a fuel acknowledged by the most eminent chemists in Europe to be infinitely superior,)—excepting, we say, these, *flax and flax-seed are the only commodities of value to the national industry imported for the whole* £15,000,000, ($75,000,000;) and even of these England is not the producer, but merely the carrier from Holland, Riga, Kronstadt, and the ports on the Baltic. So that even for the solitary branch of industry left the Irish, they have to pay England a bribe by way of employing her shipping.

At best therefore this system of trade is one of thorough exhaustion. England takes Carolinian cotton and Irish wheat, fuses them in the alembic of an Englishman's stomach, and produces thereout "dry goods," which she again sells to the Carolinian for more of his raw produce, and to the Irishman for more of his; and thus she lives and grows rich, simply by *eating*,—by using, as Mr. Carey tersely remarks, the "machine of the human stomach," (a machine common to all other nations, if they had only the power and wit to use it,) and digesting "bales." Whatever may be the case of the Carolinian, there is a heavy tax against Irish stomachs being used in that style. It is transportation to tell an Irishman to use his stomach that way, or to teach him how to get rid of the tax against his using his own stomach that way; and to help him to get rid of it, in the only way possible to get rid of it, is only hanging.

We have said, at best—but then the best is a very exaggerated good. The *fact* is simply this: All these imports (excepting English-made tea for the class above the "poor") are brought to Ireland, not for the benefit of those who grew the food which paid for it, but for an idle and non-producing class; for the landlords, professional gentlemen, "people in situations," that is, people paid by English hands from Irish taxes, and the like. And the course of this trade is just this: A man who has never produced the value of one cent, who has lived all his life without raising for himself or his neighbors or his country as much as would lunch a mosquito, when he needs or desires a coat, calls an importer of cloth to him, and *takes* the coat; then, by way of paying for it, he calls a working farmer to him, one of his "tenantry," and griping the poor man's cow by the ear, hands it over to the cloth-man; and the operation is complete. The clothier walks off and exports the cow to England for more cloth; the landlord puts on his new coat, and makes himself comfortable; and the man who owns the cow, and did *not* get the coat, walks his way too, quite satisfied that it is all done in the course of "civilization," according to the "rights of property," and by "law." And so of wine, brandy, "French and German manufactures," &c.

Hence these imports, for which the enormous yearly sum of £15,000,000 sterling is paid, (excepting a mere fraction for flax-seed, payable to Holland or Russia, and *not* to England, but out of which England takes her profits,) are *really no return whatever to the people who pay for them.* As far as their interest goes, they might as well have given utterly away without the name of return, so much of their hard-wrought produce as might have been equivalent in the English market (paying in addition for waste and transport) to £15,000,000 sterling. For we undertake to say that out of every ten men in Ireland, you will not find more than one who, for ten years, has seen a new coat, or drank one glass of wine. As for French fancy articles, and German Buhl-work, and Geneva watches, and brandy!—brandy, at twenty-five cents per glass, (the average,) may be a very inebriating nectar, but is not exactly the beverage suited to a *surplus* person who does not own his own cow; nevertheless his landlord drinks it, and he pays for it; his landlord has Buhl-work and Geneva watches for self and wife, and *he*, poor tenant, pays for them—pays for the whole to the Englishman, profit of manufacture, profit of carriage, profit of sale—with his cow.

We now turn to category B:—

CLASS B.—VALUE OF EXPORTS FOR WHICH THERE IS NO RETURN.

Item 1. Rent to absentees,	£4,500,000
Item 2. Interest on mortgages,	3,500,000
Item 3. Surplus revenue,	400,000
Item 7. Parliamentary expenses, &c.,	500,000
Total exports of food for which there is no return, save paper acknowledgments of their receipt,	£8,900,000

We may take *these* items in class B as fixed quantities, not liable to change from year to year by any circumstances, seldom varying above or below a fixed standard, whatever that may be; and, though we think the above a very low estimate, yet here we find that, for fifty years at all events, Ireland has been paying a yearly tribute to England of £9,000,000 sterling,—a tribute for which Ireland has received not a shilling or shilling's worth in return; and which she has paid in raw produce, the dearest of all media of exchange. Totting it up therefore for fifty years, she has paid in this way to England £450,000,000 sterling—more than half the entire national debt of England; or in our currency—

AMOUNT OF TRIBUTE IN FOOD PAID BY IRELAND TO ENGLAND, FROM 1800 TO 1850, WITHOUT ONE SHILLING OF RETURN—

Two thousand two hundred and fifty millions of dollars.

Now pray, sir, who feed the English?

But the reader will have remarked that the amount of food paid to England yearly, (in class A,) for which a nominal return was given, may be taken almost as equally profitable to England with the "*tribute*," or Irish export without return (in class B)—at all events, one thing is clear, taking Irish farmers in the mass, either class of exports is *equally* profit-*less* to them. As to England, she *produced* nothing of the return, merely handed back to Ireland some of the food she had previously taken, and some of the cotton she carried from the States or India. She obtained "employment for her population"—a very necessary article with her—raw stuff on which to employ their hands, and food with which to pay them while employed; and the profit of the manufacture was all her own, though the industry of her people or the resources of her soil were not expended on the production of a particle of its ingredients. As to the Irish farmer, it made little matter to him whether the English people retained the price of his crop or cattle, or whether their deputies in Ireland received that price—*he* received none of it at all events; and accordingly we find that the workers of the Irish soil pay yearly (according to Mr. Mitchel's estimate) to England without returns to *them* (£15,000,000 + £9,00,000 — £3,000,000 [linen exports]=£21,000,000 sterling, or) $105,000,000,—that is, an annual drain has been going on for years to that amount,—in lieu of which not a single atom, even of manure, is returned to the soil which grows food to that amount, or to its growers.

Again we say this is a system of thorough drainage, of complete exhaustion; and that we may arrive at some estimate of the amount of food England has thus taken out of Irish soil, without returning to it an atom, take the average as between £21,000,000 in 1847, £10,000,000, in 1837–8, (animal and cereal produce together) and £5,441,318 (or £5,500,000*) in 1817-18; and we find the average export of Irish produce to England since the union, to be £12,500,000 per annum,—which, computed for fifty years, amounts to the enormous sum of £625,000,000 of money, (animal produce being almost altogether omitted from the computation;) or in our currency—

AMOUNT OF CEREAL FOOD FURNISHED BY THE "STARVING IRISH" TO ENGLAND SINCE "THE UNION," WITHOUT THE RETURN OF A CENT'S WORTH BY ITS CONSUMERS TO THE SOIL WHICH GREW IT—

Three thousand one hundred and twenty-five millions of dollars.

Thorough exhaustion, is it not? And now, pray, sir, who feed the English?

But we fear the reader has not even yet realized the amount of this exhaustion. Let us set it more plainly before him. The largest estimate of the whole produce of the United States amounts to one thousand millions per annum, at this present time. McCulloch computes its entire exports to all countries in the world in 1842, at $104,691,534; but that this was an underestimate, we have only to recall the return given by the London Morning Herald (vide this Review, Nov., p. 531) at 135,000,000 dolls. to England alone. However, suppose

* In 1817-18 there was exported (McCulloch) from Ireland to Great Britain alone, 1204733 quarters, cereal produce, wheat being 94s. per quarter, (Wade, History of the Middle and Working Classes, p. 172,) equivalent to £5,441,318 and a fraction; throwing off fractions, and omitting animal produce exported altogether, we say, far below the mark, £5,500,000, or $27,500,000.

it $105,000,000 in the whole, having English authority for that; and we find that Ireland has exported as much value in raw produce to England every normal year of the last ten, as the whole United States did to the whole world of all their exports, their average produce amounting, on the whole, to $1,000,000,000 per annum.

Again, the area of Ireland is estimated at (McCulloch) (lakes, &c., included) 31,874 square miles, of which, we shall presently show from English authority, not more than *one fourth* is under cultivation. The State of Maine alone (McCulloch, Geog. Dic., art. *Maine*) is estimated to contain 30,000 square miles. The population of Ireland was in normal years (i. e. without famine) 8,000,000; the population of Maine was in 1840, 501,793. So that an island just as large as the State of Maine, one fourth of the soil of which alone is cultivated, and which numbered sixteen times the population of Maine to eat any food it might produce, was made under this British system of economy, known now as "free trade," to *yield to England as much food yearly as is equivalent in value to the whole exports of the whole United States*—and that without a cent's worth of return to its soil for fifty years.

We believe it impossible to find such an example of "thorough drainage," or productive swindling, in all history. In comparison with it the system of imperial Rome, the régime of Assyria and Semiramis, the bondage inflicted by the Pharaohs on the children of Israel, and which it needed the hands of a Great God to break, sink into mere vulgar and very stupid bagatelle. Out of this little island of Ireland, not larger than Maine, the English Government have taken in food alone, three times the highest yearly production of the whole United States. Subject the United States to such a system of thorough exhaustion, and would not its people too, even with their thousand millions per annum, become "starving Irish?" How could they become anything else? Talk of the hand of the Almighty—the visitation of God, forsooth, as the cause of the starvation of the Irish people—it is mere blasphemy; the hand of the Almighty could not, no visitation of supernatural existence could, *save* a people, subject to such enormous robbery for any series of years, *from* starvation. It is against the laws the Creator has constructed for the being of men, that such could *be*.

But then the reader may fancy that we have placed too much reliance on the estimate made by Mr. Mitchel; may also say, that, however true that estimate may have been for general years, it must have been far too high for the years in which there was famine in Ireland. To which we answer—Mr. Mitchel's estimate, as we shall presently show, on evidence furnished by the English Government itself, was in any circumstances far below the mark, and for the years in which Ireland suffered under excessive export, (or, as they say, under "famine," the consequence of the export,) and more particularly for the years 1847–8–9, farther below the mark. It is an error, leading to we know not what absurd conclusions, to suppose that Irish "famine" is owing to failure of produce in Ireland, or deficiency of produce. Whenever, we repeat, a famine occurs in Ireland, you may rest certain that the exports of food to England in that year have been increased to an enormous amount; and, *e contra*, when the exports are high, conclude Irish want and misery in the direct ratio of their increase. Plenty, and we shall not say ease or happiness, but mere animal contentment and healthy digestion, are and must be in an inverse ratio to the increase of exports. This is a broad principle, of which we have already given some examples, and which we shall presently follow to the proof with as rigid exactitude as if we were demonstrating a mathematical analysis.

"But about the potatoes," did not they fail? Certainly they did. But what does that amount to? The value of the whole potato crop of Ireland has never been more than a mere fraction of the yearly agricultural produce. To sustain themselves under the enormous thorough drainage we have above shown, the tillers of the soil and those dependent on them were obliged to sink down to the use of a root as food, which gave vast bulk for little labor, and which was so worthless and perishable as an article of export, as to be beneath the cupidity of either the landlords or the English. Its bulk, its low value, its perishable nature, rendering it incapable of transport or close storage, are its best qualities in the eyes of those who are permitted to retain *nothing* transportable. But even when that

whole potato crop perished, ample food remained in Ireland to pay its entire rental fourfold. The very harvest prior to the great famine—the harvest to the supposed failure of which ignorant persons and false-speaking Englishmen attribute the famine—produced more than double the quantity of cereal food necessary to feed the whole population of Ireland. For three years this famine continued, and the harvest of the second year of its duration produced cereal food alone for two and a half times its population; and this, notwithstanding the waste of the nation's industry on roads, and the utter exhaustion by export to England of the previous year's produce—that is, of all the nation's capital for a new crop. The produce of either year would, we say, have more than paid the whole rental of Ireland fourfold. Moreover, the scarcity in England necessarily insured, as compared with years of plenty, larger prices for equal quantities, and hence Ireland could have paid her regular tribute and normal drain to England, in those years of English scarcity, in money value, with a *less* quantity of crop; that is to say, by the law of exchange, the drain in food from Ireland in years of English scarcity would be less in quantity of food and equal in money value with general years. The Irish would export less and be better paid—the English import less, and pay more.

This was clearly the very opposite of what the English desired—they determined not to be satisfied with even the quantity of food exported to them from Ireland in ordinary years—they determined to have the whole crop, and pay as little as possible for that same. Accordingly, as the phrase is, "the screw was laid on;" the process of squeezing everything out of the country was resorted to; and opportunities were favorable for its action. Arrears of rent were due to the landlords; and besides arrears, rent was *legally* due for the crop in the ground, although by the *custom* of "Irish tenancy," as distinguished from "English tenancy," rent for any one year is not paid to the landlord, nor is it customarily payable until the "gale-day," or period of payment, subsequent to the harvesting and sale of the crop grown in that year; that is to say, rents for the year 1847 were not payable by *custom*, though *legally* due, till the May and November of 1848. The landlords were, *therefore*, directed by the administration of Lord John Russell to insist on their *legal* rights—that is, *to lift two years' rent* off the island, and all arrears for previous years, or so much of the whole as they could exact, and that in a year of "famine." The English forces in Ireland were placed at the disposal of the landlords, and every magistrate, officer, and subordinate received orders to support them. The demand fell like a shock upon the people, the greater portion of whose crops were yet in the ground. These were surrounded as we have described, and carried off to the English ships. The factors paid what price pleased them, and the landlord cared little about exacting the highest value, desiring to have another opportunity of seizing the subsequent crop. *Thus the English obtained more amount in quantity, and at a less rate, than in ordinary years.* Every other means calculated to effect the same result was resorted to, English holders of mortgages on Irish estates were directed to insist on their claims, not personally by the government, as in the case of the landlords, but mediately through their bankers and the "moneyed interest." Every English creditor pushed his claims on Ireland with the savagery of the Venetian Jew; and the Bank of London, being under the direct control of the English Cabinet, *actually ordered the Bank of Ireland to renew no bills, or give no bills on any terms.* The determination of screwing every atom possible out of the country was fully effected; landlords drove, plundered, sold, and exterminated; merchants pushed their creditors to save themselves from immolation under "the screw," seized the effects of those creditors far and near, and sold them—again *their* effects, too, were seized and sold; and thus numbers of merchants and tradespeople till then comfortable, and passing wealthy, struggled against the overwhelming force, not knowing what ailed them; made bankrupts of others in self-defence, were made bankrupt in their turn, and thrown out upon the world as beggars. In this way all classes were struck down, and every house and farm gutted. The whole proceeds were paid over to England in the *only* commodity of Irish export—food. And so the whole island was divested of every atom of its harvest produce; the number of paupers was increased from 2,500,000 (more than one fourth of

the whole population) to between four and five millions, (one half the whole population,) of which number fully two millions have since perished, or have fled the country; the remaining half, or two millions, who have survived, are still paupers, fed by taxes raised for the purpose of feeding them totally independent of all other drains, imposts and tributes, levied on the people—and these "paupers" must ever remain so, utterly worthless, utterly emasculated, utterly debased; a non-productive, spiritless, pitiable herd, moping idiotically through putrid-smelling corridors, gulping, when a bell sounds, so much of the offal of nations as may be allotted to them, and sleeping in unseemly filth, with no higher hope than that the morrow may bring some offal with it too. Not alone was harvest after harvest carried off, but under pretence of a base and hypocritical "civilization," a system was adopted of penning up the plundered like swine, and feeding them "through charity," with the refuse of the world; "meliorating the desolating famine," by making brutes of the survivors!

But the reader is tired of horrors—we will permit him to take a recess on figures, in order to exhibit fully, from English authority, the truth that Ireland raised in the year of her worst misery, more than ample food for her population, and to show that Mr. Mitchel's computation for 1847 was far below the mark.

In the year 1848, the Viceroy Clarendon, by direction of his confrères in England, instituted a commission for the purpose of inquiring, with exactitude and care, into the amount of food grown, in 1847, in Ireland. The chief agent selected for this purpose was a person named Larcom, a captain of engineers in rank, and for a long period employed, for his ability and perspicuity, as a statist by the Irish Government. This gentleman made his report, which was subsequently published. We cannot now condense it for our readers; but happily we have fallen in with an article from the *London Standard* newspaper of the time, which being a thorough Irish-hating organ, much favored by the Russell cabinet, we here quote at length. It saves us all trouble:—

"Amongst the monstrous mass of unreadable trash from time to time published at a vast expense by the House of Commons, there now and then appears a volume containing information that is really useful and important. Such is that one lately presented to Parliament by command of her Majesty, containing a minute account of every description of agricultural produce in every district of Ireland, drawn up by Mr. Thomas A. Larcom, of the Board of Works, by the order of Lord Clarendon. The volume, or blue book, extends to 92 folio pages, which, with the exception of four pages occupied by the report, are wholly filled with tables exceedingly minute and clear. The country is much in debt to Lord Clarendon for giving this important document, which his lordship may rest assured is the true way to let the world know the real condition and value of Ireland, by which means the evils that afflict her can only be correctly known, and the proper remedies to remove these applied, and which will put down for ever every O'Connell and Mitchel agitation.

"We are promised speedily another volume, with an account of the stock of every description, and the produce thereof in Ireland. We shall look for this with great eagerness, as it cannot fail to be exceedingly useful and interesting. In the meantime we proceed to bring before our readers the following summary of the present volume, premising that the price affixed to each description of produce is our own work:—

"AGRICULTURAL PRODUCE—IRELAND, 1847.

	Extent. Acres.		Produce. Quarters.	Value.
Wheat,	743,871		2,926,733	£7,316,832
Oats,	2,200,870		11,521,606	13,249,846
Barley,	283,587		1,379,029	2,758,058
Bere,	49,068		274,016	411,024
Rye,	12,415		64,094	126,180
Beans,	23,760		84,456	211,140
		3,313,579		
	Acres.		Tons.	
Potatoes,	284,216		2,048,934	8,606,523
Turnips,	370,344		5,760,616	3,841,100
Mangel Wurzel,	13,766		247,269	
Other Green Crops,	59,512		729,064	892,680
	727,738		8,785,144	
Hay,	1,138,946		2,190,317	
		1,866,684		6,570,957
			10,975,461 Cwts.	
Flax,	58,312	58,312	349,872	974,780
	Total acres	5,338,575		£44,958,120

"The first thing that arrests our attention is, that *little more than one fourth of the surface of Ireland* (the gross contents are 20,262,641 statute acres) *is cultivated* for what is technically denominated agricultural produce. This fact shows what room must remain for improvement under this head, and to what a great extent profitable and wholesome employment may be found in Ireland for the population of that fine country, instead of forcing them away to cultivate the lands of strangers in other quarters of the world. But, then, to accomplish and to secure the object mentioned, we must cease to send our money and our means to cultivate the banks of the Ohio, the Mississippi, the Vistula, and the Dnieper, &c., &c."

The Englishman, of course, draws no other conclusion from the above than that such a country is still a splendid field for more plunder; our conclusions are rather to the *esse* than the *posse*—not as to how much more may be squeezed out of Irish soil, but as to how much that soil really grew while its population were starving; and how that growth was disposed of.

Of cereal vegetable food alone she grew in 1847, (the year of the great famine,) therefore, £44,958,120, (£45,000,000, nearly,) or in our currency, $225,000,000—*more than one fifth, and nearly one quarter, the entire produce of the United States in the same year*,—Ireland being just as large as Maine, and having but one fourth of the soil cultivated. We are entitled to consider this as a sufficient year's food for twenty millions of human beings—allowing fifty shillings British, a head, for all ages and sexes.

Now what became of it?

Almost every atom of this immense cereal produce was carried to English soil, to feed Englishmen.

We prove this fact as follows:—

1st. None of it was carried elsewhere. If it left the Irish soil, it went to England.

2d. All was carried off which was not consumed in Ireland. These two propositions will not be questioned.

3d. The population of Ireland numbered, prior to the famine, about 8,000,000—of this the famine swept away, by death or compulsory emigration, more than one million in 1847; but not to be particular, we shall take 8,000,000 as the standing population of Ireland. Suppose every one of these 8,000,000, then, to have been fully fed on their own produce, (excluding animal food, as it is not included in the above abstract,) a certain quantity of *surplus* cereal and vegetable food over and above what could have been used in Ireland remained, and was not consumed in Ireland. It was therefore carried to England, in amount equal to the yearly sustenance of 12,000,000 of human beings.

But the Irish eight millions did *not* eat their own food. One half of them, or four millions of human beings, are shown by English returns under the poor laws to have been "paupers" during that year—*they* were not, therefore, fed on Irish food, on any of the above food, but on Indian corn, slop and vegetable offal, procured by "charity," or "loaned" by the English Government. Therefore, cereal and vegetable food for four millions more human beings was that year carried to England—so that, supposing the remaining four millions in Ireland, who were not legal "paupers," to have eaten their own food and lived well, (a "prodigious" supposition in its way!) there *was cereal food of Irish growth, sufficient for the yearly sustenance of sixteen millions of human beings, carried from Ireland to England, of the harvest of* 1847. Is there any wonder there was a famine left behind? In other words, four fifths of the whole produce of Ireland for that year was carried to England; or returning to Captain Larcom's estimate made by order of Viceroy Clarendon, and by "command of her Majesty," the exports of cereal and vegetable food alone, from Ireland to England, during one year of Irish famine, amounted to (four fifths of £44,950,120,) £35,956,496, (nearly thirty-six millions of pounds British,) or in our currency—

THE WAY TO "MELIORATE A DESOLATING FAMINE."

Take out of an island about the size of Maine, without giving a cent's worth in return, save about one twentieth in maize meal, the best wheat, flour, and agricultural products of its native growth, to the value of ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY MILLIONS OF DOLLARS *per annum*.

RESULT.—The famine is "meliorated!"

The previous year's exports were much higher, and produce greater—for the country had not been exhausted, and the full complement of land was in tillage. In no year since have the yearly exports been below that figure. Remembering, therefore, that from the above abstract all account of *animal* produce is omitted, (a small fraction of which is consumed in Ireland,) and remembering, too, the "twenty steamships per diem" laden on deck with oxen, sheep, swine, poultry, &c., &c., from the ports of Ireland to those of England, and we shall not be far wrong in stating *the amount of yearly exports from Ireland to England at forty millions of pounds sterling, or two hundred millions of dollars*, exactly one fifth the

entire produce of the United States, and exactly double of Mr. Mitchel's estimate.

Here then is brought into England, food to the yearly value of two hundred millions from Ireland—food sufficient for the necessities of a population of sixteen millions. What becomes of it? The voracity of Englishmen is great, and their capacity for holding food rather enormous. But still, what becomes of it? "Oh, it is exported—*we* export food," answers Mr. Blenkinsop. Now, Mr. Blenkinsop, nothing saves you from having therein told a falsehood, except the fact that your language is equivocal. If you mean to say that England is, or ever has been, since the days of Doctor Bell, a grain or raw produce exporting country, you have committed a mistake, or told a lie. If, however, you mean that your country exports "food" as she exports cotton, viz., digested into "bales," or fused with iron in the alembic of the human stomach, into cutlery, or "spectacles," then we agree with you. England does export food, Irish food, and American food, and food brought from the Baltic, from Podolia, from Smyrna, from The Levant, from Italy, from Suez, from India, from China, from Africa, from all places under the blue dome of a witnessing heaven—*after* she has eaten it; and drives a good trade too with the deposit—or, as Mr. Carey, answering such an Englishman as Blenkinsop, (in the publication from which we have already quoted,) once expressed it more powerfully and justly than it is within the grasp of our poor pen to do:—

"England *does* export more food," says Mr. Carey, "than any country of the world. Of her fifty millions of exports, more than two thirds consist of food. She takes the potatoes of Ireland, the wheat of Poland and of the Black Sea, the rice of India and Carolina, the sugar of Jamaica and Brazil, the coffee of Cuba and Caraccas, compresses them into the smallest possible form by means of the laboratory of the human stomach, and thus is enabled to export food to the amount of more than thirty millions sterling; while the people of these United States, producing annually a thousand millions of bushels of food for man, and a thnusand millions of pounds of cotton, are compelled for want of the light and easily transported, and comparatively inexpensive machinery by aid of which their food and their wool could be converted into cloth, to send both to a distance of thousands of miles, obtaining a single bale of cloth for five bales of cotton, and thus losing on the road and in the work of transportation a large portion of the product of their labor.

"England exports more food than any other country, and she imports more. She realizes in perfection the theory of the teachers who desire that we should see in the amount of exports and imports the measure of a country's prosperity. According to them, the more ships, and wagons, and men, that can be employed in the work of transportation and exchange, the more rapid must be the growth of wealth and happiness. If we speak with them of the poverty and wretchedness of Ireland, we are referred to the amount of imports and exports for evidence that she is becoming richer and more prosperous. If we refer to the depopulation of India, we are assured that she exports more than ever, and must, therefore, be increasing in prosperity. If we point to the superiority of the condition of the Chinese, as compared with the people of Hindostan, we are assured that a large external commerce is indispensable to any advance in civilization, and that the poor people of China are so deficient therein, that it is lawful and Christian-like to batter down their towns and destroy their inhabitants, in order that those who remain may enjoy the blessings of that system which has exhausted and depopulated India."

With the above extract we might safely close; we are compelled however to notice one item more.

If Ireland exports to England this vast amount of food yearly,—if America, as she does, exports an amount not far below it,—(the ports of England since the repeal of the Corn Laws "having been opened to the harvests of the world,")—if to these contributions of food be added food imports by England from the various countries of South America, Oceanica, Africa, Asia, and the great central plain of Europe, whether the produce pour itself into her ships on the Baltic, or the Mediterranean, or the Dardanelles,—how much then remains of the population of England fed on the produce of England?

We are enabled to give an inkling of an answer.

1st. The best food for the people of any country is that native to the country; and it always commands, *ceteris paribus*, the higher price. The course of native agricultural trade is always from the market-garden and farm to the great city and its wealthy inhabitants. Therefore the most natural hypothesis is, that the food grown in England feeds, 1st, the laborer on the farm; 2d, the holder of the farm; 3d, the landlord and wealthy classes of the cities. If the produce be great, classes below the wealthy become

the recipients of native produce, "and if not, not."

2d. The interest of manufacturers is to feed their workmen with cheap food; and, situated as England is, (with high rents, &c.,) the food grown therein is the dearest in Europe, *ceteris paribus*. Again, the interest of manufacturers is to exchange their manufactures directly for food; whatever its money price may be, it becomes the cheapest to them. Hence we conclude that the natural hypothesis, with reference to imported food, is, that its consumption begins with the lower classes, and goes up; extending itself even to the highest classes in cases of extreme national want,—"and if not, not."

Hence, remembering the excessive imports of foreign food into England, we believe we are justified in concluding that the food grown in England, whatever its amount may be, is consumed by the agricultural laborers, the farmers, the landlords, and the professional and wealthy classes. The working and pauper population live on foreign and cheaper food.

With this guide, it is easy to determine what proportion of the population of England is dependent on foreign nations for life:—

In 1841 (we have no census since that period,) the total population of England was—(Wade's Hist. Mid. and Work. Class., p. 169,) - - - - - - - - -	14,995,508
CONSUMERS OF NATIVE FOOD.	
Of this the total agricultural, - - -	4,057,114
The total metropolitan, 5,537,560, for which allow 1,000,000 for professional and wealthy classes, (a high estimate,) consuming native food, - - - - - - - - -	1,000,000
Total consumers of native food,	5,057,114
CONSUMERS OF IMPORTED FOOD.	
Total manufacturing population in 1841, (much increased since,) - - - - -	5,310,452
Balance of metropolitan population, - -	4,537,560
Total consumers of imported food,	9,848,012

Or nearly ten millions—that, is out of every three human beings in England, two are dependent on foreign nations for their "daily bread;" but one is supported by his country—but one has a country; or, in other words, build a wall round England, cut her off from other nations by war or otherwise, and two thirds of her population must *starve*. At present these two thirds are a floating mass, called workmen when there is raw produce in the mill-owners' hands with which to work and feed them; and "paupers," when there is not.

And this is England as she is! A bully and a beggar, an extortioner and a bankrupt—the exhauster of the world, now so utterly exhausted by her vices that she hangs for life upon the quiet or folly of her former enemies!

Breadinbag, and thou Freemeale, and thou beloved Wetgullet, and thou illustrious scion of the never-to-be-forgotten family of Blenkinsop, adieu!

To the general reader we owe an apology. We have been compelled to exorcise for ever a foul, mocking demon, raised up against us by unholy wiles. We have for a long while used against it full many a prayer, *not* prescribed in the Rubric; and, at last, were forced, for the credit of our cloth, to turn round boldly, and, with all our spiritual might, wrestle with the besetting Evil One in our friend Breadinbag. We trust it is the last time we shall so have to err. The present paper is merely supplementary to the last. Our original plan will be henceforth adhered to.

We have been further compelled for the present month to limit ourselves to a fixed number of pages. This has coerced us to heap together many figures in a small space, and has prevented us from developing much which has been, in the foregoing pages, barely glanced at. We shall at a future period embrace all omissions in a distinct paper of the series on "Absenteeism." Meantime, pardon, and farewell.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

The Footprints of the Creator; or, the Asterolepis of Stromness. By HUGH MILLER. From the third London edition. With a Memoir of the Author, by LOUIS AGASSIZ. Boston: Gould, Kendall & Lincoln.

Of all the numerous essays directed towards the refutation of the fallacies of the Lamarckian theory of development, so ingeniously set forth by the author of the "Vestiges of Creation," this book is probably the most conclusive and admirable. Mr. Miller is what is called a self-made man, having taken his first lessons in geology as a day-laborer in the stone quarries of Scotland. Were we to express at large our own opinion of the graphic power and intellectual reach of the book, it might appear to the reader who had not seen it as pure puffing. We will therefore only quote the following, and earnestly commend the book to every reader and thinker.

Dr. Buckland, at a meeting of the British Association, said: "He had never been so much astonished in his life by the powers of any man as he had been by the geological descriptions of Mr. Miller. That wonderful man described these objects with a facility that made him ashamed of the comparative meagreness and poverty of his own descriptions in the 'Bridgewater Treatise,' which cost him hours and days of labor; * * * and if it pleased Providence to spare his useful life, he, if any one, would certainly render the science attractive and popular, and do equal service to theology and geology."

The Pre-Adamite Earth: Contributions to Theological Science. By JOHN HARRIS, D. D. Boston: Gould, Kendall & Lincoln.

This book may be considered as designed to embrace the whole subject, physical and metaphysical, of which the preceding one treats one or two branches only. Beginning with the essential nature and attributes of the Eternal Creator, as necessarily inferred and comprehended by the laws of reason and consciousness, the author from thence, with a most profound and rigid logic, deduces the principles upon which the processes of creation will be actualized. Having thus stated the "laws of the manifestation" of the Deity, he proceeds to verify them by a logical analysis of the last results of the researches of *science* in the departments of, 1st, the inorganic world, 2d, organic life, and 3d, sentient existence. The work may be considered as an attempt, and a great one, at a statement of the Christian cosmogony. The ultimate *how?* can of course never be answered by the finite intellect; but the *whence?* and *why?* have probably never received a better *statement* and reply than is given by Dr. Harris in his valuable and admirably written work.

The Logic and Utility of Mathematics. By CHARLES DAVIES, LL.D. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co.

We have failed to call the attention of our readers to this new work of Prof. Davies as promptly as we should. We consider the work a valuable contribution to the intellectual armory of the country, and trust that it will be extensively used for the mental training and invigorating of all classes, as it seems to be the design of the author. To which end also, we must not omit to mention the co-operation of the publishers in the attractive form they have given to the book, beautiful as it is in its typography and arrangement.

Christianity Revived in the East: A Narrative of the Work of God among the Armenians of Turkey. By H. G. O. DWIGHT. New York: Baker & Scribner.

This narrative of the proceedings of the Missionaries of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions among the Armenians in Turkey, will interest a large class of readers. We confess that it is altogether too technical for our taste, and too exclusive in its notions of Christianity. The partyism too obvious in its pages, is calculated to weaken confidence in the views of the interesting events narrated. And as another view of some of these events has been given by the representative of another body of American Christians, we can only commend the judicious to look at both sides before judging. It is a great pity that so interesting a field for judicious religious exertion should be made a field of strife among the reformers themselves.

The Pathways and Abiding Places of Our Lord. Illustrated in the Journal of a Tour in the Land of Promise. By J. M. WAINWRIGHT, D.D. New-York: D. Appleton & Co., Broadway.

This elegant volume, from the pen of a divine so distinguished for his taste and ability, will no doubt be one of the favorite books of the season. The attractive title, beautiful style, fine engravings, and elegant typography, will insure its popularity.

"JAMES'S New Novel, entitled, '*Henry Smeaton,*' will be issued complete, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the cheap form. This is said to be one of the best efforts of this popular writer, *and is of the usual size.* This work, being the first one written and published since the author's arrival in this country, is looked for with much curiosity, and will be read with avidity by his numerous admirers."—*Courier & Enquirer of Nov. 25th, and Tribune, same date.*

We were not aware of Mr. James's "*situation,*"

when, to the horror of some of our contemporaries, we inadvertently permitted a *too* patriotic contributor to deal him some good-natured, but probably ill-mannered blows, in consequence of his having permitted himself to fall into the general habit of his countrymen of speaking about the Americans not merely as foes, but as *dishonorable* foes. It is a great consolation to our conscience, however, to have on such *good authority* the fact that *it* "is of the usual size."

This we understand is the second which this prolific gentleman has contracted to bring forth since his arrival; both of which will of course be native-born citizens, *under the protection of the copyright law*, and liable of course to none of the objections which lie against the parent.

The Berber; or, the Mountaineer of the Atlas. A Tale of Morocco. By William Starbuck Mayo. New-York: G. P. Putnam.

Dr. Mayo seems to have established a pre-emption claim to Africa, and is determined to cultivate it as a field of romance. The present fiction opens however among the orange groves of Cadiz; but, not content with so fair a land, our author soon transports all of his dramatis personæ, after a very dangerous passage, to Morocco, locating the principal scenes around Neon Moguinez.

As a novel, the Berber may lay claim to much greater merit than Kaloolah, since the latter is at best but a very pleasing and successful narrative, while the former is a true romance, although perhaps not of the modern school. The plot is far from tame or common, but melo-dramatic and impossible in the extreme. The incidents are startling, and the descriptions fresh and vivid; sometimes however slightly marred by an attempt at fine writing.

Without possessing the brilliant imagery, natural but ever exciting positions, and deep interest, increasing until the final denouement, of the late Mr. Hope's admirable Eastern Tales, yet we find something in the Berber, in its freedom from common-place, its restless activity of plot, and its record of wild adventure, to remind us of them.

Although welcoming Dr. Mayo's book to the society of those American novels likely to survive the first editions, yet we much fear that its popularity will fall short of his previous work.

Lonz Powers; or, the Regulators. A Romance of Kentucky. By James Weir. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo & Co.

A further proof, if any were needed, that a book may be very badly written, and yet well worth reading.

The style of Lonz Powers is crude, even for a maiden work; the author has introduced many old stories and recollections in a manner that, to say the best of it, is in very bad taste; he obtrudes his ultra and unsophisticated views of men and things continually; and yet the interest and fidelity to nature in the plot itself almost redeem the manifold and glaring errors. The characters and incidents are mainly taken from real persons and events that existed and occurred during the times of Murrel. One peculiarity in the book is worth noting. The author's small-talk and needless interpolations are printed in different type from that of the legitimate portions of the novel, so that the reader may suit himself, and travel by the fast or the slow line, as he may please.

Haw-ho-noo; or, Records of a Tourist. By Charles Lanman. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo & Co.

A pleasing mélange of sketches, Indian legends, personal adventures, descriptions of manners and scenery, with sundry fishing exploits, thrown carelessly together into a very readable book.

Mr. Lanman's style is light, amusing, sketchy, and always agreeable. In truth, the only fault that we have ever heard imputed to him as a writer is, that he gives somewhat too free a rein to a discursive imagination, and sometimes deals rather with fancy than fact. This however is but a venial offence to urge against an author whose works while away many a weary hour, especially when his events, fabulous or real, do not militate against known history, or recorded and approved description.

Mental Hygiene; or, an Examination of the Intellect and Passions, designed to show how they affect and are affected by the Bodily Functions, and their influence on Health and Longevity. By Wm. Sweetser, M.D. New-York: G. P. Putnam.

Every ordinary observer is aware of the great influence exerted by the body upon the mind, and also by the mind upon the body,—that to enjoy the *mens sana* one must possess the *corpore sano;* but of the precise effects produced by the different passions and emotions incident to humanity, too many are ignorant. It is upon this point that the accomplished author of Mental Hygiene has sought to enlighten us. The work is divided into two parts,—the first treating of the intellectual operations in connection with their influence upon the general functions of the body, and the second comprising a view of the moral feelings and passions in the relation which they also bear upon our physical nature. Designing the work for the benefit of the world at large, and not for the exclusive benefit of the medical faculty, the author has entirely omitted all technical expressions, making the work plain and comprehensive. A more interesting and intrinsically valuable book we have seldom read.

INDEX.

A.

A Few Words about Tennyson, 176.

B.

Bulwer as a Novelist. Change of public sentiment in regard to his merits, 312.
British Policy Here and There. Commerce with America Illustrated, 518. Who feed England? 633.

C.

Congressional Summary, 99, 204, 320, 429.
Critical Notices, 111, 217, 442, 657.
Campbell, life of, 405.

D.

Dedication of Goethe's Faust, Translation, 470.

E.

Everstone, by the Author of Anderport Records, 47, 152.
Education, 87.

G.

General Winfield Scott; his services in the organization of the Army; his conduct of the war in Mexico; embarkation and landing of the troops at Vera Cruz; movement of the troops through the enemy's country; the rights of private property respected; cruelties and disorders suppressed; severity and justice of the military tribunals instituted by the Commanding General, 276.

H.

Hints toward Conciliation. 1. That it be accepted as an established principle, that the power of protecting, ameliorating, or abolishing institutions of caste in a State is inherent in the people of that State alone; 2. That the absence or presence of castes in any sovereignty or territory, asking admission to the Union, shall not be a bar to its admission; 3. That our knowledge of the mode in which the people of any sovereignty, or territory, intend to employ the powers to be guaranteed to them by the Constitution on their admission, in regard to slavery, shall not affect the question of their admission; 4. That the powers of the General Government shall not be exercised in impressing any particular system of laws upon a republican people applying for admission to the Union, 114.

I.

Introduction to Vol. VI., 1.

L.

Life of Hon. Samuel S. Phelps, 93.
" Hon. J. C. Calhoun, 164.
" Gen. Winfield Scott, 276.
" E. Geo. Squier, 345.
" Hon. Edward Everett, 484.
" C. B. Smith, 561.

M.

Memoirs of the House of Orleans. Rise and influence of the House of Orleans; aristocratic society in France previous to the great Revolution; Court of Louis the Fourteenth; Madame de Tencin, the mother of D'Alembert; her origin, life, and character; Madame de Genlis, 258.
Memoranda, Ethical, Critical, and Political, 468.
Memoir of the Public Life of Edward Everett, 484.
Morell's Argument against Phrenology, (T. Colden Cooper,) 190.
Memoir of John Caldwell Calhoun, 164.
Mr. George Payne Rainsford James; his poems on America; his patriotism and ardor, 402.
Miscellany, 107, 433, 546.

O.

Our Foreign Relations. Hon. E. G. Squier, Chargé d'Affaires, Central America. Aggressive policy, and designs of Great Britain; Mr. Squier's birth and education; the Squier family derived from Samuel Squier, one of Cromwell's Lieutenants; services of the Squiers, during the Revolutionary war; the unpublished letters of Cromwell, 345.

P.

Political Paradoxes—Parad I, "*Ad Valorem;*" Parad. II., "*Free trade the best;*" Parad. III., "*Necessity, the tyrant's plea;*" Parad. IV., "*The*

best government is that which governs least;" Parad. V., "*The people have declared their will;*" Parad. VI., "*Doctrine of instructions;*" Parad. VII., "*Men are born free and equal,*" 2.
Political Miscellany. Suppression of the African Coast Squadron, advocated in England; impolicy of that measure; importance of the squadron in preventing the increase of slavery in South America; importance to the growing commerce of Africa, 324.
Political Preface, 551.
Pacific Railroad; the Senate Committee's Report in favor of Whitney's plan, 539.
Political Economists. Henry C. Carey; his views, and discovery of the true principles of political economy, 376.
Plain Words for the North, 555.

R.

Review of Allston's "Lectures on Art and Poems," 17.
Review of the "Memoirs of Thomas Jefferson. Edited by Thomas Jefferson Randolph," 33.
Rodolph of Hapsburg, the Consolidator of German Empire; his life and character; manners of the middle ages, 241.
Reply to Correspondents, 113.
Russian Ambition,
Review of the Village Notary, and Memoirs of a Hungarian Lady, 64.

S.

Sonnets to Fill Blanks, 366, 401, 493.
Sonnet, 126.
Sydney Smith's Sketches of Moral Philosophy. (T. C. C.) Philosophy of wit and humor, 388.

T.

The Spanish American Republics. Causes of their failure; Central America; the two parties, Serviles and Liberals; the old Spanish Aristocracy, Monarchists, 337.
The Danish Question, (the test question in European Politics,) 331.
The Tariff of '46. Review of the Letters of the Hon. Abbott Lawrence, 300.
The Genius of Sleep, a Statue by Canova; a Sonnet, imitated from the Italian of Missorini, W. G. Simms, 240.
To the Political Reader. Article on the Danish Question; Remarks on Southern Politics, 225.
The Bible and Civil Government, in a Course of Lectures, by J. M. Mathews, D.D., 511.
Twenty More Sonnets, with a Preface and Notes, G. W. P., 505.
Twenty Sonnets of a Season, 564.
To the Political Reader, 439.
The Great Ship Canal Question; England and Costa Rica *versus* the United States and Nicaragua, 441.
The Poets and Poetry of the Irish. St. Sedulins; St. Binen; St. Columbeille; Malmura of Othian; The Story of the Sons of Usna; M'Liag, Poet to O'Brian, 77, 141.
The Nameless, 181.
The Dead Child, 189.
Thomas Jefferson, 33, 182. Annexation of Territories; Policy of Jefferson, 290. The trial of Aaron Burr; conduct of Jefferson; his hatred and persecution of Burr, 367. His Presidential career, last years of his life, 471.

U.

Uses and Abuses of Lynch Law. Art. II. Murrel, the Land Pirate of the Southwest; his conspiracy; system of enlisting members; all classes of society embraced; Murrel Gang in Washington Co., Texas, 1849, (*note*); Murrel taken with the stolen negroes; his trial, and partial failure of the prosecution; attempt to Lynch him frustrated; steals Henning's negroes; Stewart accompanies Murrel on his journey; pretends to join the clan; his critical situation; visits the conspirator's Island; Murrel's return home; his arrest; attempts to assassinate Stewart by the clan; Murrel's escape and recapture; attempts to destroy Stewart's evidence; the trial; Stewart springs a mine upon the intended witnesses; Murrel's conviction; Blake takes command of the clan; time for the revolt of the slaves changed, 494.
Unity of the Human Race, 567.
Union or Disunion, 587.

W.

What Constitutes Real Freedom of Trade? (H. C. C.) Doctrines of Adam Smith examined; shown to be identical with those of the Protectionists; misuse of Adam Smith as an authority by the so called "free-traders," 127. Chapter II. Examination and Refutation of the modern English theories of Free Trade; principle from which a true theory of Public Economy may be deduced; agriculture the foundation of national wealth, 228. Chapter III. Doctrine of Adam Smith; mutual aid rendered to each other by the various departments of industry, 353. Chapter IV. The Earth the great machine of production, 456.
Washington Irving and his Writings, 602.

71.2009.084.08260

